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DEVOTED TO LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AGRICULTURAL, GENERAL AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

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BOOK AND JOB PRINTING EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH At this Office.

SELECTED TALES.

[From Sartain's Magazine.] EASY WARREN.

BY WILLIAM T. COGGSHALL.

Raymond Warren was a "nice" man—everybody's clever fellow, as I heard a public man once remark, "a very extensive office" with numerous duties, never discharged. Raymond used to sit in the chimney-corner late, very late on a winter night, because he was too shiftless to get ready for bed. But after the while the fire burned low—the glow on the embers faded, and it grew cold in the chimney-corner; then Raymond became chilly, and he would sneak to rest where his wife perhaps had been for several hours, endeavoring to recover from the severe fatigue of a day's work, into which had been crowded the greater portion of his husband's legitimate duties. Raymond owned a large farm left him by his father. It was good land, but the fences were not in repair, and everybody's cattle roamed thro' the fields, and Raymond's crops were not sufficient to yield the family a decent support. The farm had once been well stocked, but for want of proper attention the cattle became poor—the sheep were never folded, even in the most rigorous weather, and many of them died. The wood was never sheared and washed, and when taken to market it would not bring the market price. Had it not been for Raymond's wife who was a business woman, the family must often have suffered for the common necessities of life.

Raymond's chores were rarely attended to by himself, but was a neighborhood man who was more willing to work in his place. He was relied upon as the man who would always neglect his own interests, to look after those of somebody else. He could never set himself at his farm-work, but he was considered an excellent hand, when to oblige a neighbor he took a hand in his field.

It was a bleak morning in mid-winter. Raymond Warren's wife was in the barnyard, feeding the cattle—Raymond was gone. The light of a brisk fire which his wife had built, shone directly in his face. It awakened him—the room was warm, and Raymond was persuaded by his inviting appearance to arise. He sat down by the fire-place in his slippers and waited for his wife to come and get him some breakfast. As he warmed his feet he felt that he had reason to congratulate himself on his happy situation, and he said to himself,

"Tain't every man's got a wife as I have. Here she's mad—a good fire, and I'll bet the chores are all done."

The chores were done, and Raymond had scarcely finished his soup, when the useful wife hastened to the fire-place to warm her hands, which had become thoroughly chilled by the cold handle of the pitchfork, with which she had been showing hay and straw to the cattle.

It might be supposed that these occurrences took place early in the morning—not so. It was ten o'clock before Raymond left his bed. His wife had been sewing for two hours, before she prepared her breakfast; then she urged Raymond for no longer to get up. He made fair promises, but left them all unfulfilled. She waited until it was nine o'clock, and then knowing her husband's easy habits, and wishing to have the cattle unfed at that hour of the day, she determined to attend to their wants herself.

Raymond's first salutation to her as she stood by the fire, was

"I wish I had some tea Sally—but never mind, you've put the things away—a little warm water, with a little milk and sugar in it, will do just as well, and while you're about it, you may get me a little piece of bread; but just as you choose; no matter about it, anyhow." "Tain't every man's got such a woman for a wife."

"It is not every woman that has such a husband."

She knew such remarks would only make bitter feelings, and though he

signed with the violent exercise she had taken, she carefully prepared her easy, good-natured husband a cup of tea and a slice of toast, and then asked if he would not cut some wood.

"To be sure I will," was his response. His breakfast over, he took up his axe, mounted the wood pile and cut half-a-dozen sticks, when along came a neighbor who wanted Raymond to accompany him to a saw-mill about two-miles distant, and assist in loading upon a sled some boards which had been saved for him—of course Raymond went, and his wife was compelled to cut wood enough to keep the house warm until the following day.

Mrs. Warren was in appearance a feeble woman, but she had endured hardship which would have destroyed the constitution of one much more robust. Day after day her strength failed her, yet she made no complaint. Raymond saw that she grew pale, and was often disturbed with fears in regard to her, but he was too easy to mention the subject, and the useful wife became more and more feeble, until she was seized with a violent cough.—Raymond was one day thoughtful enough to speak to the village doctor as he passed their house with his ponderous medicine-potantico on his arm, and the benevolent gentleman, who had some knowledge of Raymond's peculiar failings, left the woman an innocent tincture, and forbade exposure to cold atmosphere under the circumstances, and also declared that her complaint was of a character very much aggravated by severe exercise.

For a few days Raymond remembered the Doctor's counsel, and as he had respect for the physician, he obeyed him as nearly as his constitutional feelings permitted, but soon the wife was again obliged to chop wood and feed cattle, and taking a severe cold, failed as would fade the summer rose in a frigid climate.

When Raymond Warren's house was desolate and his fireside cheerless, he saw that he had been in great error during the two years of his married life, and he mourned his wife deeply, it must be said in his favor, both as a help-mate and a companion. As rented his farm and manured to exist 'tensily' for one year; but he was a domestic man—he was not satisfied with a childless widow's solitary lot, and he began to look about him for a second helpmate and companion. In a few months he took to his home a woman who he confidently felt would fill the place left vacant by his first wife. Sadly was Raymond disappointed. A few weeks and he fell into his old habits with complete abandon. Leaving his own work in a neglected state, he worked diligently one day to assist a neighbor in getting wood to his house, and he returned to his home late at night, hungry and fatigued, expecting that his wife would have ready for his refreshment an inviting supper.—In this hope he had refused to take supper with the neighbor whom he had assisted. Poor fellow! the kitchen, where was to have been his excellent supper, attended by a smiling wife, was cold and unoccupied. No frugal board was there, and Mrs. Warren was in bed. Raymond was much astonished, but was too good-natured to complain, and silently he ventured to explore the cupboard for a crust on which to satisfy the cravings of his appetite. Not a crumb was there. It was evident his wife had designed that he should go to bed supperless; and superfluous to bid he did so, grieving seriously at his hard lot. He had never before been so badly treated, and he thought it indeed distressing, but yet his disappointment was not ind enough to revolutionize his constitutional good nature, and without a tatter he fell sound asleep.

Raymond Warren did not hear chanting salute the morning, as it dawned after the night of his grievous disappointment. It was spring-time, and the birds sang under his window, but he heard them not; yet he heard his wife, who had risen before the sun, call him—

"Mr. Warren, here I've been for an hour in the cold. The wood's all burned. It is time I had some oat. If you want any breakfast you had better get up."

Was Raymond dreaming? Was this a voice of reproach, that came to him in his sleep, with recollections of the wife that had gone before him to the Spirit Land. Not so—it was a voice from the wife that dwelt with him in this sphere of existence that came to remind him of his duties not discharged upon the performances of which depended the satisfaction of those desires which had intruded visions of feasts upon his honors of rest. All this he felt, still he did not offer to leave his couch.

"Raymond Warren," again said the voice, you left me yesterday without wood to help a neighbor get wood for his wife, and you went to bed last night without your supper. You'll not get a bite to eat in this house till you bring me wood to cook it with.

"There's plenty of chips," said Raymond, in palliation, rising on his elbow as he spoke.

"Get up, then, and bring them into the house, said the resolute wife. "I didn't know you when we were married, but I know you now. I know what killed your first wife. You want to make a slave of me. I'll attend to my duties; but if you don't do your chores, the cattle may starve, and you'll never get a bite to eat in this house, unless you take it uncoked, if you don't cut wood yourself or get somebody to do it for you."

Raymond started bolt upright, and it was not many minutes before he was at the wood-pile. Diligently did he work until he had cut an armful, which, like a dutiful husband for the first time in his life he carried into the kitchen.

His wife made no allusion to what had passed between them, and Raymond, although burning with curiosity to know

where she had learned what she had revealed to him, dared not commence conversation in relation to it. The train of ill it might revive was fearful to the easy man's mind. His breakfast over, forgetful of his lesson, careless Raymond wandered away from home, his necessary morning labors in his farm-yard unattended to, and his wood-pile unvisited. He returned home and noon, strong in the faith that he should sit down to a good dinner, because he was one of those men who think that a wife should always give her husband a good dinner, whether she have anything to cook or not. Mrs. Warren had enough to cook, but nothing to cook with; however, much to Raymond's satisfaction, when he entered his room he found the table spread, and he knew he should soon be invited to take a seat near it.

When the invitation came, he hastened to his accustomed seat, lifted the cover from a dish that he supposed contained meat; and truly, there was meat, but just as it came from the butcher's. Raymond was not a Cannibal; he looked at his wife inquiringly; she appeared to be waiting patiently to be served. He lifted the cover from another dish; there was potatoes just as they had been dug from the earth. All the dishes that usually contained victuals were covered. Raymond grew suspicious, and he lifted the covers hastily. There was bread just as it had come from the tray; there was turnips that had never been under the influence of fire; there were apples handsomely sliced for sauce, and there were numerous other edibles, but none of them could Raymond eat. He turned for consolation to a cup of tea his wife had deposited near his plate. There were tea-leaves floating in the cup, but the tea looked remarkable pale; nevertheless, Raymond, by force of habit, blew it vigorously to prepare it for his palate. But when he put it to his lips, he found that he had wasted breath; for the water was as cold as when it came from the spring.

Raymond was not a hasty man. He pushed back his chair deliberately, and thought aloud:

"In the name of Heaven, what does this mean?"

Mrs. Warren, whose countenance during this scene had worn a sober aspect, now smiled pleasantly, and answered:

"The victuals were all on the stove the usual time."

"It's strange they were not cooked," said Raymond.

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Warren; "there was no wood to cook them with."

In an instant Easy Warren then saw what "moral" there was in his novel dinner, and with a keen appetite he went to work on the wood-pile. He took his dinner and supper together that day, and he remembered that Mrs. Warren said:

"Now, Raymond, whenever you leave me without wood, you must expect to eat victuals that has been cooked on a cold stove."

Many women would have stormed and scolded, but Mrs. Warren knew there was a better way to correct her easy husband's carelessness, or shiftlessness, as the reader please.

One day there was no flour in the house, and Raymond was about to go with some neighbors to a town meeting, when his wife hid his best coat, and reminded him of the empty flour-barrel. Another day his corn, was to be gathered, when a neighbor desired him to assist him with his horses and wagon. It was a neighbor who often received favors, but seldom rendered them; yet Easy Warren could not refuse him. But when he went to hitch his horses before his wagon, he found that one of the wheels were missing. Of course, the neighbor was disappointed. In the afternoon, when Raymond expressed a wish to draw his corn, his wife told him where he could find the lost wagon-wheel.

This way was easy Warren's household managed, until he began to realize practically what the error of his life had been. People said: "Warren's farm looked much better than it did some years ago."

Mrs. Warren never interfered with Raymond's business except when he neglected it, and then she never found fault or scolded, but took occasion to show his neglect to him in a manner which impressed him with his injustice to his own interests.

Raymond's cattle were all cared for, and were in good order. When his fences were down, if he didn't replace them his wife employed a neighbour to make the necessary repairs. His wife took the papers, and read; she knew the state of the market, and to oblige her, Raymond had his grain in market when the prices was highest. Some people said:

"Easy Warren is a hen-pecked husband."

But he knew better; and he often boasted that his wife was more of a business man than he was.

They had lived together peacefully for some years, when one day, Raymond was in a good humor thinking over his prosperous condition, and he told his wife:

"My dear woman's rights man of the true gallop, may say you wear the breeches, may please?" "I'm satisfied to have you do the thinking for our firm. And, And now I see what a fool I have been. I must make up for my early shiftlessness."

He did make up for his early shiftlessness; and, under his judicious wife's training, he became industrious, instead of Easy Warren.

Mrs. Warren had the correct idea of a woman's rights and woman's wrongs.—We commend her management to those who have "easy husbands." Especially do we commend it to those unfortunate women who have had married for themselves this approbrious title of "scolds."

HUMOROUS SKETCH.

Flogging an Editor.

Some years ago a populous town, located towards the interior of Mississippi, was infested by a gang of black-legs, who amused themselves at times, when they could find nobody else to pluck, by preying upon each other. A new importation of these sporting gentry excited some alarm among the inhabitants, lest they should be completely over-run; they determined therefore on their expulsion. A poor wretch of a country editor, who was expected, by virtue of his vocation, to take upon himself all the responsibilities from which others might choose to shrink, was peremptorily called upon by his "patrons"—that is, those who paid him two dollars a year for his paper, and therefore presumed that they owned him, body and soul—to make an effort towards the extermination of the enemy. The unfortunate editor, being gifted with about as much brains as money—skull and purse both empty—said at once that he would indite a "flasher," one that would undoubtedly drive the obnoxious vermin into some more hospitable region. And when his paper appeared, it was a "flasher" sure enough. In the course of his observations he gave the initials of several of the fraternity, whom he desired to leave as soon as possible, if they had the slightest desire to save their bacon.

The next morning, while the poor scribble was comfortably seated in his office listlessly fumbling over a meagre parcel of exchanges, he heard footsteps on the stairs; and presently an individual, having accomplished the ascent, made his appearance. His first salutation was slightly abrupt.

"Where is the editor of this dirty lying paper?"

Now aside from the rudeness of this opening interrogatory, there were other considerations that induced the editor to believe that there was trouble on foot.—The personage who addressed him bore a cow-hide in his hand, and moreover, seemed to be exceedingly enraged.

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Warren; "there was no wood to cook them with."

"Well," said the visitor, "I will wait for him." And snatching the paper to the word, he comp sedly took a chair, picked up a paper, and commenced reading.

"If I meet him," said the frightened knight of the scissors and quill, "I will tell him there is a gentleman here who wishes to see him."

As he reached the foot of the stairs, in his hasty retreat, he was accosted by another person, who thus made himself known:

"Can you tell me where I can find the sneaking rascal, who has charge of this villainous sheet?" producing the last number of "Freedom's Echo, and the Battle-Axe of Liberty."

"Yes," replied the editor, "he is up in the office now, reading, with his back to the door."

"Thank you," exclaimed the stranger, as he bounced up stairs.

"I've got you, have I?" ejaculated he, as he made a grasp at his brother in iniquity; and then came crashing to the floor together.

As the combatants, notwithstanding the similarity of their vocation, happened to be unacquainted with each other, a very pretty quarrel ensued. First one was at the top, then the other; blow followed blow, kick followed kick, oath followed oath, until, bruised, exhausted, and bloody, with features resembling Deaf Burke after a two hours' pugilistic encounter, there was, by mutual consent, a cessation of hostilities. As the warriors sat on the floor contemplating each other, the first cornered breath enough to ask:

"Who are you? What did you attack me for?"

"You abused me in your paper, you scoundrel!"

"Me! I am not the editor. I came here to flog him myself!"

Mutual explanations and apologies ensued, and the two mistaken gentlemen retired to "bind up their wounds." As the story comes to us, the distinguished individual whose vocation it was to enlighten the world, by aid of that great engine, the public press, escaped scot free.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

Maine Liquor Law.

As the subject of the entire exclusion of Liquor, as an article of trade and consumption, has been extensively discussed in the country, and is attracting some attention in this State, perhaps our readers would like to see a good article which we have read in the New York Express. It is almost too long for our columns, but we think very sensible views are suggested, and food for reflection are afforded, on all sides.—*Ral. Times.*

There are considerations, which we would respectfully suggest to all warm hearted, enlightened friends of Temperance. If there be a cause on earth, which deserves success from the singleness and sincerity of its motives, and from its pure and high aspirations, it is this,—but in its enthusiasm to do good, it must not only remember the foibles of man's nature, but it must remember also, that man has certain rights, privileges, or prerogatives, which no law, not even despotism, can violate with impunity,—or if it violates them for a time, the reaction will be such, that in the rebound, more will be lost than by force was won.

The right to eat and the right to drink what man pleases, many believe is a natural right. Man knows, however, that if in eating or drinking, he violates one natural law of his physical organization, that nature almost instantly punishes him. Nevertheless man believes and feels that he is a free agent, and without excusing or palliating sin, it is his sentiment, his fixed belief, that he has a right to judge in what concerns himself, whether he sins or not. God has planted in man's own body the instant punishment of excess in eating or drinking,—and man believes that he has a right to judge of what is, or is not excess. To violate this fixed belief, this almost universal sentiment, to deprive man of this his natural right, even to do good, is to incur a risk of reaction, that is eminently dangerous, as well as to establish a precedent that may be politically used for depriving a man of every vestige of freedom that he has, or has ever had. Instead of being a free agent then, in anything, under such compulsory laws, man becomes but a mere agent of unlimited absolute laws,—and a law, not ruling over him so much as a subject of the State, as over his tastes, his natural, and perhaps just appetites, his habits, his passions, &c., &c.

The force and peril of such legal tyranny, perhaps, can be better appreciated, if we direct law against eating as well as against drinking,—for though apparently more men die of being drunk than of over-eating, yet experience shows that death seizes many more of the victims of food, than of drink. Eating, in short, kills more men than drinking—and eating is more dangerous to life than drinking, because excessive eating is an insidious, invisible poison, hastening death by certainty, but by secret steps. And yet would it be tolerable, endurable even if legislation weighed out to every man in society for his dinner, so many penny weights of bread, or beef, or meat off from butter, or gravy, because physicians might not happen to think them good for health! Nobody thinks of keeping all society on rations as soldiers or criminals are kept. No despotism, save that of Sparta, perhaps, ever thought of such a thing. At the first blush all men say, all men have a right to have on their tables, for their breakfast, or dinners what they please,—and hence, if the quantity of bread to be eaten were to be prescribed, or its age, whether fresh or stale, or its quality, whether mixed or purely wheaten, there would be a revolution in society. If corn bread or oat bread alone were prescribed by Law as the only bread to be eaten, or vent or mutton forbidden, all mankind would say at once such legislation was intolerable. To a man's table is associated in universal public sentiment as much of sanctity as to his domicile, or house,—and the legislation that intrudes upon it is set down as arbitrary and tyrannical.

It is, however, argued, that Alcohol is a poison of such wide spread pernicious character, doing so much universal damage, that society is justified in proscribing it, as in proscribing a wild beast, or pestilence. It is not strictly true, that Alcohol is such a poison; for used in moderation, it may be useful as a luxury, or as a medicine; and the statement is only true, when it is used in excess. To guard all society, however, against the excesses of a few, and the consequence of that excess, the proposition is to prescribe Alcohol in full and to bar all men from its use. Thus all mankind are deprived of a luxury, or a medicine, because a few pervert it from its proper uses. Whatever force there is in this argument is equally good against tobacco, or snuff, or two-thirds of the things that are laid upon our tables for us to eat; and if once the principle is adopted as a rule of legislation, it is next to impossible to decide where such legislation is to stop—where are its boundaries, or to what excesses it may, or may not go.

Government at best is but a necessary evil—and the less there is of it beyond what is necessary to secure the rights of man, and the rights of property, the better for society. To carry government, therefore, unnecessarily into men's families, or social circles, or upon men's tables among their viands, or beverages, is, to say the least, a dangerous experiment. It is unwise ever to trifle with laws, if they involve alarming precedents. Lay less its inspirations, and sanctions, if it invades a province beyond its sphere—and when

once respect is lost, for law, a Republic ceases to exist—and a despotism takes its place.

In Reform, we thus see that there are several points to be taken into consideration before they are pushed—among them.

1st. Is society fit and ready for the reform, or does it desire it?

2d. If attempted, may it not be pushed to the extreme, whereby reaction may make us lose the securities and blessings we already enjoy.

3d. Is the Reform within our legislative power, consistent with the genius of our People, and of our institutions?

4th. If it be indisputably desirable, are not principles and precedents involved in its execution incompatible with the Liberty and Rights of man, and therefore, more danger than good come from the Reform?

We are aware that the Temperance movement, as it has been conducted, has been pronounced a failure; unjustly, however, and that more vigorous measures, therefore, are insisted upon—unjustly we say, because in the remembrance of all of us, the Temperance movement has effected most salutary reforms in the social circles, and social habits of the people.—That more vigorous measure will haste on this Reform is questionable, and if attempted, that the reaction will not be such as to lose about all the advances that have been made, is not improbable. Men cannot be driven into sacrifices of appetite.—They must be reasoned into being sober.—They must be shown the necessity of being so. Forcible total abstinence in run among drunkards would lead, it is more than probable, into the adoption of other exhilarations,—such as tobacco, or opium. Temperance men must not be discouraged because they cannot realize all their good expectations at once. Christ even could not convert the world in a day. Centuries have passed before mankind could be induced to take what are now deemed the most indisputable maxims of life. Temperance, we think has within twenty-five years achieved wonders, in these United States, and in twenty-five years to come with Reason and Prudence, guided by experience, at the helm, it will add to its wondrous victories. Force, violence, arbitrary and tyrannical legislation, interference with the rights of man, or of property, general or personal abuse, or denunciation, however, will arrest, if we mistake not human nature, all its progressive victories, if not tarnish such as it has already achieved. The great moral victories of mankind, or over mankind, are effected not by Force, Legal or Physical,—for men rebel against Force—but by Reason by Energy, by Action, by persuasion.—Guns powder was used for about a century to cannonade or fusillade mankind into one form of Religion, but there are yet more forms than ever. Papal Bulls rent the Catholic Church into a thousand sects, but seductive Jesuitism captivated almost a whole continent to Romanism. Indeed, there is scarcely any great Reform recorded in History that was ever effected by mere brutal force. The great law of Nations, the books which all mankind look up to, revere, and bow down to, have not an army, a posse even, not a constable to execute them. Grotius and Vattel are authorities higher than the Autocrat of all the Russians, or the whole floating armaments of Great Britain; but both have been in their days, years, and years, and but few can tell even where their remains were buried. These men, but embodied, and expressed the Public opinion of mankind, and that opinion, in the main, governs the civilized world. To create that opinion, to embody and to proclaim it, is the august mission of Temperance and of Temperance men,—and as they embody and proclaim it in the spirit of Peace, and charity, they became irresistible among mankind.

A CONSTANT LOVER.—Miss Mackenzie was one of the greatest beauties of the Court of George II., and an attachment existed between her and Mr. Price, who was an admired man about town, and an especial favorite of the too celebrated Countess of Deloraine who, to get rid of her rival in beauty, poisoned her. By aid of timely antidotes the life of the poisoned beauty was saved, but her fine complexion ever after continued of a lomon tint.—Queen Caroline, desirous to shield Lady Deloraine from the consequences of the act, persuaded Miss Mackenzie to meet her at a supper party. When she entered the room some one exclaimed, "How entirely changed!" Mr. Price, who was seated with Lady Deloraine, carelessly looking over his shoulder remarked "In my eyes she is more beautiful than ever!" In many eyes she was married the next morning.

THE MOULTRIVILLE HOUSE.—This delightful summer residence will be opened by the 10th of May next, as may be seen from the advertisement of Capt. PAINE, the proprietor, whose reputation as a bountiful and generous host has been well established by his conduct of the same during the past season.

Various arrangements have been entered into by this gentleman for placing upon a more extended scale the resources of this delightful retreat. Among the natural advantages of which may be enumerated the facility of sea bathing, and the artificial appendix of an elegant bath room, supplied from the adjacent ocean. Of the table, we shall only say, that the facility of procuring from the Charleston market all the delicacies of the seasons is commensurate only with the disposition of the proprietor to embrace such advantages as are thus offered. To all who consult comfort, luxury, or health, therefore, we recommend the present retreat as offering no ordinary advantages. —*Southern Standard.*

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

Men and Women Now-a-days.

Somebody is reporting for the Boston Journal certain speeches of "Father Laughey" who is a very sensible coeve.—The following is his opinion of the present generation:

"Failed, has he! I wonder they don't all fail! For what with the extravagance and good-for-nothingness of the men and women now-a-days, where is all to end? Call themselves 'Sons of the Pilgrims' do they? I wish to mercy their grandfathers could see them! They were the true grit—real hearts of oak—but those popinjays are nothing in the world but veneering! When I was a boy, it used to be the fashion for boys to be apprentices till they learnt their trade; but now they are all bosses! They ain't no boys now-a-days! They set up for themselves as soon as they are weaned—know 'enough sight more than their fathers and grandfathers—you can't tell them anything—they know it all! Their fathers, sweated and tugged in the corn field at the tail of a plow, or else over an anvil, but they can't do it! They are far too grand to dirty their fingers! They must wear fine cloth and shirt collars up to their ears—be made into lawyers; lar! doctoring; set themselves up as preachers, telling us we ought to do this or that; or else get behind a counter to measure or ribbin and tape! Smart work for two-fisted men! MEN, did I say? They ain't worth more'n half men! If we go on at this rate, the race will run out by another generation—we shan't have nothing left but a mixture of coxcomb and monkey! The women, too, are no better—it is just even! They are brought up good-for-nothing under the sun, but to put in a buffet. When I was a boy it wasn't so—the spinning-wheel stood in the kitchen, and the dye-tub in the corner! They were put to work as soon as they could walk; they didn't have no nursery maid to rear after them; their mothers wasn't ashamed to tend their own babies! They could sew on a patch and rock the cradle beside. The gals were good for something in those times, they could spin and weave wool and linen, linsey-woolsey, red and blue, and wear it, too, after it was done! They could eat bean porridge with a pewter spoon, and they were enough sight happier, and better suited than the gals are now, with their silk gowns, their French messes, and silvery forks; yawning and nodding about; silly, pale-face things, with nothing to do! SET them to work! Set them to work! Put them at it early! Idleness is the Devil's iron! and no chain is so strong as the force of habit! What is nobody's food, I can tell you! He knew what was what! Folks don't stand still here in this world, they are going one way or 'other. If they ain't drawing the sled up hill they'll be sliding down! Adam was a farmer, and Eve hadn't no 'Irish gal, nor 'nigger wench' to wait upon her! What do these popinjays say to that! Ashamed of the old folks, I'll warrant! Adam wasn't nobody, Eve wasn't nobody, they know it all!"

"But they can't work—they are so delicate—they are 'so weakly!' What has made them weakly! Send off your chamber maids, your cooks, your washer women; and set your own gals at it! It made smart women of their grand-mothers, and if the old blood ain't run out, they'll be good for something yet!"

It used to be the fashion to be honest; if a man got in debt, he tried to pay; if he didn't public opinion set a mark on him; but it ain't so now; he tries not to pay; he'll lie, cheat and steal, for what better is it than stealing? and the one that can cheat the fastest is the best fellow! It is astonishing how slippery these fellows are! Slip through the smallest holes—don't make no more of it than a weasel!—Just as soon think of catching a flea napping, as one of them! They drive fast teams, without bit or curb; buy all they can carry; then fail; make a smash;—snap their fingers at their creditors; go to California, or to grass; nobody knows where; and begin again! Good gracious, if some of those fellows had lived forty years ago, they'd have clapped them in prison and shaved their heads!"

A MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—It is with feelings of profound sorrow that we announce the death of Mr. GEORGE HARRIS, by his own hands, a respectable, industrious and honest citizen of our town. He had been suffering from extreme depression of spirits for some days prior to the unfortunate occurrence, and in this unhappy frame of mind terminated his life on Sunday evening last, between eight and nine o'clock by hanging himself in the garret of his own dwelling. As a neighbor and a friend we knew him well, and can testify to his correct deportment and obliging disposition in these relations, as others can to his standing in the German Reform Church, of which he was long a member. He was about 52 years of age.—*Hagerstown Herald.*

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—FALLING OF A HORSE.—SEVERAL LIVES LOST.—At about quarter past two o'clock this afternoon, the walls of a small house in the course of erection in Thirty-third street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues; gave way and fell in, burying some eight or nine men beneath the ruins. We understand that two have been taken out dead, and probably a number more have lost their lives.—*N. Y. Herald, 17th.*

Advertising in English newspapers is somewhat expensive. The lowest charge for advertising in the London Times is about three dollars a square; even a line announcing a marriage or death costs seven shillings—nearly two dollars.