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LANCASTER LEDGER

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

R. S. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ALL KINDS OF

Selected

From Harpers' New Monthly Magazine. FRAGMENTS FROM A YOUNG WIFE'S DIARY.

I have been married seven weeks. * * * I do not rave in girlish fashion about my ent—to give hope to my future. Will perfect happiness—I do not even say I you do this, my love, my Adelaide?" ove my husband. Such words imply a

Long, very long, it is since I first knew to keep evermore! this. Gradually, not suddenly, the great mystery of love overshadowed me, until was upon me. He seemed to absorb and the linesinhale my whole soul into his, until I be- "He was her own, her ocean treasure c.st, came like a cloud melting away in sun- Like a rich wreck-her first love and her shine, and vanishing from the face of

oh! Laurence—Laurence! none would ted almost into tears. But I laughed marvel at it who had once looked on thee! them off, and added, "Come, Laurence, Not that he is a perfect Apollo-this wor- confess the same. You never, never loved shipped husband of mine; you may meet a score far handsomer. But who cares? Not I! All that is grand, all that is beautiful, all that makes a man look godlike through the inward shining of his godlike soft, yet proud-his wavy hair-his hand I lean on-all compose an image wherein in any beauty that bore no likeness to

thy as I seem: yet, when heaven rained on me the rich blessing of his love, my it never come, for lack of it I must have

being weak and ill—alas? my heart was breaking quietl-, though he knew it not— I had no strength to fly. He was too kind to forsake me: so we staid in an kind to forsake me: so we staid in an open space of the wood, I clinging to his arm, and thinking—God forgive me!—

was then. What he thought I knew not. | fear, he urged me to stay. So kind and | been the repentance of his manhood. On | He seemed afraid to speak more, lest I | fool, and the young fellow something worse. | kneel down beside me, saying the prayer He spoke in hurried, broken words, and turned his face from me all the while.

It grew dark, like night, and there came flash after flash, peal after peal. I could not stand-I leaned against his arm. At last there shone all around us a frightful glare, as if the whole wood were in flames -a crash of boughs-a roar above, as though the heavens were falling-then

Death had passed close by us, and smote us not-and Death was the precurser of Love.

We looked at one another, Laurence paid in six months; or Three Dollars, if and I: then, with a great cry, our hearts a pleasant darill; I never even see it writ--long-tortured-sprang together. There never can be such a meeting, save that of to look at it. So, unconsciously, I turned two parted ones, who meet in heaven. No to the little rosy urchin, whom his granwords were spoken, save a murmer—"Adelaide!" "Laurance!"—but we knew that between us two there was but one soul. We stood there all the while the storm lasted. He sheltered me in his arms, and I felt neither the thunder nor subsequent insertion. A single insertion the rain. I feared not life nor death, for I be divided from him.

* * * Ours was a brief engagement. Laurence wished it so; and I disputed not -I never disputed with him in anything. Besides, I was not happy at home-my they will be continued in the paper until sisters did not understand him. They jested me because he was grave and reserved-even subject to moody fits sometimes. They said "I should have a great deal to

thought whether he were rich or poor !-I smiled too, at my sisters, jested about his melancholy, and the possibility of his being a "bandit in disguise!" None truly knew him-none but I. Yet I was half afraid the intensity of my love. I never asked him of his for me-how it grew-or how he had so long concealed it; enough for me that it was there. Yet it was always calm; he never showed any passionate emotion, save one night—the night before our wedding day.

trees. I trembled a little; but I was happy—very happy. He held me long in his looked prudent and stern. I tried to thank God, and pray Him to bless us."

him to forgive me. Adelaide, I am not

He, to talk in this way ! and about me ! but I answered him soothingly, so that he a high hedge around. I heard a child's might feel how dear was my love-how laugh, and could not forbear peeping

to forgive my past-to bear with my pres- like a gentleman ; perhaps it is the wretch

I answered, solemuly, "I will." Then, separate existence-a gift consciously be- for the first time I dared to lift my arms stowed on one being from another—I feel to his neck; and as he stooped I kissed his not thus: my husband is to me as my forehead. It was the seal of this my traction: it was some sign of grace in the promise-which may God give me strength

We were laughing to-day-Laurence at last I found out the truth, that I was and I-about first loves It was scarcely did be think of her too? He might ; for my own no more. All the world's beauty a subject for mirth; but one of his bache-I saw through his eyes-all the world's lor friends had been telling us of a new goodness and greatness came reflected married couple, who in some comical fashhrough his noble heart. In his presence ion, mutually made the discovery of each I was as a child: I forgot myself, my own other's "first loves." I said to my husband existence, hopes and aims. Every where smiling happily, " that he need have no -at all times and all places-his power such fear." And I repeated, half in sport,

So it was with your poor Adelaide."-Touched by the thought, my gayety melany one but me ?"

He looked pained, said coldly, "I believe I have not given cause-" then stopped. How I trembled, but I went up to im, and whispered, "Laurance, dearest, soul-I see in my Laurence. His eyes, forgive me." He looked at me a moment, then caught me passionately to his breast, that I sit and clasp-his strong arm that I wept there a little-my heart was so Yet I could not help again murmur-I see no flaw. Nay, I could scarce believe ing that question-" You love me, you do

"I love you as I never before loved woman. I swear this in the sight of heaven. wife-and no more. Every thing in me Believe it, my wife." Was his vehement is only a reflection of him. Sometimes I answer. I hated myself for having so even marvel that he loved me, so unwor- tried him. My dear my noble husband!

* * * Nearly a year married, and it died. I did almost die, for the joy was long in coming. Though—as I know now—he loved me well and dearly; yet for some reason or other he would not tell er to him-heart to heart. I understand The vail might never have fallen him better, if possible, I love him more; m our hearts, save for one blessed not with the wild worship of my girlhood, will relate it. I love to dream but with something dearer, more homeer that brief hour, to which my whole like. I would not have him an "angel stence can never show a parallel. if I could. I know all his little faults an if I could. I know all his little faults and We were walking all together—my sis-weaknesses quite well—I do not shut my eyes on any of them; but I gaze openly there came on an August thunder-storm. at them, and love them down. There is Our danger was great, for we were to the love enough in my heart to fill up all midst of a wood. My sisters fied; but I, chasms—to remove all stumbling-blocks life: not two jurring lives, but an harmo-

thoughtful he was too. Because his engagements here would keep him much

The seemed atraid to speak more, lest I fool, and the young fellow something worse. In feel down beside me, saying the prayer should be agitated; but as he kissed me, I felt on my check tears, tears that much life father tried—may-be he wished to try

—"Forgive us our treesposses, as we for from me, he made me take likewise my | my husband? sister Louisa. She is a good girl, and a dear girl; but I miss Laurence; I did especially in my walk to-day, through a lovely wooded country and a sweet little village. I was thinking of him all the time,

Very foolish it is of me-a loving weakness I have not yet got over-but I never hear the name my husband bears without ten up in the street without turning again dam honored by the name of " Laurence."

after as "Laurence."

A pretty, sturdy boy of five or six years old—a child to glad any mother. I won dered had he a mother? I stayed and asked-I always notice children now .- pray. Oh, wonderful, solemn mystery sleeping at subsequent insertion. A single insertion the rain. I feared not life nor death, for I my heart, my hope—my joy—my prayer. I think, with tears, how I may one day watch the gambols of a boy like this; and how, looking down in his little face, I may see therein my Laurence's eyes. For the sake of this future-which God grant-I asked the old woman about the child's For this, thank God! mother. "Dead, dead five years," And his father? A sneer, a muttered curseput up with; but it was worth while, for Mr. Shelmerdine's grand estate atoned for the folk." Alas? alas! I saw it all. Poor all." My Laurence! as it I had ever beautiful unhappy child!

My heart was so pained, that I could not tell the little incident to Laurence .-Even when my sister began to talk of it I asked her to cease. But I pondered over it the more. I think, if I am strong enof him at times; but that was only from ough, I will go and see the poor little fellow again to-morrow. One might do some good-who knows?

> To-morrow has eome-to-morrow has gone. What a gulf lies between that yesterday and its to-morrow!
>
> * * Louisa and I walked to the vil-

I went with him to the gate myself lage—she very much against her will.—walking in the moonlight under the holly "It was wrong and foolish," she said "one arms ere he could part with me—the last brief parting ere we would need to part no dead mother; and the shadow of mother-sendeth the victory. more. I said, looking up from his face to hood over my own soul taught me com the stars, "Laurence, in our full joy let us passion towards both. At last when Louisa was half angry, I said I would go, for His heart seemed bursting: he bowed his proud head, dropped it down upon my his proud head, dropped it down upon my know. Thank heaven those words were have lately suffered, there comes to me a

So we went. My little beauty of a boy worthy of happiness-I am not worthy of was not there; and I had the curiosity to approach the cottage where his grandmother lived. It stood in a garden, with through. There was my little favorite, He said, at last, half mournfully, "You held aloft in the arms of a man, who stood are content to take me then, just as I am; half hidden behind a tree. "He looks or a father!" whis iered we ought to come away." And -1

ed forward indignantly. But I still staid-still looked my horror of the crime, I feet and show kindness to the child. And the miserable mother! I, a happy wife, could have wept to think of her. I wondered, though the boy laughed and chattered, lavishing . u bim all those pet diminutives

answer by a single word. Louisa came to hurry me away, "Hush" said, "one moment and I will go."

from his covert.

Heaven it was my husband! * * * I think I should then have falled and met my sister's eyes. They were full of horror-indignation-pity. too, had seen.

all the future: my father's wrath-the world's mockery—his shame. I said-and I had strength to say it

quite calmly-" Louisa, you have guessed ur secret : but keep it-promise! She looked aghast-confounded. "You see," I went on, and I actually

smiled, " you see, I know all about it, and so does Laurence. It is-a friend's child." May Heaven forgive me for that lie I told: it was to save my husband's honor.

Day after day, week after week, goes by yet I live-live, and living, keep the horrible secret in my soul. It must remain there, burried forever, now.
It so chanced, that after that hour I did

not see my husband for some weeks: Louisa and I were hastily summoned home .-So I had time to think what I was to do.

I knew all now-all the mystery of his fits of gloom-his secret sufferings. It was remorse, perpetual remorse. No mar-vel! And for a moment my stern heart said, "Let it be so." I, too, was wrong-Why did he marry me and hide all this ! O vile! O cruel! Then the light broke on me: his long struggle against his love-his terror of winning mine. But he did love me; half-maddened as I was I grasped at that, Whatever blackness was on the past, he loved me nowhe had sworn it-" more than he ever loved woman,"

I was yet young: I knew little of the wickedness of the world; but I have heard of that mad passion of the moment, which may seize on a heart not wholly vile, and open space of the wood, I clinging to his arm, and thinking—God forgive me!—
that if I could only die then, close to him, encompassed by his gentle care, it would be so happy—happier far than my life

I have taken a long journey, and am afterwards a whole lifetime of remorse, works out the expiation. Six years ago. He must have been then a mere boy. If he had thus erred in youth, I who know his nature, know how awful must have

may condemn me ; but God knoweth all. so much so, that I quite started when I save him. Never shall be know that se-heard one of the village children shouted cret, which out of pride or bitterness might feel shame before me.

> I took my resolution—I have fulfilled it. no more—perhaps forever. I have met him again, as a faithful wife should meet her busband; no word, no worshipped, I can only pity, weep, and taketh. Amen.

that through me he became calme; happier every day. It was true : I read the change in his face. Others read it two.went and kissed the little fellow who Even his aged mother told me with tears, my child. chanced to bear my husband's name. I how much good I had done to Laurence.

My husband! my husband! At times delirious dream, cast it to the winds, and worship him as of old. I do fee, as I in defiance of all I love him, and shall do

Sometimes his olden sufferings came love and pardon; if he would let me com- safe. fort him, and speak of hope, of heaven's mercy-of atonement even on earth, but I dare not-I dare not.

Since, from this silence which he has seen fit to keep, I must not share the struggle, but must stay afar off-then like the prophet who knelt on the rock, suppliesting for Israel in the battle, let my hands

Nearer and nearer comes the hour which will be to me one of a double life, have lately suffered, there comes to me a neavy toreboding. What, if I, so young, neavy loreboding. What, if I, so young, to whom one little year ago, life seemed an opening paradise-what, if I should die -die and leave him, and he never know how deeply I have loved-how much I have forgiven !

Yes, he might know, and bitterly .-Should Louisa tell. But I will prevent

In my husbane's absence I have sat up half the night writing; that in case of my death he may know the whole truth, and hear it from me alone. I have poured out all my sufferings-all my tenderness: I have implored him for the love of Heaven, for the love of me, that he would in every way atone for the past, and lead for the future a righteous life; that his sins may be forgiven, and that after death, we may meet in joy evermore.

I have been to church with Laurencewhich children make out of the sweet for the last time, as I think. We knelt word "father," I did not hear this father together, and took the sacrament. His face was grave but peaceful. When we came home we sat in our beautiful little rose garden, he looking so content-even The little one had ceased chattering: happy; so tender over me, so full of hope the father put it down and came forth for the future. How should this be if he had on his soul that awful sin? All seemed a delusion of my own creating: I doubted even the evidence of my own senen down dead, save for one thing-I turn- ses. I longed to throw myself on his bosom and tell him all. But then, from She, some inexplicable cause, the olden cloud came over him: I read in his face, or Like lightning there flashed across me thought I read the torturing remorse which at once repelled me from him, and yet drew me again, with a compassion that was almost stronger than love.

I thought I would try to say, in some passsing way, words that, should I die, daughter?" I found courage to say. might afterwards comfort him, by telling him how his misery had wrung my heart, and how I did not scorn him, not even for

you and I had known one another all our Not for myself but for him. I shrank like lives, from the time we were little children.

"Oh! that we had! than I had been better and a happier man, my Adelaide!" was his answer. "We will not talk of that. Please God we may live a long and happy life togeth-

that you say? Adelaide, you are not go-ing to die, you whom I have loved, whom I have made happy, you have no cause to

Oh, agony! he thought of the one who had cause-to whose shame and misery death was better than life. Poor wretch, she, too, might have loved him. Down wife's jealousy! down, woman's pride! It was long, long ago. She is dead; and he oh my husband! may God forgive me ac-

cording as I pardon you!
I said to him once more, putting my arm round his neck, leaning so that he " Laurance, could only hear, not see me. if I should die, remember how happy we have been, and how dearly we have painful; think only, that living or dying, I loved you, as I have loved none else in the And so, whatever chances, be

-how much rather must I have mercy on I felt on my check tears—tears that my too—but they couldna undo what had give those that trespass against us." I had mercy. Some, stern in virtue, power to shed.

* * * I have done all I wished to do. ful son." He is—I believe in my soul—he is a good man now, and striving more and whichever way God wills the event, I am blessed tears! My Laurence! my Laurence more after good. I will help him-I will prepared. Life is not what it once was: rence! save him. Never shall be know that secret, which out of pride or bitterness might drive him back from virtue, or make him poor mother felt, who, dying, left her child woman thought me mad, and field out of "My Wife" my wife who has saved her woman thought me mad, and field out of "My Wife" my wife who has saved her

look betrays, nor shall betray, what I been a mother-alas! have been; but I I had loved the childish form: it was such know. All our ontward life goes on as never knew it. I awoke out of a long as might have been his when he was a before : his tenderness for me is constant, blank dream-a delirium of many weeks boy. overflowing. But oh! the agony, of know- -to find the blessing had come, and been ing my idol fallen-that where ! once taken away. One only giveth-one only Laurence." He came to me, smiling and

For seven days, as they tell me, my He told me yesterday, he did not feel babe lay by my side—its tinny arms the child in my arms, and kissed him as touched mine—it slept at my breast. But though I had been his mothe. For thy like the same man that he was before marriage. He said I was his good angel: quite mad all the while. And then—it died-and I have no little face to dream of—no memory of the sweetness that has been, it is all to me as if I had never seen

If I only had my senses for one day— My husband! My husband! At times rence when they gave him his baby boy. I could aimost think this horror were ome Bitterly he grieves, his mother says, he these excuses I could find; and yet Laucause he has no heirs.

over me like one distracted. Poor Lau- He was wrong, also, grievensly wrong, poor Indian woman much glad. Sometimes his olden sufferings came over me like one distracted. Poor Lauover him; and then I, knowing the whole rence! I see but little of him now; they im not acknowledging the child. Yet Her child was beyond all human and, I there might have been reasons. His fath-

> darling that was to come : to picture it ly- ture. ing in my arms-playing at my feetgrowing in beauty-a boy, a youth, a man! And this—this is all—this little grave.

teaches, and which nature has even now courage fail me now? awakened in my heart, must find no obblessings I have by mourning over those

wards this little one : forgetting all wifeike pride, I seem to yearn over the boy. But is this strange? In my first girlish dreams, many a time I had taken a book thing belonging to him. And should I not hold precious what is half himself-

I will go and see the child to-morrow Weeks have passed, and yet I have had pardon. brought. Strange book of human fate each leaf closed until the appointed time if we could but turn and read. Yet it

vas a coarse, rough-spoken woman-a laborer's wife. Laurence Shelmerdine-the elegant-the refined-what madness must ave possessed him.

"Ay, ay, in a few months after the boy She was but a weekly thing, at best, and she had troubles enow."

Quickly came the blood to my heartto my cheek-in bitter, bitter shame,a guilty thing before that mother's eve .---concerning the poor girl, and her sad

"Is the child like her?" was all I could say, looking to where the little fellow was playing, at the far end of the garden. I the looked at me with fear. "What is be mother as beautiful as he?"

> the lad's like his father, who was a gentleman born : though Laurence had better ha' been a ploughman's son. A bad business Bess made of it. To this day I dunnot know her right name, nor little Laurence's there. And so I canna make his father own him. He ought, for the lad's I live. growing up as grand gentleman as him-self; he'll never do to live with poor folk

like granny."

"Alas!" I cried, forgetting all but my compassion; "then how will the child bear his lot of shame !"

"Shame!" and the old woman came up fiercely to me. "You had better mind your own business: my Bess is as good

as you."

I trembled violently, but could not speak, The woman went on:

own eyes, long scaled by misery, had no been done. My girl was safe married to been done. My girl was safe married to Little Laurance stole away repentant him, and the little lad's a gentleman's law- and good. 1 sat thoughtful: I did not

to the mercy of the bitter world. But heaven's will be done. I shall write here finding myself quite alone, with the door open, and a child looking in at me in wonderment, but with a gendeness such as I * * * It is all past and gone. I have have seen my husband wear. No marve

give me, poor dead girl!- and then I took the child in my arms, and kissed him as

I understand all the past now. The wild, boyish passion, making an ideal out one hour; if I could but have seen Lau- folly which had marred a lifetime; dread ought, deep tenderness-compassion. No, ble. Had I bet aved anything during my him, for he had broken a girl's heart. no, let me not deceive myself : I love him ; delirium ? I think not. Louisa says I She might, she must have loved him. I

If he had only told me all: if I could now could not hear his grief and my own two: er ruled with an iron head; and, then, by the placked up features and purple hue lay my heart open before him, with all its I might not be able to keep my secret when he died, Laurence had just known of his wasted cheeks, that he had not I went yesterday to look at the tinny love was implanted in my heart for good, mound—all that is left to me of my dream. It shall not fail him now; it shall encomof motherhood. Such a happy dream it was, too! How it comforted me many a between him and the bitter past; it shall stand him all the way from Matta Lake (Mad time: how I used to sit and think of my lead him on to a worthy and happy for Lake, or Lake Shemong, in Indiana) upon

> I tell him all, how will be meet it? No will be with Him." Perhaps I may never have another matter, I must do right. I have walked through this cloud of misery; shall my fit of coughing, which I expected every teaches, and which nature has good and the coughing.

> ject, must droop and wither away, or be been away. Something oppressed than, that shall never be: I will not embitter the a balm even for that now. * * * I told him the story, as it were.

> in a parable, not of myself but of another; woman; slone-alone! No paponse; the a friend I had. His color came and went mother all alone." In Mr. Shelmerdine's absence, I have accomplished my plan. I have contrived to visit the place where lives that helpless child—my husband's child.
>
> I do believe that my love to Laurance must be such as never before was borne to man by woman. It draws me even to-man by woman. It draws me even to-man by woman. It draws me even to-man by woman are called intermediate the interval of the read, still using the feigned names I full load, proceed for a moment his wasted, had used all along.,

He said, hearsely, "Do you think the foreive all this ("

I did not say, I pardon. I would not let him think that I felt I had need to Elizabeth Iron, his mother, got home

face on my knees, and wept.

The tale of his youth was as I guessed. He told me it the same night, when we sat in the twilight gloom. I was glad of this; that not even his wife's eyes might asked the old woman to let me come in scan too closely the pang it cost him to reand rest, for I was a stranger, weak and |veal these long-past days. But all the tired. She did so kindly, remembering, while he spoke my head was en his breast, perhaps, how I had once noticed the boy. that he might feel I held my place there He was her grandson, she told me-her still, and that no error, no griet, no shame, could change my love for him, nor make Her daughter! And this old creature me doubt his own, which I had won.

> My task is accomplished. I rested not, day or night, until the right was done. Why should be fear the world's sneer, when his wife stands by him; his wife, who most of all might be thought to shrink from this confession that must be made But I have given him comfort-ay, courage. I have urged him to do his duty,

which is one with mine.

My husband has acknowledged his first marriage, and taken home his son. His mother, though shocked and bewildered I dared not ask-what I longed to hear at first, rejoiced when she saw the beautiful boy, worthy to be the heir of the Shel merdines. All are happy in the thought.

I go, but always secretly, to the small laisy-mound. My own lost one! my babe whose face I never saw! If I have no child on earth, I know there is a little an-"Ay, a good looking lass enough, but gel waiting me in heaven.

> py as one can be in this world: never was any woman more blessed than I am in my husband and my son-mine. I took him as such: I will fulfill the pledge while

The other day, my little Laurence did right either: she does not half love the

I took my son on my lap, and tried to

laid his head upon my shoulder, and bless-

The Indian Mother. The affection of Indian parents for their children, says Mrs. Moodie, in her Canadian scenes, entitled "Roughing it in the Bush," and the deference which they pay to the aged, is a beautiful and touching

trait in their character. One extremely cold, wintry day, as I was huddled with my little ones over the stove, the door softly unclosed, and the mocassined foot of an Indian crossed the floor. I raised my head, for I was too much accustomed to their sudden appearonce at any hour to feel alarmed, and perceived a tall woman standing silently and respectfully before me, wrapped in a large .. blanket. The moment she caught my eye she dropped the tolds of her covering from around her, and laid at my feet the attenuated figure of a boy, about twelve years

I will strengthen him to do it. Yet, when He is in God's care; in a few hours he

moment would terminate his frail exist-He came home, nor knew that I had ence. I gave him a teaspoonful of cur-

"Papouse die," murmured the poor

My heart fellowed her a long way on wife—a good and pure weman—would her melancholy journey. Think what this woman's lave must have been for that dyhe had touched—a flower he had gathered—hid it from my sisters, kissed it, and wept over it for days. It was folly; but A doubt seeined to strike him. "Ade-"I have told. Husband forgive me! I Poor heart-troken mother! I learned know all, and still I love you." Town Joe Muskrat's squaw, some days af-

IMPROVEMENT ON VIOLENS. -- Moses Co burn, of Savannah, Georgia, has taken measures to secure a patent for a uniq e improvement on violins. The instrument is made of a gradually increasing width from the neck to the bottom, or of a nearly angular form, only so far departing from it as to destroy sharp corners and stiffness of form. The external convexity of top and bottom, however, are preserved. The reasons for departing from the common form of violins, is, that the instrument being made so much narrower at the middle, it makes two vibrating bodies instead of one, as by the new improvement. The two parts of the common violin vibrate independently, and not in accordance with each other, therefore they interrupt the free and perfect intonation of the strings, Mr. Coburn is a professor of music, and teaches it in Savannah; he is, therefore, capable of forming an excellent judgment respecting the defects of the old violin, and the improvement which scientifically will remove the evils. In his violin he places the air apertures in the sides, in order that the top may not be weakened by cutting them through. Thus the top of his instrument presents a fair, unbroken, triangular table, and looks ne t and handsome to our notion of such things .- Scientific

A NEW CURE FOR BRONCHIAL AND Consumptive Complaints. - Dr Cartwright, of New Orleans, communicates to the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, an article entitled—"The Sugar-House Cure for Bronchial, Dyspeptic, and Consumptive Complaints." It is stated that a residence in a sugar-house, during the rolling season, far surpasses any other known means of restoring flesh, strength, and health, lost by chronic aliments of the something wrong. He rarely does something wrong. The relling season is the harvest, when the canes are cut, the juice expressed and converted into sugar. In Louisiana it commences about refused to be friends. Louisa was not the middle of October, and ends at Christmas, but it is sometimes protracted into January. Dr. C. says the vapor is most agreeable and soothing to the lungs, and show him the holiness and beauty of re- in his own case entirely removed a distresturning good for evil, and forgetting un-kindness, of pardoning sin. He listened, "I dunnot care If I blab it all out, as he always listens to me. After a while ing occasionally a glass of the hot cane-though Bess begged me not. She was a when his heart was softened, I made him juice.