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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

T. O. P. VERNON Associate Editor.

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CAROLINA SPARTAN.

From "Porter's Spirit of the Times."

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

BY CHARLES J. FOSTER.

CHAPTER II.

"Owner and trainer of a thoroughbred racer."

Several times Mr. Thornton proceeded to the miller's house, determined to have an explanation with Miss Henley, but each night he returned home from the interview without it. He was a different individual when on the back of Strideaway, riding down Dobson, in imagination, and when in the miller's parlor, in presence of the bright black eyes and the long silken lashes, the flowing tresses and rounded figure of the belle. He determined to postpone the explanation until after the Baytown races, when he confidently believed he could approach her in the light of the racer's triumphs.

Two days before the races, Strideaway, in the highest possible condition, was installed in a stable on the outskirts of Baytown village, under the care and supervision of Tom Thornton and one of his father's men. Mr. Jolly, John Henley, and old Thornton, had been heavy sumps upon the horse; indeed the latter had risked more than Tom thought prudent. Mr. Jolly had delivered manifold instructions to the young farmer before he set out from home, and solemnly warned him, "not to do nothing without asking him." He would be at Baytown the night before the races, or by daylight on the morning thereof. The Squire and Dr. Ryder had also given young Thornton advice and instruction.

At six o'clock in the evening of the day before the race, Tom took his post in the stable, to keep watch and ward over Strideaway until twelve, when he was to be relieved by the man he had brought with him. Leaving out of the window, Mr. Thornton saw Mrs. Dobson and her daughter approaching. It was a gallant sight to see, as these elegant ladies made their way among the groups, loungers, and gipsies, who congregated in that part of the village where the stables of the running horses were. Lifting up their muslin flounces, and carrying them with a stately air, they moved along with a slow, minut dancing sort of step, incomparable to behold. And to the intense admiration and delight of the groups, gipsies, &c., they exhibited a liberal proportion of the pinkest of silk stockings, and the whole of their dainty kid slippers and sandals. The Ensign and the miller's daughter came modestly behind them. Tom met them at the threshold, and invited them to walk in and see the horse. Miss Henley and the Ensign did so, while the ex-barrmaid and her daughter remained outside, still holding up their skirts. It may have been, that Mrs. Dobson was unwilling to put an end to the enjoyment which her fashionable toilet afforded to the groups and gipsies. Squires' ladies, baronets' wives and daughters, and such like, were plenty as blackberries at races and racing stables. The groups and gipsies had seen them often enough; they had seen countesses and their daughters, and most of them had seen the Queen at John Scott's stable; but they had never before seen Mrs. Dobson and her daughter—the highest style of elegance and fashion—the *me plus ultra* of gentility! "Never ought I to see this!"

Miss Henley surveyed the stable, which was light and airy, scrupulously clean, and newly whitewashed. Her manner was cordial; she laughed gaily, and chatted without reserve, and more than all, she praised Strideaway in Dobson's hearing. Indeed, she had heard her uncle lately enlarging upon the manifold excellence of Strideaway; the absolute Jolly, too, had delivered the indisputable fact, in her hearing, that he would win. "I believe it, believe it, Jew!"

Lastly, the Squire and Dr. Ryder, in the little parlor at her uncle's, where they sometimes sat down to a cold luncheon, had talked of Tom, in such a manner as to convince her, that there was a vast deal of honor and dignity in the position he occupied as "owner and trainer of a thoroughbred racer." She was convinced that Strideaway was a good horse, Dobson to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Dobson was uncommonly diffident on this occasion; he appeared to be somewhat agitated and ill at ease. Perhaps the attentions the belle lavished upon the horse, and the manifest delight of Tom Thornton, unnerved him. He looked pale and spiteful; there was a furtive expression in his eye, and he never once looked Tom in the face.

The belle patted the racer's hip, and stroked his glossy shoulder. It left no stain upon her white silk glove; his coat was as clean as that of her favorite white cat, and as smooth as swan's down. She gazed upon his skin, it was loose and flexible; she felt his flesh, it was hard as brass. The belle knew that these were marks of high racing condition, and she said with a smile, "You still think he will win?"

"I am quite confident that he will, barring an accident."

"I do hope you will not—that see shall not be disappointed," said she; "the Woodbourne people would be so sorry to have him beaten."

"He will be—most decidedly he will," said Dobson. "The horse will not win—*he will not win*," he continued, as if his repeating it settled the question: "he will not win. It may seem to you that he will win, but I assure you, he will not win."

"It will take a rasper to beat him," said Tom, with a smile. Miss Henley's manner had put him in too pleasant a mood to dispute with Dobson then, even on that point. "Thornton," said the Ensign, with some confusion, "the ladies wish to see Lord Baytown's horses. I am assured, that at your request, his trainer will admit them."

"He will; but how can I leave my horse?"

"If it is too much trouble, never mind," said Miss Henley. "To be sure, Mrs. Dobson is anxious to see his lordship's racers."

"It is not the trouble, but leaving the horse. However, I will send for Joe. Perhaps Mrs. Dobson will come in and look at my horse while we are waiting."

"She has seen him," said Dobson. "And as the ladies have no time to spare, I will remain with your horse, if it is absolutely necessary that some one should be with him."

"I wouldn't have him left alone half an hour this evening for a thousand pounds," said Tom. He hesitated as to leaving him in charge of Dobson for a few seconds, but a glance at the belle decided him.

"Don't leave the stable on any account, till my return," said he, handing Dobson the key.

"Make yourself perfectly easy," replied the Ensign.

When Tom Thornton returned, Mr. Dobson was walking up and down outside. The stable door was locked.

"You have been longer than I anticipated," said the Ensign, hurriedly, handing him the key. "No one has been here. Good night!" and he was gone before Thornton could reply. It was not true that no one had been there.

Tom unlocked the door, lit a candle, and examined the horse. He was apparently all right. His master thought of the belle. He resolved to make a formal declaration, and propose for her hand, as soon as they returned home. At twelve, the groom came to relieve him. He was to be back at four, soon after which hour he expected his father, Jolly, and John Henley.

Each half hour of his watch, the groom examined the horse, upon whose strength, thews and sinews, and unbounding spirit, so much money was bet, or so many hopes depended. Every time he saw him, he became more of the persuasion that all was not well with Strideaway. He was restless and uneasy, he was warm and feverish, sweating as he stood in his box. When the groom handled the water bucket, the horse turned, and whinnied painfully, craving water.

"This isn't as it should be," said the groom, much alarmed at a perplexed. "I wouldn't have him amiss for a mint of money. Tom knows me; but if this horse turns out amiss, and loses, some folks will swear I done it."

awayed the fat trainer. While Old Thornton and Henley asked hasty questions, he threw himself before them, exclaiming, "I'll lance a silver shilling! Let me speak, or I won't answer for the consequences." Having by this means quieted the others, and got the course to himself, Mr. Jolly asked, in a half fearful, half threatening tone, "Now what does this mean?"

"It means that Strideaway is not well, sir."

"Not well! not well!" said the trainer, with a sort of gasp; and with a bloated countenance, in which sorrow and alarm painfully struggled with the fiercest indignation. "Why, what have you been doing to him? You have done something, without asking me! You Joe, you villain! (coloring the groom) what have you been and done to that horse, sir?"

"Nothing at all! Let me go, I say! My money is bet upon the loss as well as yours."

"And a mighty pretty speculation it's going to be! Now, stand back everybody, and let me see the horse!" said Mr. Jolly. With lantern in hand, he surveyed the racer, and felt his chest and his ears. He then retired backwards, and seated himself upon the corn bin, the image of obstinate despair. "Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures turn to serpents all!" Mr. Jolly didn't say this, for his knowledge of the beauties of Shakespeare was not of the largest; but he did say, "Somebody's done something without asking me!"

Old Thornton and John Henley, now thoroughly cooled, watched the trainer with fear and trembling.

"He can't start, you know," said Mr. Jolly, with the air of the captain of a wreck, coolly announcing to the passengers—"we shall go to the bottom, gentlemen, in ten minutes by the watch. This may be an unwelcome intelligence, but you have no right to grumble. I shall go down with you—you will drown in exceeding good company! Gentlemen, look at me!"

"There's a good deal of money bet upon him," said Henley.

"He can't start," said Jolly, tersely.

"He shall start! If he breaks his heart and dies on the course, he shall!" said Old Thornton.

"You had better start before the news is blown and lay all the bets you can agin him," said Jolly, with some contempt.

"Tom, what do you think?" said Mr. Henley.

"I would like to see the Squire and Dr. Ryder."

"It will be of no use," said Jolly, to Thornton and Henley. "But go and tell them. When did this come on him?" he inquired, after the others had left.

"After 12 o'clock, while I had charge of him," replied the groom.

"You didn't happen to have any oblige in a friendly way, to ask you to oblige 'em by drinking a matter of a pint of ale or a glass of brandy, did you?"

"Nobody."

"Nor no female cousins, nor sweethearts, nor acquaintances, with gipsy formin' teler?"

"Nobody at all. Not a soul!"

"Joe may be depended on," observed Young Thornton.

"Why, I know he may, and that's what bothers me," replied Mr. Jolly. "If I hadn't had my eye on him, and seen him bet his money on the horse, or seen him could explain the business in two words."

Mr. Tom Thornton resolved to say nothing to the trainer, or to his father and John Henley, respecting having left the horse with Dobson. To charge the latter with having drugged the racer was a very serious matter. He could prove nothing; but he had hinted that he had intrusted the horse to the care of Mr. Dobson, the only result would have been, that he would have been denounced as a fool, and the other as a rogue. Still, thought Tom Thornton, it is suspicious and unaccountable. The racer, as fine as a star in condition, and in the very highest state of health and strength, is suddenly seized, a few hours after a person Tom thought his enemy had been with him alone. Truly, it was suspicious; and Tom Thornton resolved to tell the Squire and the Rector all about it.

When those gentlemen reached the stable, Mr. Jolly took them aside, with an air of much mystery and importance, first to impress upon them the futility of starting the horse, and second, to inform them with due gravity and emphasis that "somebody had done something without asking him."

"He's been made safe, you know and that's all there is about it," said he, laying a hand upon the arm of Dr. Ryder, and taking the Squire by the button. "He's been made safe and can't start. He may be well enough in a week, but he's made safe for this time."

Telling Jolly and Thornton and Mr. Henley to go up to the inn, the Rector came forward with the Squire, and both nodded kindly to Tom. Mr. Hampton was tall, thin and gentlemanly, with a dash of pride in his manner. Dr. Ryder, was also tall, heavily built, of large bone, and not much flesh. He stooped somewhat, and carried his head forward. His countenance was broad, and his chin massive; his complexion dark, and his cheek ruddy, as if with the tinge of rich old port. His black hair had turned to nearly the color of his fall, unflinching eye—a dark iron grey. He looked like a man of great firmness, perhaps obstinacy; and of strong hard sense, if not of brilliant talents. Such was the Rector of Woodbourne, a popular and respected man, with the great majority of his parishioners, though a standing mark for the pious denunciations of the very serious and godly for forty miles round—a model of the sporting parson of the old school. Taken him for all in all, "he was a man!"

A learned Doctor of Divinity, and gallant rider, I, at least, shall never see his like again. Even in the rural vales of Midland England, his name is well nigh extinct. Once the stronghold of the old-fashioned Tory Churchman; fortified, like Malakoff and Mamelon, against the straight-laced

doctrines of the times, ever in the Land of the Turf and my father's the Evangelical have set up their horn. Instead of riding to the hounds, they teach that to follow the fox, is the way to the devil; instead of backing the running horses, they cover the wayside with placards, saying, in the most emphatic of characters, "Don't go to the races!" Instead of rejoicing, as of old, they mourn it as a dire calamity, if haply, the winner belongs to the parish!

After they had questioned young Thornton, and examined the horse, the two deliberated.

"Dead amias, I fear," said the Squire.

"It seems so. But I apprehend the worst is over. The horse has been under excitement, which begins to flag. He wants rest. A few hours may do much for him."

The young farmer then related the manner of his having left Dobson to watch his horse, while he attended the ladies to the Earl of Baytown's stables; and also, that the Ensign had always declared, in the most positive and offensive manner, that the horse was a bad horse, and sure to lose. The brow of the Doctor contracted, and an ominous frown lowered upon his face.

"Young Dobson is no judge of a horse," said the Squire.

"He doesn't know a horse from a hen, sir, in a racing sense," said Dr. Ryder.

"But he may know enough to have practised some rank villainy here."

"Has he bet heavily?" said the Squire.

"I do not think he has," replied Thornton.

"Have you quarrelled with him? Are you upon good terms?" said Dr. Ryder.

"Well, sir, not over good, and not to say bad. I don't like him, but I wouldn't injure him. I have given him no cause to injure me. But we have not exactly agreed in opinion, when we have met. There is but little love between us."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Important Correspondence.

We find in the Washington Daily Union the following correspondence, which speaks for itself. The arrogance and impertinence of the intermeddling Abolitionists are properly rebuked by the President, and in a manner highly dignified and worthy of his high office. It should satisfy all that Mr. Buchanan is fully impressed with his sense of obligation, to the confederacy and intends to act up to his duty:

To his Excellency James Buchanan, President of the United States.

The undersigned citizens of the United States, and electors of the State of Connecticut, respectfully offer to your excellency this their memorial:

The fundamental principle of the constitution of the United States and of our political institutions is, that the people shall make their own laws and elect their own rulers.

We see with grief, if not with astonishment, that Gov. Walker, of Kansas, openly represents and proclaims that the President of the United States is employing through him an army, one purpose of which is to force the people of Kansas to obey laws not their own, nor of the United States, but laws which it is notorious, and established upon evidence, they never made and rulers they never elected.

We represent, therefore, that by the foregoing your excellency is openly held up and proclaimed, to the great derogation of our national character, as violating in its most essential particulars the solemn oath which the President has taken to support the constitution of this Union.

We call attention therefore to the fact that your excellency is, in like manner, held up to this nation, to all mankind, and to all posterity, in the attitude of "levying war against a portion of the United States," by employing arms in Kansas to uphold a body of men, and a code of enactments purporting to be legislative, but which never had the election, nor sanction, nor consent of the people of the Territory.

We earnestly represent to your excellency that we also have taken the oath to obey the constitution; and your excellency may be assured that we shall not refrain from the prayer that Almighty God will make your administration an example of justice and beneficence, and with His terrible majesty protect our people and our constitution.

N. W. Taylor, D. Smith, T. D. Woolsey, J. Hawes, H. Dutton, J. F. Babcock, C. L. English, G. A. Calloun, J. H. Brockway, E. R. Gilbert, E. W. Blake, L. Bacon, E. Ives, H. C. Kinsley, B. Silliman, Jr., B. Silliman, N. Porter, E. C. Herrick, T. A. Thacher, C. Ives, J. A. Davonport, W. P. East, Jr., W. Hooker, A. C. Foster, J. P. Blake, J. W. Gibbs, E. K. Foster, A. Walker, C. S. Lyman, J. Brewster, J. A. Blake, S. G. Hubbard, W. H. Russell, H. Olmstead, A. N. Skinner, S. W. Magill, H. Bushnell, A. Townsend, J. Boyd, T. Edwight, C. Robinson, D. M. Smith, H. Peck.

WASHINGTON CITY, August 15, 1857.—Gentlemen: On my recent return to this city, after a fortnight's absence, my memorial, without date, was placed in my hands, through the agency of Mr. Horatio King, of the Post Office Department, to whom it had been intrusted. From the distinguished source whence it proceeds, as well as its peculiar character, I have deemed it proper to depart from my general rule in such cases, and to give it an answer.

of our national character, as violating in its most essential particulars the solemn oath which the President has taken to support the constitution of this Union.

These are heavy charges proceeding from gentlemen of your high character, and, if well founded, ought to consign my name to infamy. But in proportion to their gravity, common justice, to say nothing of Christian charity, required that before making them you should have clearly ascertained that they were well founded. If not, they will rebound with withering condemnation upon their authors. Have you performed this preliminary duty towards the man who, however unworthy, is the Chief Magistrate of your country? If so, either you or I are laboring under a strange delusion. Should this prove to be your case, it will present a memorable example of the truth that political prejudice is blind even to the existence of the plainest and most palpable historical facts. To these facts let us refer.

When I entered upon the duties of the Presidential office, on the 4th of March last, what was the condition of Kansas? This Territory had been organized under the act of Congress of 30th May, 1854, and the government in all its branches was in full operation. A governor, secretary of the Territory, chief justice, two associate justices, a marshal, and district attorney had been appointed by my predecessor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and were all engaged in discharging their respective duties. A code of laws had been enacted by the territorial legislature; and the judiciary were employed in expounding and carrying these laws into effect. It is quite true that a controversy had previously arisen respecting the validity of the election of members of the territorial legislature and of the laws passed by them; but at the time I entered upon my official duties Congress had recognized this legislature in different forms and by different enactments. The delegate elected to the House of Representatives, under a territorial law, had just completed his term of service on the day previous to my inauguration! In fact, I found the government of Kansas as well established as that of any other Territory. Under these circumstances, what was my duty. Was it not to sustain this government to protect it from the violence of lawless men, who were determined either to rule or ruin? To prevent it from being overturned by force in the language of the constitution, to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed?" It was for this purpose, and this alone, that I ordered a military force to Kansas, to act as a *posse comitatus* in aiding the civil magistrate to carry the laws into execution.

The condition of the Territory at the time, which I need not portray, rendered this precaution absolutely necessary. In this state of affairs, would I not have been justly condemned had I left the marshal and other officers of a like character impotent to execute the process and judgment of courts of justice established by Congress, or by the territorial legislature under its express authority, and thus have suffered the government itself to become an object of contempt in the eyes of the people? And yet this is what you designate as forcing "the people of Kansas to obey laws not their own, nor of the United States;" and for doing which you have denounced me as having violated my solemn oath. I ask, what else could I have done, or ought I to have done? Would you have desired that I should abandon the territorial government, sanctioned as it had been by Congress, to illegal violence, and thus renew the scenes of civil war and bloodshed which every patriot in the country had deplored? This would, indeed, have been to violate my oath of office, and to fix a damning blot on the character of my administration.

I most cheerfully admit that the necessity for sending a military force to Kansas to aid in the execution of the civil law reflects no credit upon the character of our country. But let the blame fall upon the heads of the guilty. Whence did this necessity arise? A portion of the people of Kansas, unwilling to trust the ballot-box—the certain American remedy for the redress of all grievances—undertook to create an independent government for themselves. Had this attempt proved successful, it would, of course, have subverted the existing government, prescribed and recognised by Congress, and substituted a revolutionary government in its stead. This was a usurpation of the same character as it would be for a portion of the people of Connecticut to undertake to establish a separate government within its chartered limits for the purpose of redressing any grievance, real or imaginary, of which they might have complained against the legitimate State government. Such a principle, if carried into execution, would destroy all lawful authority and produce universal anarchy.

I ought to specify more particularly a condition of affairs, which I have embraced only in general terms, requiring the presence of a military force in Kansas. The Congress of the United States had most wisely declared it to be "the true intent and meaning of this act (the act organizing the Territory) not to legislate slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the constitution of the United States." As a natural consequence, Congress has also prescribed by the same act that when the Territory of Kansas shall be admitted as a State, it "shall be received into the Union, with or without slavery, as their constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission."

Slavery existed at that period, and still exists in Kansas, under the constitution of the United States. This point has at last been finally decided by the highest tribunal known to our laws. How it could ever have been seriously doubted is a mystery. If a confederation of sovereign States acquire a new Territory at the expense of their common blood and treasure, surely one set of partners can have no right to exclude the other from its enjoyment by pro-

hibiting them from taking into it whatsoever is recognized to be property by the common constitution. But when the people—the *bona fide* residents of such Territory—proceed to frame a State constitution, then it is their right to decide the important question for themselves whether they will continue, modify or abolish slavery. To them, and to them alone, does this question belong, free from all foreign interference.

In the opinion of the territorial legislature of Kansas, the time had arrived for entering the Union, and they accordingly passed a law to elect delegates for the purpose of forming a state constitution. This law was fair and just in its provisions. It conferred the right of suffrage on "every *bona fide* inhabitant of the Territory," and, for the purpose of preventing fraud, and the intrusion of citizens of near or distant States, most properly confined this right to those who had resided thereon three months previous to the election. Here a fair opportunity was presented for all the qualified resident citizens of the Territory, to whatever organization they might have previously belonged, to participate in the election, and to express their opinions at the ballot-box on the question of slavery. But numbers of lawless men still continued to resist the regular territorial government. They refused either to be registered or to vote; and the members of the convention were elected, legally and properly, without their intervention. The convention will soon assemble to perform the solemn duty of framing a constitution for themselves and their posterity; and in the state of incipient rebellion which still exists in Kansas, it is my imperative duty to employ the troops of the United States, should this become necessary, in defending the convention against violence, whilst framing the constitution, and in protecting the *bona fide* inhabitants qualified to vote under the provision of this instrument in the free exercise of the right of suffrage when it shall be submitted to them for their approbation or rejection.

I have entire confidence in Gov. Walker that the troops will not be employed except to resist actual aggression or in the execution of the laws; and this not until the power of the civil magistrate shall prove unavailing. Following the wise example of Mr. Madison towards the Hartford Convention, illegal and dangerous combinations, such as that of the Topeka convention, will not be disturbed unless they shall attempt to perform some act which will bring them into actual collision with the constitution and the laws. In that event, they shall be resisted and put down by the whole power of the government. In performing this duty I shall have the approbation of my own conscience, and, as I humbly trust, of my God.

I thank you for the assurance that you will "not refrain from the prayer that Almighty God will make my administration an example of justice and beneficence." You can greatly assist me in arriving at this blessed consummation by exerting your influence in allaying the existing sectional excitement on the subject of slavery, which has been productive of much evil and no good, and which, if it could succeed in attaining its object, would ruin the slave as well as his master. This would be a work of genuine philanthropy. Every day of my life I feel how inadequate I am to perform the duties of my high station without the continued support of Divine Providence; yet, placing my trust in Him, and in Him alone, I entertain a good hope that He will enable me to do equal justice to all portions of the Union, and thus render me an humble instrument in restoring peace and harmony among the people of the several States.

Yours, very respectfully,
JAMES BUCHANAN.
REV. W. W. TAYLOR, D. D., REV. THEO. D. WOOLSEY, D. D., LL. D., HON. HENRY DUTTON, REV. DAVID SMITH, D. D., REV. J. HAWES, D. D., AND OTHERS.

THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY.—Authors are talking about a new dictionary of the English language, which the great publishing houses in London are taking up "in spirit congenial with the trade." A noble scheme (so it is called) has been made before the Row and Albemarle-street, and the leading firms are committed to give us a new dictionary, to supersede Johnson and Richardson. We are to hear very little more of Johnson's Dictionary, or Richardson's Dictionary; and as for Webster and Todd, they are to disappear as authorities, and the quotation prices at which they will soon sell at Sotheby and Wilkinson's, and Willis and Sotheby's will be lamentably low—a "fearful sacrifice quotation." Then the Philological Society, with Trench, and Furnival, and Coleridge, have a proposal with regard to the present state of lexicography, by the Society has formed within itself a special committee, for the purpose of collecting English words and idioms hitherto unregistered. The committee invite communications and distribute rules. They at first very properly confine their labors to the less-read authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and call attention to the unworked mines for dictionary makers of repute, like Pilemon, Holland, Moore and Bishop Hackett. Thus some competent person is to read certain authors for words alone, and to extract such words with due attention to the passage and the page, and contribute the result to the society. The idea is most excellent. Take an instance from their illustrations of their plan. Thus the earliest examples given in Johnson or Richardson of the word "yacht" is from "Cook's Voyages;" leading the student to believe that a yacht was a novelty early in the reign of King George III.—which, indeed, it was not, for Evelyn mentions it in his "Memoirs" as a yacht or pleasure-boat just one hundred years before.—London Illustrated News.

An exchange says, speaking of a grand ball at Saratoga, "Miss M— was superbly dressed in a white waist and roses in her hair." A gentleman in the full Georgia costume, viz. spurs and shirt collar, should have been her vis a vis.

Going West.
A correspondent of the Independent (New Hampshire) Democrat, writing from Princeton, Bureau county, Illinois, gives the following answers to sensible questions, designed for persons anxious to go out West. Barring a touch of exaggeration, we have no doubt that emigrants experience all the discomforts so graphically described by him as existing out there:

The first question comes from Concord, N. H., and reads as follows: "Which is the best time for going West—the spring or autumn?"

The best time for going West is when you have the most money about you, and the least fear of losing it. If you come in the spring you are sure to shake yourself to death with the ague before fall. If you come in the fall, you may live until spring, if you don't freeze to death before you get there. If you come at all you had better get your stomach lined with mitter proof cement, so as to be able to digest corn bread, bacon and whiskey—for this is all we have to eat, except a few French frogs and bilious looking tadpoles, which we catch when the river runs down.

Second question: "What part of the West is the best to emigrate to, taking into consideration the healthiness of the climate?"

A variety of opinions about that, my dear fellows. Our Senator, Mr. Douglas, says Nebraska is the best. So it is if you want to go into the stock business, raising an unruly kind of mixed colored cattle, that will stray off to Canada in spite of the compromise of 1850 and 1850, or Senator Douglas. Or if you want to speculate in papposes, white scalps, and get your own scalp taken off scientifically, go to Nebraska by all means. If you want to play poker for a living, and set up whiskey drinking for a business, living on corn bread and bacon week days, and slippery elm bark and tadpoles on Sunday, come to Illinois. If you want to go where they don't have any Sundays, nor anything to eat only what they brought from the East, go to Iowa. Or if you want to go to grass, go on all fours and do as other kind of cattle do, go to Salt Lake.

Third question: "Does the fever and ague prevail much in Wisconsin?"

Of course it does. Nobody out West is fool enough to ask such a question. Every-body shakes—even the trees shake. You can't coax a crab apple to stay on when it is good for anything. It will shake a man out of bed, kick him out of doors, and shake the bedstead at him till he gives it up.

Fourth question: "Is land to be had in the northwestern part of Ohio for \$1.25 per acre, and is it good?"

That is all fudge; got up by speculators to gull some greenhorn like you or me; for to the best of my knowledge, Ohio was worn out ten years ago. The whole business of the railroads, in warm weather, is to carry back persons who have been flogged enough to come West. All that the railroads did last winter was carrying dirt into Ohio from Michigan to raise a few beans and oats, to keep the folks from starving to death this summer. As to the land in the northwest part of Ohio, it is eighteen inches under water most of year, and will probably be worth \$1.25 per acre when water snakes and copper-heads bring as much per barrel in the New York market as potatoes are worth per bushel in Concord.

And lastly, he wants reliable information—a short article in some paper, relating to the subject; and he wants to go to a healthy location, decent land and fair water. Exactly; why, my dear sir, there is no such thing as reliable information out West, unless you pay for it. A lawyer won't tell the truth unless you give him five hundred dollars, and then you can't believe half he says. A witness won't tell the truth in court unless you first scare him to death, and make him swear he won't lie, and then neither himself nor anybody else knows whether he tells the truth or not. The teachers all call us an inveterate set of sinners; but from what I have written you, you must know we are a pretty good sort of people.

On the whole, if you feel obliged by our "short article," so do I. If you want to go to a healthy land, stay at home, and don't be a fool like myself and come out West. And as for decent land, my dear fellow, what do you mean? Very much know that all our wild prairie is very indecent, especially when it is burnt over and left as naked as it was born. Its true nature wears a sort of fig leaf upon every summer out of a coarse kind of grass; but it soon gets burnt off and is as indecent as ever. As for fair water, we have none—it is all a bilious compost of liquid mud, dead buffaloes and rotten rattlesnakes. Our common drink, when we can't get whiskey, is one-third coffee, one-third prairie mud, and one-third water. Upon the whole, if you have good water and get half enough to eat, stay where you are.

ANECDOTE OF A RAILROAD CONDUCTOR.—A writer in the Post tells the following story of one who for 22 years was a conductor upon the Lowell Railroad, and is now a depot master. "A lady who had a boy with her considerably above the non-paying age, attempted the rather difficult exploit (in the anti-crinoline period) of hiding her precious son under her skirts. Uncle John, who saw more bulk than he could account for by an ordinary theory of personal enlargement, carefully reconnoitered the pile, and guessing the secret of the lady's extraordinary expansion, proceeded, without saying a word, to collect fare for one passenger and a half, and gave the lady her change, which, without looking it over, she put in her pocket. By-and-by, observing that the boy was still kept in durance vile, Uncle John humanly whispered in her ear, 'You may as well let him out, you've paid for both!' The tradition is that there was some fun on the road when that child was delivered."