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VOLUME I.

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THE

R. S. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

Two Dollars per year, if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in six months; or Three Dollars, if en girl; "you must not die, I shall die too payment is delayed until the end of the ar. These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

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With astonishment depicted upon her untenance, Carrie gazed upon the invalid, and while the tears were chasing each other down her cheeks; said-"Mother, what mean you? O my poor mother," and unabled longer to control

her grief, she buried her face in the scanty covering, and sobbed as if her heart was broken. "Carrie, child, I am dying, I feel it." said the sufferer, "a short time have I yet to remain; and when I am gone, who

then will take charge of you, my poor orphan?" "Don't talk so, mother," said the strick--I cannot live without you, and will not.'

"Child, child, replied the invalid in a voice whose tones expressed sorrow: "you are young-trust in God, do not give way to such feelings, overcome them, and the Father of us all, will be a father to you. And come listen, child-bend down and listen-my voice is growing weak-my

"Not my mother!" shrieked Carrie .-"Yes, you are. Who, but a mother would have fondly cherished me-lavished on no other.'

"Listen, Carrie, while yet I have breath to speak; draw near, child, and harken .---It was some ten years ago, that, as I was wandering through the streets of Charleston, in order to find purchasers for my work, so that I might obtain my livelihood, that I beheld in my path a poor ragged infant, whose eyes were upturned to me, as if seeking for projection. To leave to consign it to death. Barely

having sufficient to keep myself from want, I at first hesitated to add another to my misery; but its upturned eyes prevailed, and as its little hands were stretched out to me, I clasped it to my bosom, and vowed to protect and rear it as my I did so, and well have you repaid own. Yes, Carrie, you are that babe; and me.

now that I am about leaving you, my heart yearns towards you. I leave you in poverty, misery and want, but God will outprotect you. Overcome by the exertions of her recital she fell helpless and lifeless upon the bed. The task had been fatal; her spirit had fled, and there in the silence of the

chamber of death, was the young mourner, alone in her agony. Though the night was dark and tempestuous, as if in unison with her grief—though the rain poured in torrents, the thunder pealed along the vaults of heaven; and the incessant flashes of lightning added tenfold horrors to the scene; yet the bereaved one, the motherless girl, the helpless and unprotected, heeded it not. The tumult of the elements were calm and tranquil, compared to the feelings of utter misery which raged with-in her bosom. With her check pressed against the scarce colder one of the dead,

she remained for hours totally unconscious. Complete desolation reigned in her heart. She was torn from the lifeless body; and MIDNIGHT! The old clock from its ivy- when the corpse was consigned to the covered tower, had sung the hour of twelve; tomb, she was cast houseless and friendthe far off distant hills caught the echoes; and as the lingering notes died away, they plunged into misery; but the last words of the dead still rung in her ears, "Trust in God," and with a hopeful and bursting heart, she entered the busy scenes of life.

Brighter days were dawning.

misery, and poverty and pallid want were tamped upon its furniture. Within a corner, lay upon the floor what might be taken for a bundle of rags; but which, upon close inspection proved to be a human body. Shuddering at the horrid sight, she unconsciously drew back, but retraced her steps as fresh cries came from the object which had so awed her. It was a female in the agonies of death: the countensenses ? ance, though 'haggard with disease, yet

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bore traces of former beauty; and a certain expression which gleamed from her eyes, bore evidence that she had figured in a higher circle of life. She was dying; and as groan after groan burst from her bosom, she would throw up her arms and in-law," strive eagerly to clutch some unseen object. As she turned from side to side in your situations."

her struggles, her eye fastened upon the face of Carrie, and while an unnatural fire lighted up their orbs, she cried out-"Who are you, who thus intrudes;

whence come you! Away, away," and so rant." saying, she uttered a groan which seemed to rend her bosom. Softly approaching the invalid, the young girl spoke in tones of kindness, and stooping down smoothed the sufferer's pillow, and bathed her fevered brow. While thus engaged in this act of charity, her long silken tresses broke from their fastening, and fell luxuriently over her neck, disclosing a mark behind her ear, which was no sooner perceived by the woman, than fixing her gaze full in

the eyes of the girl, she muttered, "Yes, ves, tis she.' Alarmed by the strange and mysterious actions of the woman, Carrie felt some

misgivings; alone with one of whom she knew nothing; thoughts of some unknown evil preyed upon her, but soon stiffing them, she continued her acts of mercy. "Child," muttered the old woman, "who your mother? Come hither and relate

for breath, she muttered, "Tis she-tis In trembling tones she was informed of

the young girl's history, and as the narra-tor related how she was saved from starvation by a kind friend, she could no longer control the emotions which possessed her; but raising herself upon her elbow, cried

"My child-my child!" The truth at once broke upon the mind of Carrie. "This," she said in a low tone, is my mother. Thank God that He has

led me to close her eyes in her last moments. "My child-my own dear daughter," spoke the dying woman, "I have not strength to relate how or why you were forsaken; the tale need not be told-it is one of betrayed love and devoted affection. But thank heaven, I once more press my child to my heart, and die in a

daughter's arms." It was too much for her weak frame to bear-and a lifeless corpse now only re-mained. With a daughter's holy leve, Carrie paid the last sad tribute of affecion; and as she turned away from the silent "city of the dead," thoughts of lone . liness crept over her soul, and she keenly felt the bitter pangs of her friendless and unaffected state.

She was now in the prime of her youth and beauty, sorrow had tempered the ex- for the opportunity which the next night sion of her countenance, and out of

this charming expression was irresistable

spread out snares to entrap the rich Mr. Finley, yet all were in vain. His notions of aristocracy were at variance with those of his fastidious sisters, and great pains were them, they have proved themselves part taken by them to onvince him of his of my existance. Nay, turn not away, folly. "Why, Wash," said they, " is it possi-

ble that you escorted that opera singer home last night ?- Are you loosing your "I believe I am in a sound state of mind, my dear sisters ; I did see Miss Mortimer home last evening, and as I entered her quiet, pleasant little parlor, I had a

great inclination to make her your sister -whisper of hope.' "Good heavens, brother, how you do

talk, remember the difference between "Difference," replied Wash., "why we are all Americans, born free and equal,

with no distinctions, save that of good and evil, the educated and the igno-"You forgot, brother, the principle

distinction between the rich and poor. " A distinction which should not be noticed, and which in fact only exist in the minds of the low and ignorant. But

let us drop the subject, my mind on that point is unwavering, and I shall choose a wife from that sphere which suits me." Night after night, found him at the side of Carrie. Upon the altar of his heart he had excited an idol, there to re-

main until the shrine upon which it rested was crumbled or crushed. She had given to him her devoted and holy love ; but yet she was not happy. She knew that his friends opposed him, and woman's pride came to her relief. She strove to

smother the fiery flames of passion which were consuming her; and to sppear cold and formal, while her heart yearned for the rich return of his love. Such is wome your history." Then gasping as if man-her pride is stronger than her love Though her heart breaks in the struggle, and her hopes of love are wrecked, yet pride sustains her until death ends the

contest. Thus for a season did Carrie battle between the two conflicting emotions of love

and pride. On one side was enlisted all the warm feelings of her heart, her inclination and her wishes ; while on the other, pride, with all its train was arrayed against her. The contest was long, arduagainst her. The contest was long, ardu-ous, and fearful, yet decisive; she resolved to sacrifice happiness, bliss, yea every-thing to satiate the cravings of her wo-man's pride. The plaudits of the world fell unheeded upon her ear-the praises lavished upon her were unnoticed. In the channels of her own heart she had trials and griefs of which the world were ignorant. She assumed a cold demeanor towards Finley, when in his presence, but when in the solitude of her own room, bitter tears would chase each other down her cheeks-then it was, that love was triumphant, and pride was conquered.

The change in her deportment was not annoticed by her lover, and in vain he attempted to form some cause for it, and resolving in his own mind to probe the matter ; he tortured his brain to frame an excuse for her altered demeanor. Having come to a determination to offer his hand and fortune to Carrie, he patiently waited

"Carrie, dear Carrie" continued her lover; "I can no longer hide from you my feelings; in vain have I wrestled with of my existance. Nay, turn pot away, beloved-oh, how passionately, devotedly beloved ! Life has now but one object for me, one end to obtain-and that is your love-for that will I strive and hope ;

and as the departing sun imparts a richer glow to the sunset clouds, so shall my last remaining hope impart its brilliancy ere it sinks to darkness and gloom. Tell me I may not fear-that you will be my bride

In making this passionate appeal, he clasped Carrie in his arms; and she, overcome by his emotions and her own forgetting all but her love, conscious only of the bliss that she was beloved, she had in the intoxication of the moment rested her

head upon his bosom. It was but for a second; in the next, she struggled from his arms, started to her feet, and sinking in a chair, buried her face in her clasped hands. Surprised and bewildered he rose from his seat and drawing near to her said

"Dear Carrie, what means this ? you do not refuse my proffered love."

said, in tones expressive of sorrow-"Mr. Finley, oh, how could you speak

these words to me? "Why not Carrie, they are from the depths of my heart. Are they then so

terrible to you ?" "Oh, Washington,"-it was the first time she had so styled him' and a thrill of joy darted through him, as the sweet sound fell upon his ear-"Oh, Washington they are, indeed, terrible words. God knows how much I love you, and they must separate us forever. Think you that I would become the wife of one, whose connections looked upon me as unworthy the alliance ? No! No!

" Carrie, my own dear Carrie, talk not thus ; have I not a right :o act independently of all my relations i am I not permitted to judge fer myself? is our happiness to be at the mercy of others ? and as he spoke he drew nearer to her side. 'No, Carrie," he continued, "we shall be happy in spite of all opposition ; and rest assured that when once united they will hail you as my bride, openly and cheerfully. Yes, dearest, you shall be more-we shall never part-I will never leave you." He clasped her in his arms, and overcoming her feeble resistance, drew her again to his bosom and pressed his lips to hers. Love riumphed. One by one her objections faded before his entreaties, and ere he left, she had promised to be his own, his peloved bride. They were to proceed to France, keeping their marriage a secret, until a year had elapsed.

When Washington Finley sealed his rows with a holy kiss of love, and received heart's devotion in return ; the summit of his hopes was reached—he was happy. He returned home with joy throbbing at assurance he could contend against the world. Life was before hin-not a life of sickly pleasures, but of joy and bliss un-

A few weeks later and once again Washington Finley stood upon the shores of hi native land; once more he was among the free, and felt within him the throbbings of a freeman's heart. With hasty steps he hurried to see his sisters, who, in spite of their follies, he ardently loved.

"Why, Wash, where is your wife?" was the first question after the meeting had taken place.

"I left her at the Congarce house" "You naughty man, why not bring her to our housef" said the aristocratic Mrs. White.

"Or to mine," chimed in the dignified Mrs Grey.

"Because knowing your ideas, and having some doubts of a cordial welcome, knew not with what feelings you might receive her."

"But Wash 'we have heard such glowing descriptions of her-her beauty and accomplishments, that you could not doubt for a moment that we would greet her warmly. Let us call on her and wont you?"

Not yet, not yet sisters mine, she is orn out with the fatigue of traveling and, therefore, none can see her for two or three days ; by that time she will have recruited. and is then to appear at the musical soirce to be given by Mrs Day, on Tuesday next."

"So, ho brother, you have given up all your plebian ideas, and are determind to make your wife a woman of fashion? Well, better late than never !"

"I have my own private reasons, sister and when they are satisfied, we will retire to a more private life."

"Good gracious, man what an opinion you must have of your wife. And do you really think that she will give up all the pleasures of such a life as she now leads, and retire at your word of command?"

"My wife obeys my wishes in the course which she is now pursuing, and again I tell you that private reasons alone induce me to introduce her into the scenes of gaiety."----and here an ambiguous smile played around the speaker's mouth. "By the by, what has become of the Prima

Donna Carrie Mortimer?" "We know not-but suppose that she has found her level," was the sneering

reply. "And what might that level be?" inquired Washington, as a smile of scorn curled his lip.

"To be the wife of some honest actor or mechanic," was the rejoinded. "But tell us, when shall we be presented to vour wife?

"Not untill the soirce; there you shall meet her in all her charms, " and so saying he departed.

Slowly passed the hours which intervened between the arrival of the expected Tuesday. Curiosity was on tip toe, but even amidst their anxiety and suspense, they were too fashionable to arrive at an early hour. It was late when they made their appearance apon the builliant scene, and as they entered the crowded apartment, thronged with beauty and fashion, their cars were saluted this great globe itself becomes an impondwith the sound of a bird like voice, which erable grain of dust. And so to teach

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Flowers of Truth.

Business is the salt of life. Virtue grows under every weight im-

osed upon it. Pride and folly cost many persons more

han their necessities. Cowards die many times; the valiant aste of death but once.

A quiet mind, like other blessings, is nore easily lost than gained.

Nothing so much prevents our being natural as the desire of appearing so. The evils we bring upon ourselves are

the hardest to be borne. A habit of sincerity in acknowledging faults, is a guard against committing them. Nothing is more easy than to do mis-chief; othing more difficult than to suffer

without complaining. We are too apt to mistake the echoings of our own vanity for the admiration and applause of the world.

The sweet light of friendship is like the light of phosphorous, seen plainly when all around is dark.

Affection or love is what constitutes the life of every person, for whatever the af-fection is, such is the whole man.

Generosity exercised towards a bad man is not charity, but the want of of it, and is productive of more evil than good. Love of praise dwells most in great and

heroic spirits ; and those who best deserve it have generally the most exquisite relish

Worldly joy is a sunflower, which shuts when the gleam of prosperity is over; spiritual joy is an evergreen, an unfading plant.

A true man will never rust out. As long as he can thrive and breathe, he will be doing something for himself, his neigh-

bors, or his posterity. In most cases it is not contempt, but conventionality, that induces us to pass by and ignore what it is not consistent with good taste to know anything about.

The tears of beauty are like light clouds floating over a heaven of stars, bedimming them for a moment that they may shine with greater luster than before.

Let every man endeavor to make all the world moral by a strict performance of his duty to God and man, and the mighty work of reformation will soon be accomplished.

Man should carry life like a spirited falcon in his hands, allowing it to mount into the ether, and being able to call it back again to earth, whenever it is necessary.

TIME AND ETERNITY .--- We step the earth-we looked abroad over it, and it looks immense-so does the sea. What ages have men lived, and know but a small portion! They circumnavigate it now with a speed under which its vast bulk shrinks. But let the astronomer left up his glass and he learns to believe in a mass of matter, compared with which told—a life to which the crowning joy should be given by the love of his own, de-lingering notes would fall upon the ear, a day, an hour shall seem long. As we grow older, the time shorten; but when we lift up our eyes to look beyond this earth, our seventy years, and the few thousands of years which have rolled over the human race, vanish into a point, for then we are measuring Time with Eternity.

in low, tremulous tones-

Removing her hands from her face, she

left a train of sad and mournful thoughts. It was an hour of rest. All nature was hushed in silence, and calmly reposing in the arms of slumber. The busy hum of the city was heard no more; the hardy la borer had ceased his toils, and all seemed at rest. Ah, no! there were at least two, to whose weary eyelids, sleep came not; while others were wandering in the spirit land of dreams, they felt keenly the bitter pangs of misery and woe.

Within a low and squallid room, the furniture of which consisted of a few brok-en chairs, a miserable bed of straw, and a dilapidated sideboard; there was an aged mile, bowed down with poverty and dis-, and a fair young girl, yet in the hey-of youth and innocence. Upon the of straw, in the last agonies of death, ormer lay; and, as groan- after groan ped from her lips, the young girl would over her, and watch every movement, ipate every wish, and anxiously gaze n her countenance. It was a painful at to withress the deep and untold agony the maiden's mind; but yet, even amidst painfulness of the scene, it was a holy. orious sight, to see the unwearied chfulness of youth over the sufferings of the aged.

he lamp of life was nearly extinguish death stood impatiently waiting for victum; in a few short moments, and soul of the sufferer would be borne ards to Him who gave it existence .knew that she was dying-knew it by icy touch of death's cold fingers upon brow-knew it by the fainter throbof her heart, and by the growing which was gradually overspreading eyes. There seemed to be a load upmind-some burden of which she red to be rid of, for often would she gase upon the pale young face of the sil-ent watcher, and more her lips as if to re-veal some important secret. ent watcher, and move weal some important at

"It would be-better not to," she would mutter and when asked, "What is it, mother?" she would shake her head mournfully, and answer, "Nothing, nothing."----Finding at last, that but a short time remained to her, she raised herself upon her arm, and in trembling tores, said

"Here I am, dear mother-what can

CHAPTER II

Her voice had improved in volume and It is sad-yet experience proves it to sweetness, and vibrated upon the listener's ear like the soft tones of an Æolian harp. e true-that the unfortunate find few friends. There are those who make great It was not to be expected that a gift so valuable would be hid from the world; her pretence to philanthropy, who will bestow weet songs and silvery voice attracted the large sum for the purpose of clothing attention of a manager of one of the most fashionable opera houses in the city. the ragged vagabonds of some foreign empire, yet refuse to cast in their mite to Such a prize could not be overlooked-such genius could not be buried from prevent from starving the poor of their own land—yea, of their own vicinity.— Over the threshold of poverty few friends sight, and he made proposals to bring her efore the public. Prospects of brighter seldom pass, and therefore, it was that, and happier days now glistened before her. She at once entered into the ar-Carrie, was neglected and forgotten .---There were some who regarded her with rangement, and on her first appearance pity and with kindness; but others would was greeted with rapturous applause .--point the finger of scorn, and apply the nsulting epithet of "little begger." Step by step she gained the summit of public esteem and approbation; and the whole fashionable world was in a furor of she heeded them not. Possessing a voice, the sweet lingering tones of which were like the warblings of some sweet bird, she, excitement. "Have you seen the new Prima Donna?" with her scanty means purchased a secondhand guitar, and day after day would she

was the general question. "How beauti-ful." "With what sweet simplicity she dresses," was heard from all sides, and roam the streets, and sweetly sing her songs. All, as they heard the witching strains, freely opened their hearts as well from the mouths of all, her praises were heard. A glorious future was before her as purses. There was something so holy she had trusted in God, and that trust had not been misplaced. warblings, and something so attractive in her modest deportment, that every heart CHAPTER III. felt compassion for the orphan, and with a willing hand relieved her wants. She CARRIE MORTIMER was now the centre

of attraction. Butterflies of fashion throng was now able to provide for herself, some comforts of life. Having rented a small ed around her and sought to win her love but she heeded them not. Schooled in room, in an obscure part of the city, her nights were spent in the cultivation of her adversity, she well knew upon what the protestations of such men were founded ; and without giving offence she would dismind, and the improvement of her voice. pose of all such, in a manner which al-One evening, when returning from her owed of no further argument or objections. But there was one on whom she looked with a favorable eye, though un-consciously to herself. His devotedness, his delicate attention, so opposite to those

wanderings, as she entered her room, she fancied she heard a groan. Her heart was ever alive to the cries of misery, and she listened with anxiet, so as to be able to ascertain from whence the groans proceedof her other admirers, had won her heart, ed. Again and again were they repeat-ed; and silently opening her door, she fol-lowed the direction of the sounds. After but as yet the words of love were unspoken. Washington Finley was one every lowed the direction of the sounds. After ascending two pairs of ricketty stairs, she stopped before an apartment from whence heart, it was alwaye open to the unfortuthe cries of suffering came. At first, hesi-tating to enter, she stood in doubt; but as heart-rending groans broke upon her mind was stocked with valuable informa-"Mother," muttered the woman, "moth-inward emotion she fell backward upon the bed."

would bring. His dearest hopes, his hap-piness, his all, was staked upon the atthe depths of her brilliant eye, a kindly tempt, and with a throbbing heart he resolved to stand the hazard of the die. spirit looked. She was, indeed, beautiful: her features were not to be described; yet

CHAPTER IV.

It was a night of triumph. Never be fore had she shone with such splendor, and sang so sweetly .- Arrayed in a simple white dress, showing to advantage her many charms, she appeared like an angel of light; and when her voice warbled forth its tones for sweetness, showers of poquets were strewed around her, and she was borne off the stage in triumph. Twas her benefit night, and some said, her last appearance, for having amassed sufficient to make life comfortable, she was about taking leave of a profession which necessity, rather than inclination, had forced upon her.

The performances were over-the cur ain had fallen-the audience had departed-and eager with fond anticipations, Washington Finley stood by the side o Carrie. In silence they wended their way; her heart was too full for speech. and his, also, with thoughts of his probable fate.

On entering her room, so tastefully, se neatly decorated, he threw himself upon a chair, and seizing a book, appeared plunged in thought; but suddenly closing it, he sat by the side of Carrie, and by a delicate tact won her to speak of herself a closing

she had never done before, not of her earlife, for that already was known to him ; but of the influence of their scenes upon her feelings and character. Noticing a tear upon her cheek, he gazed up

on her with undisguized tenderness and said -"You tell me, Carrie, that you have

found friends everywhere, and yet you weep-you are sad." "Think me not ungrateful," she repli-ed ; "I have indeed found friends, but

ed; "I have indeed found friends, but they only demand my gratitude; there are stronger, holier affections which I have which no father or mother will ever call orth.

"Nay, Carrie, talk not so; there are those who love you far batter than you are sware."

A glance from her tearful eyes, was the

only answer. "Carrie, I am not happy ; there has long been a vague realessness about me I want an object to love-what shall i bo, Carrie !"

There was an unu "I cannot-must not tell you."

CHAPTER V.

Two years had fled, and time from off his heavy wing had scattered cares andjoys alike upon the world. The sisters Washington Finley were established to their heart's content. A fine house, French furniture, magnificent carpets, splendid carriages, and a host of servants were the lot of both. They had occasionally heard from their brother, who had gone to Paris. The Prima Donna had disanpeared, and none knew whither.

Within a room gorgeously furnished with all the luxures of modern art sat Mary Washington's youngest sister, seated on an arm-chair deeply interested in the contents of the last new novel. While thus engaged the door glided back, and her sister Alice entered the apartment.

"Ah, Mary, I have good news for you Wash, is coming home, and what do you think? He is going to bring with him a Parisan wife.

With a shrug of the shoulders, which hainly told of indifference, his sister, inid-

"I hope it may be so, but then, he has such queer notions of pride, that ten chances to one, if he does not introduce a wife, with whom we shall be ashamed to ssociate."

"Ah Mary, I have you there," exclaimed Alice. "Wash, has married a perfect angel: she is the star of all the fashionable circles of Paris, and won the hearts of

"Well, if you are no imissinformed as regards her, she most certainly will be a great acquisition to our society. She must, indeed, be a woman of high rank to be admitted in such circles. What is

"Some say she is English, some say French, but only from herself can we be ure of the fact. One thing is certain. she possesses vocal powers of unsurpassed sweetness, and her singing has been pro-nounced by the best judges, unequalled. Nobody knows when she was married. after living in seclusion for a year, the hap py couple emerged from their retirement, and mingled in all the gaities of Paris." "Well, well, in a few weeks from now

our curicaity will be antisfied; she will certainly be the fashioan; and I am glad that Wash has made such a good match, and escaped from the meshes of that

Opera singer." "Yes so am I, and a most fortunate escape it was."

all stood in breathless attention to catch the enchanting tones. "That is Wash's wife, you may depend

upon it," said Mary to her sister, "let us take a view of her," Having her back turned towards them, they failed to obtain a glimpse of her face; they could only see a fairy form, attied with the utmost magnificence. The song had ceased, the performer was the centre of attractionthe admired of all; and as Washington approached her, with joy beaming upon his countenance, he whispered a few words in her ear, then taking her arm, he drew near his sisters. and introduced her. Astonishment was stamped upon their fea-

tures, when on turning they discovered that Wash's wife was the Prima donna Not noticing their surprise, he seated his wife beside them, and as he listened to the warm greetings they gave her, he

whispered maliciously to Alice; "Well, she has found her level."

"I cry your mercy, Wash, we are conquered. I know we shall be friendsshall we not?" and gazing in the blue orbs of Carrie, she read there a satisfactory answer to her inquiry.

Washington Finley had obtained his ends ; he was satisfied that the beauty, grace and talents of his angel wife had been a match for the aristocratic notions of the fashionable world; being concious

of this fact, he withdrew her from the circles of gaiety and fashion, and in the calm quietness of their own peaceful dwelling, found that peace which the world cannot give, nor yet take away. As he gased within the loving eyes of his wife, and felt her soft kisses on his lips: as she twined her snowy arms around him, and shad the light of her pure de-votion upon his path, he would draw her near to him, and in the bliss unspeakable of that hour, would bless the day when he became the possessor of the holy, pure and unwavering affection of Car-

rie Mortimer, the Opera singer. AT a late festival, a pretty Miss waited on in Editor with a pie plate of antique man acture, in the centre of which he espied the following interesting couplet :

> "One sweet kiss, Is the price of this.

This excited his naturally amorous dispo ition, and as soon as an oportunity presentd, he motioned the young lady to his side, and pointing with his knife to the lines, said ; Your pay is ready whenever you present your bill."

Beauty of Old Age.

BEAUTIFUL is old age-beautiful as the slow dropping mellow Autumn of a rich glorious Summer. In the old man, nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with her blessings: she fills him with the fruits of a well spent life; and surrounded by his children and his children's children, she rocks him softly a way to a grave, to which he is followed with blessings. God forbid we should not call it beautiful. It is beautiful, but not the most beautiful. There is another life, had rongh, and thorny, trod den with bleeding feet and aching brow, the life of which the cross is the symbol; a battle which no peace follows this side the grave; which the grave gapes to finish, before the victory is won; and-strange that it should be so-this is the highest life of man. Look back along the great names of history; there is none when life has been other than this,- Westminister Review.

A Blessed Prospect.

THE ties which bind together a family, who all have a good christian hope, shall never be dissolved. Death comes among them, but we take the Bible in our hands, and inscribe on their tombstone-'Pleasant in life' and in eternity not divided.' One after another falls, until the last of the cir cle is carried to his long home, but the grave cannot retain them. By and by the family is to meet again-husbands and wives-parents and children-masters and servants are one day to stand within the gates of the New Jerusalem, all washed and sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God,

A YANKEE Editor remarked in a peter article, that though he would not en ponent a liar, he must say, that if the gentle-man had intended to state what was utterly false, he had been remarkably suggest his attempt,