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SELECTED TALES.

ANGEL CARRY,

OR THE FATE OF A DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

"My Carry has blue eyes and cherry lips, and pretty curling hair as any little girl in the land, I know; murmured a fond mother, as she suspended her sewing and sat gazing at a lovely creature full of wild gambols, now dancing around the humble room after the golden sunshine, now pouring from nature's own rich lute, soft strains of music; and a smile which made that poor woman's holy face played around her own beautiful mouth.

Another moment and Carry's bright eyes and winsome face peeped in at the window, through the climbing rose bush; and the fresh crimson flowers laid on her sunny locks, and kissed her cheeks and flushed her white forehead with a pale rose red, and clung to her little shoulders; and again the mother as she lifted her now shadowed brow whispered with a fresh love-bound at her heart—"God bless her."

Then the tiny thing ran and laid down upon the bank, and the slender wands of grass, among which sparkled here and there bright yellow buttercups brooded her simple lilien frock, and cradled her as lovingly, almost, as the arms of her mother. Sometimes the wild bees on the wing came close down, so close that for the warm, fragrant breath of the sweet insect they would have kissed her little rose lips for no doubt they took them at first for new ripe blossoms, full of honey, and so they were—but not for the bees. Above the blue linden tree threw its graceful foliage, and between the delicate leaves, the blue shining heavens looked down but never on a lovelier sight. One branch as delicate almost as a gossamer spray, swung dreamily back and forth, rocked by the weight of a yellow bird, that pouring its ringing tones upon the still air, sang the child to sleep.

Wondering at last why the laugh of her little one was hushed, the young mother folded by her work, and hastened to the garden; and although no painter's eye was hers, yet as her vision wandered far away towards the hills, and gathered in the broad, intervening fields, with their serpentine swaths of new mown grass, and the orchard-trees, right and left bending under their precious burdens, and the weeding stream, she felt all the emotions, that, breathed out in choice words, stamp the poet.

The hedge of sweet briars surrounding her humble home, was spangled with clusters of dried rose-berries, the spreading grape vine and beds of sweet thyme, marjoram, mignonette and herbs' ease were glowing under the warm, mellow rays of the high sun; but precious above all these, was the sight of her dear little daughter, slumbering under the linden tree.

She gazed upon it, strangely enough, with tears; her soul expanded with the multiplicity of her emotions; she bent reverently down passed her loving arms underneath the babe and again murmuring "God bless her," bore her within the lowly cottage and laid her in her little cradle.

Just then a wild burst of merriment broke the drowsy silence; a coarse, guttural sound of men's harsh voices—in mirth unnatural and strained; the mother lifted her eyes from the sleeping cherub, and looking heavenward she murmured as she clasped her hands till they grew rigid "oh! how small a sacrifice would this life be could it but restore him to virtue; will nothing bring him back to my love again! Must I behold him come home day after day, with the maniac's wild eyes and the drunkard's curse! And shall my child be branded with his disgrace! my winning, beautiful, delicate girl, almost too gentle and good for earth, as she is, must she be called a drunkard's daughter! God forbid!" she continued while sob after sob shook her whole frame.

"rather take her to Thee, Father, it is my wish, and I will strive to smile over her little body, all cold and shrouded for the grave, and thank Thee that it is no worse."

And Emily Alden rose from the side of her babe, and suppressing the violence of her emotions, resumed her sewing.

The cottage room was very neat; rose vines crept over the window, and a few timid buds ventured through, and hung on the wooden sills. The floor was matted, the pine chairs stood evenly against the white-washed wall, a round table shone in the corner, and over it hung the portrait of a venerable old man, the father of Emily, once the minister of the parish, whose massive brow and deep set black eyes, indicated power that would have made him a giant among statesmen—that made him a father, a guide, and a counsellor to his people.

deicated power that would have made him a giant among statesmen—that made him a father, a guide, and a counsellor to his people.

Near that was mother; the proud, bright face of a young man, with a thoughtful, student-like expression; the older image of the sleeping babe—the husband, and the father.

These two pictures, as the little one called them, were all of ornament the cottage could boast; but there needed little of that within, for nature had liberally bestowed her choicest treasures all around this beautiful spot, and the valley in which stood the lowly dwelling was almost a paradise.

But here, as in heaven once, dwelt Satan; the red house to the right, with its swinging sign, and "entertainment for man and beast," was a tavern; a blot by the way side, and it seemed strange how innocent flowers could flourish within sight and smell of the loathsome poison, that was bringing utter ruin upon so many devoted hearts.

Here was the place where young Alden had learned to be a drunkard; here he was leader of the revel chief in the bacchanal feast; his talents formed him for command, his passions made him a slave. His career had been rapidly downward, and a terrible fate seemed impending over him.

The clock struck, four; Emma arose from her seat, lighted the few pine sticks that were carefully gathered underneath the kettle, and as the blaze leaped merrily upward, and the singing steam mingled with the white smoke wreaths, she drew out the table from the corner covered it with a neat cloth, and put on the few little supper things, ready for her husband when he should return.

Kneeling upon the hearth to arrange the meal cake, she felt a slight pull at her dress, and looking round, there stood little Carry, with both chubby hands rubbing her blue eyes, and half laughing as she enjoyed her mother's surprise.

"Carry got up still, to fighten mother," lisped the sweet creature, flinging her snowy arms around her mother's neck, and as Emma pressed her closer and more closely to her bosom, she shuddered as she thought of her prayer; and a horror flashed through her soul at the idea that death could chill the little heart beating so softly against her own; and again she breathed yearningly, "not death, oh! not death my Father."

Released from her mother's embrace, the little thing went dancing around the table, watching delightedly with her huge eyes, the preparations for tea. Presently she went to the door and stood there gazing at some distant object.

The west was directly opposite, and the setting sun, like a globe of fire, reddened all the clouds with an intense glory, so brilliant that the eye could not look thereon, but its milder lustre softened by the atmosphere came glowing down, and clothed hill and valley with almost immortal beauty. And then it rested upon the young child's head till her golden locks shone, and she seemed to stand in a halo of white light, like an angel ready to wing her way to heaven.

Suddenly rocking her little body to and fro, and clapping her hands, she cried out "oh mama, I see him; papa is coming, and he sees me; come quick, come quick, I want to kiss you," she shouted, holding out her arms towards him. "Come darling father, I want to kiss you—why how funny he walks," and she laughed merrily at what she thought his attempts to amuse her.

"Here he is at the gate—oh! papa; I want to kiss you," and the drunkard bent down as she attempted to spring into his bosom—a demon yell—a wild, unearthly agonising shriek, and then a stifled moan. "Poor babe! the father she loved so well had fallen upon her tender body, and there she laid, crushed and disfigured."

Oh! the agony of the poor mother, as she raised the mourning babe to her bosom, then with strained and tearless eyes fled from the cottage, nor stopped till she had gained the dwelling of a former school-mate, whose husband was a physician. There they took the child from her arms as she fell fainting to the floor, and in her long trance she was spared the misery of its shrieks, while the doctor set its fractured limbs.

She revived to learn that her child was injured beyond hope of recovery, but strange to say, it lived—though henceforth incurably deformed.

Weeks fled, days, months and years; the village had merged into a town, the town into a city; and in one of that city's stately homes, a marriage was to be consummated.

Emily Alden was the bride; a delicate thoughtful-faced girl, with eyes of tender, spiritual beauty. And around her stood her noble brothers, and sisters; but though they were all happy, even gay, there was in each young countenance, an undefinable expression of sadness that seemed strangely to contrast with the wedding scene.

And soon they all moved towards a couch a little aside from the centre of the apartment where a pale, shadowy figure reposed. The expression on her wan features was more than beautiful, it was saintly; heavenly; the glossy ripples of the same shining hair, were laid back by her white temples, and those eyes of dark blue, had gained in depth and holiness what they lacked in the quick brilliance of health—health, alas! forever denied her.

The father who had been the cause of her life-long suffering, sat by the head of her couch; a thin wasted, melancholy man with an eye that seemed forever darting restlessly about. The marks of age had come suddenly upon him, even at the

time when little Carry was stricken to the earth, for the next day his hair was white, and the wrinkles gathered on his brow, and sorrow pressed her burden upon him, till his shoulders were bent with its weight.

Never had he tasted of the cup since then; and the mournful presence of his injured child was a continued and awful pledge of his reform. Nineteen years—it seems a dreary length of time—had that poor girl laid upon a bed of pain; for nearly a quarter of a century her feet had not touched the greensward, nor had she ever plucked the wild flowers she loved, from their native soil. From home to home she had been carried, each more splendid than the last, and her mother, a blight-sorrowful creature, had hovered above almost day and night, devoting her energies, her life, to this her greatest treasure among many.

But the soul grew on to perfection within that deformed body; the wise, the great and the good sought her darkened chamber for the life journey; to listen to the sparkling thoughts that fell like pure gems from her pale lips; to wonder at the patience that sat enthroned on her forehead, while the shadowy form of death moved never from her side, or, as it were, tabernacled within her very heart from hour to hour.

The bride knelt down by her sister at her request, and happy as she was, tears gathered in her eyes, and fell upon her costly bridal veil, as the emaciated hand was slowly lifted, and placed on her head. The lips moved, the large eyes were upturned to heaven, and all present felt how sacred must be the blessing so fervently and spiritually invoked.

And suddenly a change came—a change for which none were prepared, notwithstanding it had been looked for daily. A faint flush, and then a deathly pallor; a slight tremor around the beautiful mouth, a flash of triumph from the dying eyes, and with a smile of indescribable sweetness, the purified soul mounted with sister angels to heaven.

After her burial the mother grew paler and sadder; the father still plodded on, amassing wealth, and bestowing much upon the poor and unfortunate; he never forgave himself for clouding that young life, never.

But the memory of Caroline Alden is still blessed, still shrouded within many loving hearts. Upon her simple monument is inscribed the following:

"OUR CAROLINE,
A meek sufferer, an angel on earth."

And those who know the history of her life, weep as they gaze upon it.—*Oliver Branch.*

THE LITTLE BOUND BOY'S DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR AND DEDICATED TO THE CHILDREN, BY M. A. D.

A little fair-haired child laid its pale cheek upon a pillow of straw.

It had toiled up three pairs of narrow, dark stairs, to gain its miserable garret, for it was a little "bound child," that had neither father nor mother; so no soft bed awaited its tired limbs, but a miserable pallet with one thin coverlet.

It had neither lamp nor candle to lighten the room, if such it might be called; still that was not so bad, for the beautiful round moon smiled in upon the poor little bound boy, and almost kissed his forehead, as his sea eyes closed dreamily.

But after a while, as he laid there, what a wondrous change came over the place. A great light shone down, the huge black rafters turned to solid gold, and these seemed all studded over with tiny, precious, sparkling stones. The broken floor, too, was all encrusted with shining crystals; and the child raised himself upon his elbow and gazed with a half-fearing, half-delighted look upon the glorious sight.

One spot on the wall seemed too bright for his vision to endure; but presently, as if emerging from it came a soft, white figure, that stood by the poor bound boy's bedside.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little, only a little frightened, and his heart beat quickly, but he found breath to murmur "tell me, who you are!"

"Look up, be not afraid," said a sweet voice that sounded like the harp of heaven, "look up darling, I am your brother Willy, sent down from the angels to speak with you, and tell you to try and bear all your sorrow patiently, for you will soon be with us."

"What, you my brother, Willy! oh! no, that cannot be; my brother Willy was very pale, and his clothes were patched and torn; and there was a hump on his back, and he used to go into the muddy streets to pick up bits of wood or chips, but your face is quite too handsome; and your clothes prettier than any I ever saw before; and there is no ugly hump on your back—besides, my brother Willy is dead, long ago."

"I am your brother Willy, your immortal brother; my body, with the ugly hump, is dead and turned to ashes; but just as soon as that died, I went up to the great heaven, and saw sights that I cannot tell you about now, they were so very, very beautiful. But God, who is your Father and the holy name of Eternity, gave me these bright garments that never get soiled; and I was so happy that I expect my face was changed very much, and I grew tall and straight; so no wonder you do not know me."

And now the little bound child's tears began to fall—"oh!" he exclaimed earnestly, "if I too could go to heaven!"

"You can go," replied the angel with a smile of ineffaceable sweetness, "you have

learned how to read; well, to-morrow get your bible, and find very reverently—in it is God's most holy book—these words of the Lord Jesus:—"But I say unto you love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

"Do all these, and you shall be the child of your Father which is above."

"Even if they beat me?" murmured the little bound boy with a quivering lip.

A flash of light passed over the angel's face, as he replied, "the more you forgive, the nearer you will be to heaven."

In another moment the vision had gone, but still the room was all blazing with unearthly radiance.

As the little boy fell back upon his pillow, his wan face reflected the angel's smile, and he thought, "I will forgive them even if they beat me."

Suddenly a more musical voice than the former fell upon his ear. This time he was not afraid, but sitting upright on his miserable couch he saw a figure that seemed to lift itself to the wall; a ray of intense brightness outlined all its form; its eyes blazed, yet there was a mild beauty in them, every time he looked into his own.

"Little one, I am thy father," said the form in melting accents.

"I don't think you can be my father," whispered the boy timidly. "My father used to look very old indeed; and he got hurt and wore a crutch; there were wrinkles on his face and all over his forehead, and his hair was short and white; not long like yours. And my father used to stoop over, and wear a little black apron, and put patches on shoes in a little dark room."

"And what else?"

"He used to pray and sing very sweetly, but I never hear any praying and singing now," sobbed the child bursting into tears.

"Don't cry, dear little boy, but listen to me. I am your father, your immortal father; that poor, lame body is all gone now, mingled with the dust of the grave-yard. As soon as the breath left that deformed body, I was with the shining angels hosts and hosts of them bore me up to heaven; and the king of that glorious place clothed me in these robes, white and stainless, gave me this tall beautiful body, which shall never feel corruption. And this was the reason, dear little orphan; because I loved Him and my chief delight was in praying to Him, and talking about Him, and although I was very poor, I tried to be honest, and many times went hungry rather than do wrong."

"And you, if you will never forget to say your little prayer that I taught you, if you will keep God's holy commandments, and trust in Him always, shall you soon be with me in my sweet heaven home."

Once more the child was left alone, but still the rafters were golden, the wallspearly, the old floor studded with brilliant, and the same soft mysterious light over all.

A strain of holy music fell upon his enraptured senses; it grew louder, and came nearer and nearer to the head of his little bed. And then a voice—oh! far sweeter than either of the others, sang, "my child, my little earth-child, look upon me I am thy mother."

In a moment, what emotions swelled the bosom of the lonely boy. He thought of her cherished tenderness to him long years ago; of her soft arms around his neck, her gentle lips pressing his forehead; then came up the cruelty of strangers, who, after she had been put away in the deep ground, treated him with harshness.

He turned towards her; oh! what a glorious being; her eyes were like stars; her hair like the most precious gold; but there was that in her face that none other might so truly know. He had doubted—if the first-risen was his brother, if the second was his father, but not once did he doubt that this beautiful being was his own dear mother.

A little while he kept down his strong feeling, but the thoughts of the past and present overpowered him.

"Oh! mother, mother, mother," he cried, stretching forth his little hands, "let me come to you—let me come; there is no body in this world like you; no one kisses me now, no one loves me, oh! mother, mother, let me come;"—and the hot tears rained down his cheeks.

"My orphan child," she said, in low tones, that thrilled him to the heart, "you cannot come to me now, but listen to me. I am very often near you when you know it not. Every day I am by your side, and when you come to this lonely room to weep, my wings encircle you. I behold you suffer, but I know that God will not give you more sorrow than you can bear. When you resist evil I whisper calm and tender thoughts into your soul; but when you give way to anger, when you cherish a spirit of revenge, you drive your mother from you; remember that, my little one, your sin drives your mother from you, and displeases the great and holy God."

Be good, be happy, even amidst all your trials, and if it is a consolation, know that your immortal mother often communs with thy soul. And farther, thou shalt soon be with me."

"Oh! mother, mother, mother," murmured the boy, springing from his bed, and striving to leap towards her. The keen air chilled him; he looked eagerly round—there was no light, a solemn stillness reigned, the radiance, the rafters of gold, the silvery beams, the music, the angels—all were gone. And then he knew that he had been dreaming; but oh! what a dream; how strengthening; how cheering; never, never would he forget it.

The next morning when he went down to his scant breakfast, there was such a beautiful serenity upon his face, such a sweet gladness in his eyes, that all who looked upon him, forbore to taunt or chide him.

He told his dream and the hard hearts that listened were softened; and the mother, who held her own babe, was so choked with her tears that she could not eat; and the father said inwardly that henceforth he would be kinder to the poor little bound boy, and so he was. The child found his way into their affections, he was so meek, so prayerful, so good; and at the end of a twelvemonth, when the angels did in very deed take him to heaven, the whole family wept around the little coffin as he were one of their own. But then they all felt that he was in the bright heavens with his brother, his father and his dear angel mother.

THE CROUPIST AND THE POET.—The subjoined amusing anecdote of M. Donald Clarke, the mad poet, appeared in the old New York Spectator in 1827. A certain poet, who has written some of the best stanzas, and some of the worst lines of any American bard, and who, for some particular eccentricities, has been reputed mad, being sometime since at the Assembly Room, at the City Hotel, was interrupted in his dreams of fiction, by a stranger, who thus accosted him.

Is your name Clark, sir.

Clark, is my name.

I have come a great distance, sir, for the express purpose of seeing you.

Indeed! And do you consider yourself amply remunerated for the fatigue of a long journey, by a view of my delectable person?

Yes—you are a strange looking creature. Some people say you are mad; and I have heard a number of ladies assert that if you paid proper attention to your dress you would be a very pretty man.

A pretty man! Now, by Heaven, sir, I consider that one of the most rascally compliments they could have paid me. A pretty man, sir (like yourself, for instance) is, in my opinion, one of the most contemptible objects that ever came from the manufactory of Heaven!

Why so, sir?

Because, sir, the epithet implies the absence of everything that is manly. They might as well apply the term to the Ocean in a storm, an eruption of Mount Atna, or the falls of Niagara.

Well you are really a strange fellow, and in my opinion, a greater knave than fool.

Do you think so sir? I really wish I could reciprocate the compliment. But I am certain that not a trait in your character will bear any comparison with your silliness, which like Aaron's rod or Pharaoh's lean kine, swallows up all the rest.

You are severe.

You say that you have come a great distance for the express purpose of seeing me as you would go to see a Bear and Elephant or a Hottentot Venus!

Yes.

Now, sir, comply with the terms, fifty cents a sight.

Indeed! Well, there. He gives him the money.

Stay, sir, take back twenty-five cents; children half price!

Again! Why, you show no mercy to one who is anxious to serve you.

To serve me! Then unite your fortune with mine. Every wild beast that is exhibited in this city, is accompanied with a monkey.

The stranger finding the poet too much for him as the pugilist's say, and perceiving that he was no more deficient in feelings than in wit and talents, begged his pardon for having so rudely intruded upon his meditations, and was about retiring, when the poet returned the money; and taking him by the hand, assured him, that as impudence and ignorance are always united, he could very safely pardon his presumption.

GENERAL HAMILTON.—A Reminiscence of the Revolution.—We find the following extract of a letter from General Hamilton, expressing his sentiments upon the fate of the unfortunate Major Andre, in the Washington Union. The editor says that "he does not know that it has before appeared in print." It is new to us, and well illustrates the refined and knightly character of Hamilton.

TAPPAN, Oct. 2, 1780. Headquarters of the Army.

POOR ANDRE suffers to-day. Every thing that is amiable in virtue, in fortitude, in delicate sentiment and accomplished manners, pleads for him; but hard-hearted policy calls for a sacrifice. He must die. I send you my account of Arnold's affair; and, to justify myself to your sentiments, I must inform you that I urged a compliance with Andre's request to be shot; and I do not think it would have had an ill effect. But some people are only sensible to motives of policy, and sometimes from a narrow disposition, mistake it.

When Andre's tales come to be told, and present resentment is over, the refusing him the privilege of choosing the manner of his death will be branded with too much obstinacy.

It was proposed to me to suggest to him the idea of an exchange for Arnold; but I knew I should have forfeited his esteem by doing it, and therefore declined it. As a man of honor, he could not but reject it; and I would not for the world have proposed to him a thing which must have placed me in the unamiable light of supposing him capable of meanness or of not feeling myself the impriety of the measure. I confess to you I had the weakness to value the esteem of a dying man, because I revered his merit. A. HAMILTON.

To MISS SCHUYLER.

A GENTLE HUNT.—A middle aged farmer and his young wife were enjoying a winter evening cozily together when the conversation turned upon religious matters, as described by the Bible which the man had open before him.

"Wife," said the farmer, "I have been thinking what happy society Solomon must have had in his day, with so many wives, &c., as is here represented."

"Indeed!" replied the wife somewhat miffed "you had better think of something else, then. A pretty Solomon you would make, truly; you can't take proper care of one wife. What a figure you would cut, then, with a dozen wives, and all of them as spunky as I am."

The farmer took his hat and went to the stable to feed the cattle for the night.

"Daddy, I want to ask you a question."

"Well, my son."

"Why is neighbor Smith's liquor shop, like a counterfeit dollar?"

"I can't tell, my son."

"Because you can't pass it," said the boy.

Did any body ever hear the story of two bachelors, down in Tennessee, who had lived a sort of cat-and-dog sort of life, to their own and their neighborhood's discomfort, for a good many years, but who had been at a camp-meeting, were slightly 'convicted,' and both of them concluded to reform.

"Brother Tom," says one, when they had arrived at their home, "let us sit down now, and I'll tell you what we'll do. You tell me all my faults, and I'll tell you of yours, and so we'll know how to go about mending of 'em."

"Good!" says Brother Tom.

"Well, you begin."

"No, you begin, Brother Joe."

"Well, in the first place, you know, Brother Tom, you will lie."

Crack! goes Brother Tom's 'paw' between Brother Joe's 'blinkers,' and considerable of a 'scrimmage' ensues, until in the course of about ten minutes, neither are able to 'come up to time,' and the reformation is postponed sine die.

ARGUMENT.—Never waste arguments on people that don't know logic from logwood—which is the case with half the people who love disputation. The best reply to a stolid dogmatist is to say, 'certainly—no doubt of it—it's clear as mud.' There's no "poser" like a sprightly acquiescence to your eternal wrangler. Let him have his own way, and you confound him at once. Leave him to himself, and you make him so uncomfortable, that he will leave you—"a unconformable devoutly to be wished." Conviction seldom comes of personal disputation, in which the battle is waged much oftener for victory than truth, except a conviction that the other party is very dull, or very dishonest. Besides, few persons take their opinion thro' argument, in the first place, and Dean Swift said with the utmost truth, that "it is useless to attempt to reason a man out of a thing which he was never reasoned into."

Cupid's bow, the Asiatics say, is strung with bees, which are apt to sting sometimes fatally, those who meddle with it. Yet who wouldn't occasionally writhe with pain, rather than know nothing of life's most exquisite pleasure?

A Greek maiden being asked what portion she would bring to her husband replied, "I will bring him what gold cannot purchase, a heart unspotted, and virtue without a stain, which is all that descended to me from my parents."

The family that never took a newspaper has moved to Illinois. The old gentleman, was surprised the other day to learn that gold was discovered in California; and the eldest daughter was rejoiced to learn from a neighbor, that Webster had been hung, as "she'd never again be troubled with them pesky spellin' books!"

NEVER GIVE A KICK FOR A HIT.—I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl, says a lady. One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses, waiting to drink. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows, in attempting to turn round, happened to hit her next neighbor, where upon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed and said, "See what comes of kicking when you are hit! Just so, I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning. Afterwards, if my brother or myself were a little irritable, she would say "Take care, my children, remember how the fight in the barn yard began. Never return a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble."

From the Casket.
A Fidler Converted.

We recollect a singular circumstance that was related to us in Kentucky, by Mr. B—, who joined the church under our ministrations, when he was probably past fifty years of age. He had been a man of the world, and given to dissipation and pleasure. He had a family of several daughters, that were grown. He was particularly fond of dancing parties, which he had frequently at his own house. He would play the violin, while the young folks danced, for he took a pride in his skill in performing on that instrument.

A dancing party was to come off at his house on one Christmas eve; and on the evening previous, he had been busily engaged in making the necessary preparations, putting his violin in order, practising, &c. But on the night he dreamed the party were met at his house, and all were happy and delighted—that the dance was progressing, and that he was the musician, applauded by all for his performances. Unexpectedly he thought in his dream, that a negro man entered the room, and coming up to him, said he also could play on the violin, and asked permission to do so. He handed him the instrument, as he thought, and instantly he began to play. As he proceeded the sounds became richer and sweeter, and the music surpassed anything he thought he had ever heard. In surprise he turned to gaze upon the strange performer—his appearance was changed—it was no longer that of a common negro—he had grown to a gigantic stature—his eyes gleamed upon him like balls of fire—and he felt that his visitor, who was playing for him, was the devil himself, and no mortal.—Horror struck, he awoke and found himself trembling with the fright the apparition had caused, and the cold sweat rolling down from every part of his body.—It is needless to say that the party of pleasure, anticipated on the next evening, did not take place. Mr. B. had no more dancing parties at his house. He never played the violin again. We do not say that his dream was the means of his conversion; nor do we put any implicit confidence in dreams. But we know, it was the circumstance, which led to an outward reformation immediate and entire. And from that day Mr. B. began to attend on the external means of salvation, which he had never done before, in consequence of which he became hopefully converted, and joined the church with several other members of his family. It was after his connection with the church that he related the circumstances which we have just detailed. I believe he is still a resident of Lewis county in Kentucky.

The Croup—How to Prevent it.

A correspondent of the New York Mirror, a medical practitioner, in an article on this subject, says:

"The promontory symptom of croup is a shrill, sonorous cough. The patient is not sick—has no fever, as often in a common cold—is lively, perhaps even gayer than usual; his hands are cool, his face not flushed, possibly a shade paler than usual. The solitary symptom may last for a few days, with no material increase or abatement, and without attracting any notice; suddenly, however, the disease, hitherto latent, bursts forth in all its fatal fury, and too often continues its ravages unchecked to the dreadful consummation. The remedies for this symptom of croup are simple, and in most instances perfectly efficient. They are; a mustard pluce, or a strip of flannel dipped in oil of turpentine, or spirits of hartshorn, applied to the throat, and nauseating doses of Hive's syrup, to be continued as long as the cough remains. By this timely employment of mild agents, I unhesitatingly assert that a multitude of lives might be saved every week that are now lost through negligence and delay."

[The experiment of more than 20 years, has taught us that the above prescription, provided the Hive syrup be given, in obstinate cases, in doses sufficient to produce vomiting, is an efficient and almost unfailing remedy. In very severe attacks, if the fever and other symptoms are not removed by the emetic, the warm bath, and calomel promptly used, will scarcely ever fail to relieve the patient.—Star.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.—At a recent conference of the churches in Croton, Mass., the identical Bible used by John Rogers, the martyr, and carried by him to the stake, some of the leaves of which bear marks of