

The Lancaster Ledger.

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

VOLUME I.

LANCASTER, C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1852.

NUMBER 28.

THE LANCASTER LEDGER IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

R. S. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Selected Tales.

From the Edgefield Advertiser. The Orphan Brothers.

The night was dark and gloomy; the monotonous pattering of the rain was varied only by the chorus of fitful winds, which swept by the solemn and mysterious house of death.

On a bed in a lowly dwelling gasped a fair young widow of eight and twenty summers. Her husband had died six months before and the consequent grief preying on a constitution naturally delicate, had bowed that young head to the dust.

The only inmates of the chamber, except the dying mother, were her only children—two little boys of eight and ten years—and a faithful female attendant.

"Come to me my children," said Mrs. Hays. "Your mother is dying—you will soon be orphans, doubly orphans—for there is no one on earth to whom I can willingly confide my boys."

"The poor stricken children crept close to the side of their mother, and their desolate wailings mingled with the sad monotone of the warring elements without.

"Henry" said she to the elder, "here is my dying gift. It is your father's Bible. Will he be mine, and hear this the last injunction of your dying mother. Never allow a day to pass without reading at least one chapter of these sacred pages.—Never sleep at night without repeating the Lord's prayer, and at least once, in every week, read the sermon on the Mount. If you fulfil these, my last requests, I feel that strife and unkindness will never come between you. Never, my boys, have the first quarrel and you will never have the second; and never, never forget that you are the children of the same parents."

"In your intercourse with your fellow men, you should meet with opposition and contumely, forget not that as you forgive, so will you be forgiven. Remember that the heart must echo and confirm the sentiments that the lips utter, or they are of no avail. And above all these, my children, allow no busy-body to interfere between yourselves or between you and your fellow creatures. The Saviour said 'Blessed are the peace-makers for they shall be called the children of God.' A trust-worthy friend will never repeat things from one to another—for it begethers strife. He who should do so, is your enemy and not your friend."

With a last kiss, and a faint blessing on her little ones, Mrs. Hays, not long after, died to the sorrows and cold-heartedness of earth.

Mr. and Mrs. Hays were emigrants to the place where they died. An uncle of the former, who lived some miles off, took the brothers; but he was a cold-hearted, exacting man, and night after night did the little boys creep away to their dark, dreary room, and, after praying together, weep themselves to sleep with no eye to pity, and sought to comfort, save, Omniscient and Omnipotent Being, who declares that he will avenge the widow and the fatherless.

Mr. Black their guardian had an only child—a son, who was near sixteen when the little boys became an inmate of his father's home; and no sooner were they domesticated with him than did Alfred Black commence a series of petty persecutions and annoyances that embittered their youthful days.

Mr. Hays left a sufficiency to educate his boys respectfully. After that, they were to be thrown on their own resources for a livelihood. Their uncle placed them at an excellent school in his own neighborhood and they made such rapid progress as to elicit the good will of their teacher.

Henry was seventeen and Willie fifteen, before they had ever had a dispute; they profited by their mother's counsel and lived as brothers should. Young as they were, they acted out the praise-worthy principle of mutual forbearance.

As Henry was a well-grown boy, young Black did not dare to continue his former practice of lording it over him or his younger and rather fragile brother—but substituted a plan by which he hoped to create jealousies and dissensions between them. He misconstrued and misinterpreted their words and actions, until Henry began to suspect that his brother could stoop to weakness and foibles that his own proud heart would not condescend to, and Willie was led to believe that Henry's coldness proceeded from declining affection.

Things remained in this situation for some time. Willie was left to read his Bible alone. Frequently would he determine to forget all unkindness and implore his brother, by the memory of his mother's dying hour to become to him all that he had once been. But the cold stern look, the repelling manner, impelled him to desist, and the poor boy shrunk within himself and prayed Heaven that he might go where his mother's sweet smile and endearing tenderness would richly compensate him for the woes and sorrows of his orphanage.

Willie's health began to decline to all eyes save those of his prejudiced brother; still he continued at school seeking no companionship and knowing no sympathy, but bending as a weak and neglected plant before the blast of injustice and oppression.

The summer term of the school was about to close and the class, in which Henry made one, were busy in preparing Latin compositions, as a silver medal was to be awarded to the author of the best.

Henry had striven manfully for the prize, and he felt so certain of success that he would not show his composition to any one except to young Black. He was a great favorite with his teacher and wished to give him an agreeable surprise. On the evening before the exhibition the youths were sitting on the banks of a stream near the house. The weather was excessively warm—they had taken off their coats—and had hung them on the branch of a fallen tree. Young Black and Henry were talking at some distance from Willie, who sat modestly apart. Black proposed to Henry that they should go to an orchard near by for fruit. After they had gone a short distance, Black said he believed he would return for his coat. He adroitly contrived while getting it, to slip the composition from Henry's pocket to that of Willie and then rejoined Henry. Willie soon after went home. After they had gone to their rooms, in the evening, Henry, who, since his estrangement from his brother, occupied the room with Alfred, felt in his pocket for his essay. It was gone. He was greatly provoked, and asked Alfred if he thought it possible that it could have dropped while they were at the stream. Alfred, to carry out his iniquitous scheme, answered that he thought it probable, and offered to get a light and go with him in search of it. They went but soon returned without it. As they were passing Willie's room, Alfred suggested that he might have purloined it while they were absent, and cited Henry to the fact that he had left while they were gone.

"I will soon find out," said Henry, "and if he did I will disown him forever."

They entered the room together, when Henry demanded of his brother his paper.

"I have not your paper, brother," answered Willie—"Do you think me capable of acting so meanly?"

"Yes," said Henry, "I believe your jealousy is enkindled by the prospect of my succeeding at the exhibition and I feel certain that you have stolen it."

"Brother!" said Willie, his face assuming the whiteness of marble, and his pale lips quivering, "by the memory of our dead parents—by my hopes of Heaven, I have never wronged you in thought, word, or action." Henry turned to the chair in which Willie's coat was thrown and drew from the pocket the paper.

"Coward and liar," said he, "from this night I disown you."

The poor stricken victim fell senseless on the floor. Alfred assisted Henry to lay him on the bed, threw water in his face, and as soon as they saw him reviving left him. After consciousness had fully returned, Willie raised himself up. He felt crushed to the earth.

"Mother! mother," he said in his anguish, "are you near me now? Does your gentle presence fail to soothe, as it has done oftentimes before? Oh! why am I left on earth while Heaven is so peaceful—so void of strife, and oppression, and hatred? Oh! bless thy boy, spirit of my angel mother, that he may not murmur in his agony!"

"Oh, God!" he screamed, "have mercy"—for he felt his senses were leaving him. He fell back on his pillow and through the darkness and death-like stillness of that weary night, the fatherless and moth-

erless boy wrestled with delirium alone.—The next morning a servant went up to see why Willie did not come down and returned stating that he believed he was sick for he did not speak.

Henry did not go to him—but, with Alfred and his uncle, set out for the Academy. The sick brother, nephew, and cousin was left to the mercies of a servant more compassionate than his kindred.—The live long day did the faithful negro tend the sultering boy and as evening came on and the brother returned, elated and exulting with success, she ran to meet him. "Go to your poor brother, massa, he no long for dis world—been call you all day. He talk about paper, and call his mother to come for him."

Feelings of the bitterest compunction caused Henry's heart to thrill painfully as he ran up stairs. He had thought in the morning, that Willie's illness was only assumed in order to hide his shame at his detection. What was his horror, on gaining the bed-side, to discover him enduring all the agonies of brain fever, his eyes wild and blood shot, his nostrils dilated and cries of anguish issuing from his parched lips.

"He has cast me off mother, and I am alone in the world—I never wronged him—I would have exulted in his success—I have nothing left but to die. But I forgive him, yes indeed, I forgive them both."

Henry threw his arms around him and addressed him by every endearing epithet of his earlier years, but Willie did not know him, and as the dying injunction of their mother came thronging back to Henry's memory, he felt that it would have been better if he had never been born.

A physician was summoned, and Alfred and his father accompanied him to the sick room. The sufferer shrieked as he saw Alfred.

"Go away," said he, "you have taken away my brother. Henry! Henry! A scorpion is on my coat—it will sting us—get it off!"

To satisfy him, Henry took up the coat and shook it—when from the pocket in which the paper had been found, a large scorpion rind dropped.

Alfred picked it up with a trembling hand—he had worn that ring for several years and had missed it the evening before in the orchard. He thought he had lost it there. Instead of that, it had come off as he slipped the paper in the pocket.—His guilt was too glaring to be evaded, and he stood before the brothers, with a brand as deep as that of Cain on his brow.

His father and the physician were not acquainted with the facts and knew not to what to attribute his confusion.

Henry gave him a look that haunted him to his dying hour. Willie became worse and worse and the physician gave but faint hope of his recovery. Henry mourned in dust and ashes his departure from his God, and his consequent cruelty to his brother. After three weeks of the severest suffering, Willie showed slight symptoms of convalescence—and oh! how tenderly did Henry nurse him! How gratefully did he thank Heaven for the restoration of health to his only brother, and peace to them both!

Suffice it to say that through a long life the confidence, regained there, never wavered—but, as ornaments to society and bright lights in a christian community, they fulfilled the destiny which Heaven had marked out for them.

Alfred Black committed suicide in a year or two after his fiendish scheming.—He perpetrated some criminal deed and in attempting to distance the officers of justice, who were in pursuit of him, and discovering that he could not succeed, he went unbidden to the bar of his God.

ROSE COTTAGE.

How to Treat a Wife.

First, get a wife; secondly be patient, you may have great trials and perplexities in your business with the world; but do not therefore carry to your home a clouded or contracted brow. Your wife may have many trials, which, though of less magnitude, may have been as hard to bear. A kind, conciliating word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom. You encounter your difficulties in the open air, fanned by heaven's cool breezes; but your wife is often shut in from these healthful influences, and her health fails, and her spirits lose their elasticity. But oh! bear with her; she has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger, but which your tenderness can deprive of all their anguish. Notice kindly her little attentions and efforts to promote your comfort. Do not take them all as a matter of course, and pass them by, at the same time being very sure to observe any omission of what you may consider duty to you. Do not treat her with indifference, if you would not sear and palsify her heart, which, watered by kindness, would to the latest day of your existence, throbb with sincere and constant affection. Sometimes yield your wishes to hers. She has preferences as strong as you, and it may be just as trying to yield her choice as to you. Do you find it hard to yield sometimes? Think you it is not difficult for her to give up always? If you never yield to her wishes, there is danger that she will think you are selfish, and care only for yourself; and with such feelings she cannot love as she might. Again show yourself manly, so that your wife can look up to you, and feel that you will act nobly, and that she can confide in your judgment.

There is no man so contemptible but in distress requires pity. It is inhuman to be altogether insensible of another's misery.

Selected Articles.

American Honor.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

About seventy-five years ago, there was at Charleston, South Carolina, a family consisting of several members. It belonged to the middle class—that is to say, contained barristers, bankers, merchants, solicitors, and so on—all of them animated, at least so far as appears, by a high sense of honor and integrity. But noble sentiments are no certain guarantee against poverty. One of the members of the family in question became embarrassed, borrowed £1000 of one of his relatives, and was soon after seized with paralysis, and having kept his bed five years, died, leaving behind him a widow with several children. He could bequeath them no property, instead of which they received as their inheritance high principles, and a strong affection for the memory of their father. The widow also was, in this respect, perfectly in harmony with her husband. By dint, therefore, of prudence, industry, and economy, they amassed among them the sum of £400, which they rigidly appropriated to the repayment of a part of their father's debt. The old man had, indeed, called them together round his death bed, and told them that, instead of a fortune, he left them a duty to perform; and that if it could not be accomplished in one generation, it must be handed down from father to son, until the descendants of the B.—had paid every farthing to the descendants of the S.—s.

While matters stood in this predicament the creditor part of the family removed to England, and the debtors remained at Charleston, struggling with difficulties and embarrassments, which not only disabled them from paying the paternal debt, but kept them perpetually in honorable poverty. Of course, the wish to pay in such minds survived the ability. It would have been to them an enjoyment of a high order to hunt out their relatives in England, and place in their hands the owing £600. This pleasure, which they were destined never to taste, often formed the subject of conversation around their fireside; and the children, as they grew up, were initiated into the mystery of the £600.

But that generation passed away, and another succeeded to the liability; not that there existed any liability in law, for though a deed had been executed, it had lapsed in the course of time, so that there was really no obligation but that which was strongest of all—an unradicable sense of right. Often and often did the B.—s of Charleston meet and consult together on this famous debt, which every one wished, but no one could afford to pay. The sons were married, and had children when it was incumbent on them to support; the daughters had married, too; but their husbands possibly did not acquire with their wives the chivalrous sense of duty which possessed the breast of every member, male and female, of the B. family, and inspired them with a wish to do justice when fortune permitted.

It would be infinitely agreeable to collect and peruse the letters and records of consultations which passed or took place between the members of this family on the subject of the £600. These documents would form the materials of one of the most delightful romances in the world—the romance of honor, which never dies in some families, but is transmitted from generation to generation like a treasure above all price. When this brief notice is read in Charleston, it may possibly lead to the collection of these materials, which, with the proper names of all the persons engaged, should, we think, be laid before the world as a pleasing record of hereditary nobility of sentiment.

After the lapse of many years, a widow and her three nephews found themselves in possession of the necessary means for paying the family debt. Three quarters of a century had elapsed. The children and the children's children of the original borrower had passed away; but the honor of the B. family had been transmitted intact to the fourth generation, and a search was immediately commenced to discover the creditors in England. This, however, as may well be supposed, was no easy task. The members of the S. family had multiplied and separated, married and intermarried, become some poor and wealthy, distinguished and obscure by turns, changed their topographical as well as social position, and disappeared entirely from the spot they had occupied on their first arrival from America.

But honor is indefatigable, and by degrees a letter reached a person in Kensington, who happened to possess some knowledge of a lady of the S. family, married to a solicitor practising with great success and distinction in London. When the letter had come to hand, she at first doubted whether it might not be a sort of grave hoax, intended to excite expectation for the pleasure of witnessing its disappointment. However, the English solicitor, accustomed to the incidents of life, thought there would at least be no harm in replying to the letter from Charleston, and discovering in this way the real state of the affair.

Some delay necessarily occurred, especially as the B. family in America were old world sort of people, accustomed to transact business slowly and methodically, and with due attention to the minutest points. But at length a reply came, in which the writer observed, that if a deed of release were drawn up, signed by all the parties concerned in England, and transmitted to America, the £600 should immediately be forwarded for distribution

among the members of the S. family.—Some demur now arose. Some of the persons concerned growing imprudent as the chances of recovering the money appeared to multiply, thought it would be wrong to send the deed of release before the money had been received. But the solicitor had not learned, in the practice of his profession, to form so low an estimate of human nature. He considered confidence in this case to be synonymous with prudence, and at any rate resolved to take upon himself the entire responsibility of complying with the wishes of the Americans. He accordingly drew up the necessary document, got it signed by as many as participated in his views, and sent it across the Atlantic, without the slightest doubt or hesitation. There had been something in the rough, blunt honesty of Mr. B.—'s letter that inspired the man of law with the utmost reliance on his faith, though during the interval which elapsed between the transmission of the deed and the reception of an answer from the States, several of his friends exhibited a disposition to make themselves merry at the expense of his chivalry. But when we consider all the particulars of the case, we can hardly fail to perceive that he ran no risk whatever; for even if the deed had not legally lapsed, the people who had retained it in their memory through three generations—who had from father to son practised strict economy in order to relieve themselves from the burden—who had, with much difficulty and some expense, sought out the heirs of their creditor in a distant country, could scarcely be suspected with any inclination to finish off with a fraud at last.

Still, if there was honor on one side, there was enlarged confidence on the other; and in the course of a few months, the American mail brought to London the famous £600 due since before the War of Independence. The business now was to divide and distribute it. Of course, each of the creditors was loud in expressions of admiration of the honor of the B. family, whose representative, while forwarding the money, asked with much simplicity to have a few old English newspapers sent out to him by way of acknowledgment. For his own part, however, he experienced a strong desire to behold some of the persons to whom he had thus paid a debt of the last century; and he gave a warm and pressing invitation to any of them, to come out and stay as long as they thought proper at his house in Charleston. Had the invitation been accepted, we cannot doubt that Brother Jonathan would have acted as hospitably in the character of host as he behaved honorably in that of debtor. It would have been a pleasure, we might indeed say a distinction, to live under the same roof with such a man whose very name carries us back to the primitives of the colony, when Charleston was a city of the British Empire, and English laws, manners, habits, and feelings regulated the proceedings and relations of its inhabitants. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the London solicitor will some day drop in quietly upon his friend in Charleston, to smoke a cigar, and discuss old times with him. He will in that case probably fancy himself chatting with a contemporary of Rip Van Winkle. Doubtless there are thousands of such men in the States, where frequently everything that is estimable in the English character is cultivated with assiduity.

How the property was distributed among the S. family in England, we need not say. Each surviving individual had his or her share. The solicitor was only connected with them by marriage; but with good old English ideas of uprightness and integrity, he was fully able to appreciate the Charleston lawyer's sentiments. He would have done exactly the same himself under similar circumstances; and, therefore, had the sum been tens of thousands instead of hundreds it could not be said to have fallen into bad hands.—Whether the transaction above noticed has led or not to a continued correspondence between the families, we are unable to say; but we think the creditors in England would naturally have felt a pleasure in exchanging intelligence from time to time with their worthy debtors in Charleston. These things, however, are private, and therefore we do not intend to trench upon them.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, July 10.*

Comforts of an Editor.

If he does not fill his paper with news of importance, whether there be any or not, it is condemned for not being what it purports to be—a newspaper.

If he does not fill at least one column every week with something laughable his folio is pronounced uninteresting.

If a public nuisance should exist, notice of it should offend; and not to notice it would be censured.

If he does not publish all the marriages and death that "in all the world for twenty miles round," whether he hears of them or not, he is not fit for an Editor.

Sunday Reading.

An evening Meditation.

The close of the day is a fitting time for serious reflection. As the shadows of evening gather around, let me turn my thoughts to future scenes—another portion of my mortal life is finished—I have advanced another stage in my journey to the eternal world.

What now are my thoughts, my hopes, my expectations in reference to eternity? What have been my thoughts during the day? Sometimes, in the rush of business upon my mind, I have had little sense of my responsibility and obligations. Sometimes the fear that an unseeing eye was discerning in my dealings with others, an unjustifiable selfishness, distressed me.—Again, the earnest aspiration went up from my heart, that I might be kept by the divine hand, and that no evil word might be found on my lips, no evil thought in my mind—but still I am dissatisfied with myself; I have foreborne to speak to others, of God and their own souls; the house of affliction was in my neighborhood, but I did not enter it; I heard the profanation of the all holy name of God, and did not reprove it; I saw the suffering and the afflicted, and passed by on the other side; angry thoughts rose from the depths of my heart, and I did not suppress them; evil imaginations were in my mind, worldly anxieties, trifles light as air, and Oh, I must add, ingratitude for a Saviour's dying love, has found its sad expression in unbelief and indifference.

Let me now come to the place of secret prayer. Why this strange reluctance to enter the closet and commune with God? Alas! it is because of the sins, that so easily beset me, because of that unbelief, which refuses to look to the blood of cleansing for pardon. Yet I must come; Saviour, compassionate and divine, I dare not stay away; Oh, turn not thy face from me in anger; let me weep for my sins and cast myself again at thy feet. Whither else shall I go? What other hope of pardon for transgression like mine?

Thanks to thy name, oh, Immanuel, there is forgiveness with thee—thou wilt not spurn from thy footstool, the perishing and the lost; oh, take me, vile as I am, under the shadow of thy wings; fill me with thine own love and at thy bidding; every temptation of earth shall pass harmlessly by. Oh! teach me the mystery of thy love, and sin shall never more have dominion over me.

Night is the emblem of death. How soon will my last night arrive, that night of darkness and gloom, whose morn will be ushered in by the awful scenes of the judgement. May I ever keep it in solemn prospect, to chasten every joy, to restrain from every sin, to awaken a daily solicitude, that I may be found of my Judge in peace.

Oh, death thou hast portion of sorrow, The prospect of heaven is bright, And fair is the dawn of thy morrow, But stormy and dreadful thy night.

What have I done to-day to glorify God? Methinks the solemn inquiry, should enter every chamber of the soul. Let me never shrink from this investigation, but in fidelity and with diligence may I improve the season for self-examination, letting no worldly occupation hinder me in my duty, or turn my mind from the picture, which conscience places before me—a mournful picture indeed, but over its deepest shades, there are crimson lines, which speak of redemption and love. Oh, my soul, never more let this shameful ingratitude come between thee and thy God; let the ice dissolve and tears of unfeigned repentance and contribution and a life of willing obedience attest thy return to a forgotten Redeemer.

The morning light will again shine upon the world—so shall the night of death terminate to the humble Christian, in the dawn of an eternal day. Shall its blessed light fall upon my eye? Shall I catch its approaching glory, while struggling in the valley of death? Oh, blessed Redeemer, let me gaze on thee in that dreadful hour, and I will fear no evil—thy rod and thy staff shall comfort me.

Jesus, the vision of thy face, Hath overpowering charms; Scarc shall I feel death's cold embrace, If Christ be in my arms.

[Panoplist.]

"YOU HAVEN'T BLESSED IT."—Thirty years ago, a little, the son of pious parents, was invited to spend a few days at the house of a friendly family. When dinner came on the table, Philip, though very hungry after his journey, could not be persuaded to touch a morsel of food.—Again and again did they urge him to eat, and as often did he look wishfully at the contents of the table, but resolutely declined. At length the lady kindly inquired, if there was any reason why he did not eat his dinner. Bursting into tears, and sobbing so that he could scarcely speak, he exclaimed, "You haven't asked the blessing of God on your food, and that little boy is now a Baptist missionary in Jamaica."

Repent as you go along. This leaning-to-day and trusting-to-tomorrow's sins to wash it out again, is more risky than swimming with fifty-sixes fastened to your feet. "To-morrow" may never come along. Your sin, like your bank account, should be written up every day.

Stories for the Young.

Sick of Being Punished.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

Kate—I wish I could go to some other school, Mary, for I do not like to be punished.

Mary—No one likes to be punished. But, Kate, when one likes to do wrong, one must expect to pay for it. Did the teacher hurt you much?

Kate—No, I was so mad I did not care for it; if she had nearly broken my head, I should not have cared a tear.

Mary—I take care not to do wrong, and so do not get punished.

Kate—Well, I am not so shy, and always get found out.

Mary—I should think you would grow tired of doing wrong, for it must be easier to do right than wrong.

Kate—I am not so sure of that, I like to have my own way once in a while.

Mary—If your own way is wrong, and brings you into trouble, I should give it up, and get a better way.

Kate—Why, do you believe I could always act right, as you do?

Mary—Certainly! Don't you think I could act wrong, as you do, if I tried to do so? Do you think your little kitten will scratch me, if I take her up?

Kate—No, indeed! She scratched me once, and I soon taught her better. I should like to see her scratch any body now.

Mary—How did you cure her so completely?

Kate—I beat her soundly, and would not give her anything to eat for a whole day. [Mary begins to laugh, and Kate says,] What are you laughing at, Mary? I do not see anything to laugh at.

Mary—Nor did the kitten. And yet it is rather funny that the kitten left off doing wrong, after being punished only once, and you cannot, after being punished a dozen times.

Kate—Yes, but a kitten isn't a girl.

Mary—I know she is not and that makes me wonder the more, for she ought not to be expected to do so well as an intelligent girl. Now confess, Kate, that you can do right, if you choose to do so. You know you can, and I wish you would, for my sake.

Kate—Why for your sake, when I have to take all the punishment?

Mary—I really believe that every time you are punished, I suffer more than you do. I love you, Kate, and cannot bear to see you suffer.

Kate—You are a dear one, Mary, and there is no denying it. Now I'll tell you what I mean to do, for I am desperate.—Mary—Don't say so.

Kate—Hear me out, Mary. I am desperately sick of being punished, and not a little ashamed to be worse than my kitten, and so you see, I am going—

Mary—Where, dear Kate? Not to leave the school, I hope?

Kate—No, but to love it, and try to be as good as you are, you little philosopher. There (kissing her) there, let me seal my promise with a kiss, and when you see me doing wrong again, just say Kitty, Kitty, Kitty! and I shall take the hint! Little did I think when I punished my kitten, that the blows were to fall so directly on my own head.

MARTYRS OF THE REVOLUTION.—An association has been formed in Brooklyn, N. Y., for the purpose of removing the remains of that 11,500 martyrs of the British prison ships, now piled up beneath the Navy Yard wall in that city, to a more decent and appropriate place. It is designed to reinter these relics at Fort Greene, (Washington Park), and to erect a suitable monument over them, to mark the spot forever where they lie. A movement of this kind was heretofore made, but fell through for lack of energy. The character of the men who have taken it in hand now, however, is said to be a guaranty that the project will be pushed forward and finally consummated.

RAILROAD LADIES.—At a convention lately held in Aberdeen, Miss., in favor of the extension of the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad, by the way of Aberdeen, Miss., and Florence, Ala., to Nashville, a lady who was present—Mrs. Mary Sims—proposed, through one of the speakers, to be one of twenty ladies to subscribe the sum of \$1,000 each, making \$20,000, to the road. She was immediately responded to by nineteen others, and the sum made up in a few minutes.—The whole amount subscribed at the close of the convention was \$300,000.

SPONTANEOUS PRODUCE OF WHEAT.—The Spartanburg Carolina Spartan has been furnished with the following statement by Mr. Wyatt Lipscomb, a highly respectable citizen of that District, under whose personal observation the subjoined facts occurred: In 1849, a parcel of ground, about six acres, were sowed in wheat which was destroyed by rust and was not reaped. In 1850, the ground was not cultivated. In 1851, the ground was cultivated in corn, and a harvest of that grain was reaped. In 1852, volunteer wheat was discovered, which was supposed to be cheat, but was suffered to grow up and mature. It turned out, however, to be excellent wheat, and the crop was reaped, producing 344 bushels from six acres of ground. This was indeed an extraordinary circumstance in agricultural experience.