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Selected Cales.

JOEL SWAMPEY.

The Man who would'nt Mind his own

We met Swampey many years ago in New York city both he and ourself, were eating law at the time. He was a queerlooking little compound. His head was sliaped, not unlike one of Newton's butter pears, and, even though he was a young man, his complexion partook of a wory olderly astron sast. He had a pair sory elderly saffron east. He have of hittle groy twinkling eyes, set remarka-bly close together at the base of a foresmall, and he generally kept it closely compressed, when he was aftent. As, however, he loved to talk, and as our readers will judge from his character as ped by our story, he had a good tura. Swampey's body was out of proportion, as compared with his head; the one being unusually large, and the other nusually small. There was a singular crocking of the aucles, which some people might pronounce deformity; but it was a beauty, when compared with a swelling nature and placed on the back between the shoulders, an I which is usually deno minated a frump.

That hump was Swampey's John Jones. It had a part in everything which he did. It produced, certainly, an acidity of temper which was apparent in all his sayings. He made it his business to know every body's affairs; and entertained his acquain-tances with the fruits of his knowledge. He always laid particular stress on the fuibles, errors, or back slidings, of his fel-low-men, talking of them with the most unmistakeable gout. He revelled in scan-dal; he enjoyed it, indeed, as heartily as does the alderman his turtle soup.

Swampey lived at the same hotel with

us, and we had the misfortune to sit near him at the table; moreover, for what reason we cannot say, he entertained a great regard for us, bestowing upon us at the table, and wherever he - s in the house, a large share of his conversation.

"Have you seen Mr. Wiggins the brok-er, lately?" he said to us one day. On our replying "No, why do you ask?"

month, and to the latter one dollar and a quarter a week. Look at their style of dressing, too; it is certainly very plain,— Mrs. Wiggins has worn that sky-blue bonnet for two winters. She got it, Mrs. Burt says, of Mrs. Jones, in John street, and it cost eight dollars. Wiggins has sported the same brown coat wears, for four years. I hear he has lately purchased a new black frock, and if one of Jennings' clerks tells the truth, it cost him twenty-five dollars. Well, now, what on earth can have embarrassed Wigginal Certainly not his domestic arrange-

So Joel Swampey, would talk of peo-ple, sometimes unquestionably leading to serious injury of them, but exactly how they could not well tell. He generally enjoined confidence, and of course the inuendoes he threw out were confidentially communicated along a chain of gossips like himself, until they got into bold broad daylight, and effected a positive injury.— The story he told us about Wiggins, was overheard by a gentleman who sat near us at table, and in three hours was in Wall street. Wiggins met it promptly, without being able to trace its author, and as the desert, "that, if he ever again dared to result proved, it all originated from the fact of his going into a neighbor's to get himself or his wife, he would cut off his some uncurrent bills changed into city money. Swampey, or one of his friends, saw him coming out with a roll of money, and at once concluded—such folks always jump at conclusions—that he was a little

Joel Swampey was very fond of ladies society, and we are sorry to say, the fair sex, or those who lived at his hotel, liked his gossip so well, that they encouraged his attentions. It was so nice for them to have all the particulars about every little affair that was going on in town; and then Joel was so thoroughly "booked up" in them. He heard all the engagements which were on the tapis; knew the time selected for the marriage ceremony; and, sometimes could tell what the bride and her attendants were to wear. Then he was acquainted with all the little scenes which occurred in families, between hus-bands and wives. If Mr. and Mrs. Blood had had a small spat about the galladtries of Mr. B., or the easy manners of Mrs. B., Swampey was possessed of all the particulars of the affair. It rather annoyed him to hear that the difficulty had been compromised by the interposition of Mrs. Rambler; he would very much have preferred to state that an oternal separa-

We say the ladies at the hotel liked all this spicy gossip, which Joel Swampey carried in his budget; and, which he told with so many shakes of his little humpback, and so many little nervous laughs.
Why will hadies in houes and boarding-houses, have such depraced appetites for acandal! Ah! reader, that's a question which it would puzzle the spiritual medi-

which when it broke, nearly carried away his care. He had been accustomed daily to waying the servant who was sent to the post-office for the letters, and by giving him a six-pense, to obtain at the earliest moment anything intended for himself.—

"old folks at home" were opposed to the More than this, the early glance he had at the letters enabled him to run his eye over their superscriptions; and he hence could akip about the house, announcing to the various boarders that there was a letter for them in the office. Sometimes, he would even go so far-very frequently in the ease of ladies as to deliver the letters himself, saying as he did so, while he winked those little gray twinkling eyes of his, "hope it's good news," or, "I see the seal is a black one; pray heaven! noboly's dead!"

say, he was talking with a young and handsome lady, the wife of Colonel Easy; but let us narrate the dialogue:
Swampey. Mrs. Easy, how is Maria
Freeman, that was!

Mrs. Easy. You mean Mrs. Herbert

Swampey. Yes, beg pardon, Mrs. Her-Mrs. Easy. She was well when I last

Swampey. I know: little Peggy had the measles; Kitty, the chicken-pock; Sally, biles. Dr. Ferguson attended them. y, biles: Dr. Ferguson attended them.— showed himself plainly to Spencer and By the way, that was an enormous bill of Middleton, and even moved up to them got the particulars of the charge from

our husband, the Colonel. Mrs. Easy. Alt! the Colonel should not have stoken of it complainingly. The doctor is his friend, and has done him ma-

Swampey. Oh, he only told me, you know; I used to be very intimate with the Colonel before you were married, when he was so attentive to Mrs. Freeman.

Mrs. Eusy, (Quite uneasy.) Attentive to Mrs. Freemant Why I did no Swampey, (Perplexed, and yet not per

plexed.) Oh—he was but then, you know, it was before he know you. Let me see—Mrs. Freeman introduced you to your husband. Well, they were very warm friends, and I suspect they still con-tinue to be such. At any rate, I notice Colonel Easy receives a great many letters, the directions of which I would swear before an alderman, are in Mrs. Freeman's

Mrs. Basy, (Highly excited.) in Mrs. Freeman's handwriting! or, that the whole bill for the party was just thirty seven dollars and sixty-two and a walf cours. Then the Wigginses don't keep more than two acrvants, a man and a woman. To the former, according to old Mrs. Burt, they pay twelve dollars a

Mrs. Easy. (Frantic.) Oh! do, do, do, Mr. Swampey.

Swampey. I will. (Exit Swampey.) Now, what was the true story in all this business? The letter was not from Mrs. Freeman at all, but from one of Colonel Easy's sisters, who wrote a hand very much like Mrs. F.'s. Mrs. Easy kept the letter until her husband came in, and after a terrible storm about it, for she did not wait for the seal to be broken-which many boarders in the hotel overheardthere came a calm. In other words, Mrs. Easy was appeased as soon as she had blown off the jealous steam fired up by Joel Swampey, and was permitted to examine the letter. There was a very unpleasant encounter between herself and her lord, nevertheless, in which she satis-fied her rage by breaking two sidecombs, and throwing her wedding ring into the fire. The ring was recovered, however, and, as we have stated above, the troubled waters cal ned. But Mr. Joel Swampey got a blessing from Colonel Easy, who called him in the presence of at least a dozen fellow-boarders, an impertinent lit-

Joel replied: "Now, don't be excited, colonel I didn't think Mrs. Easy was of so jealous a temperament. All the ladies in the house thought she had the most unboundless confidence in you; and I am sure I thought so too. Then she appeared to us all, to be the very pink of amiability. Law me, after hearing her abuse you as she did, after hearing her use the

profane language she did—"
"Villain!" interrupted the Colonel, flying at Swampey, "do you dare?"-here the landlord stepped in, and declared he could not have any violence in his house. Swampey was thus saved a pretty severe drubbing, we think; for he took early opportunity to slide out of the room, and the next day Col. Easy was put under bonds to keep the peace.

We have many other incidents in the life of Joel Swampey which we might re-late, but it will be impossible to give them in this sketch. They embrace an incalculable amount of mischief done by him, both public and private. In the course of the whole of them, singular as it may seem, he escaped with only one kick, a posteriori. But the gentleman who gave that kick had to pay for the luxury, the exact value of it, being just fifty dollars, and costs of court.

The last adventure of Swampey must be given, if for nothing else than because it led to his total reform. It happened only a few months are It a young gentleman, named Spencer, who had established himself in California, as a lawyer, and who had already amassed quite a pretty property, came to New York with friend, named Middleton, also in good But Joel Swampey's coquetting with the ladies at the hotel, once produced a storm, which gathered about his head, and, place of Swampey. Of course, the curious little man became acquainted with them, and soon discovered that Spencer "old folks at home" were opposed to the match; they had forbidden Spencer the house: one of her brothers had told him

so. Here was a capital affair, to engage his prying propensities: he suspected Spen-cer would be getting married in a hurry, on the day of the sailing of some steamer. and that he would be off with his bride for the land of promise before any one knew what he was about. He hinted this to the young lady's brother, and promised to keep a look out.

It was not long before the very day came which Joel had foretold. He saw it in the movements of the young Californians. He resolved to be satisfied: nay, when satisfied, he couldn't bear to think of two persons, who loved each other, being married.

The Georgia was advertised to go a her usual time, and he was on her deck at least two hours before that time. Not long had he been on the watch, before the young men appeared, bag and baggage, and with them a handsome little saile heard from her, but her children have lad. Ah, ha! thought Joel, there you are, miss, in those duck pantaloons. indecent plight, surely, for the daughter of one of our first families? Then he his; seventy-five dollars for forty visits. I with his wriggling gait. Spencer spoke to Middleton as Swampey approached, after which he disappeared, followed by the handsome little sailor. Middleton however, met Swampey with a smile, told him he was delighted to see him. It was very kind in him to come down, and see

"Oh, thank you," said Swampey, "but who is that little sailor boy? I know; I'll whisper it to you," and Swampey put his mouth close up to Middleton's ear, as he shouted, in a voice loud enough for every

"Hush!" said Middleton, "you are smart little fellow. I'll own up. You are right. I don't half like this runnin away. The game of Spencer ought to be exposed. You know you came here for that purpose. Now, I'll assist you in it; but first, the steamer does not go until three hours after the time announced, on so let's go and have a drink of Chan pagne in the steward's ruom, at Spencer's expense, and then stealing ashore, we will send word to the old folks, and have the

game blocked."

"Good! capital!" exclaimed Swampey.

mel My dear Swampey, I want revenge; you can help me to it.

but first the champagnel hel hel you are sure about the hour of sailing!"

"Quite sure; the steward's room and the if they are made useful and honorable."

hampagne!" said Middleton. Here both parties disappeared, and we Charles, "but I am no philosopher, and will leave them enjoying themselves over cannot pretend to look so deeply in matgood, perhaps, as the article which our friend Glass, of the Washington House, he is kind to me, and has been outle such furnishes his boarders. Middleton, as the cessful in the world, says that he would reader may guess, deceived Swampey, both as to the time of departure of the doctor, lawyer, or preacher. He don't steamer, as well as to his true feelings towards Spencer. As he may also guess, the learned professions; and I am pretty the little meddlesome lawyer got finny, and thought they were merely trying the engine, when the noble Georgia was under full headway. At last certain qualmish celings, very much like sea sickness, roused him up, aided, as they were by a con-viction that the vessel was in rapid motion. He looked at Middleton, and only got a street in return. The truth flashed upon him; he was on his rapid way to Charges, with only one change of clothing, and a few dollars is his pocket. What should be do? He sought on deck, looking fearfully wild. He sought out the captain, but got no satisfaction. Then came on dreadful sea-sickness, from which he suffered awfully; the more, perhaps, be- as far as I can, the end which I have in cause Middleton and Spencer prescribed

junks of fat thrown in to make it more palatable. Nobody took pity on him but one little dried-up old maid, and a fellow who boasted that he had written many first rate articles for flashy weekly papers, about private citizens. He was now on his way to San Francisco, to seek his forhis terrible retchings, during which he says money, and I believe him." frequently thought he was throwing himself inside out. The old maid had money, and after much persuasion, had cashed a cheek for him, to put him in funds; for be care always to keep them in a safe place, in the vaults of a good specie-paying bank. He saw sickness, if not death, be-

for him rich bowls of ox-tail soup, with

be buried, perhaps, by negroes. Imagine his suffering! steamer reached Chagres, and Swampey was assisted into a boat, re, more dead than alive. His little eyes looked like two dirty glass beads, set in solid yellow flannel; his hair was a looking object as it is possible to imagine. As the boat commining his flabby flesh and unhinged joints, was rowed ashore, he heard voices from a little steam- one. He was thus preparing the way to er bound up the river, shout to him, "Good bye, Swampey," followed by another, soft flute-like voice, "Good bye, others.

One. He was thus preparing the way to have it, in afterlife, gradually, even if it were very slowly, elevated above all the others.

The Ends of life

"I am going to leave school at the expiration of this term," remirked Edward Mayo, a youth between seventeen and eighteen, to his friend and companion, harles Carpenter, as the tvo were wendng their way homeward, fter having finhed their studies for the day. "And I expect to do he same very

soon," said Charles, with eident pleasure at the idea.
"What business or profssion do you

ntend learning!" asked Ediard. "I have determined to p into a store want to be a merchant. But what have ou chosen, Edward? No one of the earned professions, I hope But I supave not the least doubt."

"Yes, Charles, I have determined to go nto Mr. Barker's office, and ead law." "Well, I'm sorry to hear it Edward." "Why are you sorry Charles ?"

"Because you've got a hard, dull way efore you, and your final steeess is uncertain. Few, Edward I have heard my d uncle say, can gair eminence in legal ursuits ; and withou distinction, it is but poor business. The field for merchandizing is broader, and promises to industry and carefulness nore certain returns."

"That may be tae, Charles; aud merwhich we enter mo it and our happiness in that business much more. If we have only a regard to oursives if the only notive we havefor chosing a profession be the selfish one of geting wealth or hon-or—then, we may indeed be successful, but cannot be havpy in our success. Hut if, in choosing arting those to which our inclinations lead us, we shoose that in which we think wean, at the same time that we benefit ourdres, render most im-

that we benefit oursives, render most important services to ours, then we are in the road to honorae success, united to calm contentment."

"Then I would adve you to be a minister," said Charles, If ironically—"you can certainly do more bod as a minister than as a lawyer."

"I do not think so, toward teplied."

There are callings manual various that are all useful, as my law he frequently

ently

"Desert him!" ejaculated Middleton, ing these. The man whose peculiarity of mind fits him to be a successful lawyer, self; and didn't he take her away from would not, in all probability, make a good would not, in all probability, make a good minister; nor would the individual who has a preference for medical science make "I will, I will," chuckled Swampey; a good merchant; and so through all the varied callings in life. Each of them is useful and honorable, as I have before said

"Well, maybe you are right," said he is kind to me, and has been quite sucrather see me a sailor or a soldier than a seem to have much opinion, you see, of much like him in that respect. But he thinks I am the very one for trade, in which he says, I will be sure to be successful, if I am only prudent at first. He prophesies that I will be rich; and all I can say is, that I hope he is a true prophet."

"Father says to me," Edward remarked to this, "that it would be wrong in me to set riches before me as an end. That if I do so, I will look to riches as the one thing in life desirable-that I will be restless until I have gained my end, and then discover that wealth has no power to make me happy. But, that if I will endeavor to give the idea of riches its true subordi nate place, and make usefulness to others. view, then I will be happy as well as successful, just so far as I can elevate usefulness as an end above riches,"

"You have a strange way of talking, sometimes," said Charles, "but I don't pretend to see things with your eyes, and am sure I don't wish .o. I am going to learn my business, with the same motives that others do, that I may get the ability tune; in other words, he was leaving home to make money. Money, you know, is for home's good. These diabolical friends power. Our teacher says knowledge, and gave him small comferts in the midst of so does the -proverb: but my old uncle

The two boys parted. In due time each left school, and Charles Carpenter went into a wholesale store to learn the business of merchandizing, while Edward it known Swampey had means, and took Mayo entered the office of Mr. Barker to read law. Charles found it much easier to keep his end of life in view, than did fore him at Chagres. The fever was raging there fearfully, Middleton and Spencer told him, and the would vertainly catch it the one competent and judicious friend, Edward. But whenever the latter's perin his weakened state. Horrors! thought his father, who always helped him to clear Swampey, to die of the Chagres fever, a- and satisfactory views of his duty. It way off from home and kindred, and to must not be supposed, that the desire to be useful was the only one that influenced in persevering in his studies. That would have been too feeble a principle in his mind, to have carried him through successfully. The desire for wealth and fame, also, contributed its share of incitement to persevering. Still matted with filth, his clothes were dirty the great good was, that he could acand torn, and he was quite as disgusting knowledge the end of use to be a higher and better one than the end of riches or honor, and, also, that he could remain in the desire to have that end the principal

A few years passed away, and the two youths became of age, and each entered upon the responsible duties of life. Charles had his mind well stored with mercantile knowledge, and the principles of trade; and Edward was as well-furnished for action in his peculiar calling. Years passed on, and the name of one was a familiar sound on 'Change, and that of the other as familiar to the public as an eminent lawyer. But each had been governed in action, by the end at first proposed as the true one. Charles Carpenter had grown more and more selfish and unregardful of others, as wealth accumulated on his hands; and had likewise grown morose, irritable, and discontented. Edward Mavo. on the contrary, as his power and sphere of usefulness enlarged, endeavored to bring pose you have. You will a lawyer, I into quicker activity the desire to be of service to others with which he had, as matter of principle, set out in life; and a real delight ever flowed from bringing this desire into action. While the one was known as a wealthy, but narrow-minded. selfish man, the other was esteemed as a lover of mankind, with the power, as well as the will, to benefit society. Let us look in upon each, successively, at the age of fifty, and then decide which set before him

the best end in lift. We will introduced Mr. Carpenter, at his own house, on a stormy evening in December. Tea is ready, and his wife chandizing is as onorable and useful a and only daughter, a young lady of twenty, with himself, have drawn up to taught by my there to believe that our success and usefuess in any business will and yet not a word has been spoken. If and yet not a word has been spoken. He depend very mucl upon the motives with is all absorbed in some business matter that perplexes bim, and the idea of a trif ling loss has soured his mind, and added to his habitual petulance.

"It's a dreadful night, out," Alice, the daughter says; the oppressive and moody silence becoming so irksome, that she pro fers to hear the sound of her own voice even at the risk of its being unwelcome to

The father responds to this by a look hich says, almost as plain as words— "What's the matter with you, ba?"-And the mother mutters out a reluctant

A few minutes more clapse, with only the clatter of caps and saucers, when Alice again breaks in upon the funereal "I wish you would take us to the thea-

tre, on Thursday evening, to aco Celeste.

already. "Then you'll have to stay home, for

I'm not going." "I wish you were like Kate Mayo's fath r," Alice rejoins-"He always goes with

her to the concerts, and every place." "Well, I'm not like him, Miss, and don't want to b ! He's one of your philanthropists-hum!-pretending to do a great deal for other people, and not doing anything worth talking about after all.'

"I believe he's an excellent man, pa. Everybody likes him, and everybody speaks well of him; and I'm sure Kate's one of the happiest creatures in the

"And you are one of the most miserable, I suppose?"

"I don't pretend to be very happy," Alice answers moodily, and then follow the same cheerless silence.

After the tea-things were removed, the father sat down to his newspapers, and between reading these and meditating on plans for adding to his large stores of unenjoyed wealth, spent the remainder of the evening. Not the slightest intercourse did he pretend to hold with his family.-The social delights of the domestic circle had no charms for him. Here, as in the busy world, he was the selfish centre from which went out no radiations. Alice tried to get interested in the pages of a new novel, but in vain. Her heart yearned for ing companionship. And as she though Kate Mayo, and the bright, happy fire le circle of which she made one, she and the book with a sigh, and retired to er chamber, hoping to find relief and

On the same evening, a very different ene was presented in the family of Mr. Mayo, who, like the merchant, had one son and daughter, now verging upon ma-turity. The supper hour had passed in cheerful conversation, and after the family returned to the parlor, Mr. Mayo said.

"I must ask leave of absence for an hour, my children. I suppose my request

"I don't know, pa," Kate responded, aughing in happy, girlish tones, as she hung upon his arm, and looked affection-ately into his face. "It will depend very much upon the nat re of your excuse." "That will have to be given, then, before my request can be granted?'

"O, of course! Let us have the reason," Kate said. "Well, you know that the winter has

set in very severly?" "Indeed, it has, pa," Kate replied, her face at once growing serious, "And I do play poor, destitute people, this dreadful night."

A" few gentlemen," continued Mr. Mayo, "had a meeting, to-day, for the purpose of putting in operation some measure of provision for the poor and sick during the inclement season. It is well known that every winter great suffering is experienced by many who do all they can to help themselves, and who would rather live poorly and bear many hardships, than become an entire burden upon the community; who would suffer almost everything, rather than become acknowledged paupers. A little assistance to such, in winter, would enable them to bear up in their praiseworthy spirit of independence, without the extreme suffering that many now endure. I have been chosen to draft an address to the public, and I want an hour to-night for purpose, Am I now excused?" added

the father, smiling.
"We were worse than heathens to say no," to measures of public benevolence,

"Not more than I can readily spare from my family and professional engagements, Kate; and I am sure that the pleasure I experience from thes acts, is to source of pure delight."

"I do not doubt it, pa, and I love my father better, when I think how good an kind he is to every one. Alice Carpenter said to me, yesterday-'O, Kate, father was like yours, how happy I should

Mr. Mayo kissed affectionotely the cheek of his daughter, and then left the room to perform the work of benevolence he had assigned himself.

"Poor Alice! remarked Mrs. Mayo, at her husband closed the door after him, "She always seems so glad to get here, and so reluctant to go away.'

"I am sure I never like to go there," said Kate, "Where is an atmosphere of constraint and selfishness a bout the house; and as to spending an evening with Alice when her father is at home, I would almost as lief be at a funeral. He sits moodily reading his newspapers, and we must steal away into a corner, and talk in whispers. If Alice happens to laugh a little ond, her father will rattle his newspaper and look up so cross at her. I would not live in that way for the world!"

"I don't wonder that John has no inlination to stay at home in the evening," coustked Edward, Kate's brother. old me, last week, that he wasn't home t night once in a month.

"Why, where does he go!" asked "Indeed, that's more than I can tell,"

Edward replied. "But I fear, from his appearance and manners, that his com-

pany is not the fiest."

"Poor fellow!" ejaculated Mrs. Mayo.

"Almost driven from home, and hen left to himself, he will, I fear, go to ruin."

"You my well say driven, ma," remarked Kate. "For no young man, who had the liberty to go, could remain in Mr. Carpenter's presented, if he is always as silent and cross as he has been when I have visited there."

have visited there,"
"He is in every way unlike our own father," said Edward.

think about and care about nothing but himself. The other's consideration apparently, all for others."

That is the true secret of their great difference of disposition. The sefish man repulses : I, while the benevole. 1 . n : at tracts all. Which would you rather be

"The benevolent man, a thousand and a thousand time," Edward replied, fervent-

"Then, like your father, Eedward, choose now your ends of life. Resolve that you will seek to be useful to others! that you will put away from yourself every merely selfish motive, as an evil thing. I have heard him often relaten how Mr. Corpenter and he were boys at school, and how they conversed about, and settled their end of life. Mr. Carpenter, he said, openly avowed, that, in entering upon the task of learning a business, he had no other motive, and wished no other, but the desire to be wealthy, that he might be happy in the possession of wealth; while your father, guided by the excellent counsel of your grandfather, long since passed away, chose a profession, such as suited his taste and talents, fixing in his mind, as far as possible, the desire to be useful. This desire, feeble he said, at first; he nouristed and fostered, until it gradually gained streng th, and, in the end, beame with him a ruling motive. Now, he is not only happy himself, but makes every one with whom he associates cheerful happy.

"I am sure you will try to be like father, Edward," said Kate, looking her brother affectionagely in the face.
"That I will, sister; and if at any time

find my resolutions, and they power within me failing I will think of Mr. Carpenter, with his ends of life, and of my ather with his." T. S. A.

Mysterious Case in Boston.

Considerable time was occupied this afernoon, previous to the adjournment of the Municipal Court for the term, in the disposal of the case of Mary Arnold, convicted of attempting to a pass a forged note for some \$700, a short time since. The defendant is a very respectable appearing woman, of about forty years of age, whose true name was said to be Austin, and who, though it is stated she has many friends who would readily have bailed her, has all along preferred to remain in jail, awaiting the action of the court. Under a motion for sentence by the District Attorney, she to-day made statements to Judge Perkins, which, as his honor declared, tended to establish her entire innocence, and if these had been legally proved on the trial, must have proluced her acquittal by the jury. But under the circumstances he had no power to annul the verdict, and it must stand. The judge remarked that there was evidently some mystery in the case which required investigation, as having a bearing on the sentence, and suggested a postponement. The prisoner's volunteer counsel, Mr. Richardson, stated with great solemnity and emphasis, that he as much believed this woman inno was a God. He hinted that the act in which she was involved, was the effect of a conspiracy for her ruin, through family and property considerations, and was wholly without guilty intention or knowledge on her part. The case was suspended till next term, and it is to be hoped that the "mys ory" may be satisfactorily cleared up. The court offered to reduce the bail from \$1,200 to \$500, but the defendant still persisted in going to jail. Boston Transcript, Dec. 21.

Pulpit Interference

A cotemporary thus speaks of the advances that the ministry are making in the world of politics. His remarks are very just. From the way the clergy have indulged in personalties lately, it puzzles one sometimes to tell whether he is listening to a follower of the Lord, or a rabble rouser at a ward meeting:

"It has become a very common pratice of late years for the clergy to introduce subjects into the pulpit which do not legitimately belong there. One chief cause of the agitation, which is kept up in a particular section of the country upon a very exciting question, is that the pulpit has, in many instances, become a place for political harangues, instead of preaching and expounding the Holy Scriptures. During the last war with Engli. of the clergy of Massachusetts, articular-ly, thought it their duty to denounce that ontest, especially, as wicked and unholy

in the extreme, and so warmly did the take their side in the controversy, that they did far more injury to the cause of religion than they did good to the cause of the British. But this was followed by so strong a revulsion of public sentiment, that for many years the practice was dis-

well, or better, informed as they are them selves, and many of them will dissent and perhaps indignantly dissent, from the doctrines they hear from their otherwise respected teacher.

"Thus they have their authority. accuracy questioned, and excite a fit of disputation, and perhaps even in their hearers, and render them indig to accept their doctrines in holy the neither is the practice a fair one, for is not a fit opportunity to reply, men may feel indignant to hear their opinions denounced, and the characteristics.