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PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
WILLIAM W. HOLDEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION OF THE STATES—THEY "MUST BE PRESERVED."

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TERMS.

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Faller Pledges: Or the Fight about Sally Spillman.

'Taint natural' for a feller to tell of his gittin' licked, but I must tell you about that fight between me and Jess Stout—it war a screamer, by thunder! and if I did gin it, it war'n in the course of human natur' to do my how else. That gin spontaneously hankered arter Jess, and besides he'd piled up the affection in her, by an amazing long spell of courtin'. I did kinder edge into her likin', and gin to speckulate big on hrowin' Jess, but that fight knocked my calculations all to fritters. I'm some in a bar fight, and considerable among painters, but I war'n't no whar a that fight with Jess. In course I'll tell you wya, so sot yourselves round, and pass along that gin justice.

You see, every time I come up from Lusiane, I found Jess hangin' round that gal, Sally Spillman, lookin' awful swell, and a feller couldn't go near her without risin' his danger—he was as jealous as a hen with young chickens. I sot my eyes on her, to find out what Jess saw in her so amazin' inticin', and I swar of a close examination, didn't make me yearn arter her like a weaned yearling. She was all sorts of a gal—the war'n't a sprinkling too much of her—she stuck out all over just far enough without cushionin'—had an eye that would make a feller's heart try to get out of his bosom, and then such a—her rep was as light as panter's, and her breath swell as a prairie flower. In my opinion the mother of all human natur' war'n't an atom slicker model; she deserved the pick of a whole creation, and I just felt that I was made a purpose for her!

At all the frolics round the country, down in the Missouri bottom, or up the Omege, Jess was hakin' arter that gal, lookin' honey at her and nixin' at the fellars who spoke pleasin' to her. I sort I'd try my hand at makin' him oneasy, so one night, at a frolic, I sidled up to her and axed her how she war, and ef that ain't nigger of her daddy's war improvin', what 'ud be the probable amount of the old man's tobacco crop this season, ef some other interesting matters of talk. She said that she war thrivin' as usual, the nigger war amazin' on as well as could be expected, and the old man's crop promised to be purty considerable. Notthin' could be more satisfiyin', so I kept on a talkin' and she got to luffin', and Jess begun a howlin'. I seed he war'n't pleased, but I didn't estimate him very tall, so kept on, got a dancin' with Sally, and ended by kissin' her good that night, and makin' Jess jealous as a pet pinter!

I war going to start to Lusiane next day with a flat load of tobacco and other groceries, and afore I went I thort I'd send a present of my put bar cub' over to Sally, just to have a sorter hitch on her, till I'd get back; so I gits my nigger Jim and gins him the followin' note, with the bar cub, and special directions that he war to give 'em both to Sally, herself.

PAINTER CRIX, NEAR BAR DOIGINS, }
Jin twenty four. }

To the captivat' Miss Sally Spillman!
Your tender adorer, Sam Crowder, sends you the followin' fist trophy of a hunt on the Omege; the condition of this bar are something like him, the bar are all fat, he are all tenderness! Hopin' that you will gin up a small corner of your heart to a writer, while he is among the furiners of Lusiane, he will ever remember you, and be sure not to forget to bring a pledge of affection from the south to bind our openin' loves.

'Yours, with steam, or agin it,
'SAM CROWDER.'

I mudded that out with considerable difficulty, and writ it with more, and 'stuck me on a sand-bar' ef that Jesse didn't waylay Jim and read the note! Maybe it did 'stir up his alluvial bottom for his love for Sally—the varmint's countenance looked as the old Missouri in a June rise.

'Off I started next day, with my flat, for the imporium of the south, and as I were floating along, I couldn't help turning over in my mind what a scourg' smart fellow the Crowders would be, when Sally and I agreed upon annexation. I jest thort I could see 'young Sam', the first boy, standin' on the other end of the flat, hangin' as a bar and eye like an Ingio—spray as a cream-mountain—fair as Sally, and keen as his daddy—I swar I yelled rise out, thinkin' on it.

While I was in this way rollin' in clover, by picturin' what was to be, they war trainin my character all to chittin' up at home. My perille note was raisin' a perfect freshet of wrath agin me. That display of larnin' about bringin' home a pledge of affection from the sunny south, most unaccountably oversot my whole family prospects. It war a stumper to Sally, so she got Jess to explain it, and the way he did it was enormous.

'Why don't you see, 'sez Jess, 'he means to bring you up one of his nigger children, from the south, to nuss! Nothing can be plainer—thar nuss to other 'pledges of affection' than children that I know on.'

Well, I swar if she didn't believe him!
'The nasty dog,' sez Sally, 'does he think I'm goin' to nuss any of his yaller pledges—ef them thar is all he's got to offer, he sint wuth 'shucks, and ef you don't lick him for his onnamerly note, you aint wuth shucks, neither.'

'Not dreamin' of the row at home I was a humin' through No Orleans, for presents for Sally. I bought a roll of ribbon, a pocket full of lace, and bran new shinin' silk parasol, and was comin' along slow and easy, by the St. Louis Exchange, when I heard Major Beard cryin' off a field hands. I jest sauntered in as he was pullin' up a picanniny 'yaller gal', about five years old. The little gal had no mammy livin',

and looked sorter sickly, so nobody seemed anxious to git her. I hollered fifty dollars, and the little creatur' brightened up when she see who was a biddin'; I didn't look like a sugar or cotton planter, and the creatur' seemed glad that I war'n't. Some cotton feller here bid sixty dollars, and she would' rite down—I thort what a sick present she'd be for Sally, and how well she'd do to tend the children, so I lung out seventy dollars; she knew my voice, and I could see her eyelids tremble. No sooner did the Major drop the hammer on seventy dollars, than she looked, with a hundred, she was so pleased at my buyin' her. She was a nice little creatur', but her har was unconcomin' straight.

I started up home next day, with my purchases, and such a time as I had on the way. I got dreamin' so strong about bein' married to Sally, that I was eternally walkin' up huggin' and kissin' the pillows, as if they were gals at a huskin'. At last I got home, tickled all to death at my future prospects. I met Jess at the landin'—he gin me a start, looked at the little yaller gal, and then spread himself, with a guffaw, as ef he was goin' into fits. I riled up a little, but thought the war time enough to serve him out, so I passed on. 'The fellars in the settlement seemed to be all right pleased at my gettin' back, fur they kept a grinnin' and bowin' and lookin' at my little yaller gal.'

'Wont you take a little suthin', Sam,' said Jim Belt, a crockery keeper.

'Not now, I thank you, Jim, sez I.

'What you aint agoin' in for temperance pledges, too, are you?' asked Jim, and then the boys all hollered as ef they'd bust their heads.

'Not ex-a-c-t-ly!' sez I, rather slow, tryin' all the time to find out what the fun war, but I couldn't get it through my kiverin' of har, so I gin it up and went home. Next day thar war to be a campmeetin' down in the bottom, and all the boys and gals war agoin' to it; so to make a shine with Sally, I sent over word that I would call that mornin' and bring my first pledge of affection, meaning the parasol, and hoped it would be to her mind both in textur and color. Back came this note in answer:

KUNE HOLLER, Juli 8.

'Miss Spillman's compliments.
'To Sam Crowder, Esq., the fust pledge of his affections is a little too yaller, and the textur of his har is too tight a curl, and morn't that, she aint ambitious to hev any of his pledges of they war all white.'

'SALLY SPILLMAN.'

'I nigh onto bust with madness!—I could feel every har on my head kindlin' at the eend, 'cause I knew sum cussed lies had been told her, and I blamed Jess for doin' it. I jest swor a bible oath I'd spile his pictur' so he couldn't enjoy campmeetin' much; so next mornin' bright and airy, I accidentally fell in with Jess, goin' arter Sally, with all his Sunday kiverin' on, lookin' as nice as a 'stall fed two year old'. I rite up and asked him what he meant by tellin' lies to the gals about me; that I'd heard on 'em all over the settlement.

'I haint told no lie on you,' sez Jess, 'fur what's told, you told yourself—ef you hev nigger babies in the south, you needn't insult decent white gals by offerin' to tell 'em nuss 'em.'

'I didn't tell 'em the finished, afore I hit him biff, alongside his smeller, and went into him all four, catamount fashion. The thing had now cum to a windin' up pint—this war to end the matter about Sally, and as I didn't want to gin her up easy, I laid myself out for a purty long spell. I could see by the way Jess went to work that he'd kalkulated upon a purty big chunk of a fight, too, so we both began to save ourselves. I had a little the advantage of Jess, for he didn't want to spile his Sunday fix-ups, while I didn't care a cuss for my old bot suit. When I'd grab his trousers and gin 'em a hitch, he'd ease off, and then I'd lend him a stazgerer, which was generally follered by his makin' me fly round like a weasel—cre-a-tion, how tough he war!

While we were havin' a right smart time together, nary one of us seed Sally ridin' along down the wagin track, lookin' out fur Jess, but she seed us, hunched her horse, and climbed into a stump to see the fight out. As I war carefully reachin' for Jess's ear with my grinders, I heard her sing out—

'Teech it ef you dar—you nigger cannibal!'

Her hollerin' gin Jess an advantage and helped his strength powerfully, fur the next minit I war on my back and him right astraddle on me. 'Sock your teeth into his Jess!' screamed Sally, and about then, he-e-e-minny, fellars, I leaped ef lightnin' had hit me, fur his grinders had met through the flesh she called his attention to. I squirmed, and struggled, and clawed meat, but he held on—I grabbed his new trousers, and tore them like paper—he was going to let go to kiver his coat tails over the torn place, but sally hollered out agin—

'Whip the varmint fast, and then I'll mend 'em up!'

I squealed enough! rite out—it war'n't no use a fightin' agin such odds. Arter Jess let me up, Sally looked at me, and puckered up her mouth as ef she had been eatin' unripe persimmons—

'Enough!' sez she; 'well, may I agin gits, if you're fit fur anythin' but to be father of yaller pledges!'

St. Louis Reville.

Whaling Gun. We saw yesterday, at the store of Capt. E. W. Gardner, a very curious contrivance for killing whales. It is a short gun, weighing some twenty-five pounds—the stock being of solid brass—from which a harpoon is to be fired into the animal. The handle of the harpoon goes into the barrel of the gun about a foot, and a line is fastened to it—of course outside of the gun—by which the whale is to be held. There is also a bomb lance, for the purpose of killing the animal. The instrument is loaded with powder, and a slow match is led from the magazine, through the handle, to the end which goes into the gun. When the lance is fired into the whale the slow match ignites; and in about half a minute the fire reaches the powder in the head of the instrument, which instantly explodes, killing the animal outright. At least this is what the article is intended to do. The whole apparatus is certainly very ingenious; whether or not it is really an improvement on the present mode of killing whales, is more than we are able to say. That is a question which must be settled by the whalemens themselves.

Nantucket Inquirer.

Gen. Butler. We observe that this distinguished soldier attended a barbecue in Kentucky a few days ago. We are glad to hear that the wound he received at the storming of Monterey is slowly healing, but he is still compelled to use crutches.

Rights and Privileges of the Press.

It has been well observed that newspapers—reversing the former rule—now make or unmake the fortunes of politicians. Nothing can be more true. And such will be in future, and under the new constitution, still more the case than now in this State. Professed politicians are shorn of their former influence. The sceptre of patronage has departed. The smiles of those who formerly wielded it have lost their power to charm. Henceforth they will have their due influence and no more. And it will be perhaps best for all parties that the tone of domineering control towards the press, which in some instances the force of habit still leads them to indulge, should now be abandoned. But it is really of little consequence whether it is or not. The world will probably go round just the same.—Rochester American.

There is much good sense, as well as plain truth, in the above extract. Every one admits the power of the Press; yet few readers or politicians seem to understand what are its legitimate and rightful prerogatives. Nor is this, perhaps, very remarkable. For, if there are "many men of many minds," so there are "many politicians of many kinds"; and each having his own foible to be flattered, his own interests to be subserved, or his "own prejudices to be gratified, it is not surprising that they should often complain of the manner in which the public Press is conducted. If one individual has an object to gain—be it fair or foul—the Press which he patronizes—(that is to say, by paying two cents for a newspaper that costs the proprietor from ten to twenty, according to the size of the edition, exclusive of advertisements)—must enter into his scheme, under the penalty of losing their powerful patronage and perhaps his good will besides. But in favoring that one, the editor offends, perhaps, a dozen others, whose interests lie in an opposite direction. And if an editor attempts to please all, he is sure to please none.

We should like, for the curiosity, to see one newspaper made up in accordance with that and should embody the opinions, whims and caprices of all its readers. It would be a greater curiosity than Tom Thumb, the Chinese Junk, or the wonderful sights disclosed in the celebrated "Moon-hoax." And if each of our readers will send us a written specimen, not to exceed, say twenty or thirty lines, or thereabouts, of what they consider the legitimate and proper matter with which to make up a paper, we will agree to give them one entire Globe, if necessary, for the exhibition of their several tastes and wishes. Will our readers send them in?

But to return from this digression. What, with all the diversified calls and claims upon an editor, is he to do? Our opinion is—and we have endeavored to square our practice by it—that he should follow his own best judgment—take a high straight-forward, honorable course, act independently of the conflicting notions which are entertained by his multitudinous readers, and do his best to catch up and express the true spirit and sound sentiment of the people. The editor who is not better qualified than his ordinary readers possibly can be, to decide as to his duties and prerogatives—who does not know far better than they what course to pursue—who has not the discrimination to know what he should publish and what reject—is not fit to sit in an editorial chair to wield a censorial pen. Nor is this claiming for him more than he can or ought to be. We speak not now of the mere casual scribblers for the press; but of those who are editors by profession and practice—who have been thoroughly schooled in the business, and who are intelligent, observing, discriminating, common sense men. Such editors must, from the very nature of the case, better understand their duties than their readers possibly can. Not that they are more learned, more gifted, or more profound in many matters, or so much so, perhaps, or many of their readers. But their facilities are greater—through their widely extended interchange of papers and sentiments; they must necessarily catch the spirit of the world at a glance, and partake of its impulse at every moment. They have before them, as it were, the concentrated intelligence and wisdom of the world. There are papers breathing the spirit of the people of all parties, of all creeds and all classes, in the metropolis of Boston—there, the same from New Orleans—here, the same from Montreal and St. Louis—from the State of Maine and from Oregon—now from Nova Scotia and from Mexico—and from all intermediate places; the same from Hong Kong and from Bombay—from the Island of Great Britain to the Isles of the Pacific—in short, from all parts of the civilized world. With these lights before him, and with the standard periodicals from men of profound science and learning, he must be a dull scholar, indeed, who does not gather up sufficient knowledge and intelligence to have some to impart to others. It is his vocation to study and analyze, and sift and combine, all these elements of light and knowledge—of moral science and political economy. He must necessarily read and scan the political opinions of both friends and opponents; he must become acquainted with the sentiments of the people, as reflected through these varied channels.

And yet, with all these superior facilities and advantages, the editor is often amused, if not annoyed, by the complaints of some tyro in politics or learning, who having mastered one idea, having glanced at one side of the question that he has made his hobby, fancies himself master of all branches of politics and learning, and forthwith assumes the prerogative of dictating what is proper, and of instructing the wayward editor in the discharge of his editorial duties! But the intelligent and right-thinking editor has this fact to console him—that these complaints and dictatorial profers of advice rarely if ever come from the more intelligent and sensible portion of his readers. These may occasionally make, it is true, a friendly and enlightened suggestion, such as every reasonable editor is always gratified to receive, and ready to profit by; but they never assume the attitude of censor or dictator. "It is the emptiest barrels that make the most noise."

Every profession has its peculiar prerogatives and rights. If you go to a competent attorney for advice on a legal point, although he may be inferior to yourself in some other branches of learning, yet in legal knowledge he is your superior; because he has made the science of law his study, and you have not; you admit that it is his prerogative to counsel, and your duty to follow that counsel. You go to a man of like comparative standing in the medical profession; you may know more, perhaps, of theology or law than he, but he is more competent to mend a broken leg or cure a diseased liver than you—it is his vocation. So with the sensible editor; while he is daily adding to his stock of knowledge, and never thinks

himself too old nor too wise to learn, and while he is at all thankful for friendly advice and useful suggestions—yet there are certain prerogatives in the conduct of a paper which he alone must be allowed to exercise.

But we perceive that we have, like many a better sermonizer, strayed somewhat from our text. Yet in these random reflections we may have suggested some stray thought that will be edifying, if not beneficial to our readers. N. Y. Globe.

Northern Nullification.

The corruption and heartlessness of a place hunting politician, we do honestly believe, is the very last and extreme refinement on human wickedness. For what but parricide should be named for its enormity in the same day with the crime of a willful prostitution of the honor of one's country, and through this degradation, the breaking down of that National force of character which is a tenfold surer resource to the citizen than all the military strength, or all the treasures of an overflowing exchequer which his country might boast. Yet everywhere—North and South, East and West, throughout this land, we see such hopeless contradictions in the conduct of public men—such vile tergiversations in the would-be oracles of political truth—such facile conversions wherever mammon preaches his golden doctrines, that we have been constrained to believe that the only hope for this government, is for the people to suspect and distrust this class of men, and to throw off the strong delusions by which their minds have been completely subjugated to the miserable dictation of these parasitic creations of the treasury.

It is vain to say that these palpable discrepancies in the opinions and conduct of public men are to be extenuated, if not justified, by change of circumstances in the country, and those mutations in all things human which are to be looked for, but which cannot be provided for by prudence or foresight. We should like, for the curiosity, to see one newspaper made up in accordance with that and should embody the opinions, whims and caprices of all its readers. It would be a greater curiosity than Tom Thumb, the Chinese Junk, or the wonderful sights disclosed in the celebrated "Moon-hoax." And if each of our readers will send us a written specimen, not to exceed, say twenty or thirty lines, or thereabouts, of what they consider the legitimate and proper matter with which to make up a paper, we will agree to give them one entire Globe, if necessary, for the exhibition of their several tastes and wishes. Will our readers send them in?

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it reverence. "That man is a daring fool—daring as only an insane fool can be—who denies the necessity of instant and concerted action on this matter. And with humble pride we call on those of our own brethren at the South, that with such alacrity and emphasis denounced Carolina, and who even to this day have rankling and festering in their hearts a hatred of some of her public men for the part they took in State resistance—to be just as open, we say at least as emphatic, in their condemnation of the downright treason (if this term can be made appropriate) of Pennsylvania as regards the law of '93, and of nine other States now in league to override the South and the Constitution at the same time in their course on the Wilmot Proviso. Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

A Coon Hunt in a Fancy Country.

"'Tis really astonishing, what a monstrous sight of mischief is in one pint of rum. If one of 'em was to be submitted to an analysis, as the doctor calls it, it would be found to contain all manner of devilment that ever entered the head of man, from cussin' and stealin' up to murder and whippin' his own mother, and nonsense enuff to turn the men in the world on end of their senses. If a man's got any business in him, it'll bring it out just as sassafras tea does the measles, and if he's good for nothin' sort of a feller, without no bad traits particler, it'll bring out all his greenness. It affects different people in different ways—it makes some men monstrous brave and full of fight, and some it makes cowards—some it makes rich and happy, and some poor and miserable; and it has different effect on different people's eyes—some it makes so blind that they can't tell themselves. One of the worst cases of rum-foolery that I've heard of for a long time luck place in Pineville last fall.

Bill Sweeney and Tom Culpepper is the two greatest old coovers in our settlement for coon huntin'. The fact is, they don't do much of anything else, and when they can't keich nothin' you may depend coons is scarce. Well, one night they had every thing ready for a regular hunt, but owing to some extra good fortune, Tom had got a pocket-pistol, as he called it, of regular old Jamaica, to keep off the rumpatics. After takin' a good startin' horn they went out on their hunt, with their lightwood torch a blazin', and the dogs a barkin' and yelpin' like forty thousand. Every now and then stoppin' to wait for the dogs, they would drink one another's health, till they began to feel very comfortable, and chatted away 'bout one thing and another, 'thout mindin' much which way they was gwine. Bimby they cum to a fence. Well over they got, 'thout much difficulty.

'Who's fence is this?' sez Bill.
'Taint no matter,' sez Tom; 'let's take sumthin' to drink.'
After takin' a drink they went on wonderin' what on earth had cum of the dogs. Next thing they cum to was a terrible muddy branch. After pullin' through briars and gettin' on tother side they tucked another drink, and after gwine a little further they cum to another fence—a monstrous high one this time.

Whar upon yearth is we got to, Culpepper, sez Bill; 'I never seed sich a heap of branches and fences in these parts.'
'Why,' sez Tom, 'it's all old Sturlin's doings—you know he's always bidden fences and makin' internal improvements, as he calls 'em. But never mind—we's through 'em now.'
'The devil we is,' sez Bill; 'here's the al-firedest tall fence yet.'

Shore enough, there they was, right again another fence. By this time they began to be considerable tired and limber in the just and it was sich a terrible high fence—Tom dropped the last piece of the torch, and thar they was in the dark. 'Now you is done it,' sez Bill.
'Tom know'd he had, but he thought it was no use to griever over spilled milk, so sez he, 'Never mind, old hoss—cum ahead, and I'll take you out,' and the next minit kespash he went into the water.

Bill hung on to the fence with both hands while he thought it was slewin' round to throw him off.
'Hallow, Tom,' sez he, 'whar in the world is you get to?'
'Here I is,' sez Tom, spoutin' the water out of his mouth, and coffin' like he'd swallowed some thing.

'Look out, thar's another branch here.'
'Name o' sence, whar is we?' sez Bill. 'Ef this ain't a fancy country, dad fetch my buttons.'
'The highest and a branchy one too!' sez Tom, 'and the highest and the deepest and thickest that I ever seed in my borne days.'
'Which way is you?' says Bill.
'Here, rite over the branch.'

The next minit in Bill went, up to his middle in the branch.
'Cum ahead,' sez Tom, 'and let's go home.'
'Cum thander! In sich a place as this, what a man haint more'n got his lail unhitched from a fence 'fore he's over head and ears in the water!'
After gettin' out and feelin' about in the dark a little they got together again. After takin' another drink they sot out for home, cussin' the fences and the branches, and helpin' one another up now and then; but they hadn't got more'n twenty yards 'fore the brug up all standin' in the middle of another branch. After gettin' through the branch and gwine 'bout ten steps, they was brung to a halt by another fence.

'Dad blame my pictur,' sez Bill, 'if I don't think we is bewitched. Who upon yearth would bid fences over creation this way?'
'It was 'bout a 'over's job to get over this one, but after they got on top they found the ground on tother side 'bout much trouble. This time the bottle was broke, and they cum monstrous near havin' a fight 'bout the catastrofe. But it was a very good thing, it was, for after crossing three or four more fences it got to be daylight, and they found out that they had been climbin' the same fence all night, not more'n a hundred yards from where they first come to it.
Bill Sweeney sez he can't account for it no other way but that the lickin' sort o' turned their heds, and he sez he does really believe if it hadn't gin out they'd been climbin' that same fence, and wadin' that same branch yit. Bill promised his wife to jine the Temperance Society if she wouldn't say no more 'bout that Coon Hunt.

Western Continent.

Slenderous. Somebody who has been disappointed in matters connected with the tender passions, thus discourses in a Western paper:
'Thar war little cause to fear
Whose purse is filled with gold;
For ladies' hearts, like merchandise,
Is daily bought with gold.'

My mind to me a Kingdom is.
The author and date of this excellent production are not known; but it is quoted by an author in 1599, as a well known production.

My mind to me a Kingdom is,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss;
That God of nature has assigned
Through much I want what most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave,
Content to live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice
Press to bear no thoughty ways;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies
Lo! thus I triumph, like a King,
Content with what my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeit's oft,
And heavy chibers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit at board,
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These gets with toil, and keep with fear,
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely poth, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye;
To none of these a yield a thrill,
For why? my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
A little have, yet seek no more,
They are but poor the much they have,
And I am rich with little store;
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lead; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I gudge not at another's gain;
No worldly care my mind can toss,
I brook what is another's pain;
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend,
I loath no life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly bliss,
I weight not Croesus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I fear not fortune's fatal fall;
My mind is such as may not move,
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will,
I wander not to seek for more,
I like the plain, I climb the hill,
In greatest sorrow I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain,
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kiss,
I feign not love where most I hate;
I lack no sleep to win my will,
I wait not at the mighty's gate;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court nor cart I like no loather;
Extremes are counted worse than all;
The golden mean betwixt them both,
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall;
This is my choice; for why? I find
No wealth like a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
My conscience clear my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence;
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all do so, as well as I.

American Battles. The following are the comparative losses of the battles of the Revolution, arranged according to priority:
Lexington, April 19, 1775, 273 killed, 644 wounded.
Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775, 1063 killed, 857 wounded.
Brandywine, August 26, 1777, 400 killed, 2500 wounded.
White Plains, Aug. 26, 78, 400 killed, 4000 wounded.
Trenton, Dec. 25, 1776, 1000 killed, 400 wounded.
Princeton, Jan. 5, 1777, 400 killed, 100 wounded.
Hubbardstown, Aug. 7, 1777, 180 killed, 800 wounded.
Bennington, Aug. 16, 1777, 800 killed, 100 wounded.
Brandywine, Sept. 11, 1777, 500 killed, 1200 wounded.
Sullivan's, Sept. 17, 1778, 600 killed, 800 wounded.
Germantown, Oct. 4, 1777, 600 killed, 1200 wounded.
Saratoga, Oct. 17, 1777, 6752 killed, 8000 wounded.
Red Bank, Oct. 22, 1777, 500 killed, 300 wounded.
Monmouth, June 25, 1778, 400 killed, 430 wounded.
Rhode Island, Aug. 27, 1778, 260 killed, 211 wounded.
Brier Creek, March 30,