AGRICULTURAL, SCIENTIFIC, GENERAL AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

" CHAINED TO NO PARTY'S ARBITRARY SWAY,

WE CLEAVE TO TRUTH, WHERE'ER SHE LEADS THE WAY."

IN ADVANCE.

# NEUTRAL IN POLITICS-DEVOTED TO LITERARY, COMMERCIAL,

VOLUME II.

LANCASTER, C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA,

WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 9, 1853.

NUMBER 1

#### R. S. BAILEY. EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. TERMS:

THE "LENGER" is published every Wednesday morning, at the low price of TWO DOLLARS per Annum, if paid IN ADVANCE; Two dollars and a half, if payment be delayed three months, and THREE DOLLARS at the end of six months.

#### ADVERTISING.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at seventy-five cents per square for the first inser-tion, and thirty-seven and a half cents per square for each additional insertion. Single insertion, one dollar per square.

## Selected Cales

THE CASKET OF JEWELS.

A Christmas Story.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

Another scene. The youth of nineteen sat by an open window looking out into the calm summer night. The soft delicious breeze lifted the curling hair from a brow now slightly clouded, and the bright moonbeams which fell full on his face found a single tear trembling in that dark, thoughtful eye. Yet they were not all saddened feelings which occupied him; for not unfrequently a smile passed over his features, and more than once, as he sat there, his eye wandered over the prospect spread out before him, -the beautiful garden, the richly cultivated fields, and the thick forests which stretch away far as the eye could reach, and his lips murmur-ed, half audibly—"In a brief space all this will be mine!"

There was a slight rustling of the bed curtains, and a low voice whispered-"My

The youth stood beside his father. The insanity of the week past was gone; the glance of the eye was steady, though it was losing its brilliancy, and the voice was calm, though weak and tremulous. "Bernard are you the only watcher at

eny bedsidef" he asked. "To you need more, my father?" the

v. ice of the young man trembled as he Spoke. "Your half sister is as much my child

as are you, Bernard! and her mother is my wife. They should have been here with me!" said the sick man.

"Ah, Bernard, they deserve not the taunt,-they went not willingly from me." The father was silent for a moment, and then he added, - Bernard, when the bodily eye is dimming, the mental vision becomes more acute. Your step-mother and her child has not received justice at my hands. All may have been as you said, my son, and yet I should not have driven her from my house. I shall not die in peace unless I look on her again, and unless I see you reconciled to her. Let her be sent for!"

The youth rose to his feet, and moved away from the bedside. His dying father saw not the change on his features, -the contraction of the eyebrows, the pallor of his cheek, and the firm locking of his teeth. His hand was on the door, but there it rested, and he glanced stealthily at the sick bed. His father's eyes were closed, and his breathing was deep; and the son crept back again to the open win-

"I will not disturb him!" he said to himself; "it were a sin to do so. An interview with her now might endanger his life. A gentle sleep will give him new strength."

But there was deeper thought passing through his mind though he tried to banish it. "Will he live is that return of reason, returning life! Will he live to un-do what he has done or is that deep, dis-turbed slumber the beginning of that which knows no waking!"

The young man put back from the winen folds seemed like the flappings of a doosened sail, and the whispering of the soft gentle breeze was changed to a loud, itful wailing, and as it swept through the rees beneath the window, the leaves struck together with a bell-like sound. It seemed as if the throbbings of his heart, even, might wake the sleeper.

The clock struck twelve, and the dying again called his son. A great a had passed over his features during at half hour.

gely, Bernard! You have her, my son? You will not or her child! I have told you.

in his heart, "I will not give it up-no one shall share this wealth with me!"-went to his own apartment.

Even when years had passed, and other crimes had more deeply calloused his heart, Bernard Trask could not think, without shuddering, of that night his father died, when again and again he crept along the dimly-lighted passage from his chamber to the sick room, listening to the low moan, and the whisper of his name, ever fainter and fainter, till the last agonized adjuration fell on his ear, that he would not compel his father to go into eternity with such a terrible sin on his soul; nor could he ever turn away his visoin from the gaze of those fixed, glassy eyes, which, when fearing longer to disobey that dying call, he had opened the door, and stolen noiselessly to the bedside, were resting on him. In that cold, fixed expression, there was a deep reproof, a bitter malediction, but the youth would not seek to turn away the curse. For the smile of his idol he defied the frowns of conscience, and that terrible regard on the countenance of the dead.

Another scene rose up before the old man. He sat in the neat parlor of an humble cottage. He had often been there before; his portrait hung on the wall, his name was on the fly leaf of those richlybound books which were lying on the little centre-table; the rare and beautiful ornaments on the mantle-shelf he had brought from a foreign land; the piano was his own, and the sheet of music lying on it was his favorite song; the vines, clambering over the window so thickly as almost to exclude the bright beams of the full moon, his own hand had helped to plant and train, and even the rose-trees whose countless blossoms were filling the atmosphere with fragrance, had often been pruned by him.

Every thing around the young man told him of himself; but the language which was spoken he loved not to lister to, and he rose from his seat and paced impatiently up and down the apartment.

The door was opened, and a young girl fair, delicate creature, with deep blue, gentle eyes, flowing golden ringlets, and pale, sad face, which, in contrast with the deep mourning attire, seemed almost ca-daverous, entered the room. For an instant she stood silent; from the look of uncertainty which passed over her features, she might have been doubting the cridence of her senses; and then, uttering a cry of joy, she sprang forward and threw her arms around the young man, resting her head on his breest. The fond em-"If you bid me go from you, my father, I will obey!" and Bernard bowed his head on the couch, "but willingly your son the head was bent down to hers, the lips motionless; but the young girl did not heed it; he was with her, and that seemed enough.

"Oh, Bernard, I knew you would come again!" she exclaimed. "I knew you could not forget me. I would not believe the reports which have reached me, though it is a long, long time since I heard from you. Why have you been silent so long. dear Bernard! I have been so very wretched! Only the thought of you, and the assurance that you would some time noturn to me, has kept me alive. My dear mother and sister died months ago, a few weeks since my father was buried, and tomorrow I should have been homeless; but all, all is restored now! Oh, Bernard. what deep darkness, what bitter agony has your presence dispelled! with what a flood of light has it surrounded me! You will never leave me more-you will never orget me again!"

"Forget you, Clarine?" said the young man; forget you, who, when that terrible disease was upon me, alone stood at my bedside, risking your own life to save mine; and by your unwearying assiduities re-storing me from the death to which every one else had consigned me? No, Clarine,

"Gratitude!" echoed the young girl pringing from the arm which did not eek to detain her-"gratitude! One ceases to love when one begins to be grateful. Bernard Trask!" what anguish was there in her tones-"answer the question which I cannot ask!"

The young man could not answer the question. He could not say; "I love another!" for never more keenly than at this noment, was he sensible of the vast distance between that loving gentle heart which he was crushing to the earth, and that proud, haughty being he was to make his own. Never could another be as dear his own. Never could another be as dear to him as was she, he was sure it must be so; but while love to her was the sun of existence, it was to him but a dim, second-ary planet. The unhallowed light with which he was seeking to illume his path-way through life, did pale for a brief mo-ment, and he advanced a step towards her to kneel at her feet, to class her to his o kneel at her feet, to clasp her to his

to kneel at her feet, to clasp her to his heart to whisper, "Thine forever." but the love of gold triumphed.

He took the pledge of betrothal which she returned to him, and left her presence. An hour after he stood at the altar, beside the Lady Isadore. The rosy cheek of the bride were no deeper color, nord'd the long silken tashes droop over those large, brilliant, black eyes, and the haughty smile still wreathed that curling ruby lip; but she was a splendid creature, standing there in her queenly robes, with the tiara of coatly gems gleaming, out from amid the wreath of orange blossoms which bound those raven tresses; and yet the eyes of the bridgeroom were not resting

which rang through the church as he ut- riage ceremony was to have been per- his daughter's marriage. There was the tered the words which made him a husband, though it fell like the death-knell of hope and happiness on his ear, was forgotten when rattled in his hand the parchment which made him the owner of a vast estate. It came afterwards-the remembrance of that despairing cry, but

Clarine he never saw again.

The next morning, when the creditor of her father went to take possession of his cottage, he found it without an occupant. Search was made for the ill-fated girl, but what became of her was never known .-Some conjectured that in returning to her home that night, after witnessing the marriage of Bernard Trask, for there were others who recognized her in the church, beside her false lover, she had attempted to cross a bridge which was undergoing repairs, and had fallen into the water, and their suspicions were strengthened by the discovery, a few days after, of a female, some miles farther down the river. The body had been so long in the water, however, as to be almost unrecognizable, had the eye of affection rested on it; and the few who looked on her felt little interest

And yet another. It was Christmas evening, the birth-night of the beautiful Marion Trask; it was to be also her marriage eve. The princely mansion of her father was opened for a brilliant festival, and as the rich man wandered through those gorgeously-decorated apartments, a smile of pride and pleasure lighted up that dark and gloomy brow; but the heart of the father did not beat lightly. That only child was a worshipped being, but the old idol still kept the first place in his soul, and to-night the last sacrifice was to be made at its shrine.

Bernard Tarsk felt that he had but one more offering to make; and conscience was repeating to him in no very gentle tones the words that Isadore had whispered in her dying moments, "Deal genty with your daughter, and the crimes you have committed may be forgiven; but sacrifice her on the altar of avarice, and henceforth the fuel of that unholy fire shall be the life of your soul!"

And yet the sacrifice was to be made He deafened his ear to the voice of conscience, as he had closed his heart to his daughter's pleadings, and shut his eyes to that pale, agonized face which was turned so despairingly to his.

For some weeks previous to her mar-riage, he had avoided the sight of her as much as possible; it had been easy for him to lo so the few days past; for the young lady had been confined to her chamber by illness, brought on, he well knew, by

The marriage rites were to be perform ed at an early hour, before the invited guests had assembled. Marion had sought an interview with her father before the hour named for the performance of the ceremony, but he had denied her an interview; and when she came to the door the apartment in which he had shut himself up, and begged, in that almost frenzied tone, for a moment's conference, he had only commanded her back to her chamber to prepare herself to receive her

The young girl opened the door, and prang into the apartment. "You shall look on me once more," she said, "before giving me your final command. You shall let me plead once wore that I may be spared the commital of this sin!" and she clasped his hand in hers, and sank at his feet. "Father, look at the portrait on the wall; you placed it here, in your private apartment, you said, that when ife's shadows fell around you, you might look on what you called that radiant face, and gather thence a beam which would banish the last trace of sorrow and darkness from your soul. And, father, look on the face which it portrays! does it give you happiness to regard it now! And if the anticipation of this terrible evil has wrought such a change in my appearance, what will its realization do? Father, look on your only child! Speak the word which will make me the happiest of mortals,-which will make my heart hesitate between the worship of you and of Hen-

A great change had passed over that beautiful, joyous countenance, and the father saw it; but not so clearly as he saw the glittering gold which was to be added to his wealth. He went to his private secretary, and taking thence a casket, in-laid with pearls and gold, touched a secret spring, and displayed its contents to the urprised young lady.

"Here, Marion," he said, holding up to he light a bandeau, "here is half my fortune; and this and my blessing shall be ours, when I see you the bride of De

Marion rose to her feet, for an instant her eyes were fixed with a sort of fascination on the blazing stones, and then she turned an incredulous look on her father. The gentleman put the ornament on her head, and then stooped to kiss the fair brow; but Marion started back, a deep The gentleman put the ornament on ner-head, and then stooped to kiss the fair brow; but Marion started back, a deep crimson flashed over those pale features, her parted lips were firmly closed, cour-age and energy looked forth from those mournful eyes, and with a proud, quick step, she left the apartment. Mr. Trask

formed, came a low, solemn voice, breath- Christmas tree, blazing with light, and ing the words, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder!" garlands wreathed about the windows,

He burst open the door, and there, be- and the mirrors in their massive gilt fore the eyes of the infuriated father, stood frames, the rich exotics which had been Marion in her bridal costume, with the brought from the green-house, every rare wreath of orange flowers holding back and beautiful ornament, the disposing of from her radiantly happy face those long which about the apartment he had himdark curls. Her hand was clasped, not in that of De Manton, but of Edward self-planned. It was a hurried glance he turned on these objects, and then his eye Tracy, the respectable, but poor artist, to rested again on the features of the young whom she had, months ago, given her lady; but he dared not address her, he heart, and who was now, the father saw, dared not attempt to approach her, for her husband. Mr. Trask stood speechless fear the illusion might vanish. and immovable; but Marion, as soon as and immovable; but Marion, as soon as her eye rested on his, approached him came tremblingly towards him; she knelt

with calmness and dignity.

"My father," she said, "my soul was resting on his, and a sweet voice whispered, not to be bartered for gold and precious "Joy to thee this Christmas night, my stones! Take the bandeau from my father." brow, and send us forth, as we know you will, penniless into the wide world; but disobedience is no sin,—your heart I am; but may Heaven's blessing be on tells you so; let your blessing go with me when I leave your house!"

The old man writhed in bitter agony as he remembered the terrible curses which burst from his lips when he tore whom he had not before observed, sprang sufficiently rich and calcareous earth, that rich ornament from her brow, and towards him, and entwined her arms drove her from his presence.

Marion!"

Tracy, as you have blest her child."

only on canvas. Henry Williams, the

lover of Marion Tracy, had well pictured

the scene her mother had so graphically

described to him, and the young lady had

well performed her part in the represen-

The old home was only on canvas.

"Let not the scene end here," he said,

as soon as the position of his grand-daugh-

not given away in the city to-night, for

Marion and Williams could hardly

credit the evidence of their senses, for of

The marriage ceremony was performed

people were too happy to see wherefore;

Even with the addition of the articles

Mrs. Tracy and brought there, it was a

most wretched place; yet perhaps in all

than were throbbing in that garret that

some were, before many hours had passed

exchanged for tears. One would have

thought, could the expression of the old

man's features, as he lay on his couch with

his hand clasped in that of his daughter,

worn in the early evening, that Mr. Trask

was the happiest of the little company;

voice was becoming fainter and fainter,

and his eye was fast dimming. His daugh-

ter doubted not but his spirit was blest,

had dawned, she gazed on the lifeless fea-

tures of her father, for his last words

there is joy for me!"

The will which had disinherited her,

was destroyed by her father an hour be

fore his death, and Mrs. Tracy found no

difficulty in proving herself the daughter

of the wretched old man who had so long

street, nor in showing, what no one else

who had formerly been acquainted with

him would have suspected,-that he was

The lady returned to the position in life

she had occupied before her marriage; and

Henry Williams is giving good promise

that the hopes his mother-in-law enter-

tained of him, will, sometime, be realized.

When your wife begins to scold le

the wealthy Bernard Trask.

occupied that miserable garret in B-

when; before the light of another morning

and they would not accede to his wish.

aided the deception.

She had gone forth, and he was left alone-alone with his idol; and now the curse began to be felt. Wealth was sought for before by him, for the position in society which it gave him, and the lux- fell back almost fainting into his seat, but ury with which it surrounded him; now it the assiduties of his daughter soon restored was worshipped for itself alone. All his him to consciousness; and when he again property was converted into gold; one looked about him, he saw more clearly. The old home he had been gazing at was thing after another disappeared from that beautiful home of his, till his establishment was broken up, and the dwelling passed into other hands.

For a time he kept himself in comparatively comfortable circumstances; but the ever-tightening grasp of avariee had at length brought him to where he now tation. That easket of jewels had much was-that miserable garret, a handful of coals, and a morsel of dry bread; and his The painting was hung on the wall of the soul was in greater penury still.

It was not alone, now, the desire of hoarding wealth, which kept him in such a wretched situation. There were times, and this night was one of them, when the treasures which had so long given him had so long given him had so long given him had been suppleasure, he tried to forget he was the he actors in the little drama were real pleasure, he tried to forget he was the possessor of; for in the glitter of that gold | characters. he saw dark, fiery eyes gleaming with fiendish malice and triumph, and in the clinking of the coin in his hand, he heard ter and her lover was explained to him. his dreams he sat down, half-famished, at the effect you hoped it would accomplish; his dreams he sat down, half-famished, at a well-spread board, but the viands were human flesh; and the brimmed goblet he human flesh; and the brimmed goblet he miserable place for a wedding, but a wed the best method of cultivating clover in about with a winding sheet torn from mouldering dead.

A week since, the old man had lost a arge portion of his wealth. The place where he had deposited a casket of jewels had been rebbed, and though the rest of riage, and of the existence of her father, the stolen property had been recoverd, no-Mrs. Tracy had never spoken, even to her thing had yet been heard of his treasure; but its loss added not, to night, to his sorrow. In fact he thought not of it; he was and the clergymay retired. Mr. Trask wished that his grand-daughter and her but thinking of that lovely form which had been decked with those costly gems. husband should leave him, but the young

the head on which that splended bendure had once rested. Twenty years had passed, since, to his knowledge, he had looked on his daughter; nor had he, since she went from his house, heard aught of her fate; but how vividly did that face and figure come up to his memory, as he last saw her,clad in her bridal robes, with her hand clasped in that of her young husband, and that look of calm,deep happiness resting on her brow. What might she not have suffer ed during those long years! what mightshe not now be suffering! hand was on his door latch, and he lifted

mightshe not now be suffering!
There was a slight sound,—he fancied his bowed head and looked about him. Was there one in the wide world who the ugh he spoke but few words, for his thought of him to-night as he sat there so lonely and wretched,-would there come a face to smile on him, -a voice to wish him happines!

No. it was but the wind, rattling the oosened window panes. He was forgotten by all the earth! The moon and stars still brightly gleam

ng. What a beautiful Christmas night t was !- it was Christmas evening when he last looked on his daughter not all a fearful dream—the twenty years which seemed since to have passed

"Marion, my childs" he exclaimed, in ow and broken, but frenzied tones; for the intense cold was benumbing his limbs, and the bitter thoughts which were occupying his mind were causing his senses to wander, "Marion, I have done terrible wrong to many, but I can not have turned my child from my doors! Marion, come to thy father ;banish with thy presence this dreadful phantasy; come and fix thy eyes on mine and darkness will pass away from my soull Come to me, for I am dying!" Surely the past was all a dream, or the

her have it out. Put your feet up cosily over the fire place, loll back in your chair, light one of your best segars, and let the storm old man was dreaming now, for the beams happy smile was on her face, and the dark, gentle eyes were resting on him. She was clad in bridal robes, from out Ups and Downs of Life.—The Pittsburg Post mentions the fact that a man in that whose folds gleamed many a flashing brilliant, and the long dark hair which fell in ringlets over her shoulders, were bound by a wreath of orange blossoms, and that diamond bausesu. Her hand alms, who, twenty-five years ago, was the leading merchant in that city, and whose name was known to business men in all lea-ding marts of the United States. rested in that of a young man whose catures were not clearly discernible, for in face was half averted; and before them

AIR SHIPE.—It is reported in New-York that the gentlemen concerned in the Ericsson, are so well satisfied with the experiment that they are preparing to lay keels for several others and much larger ships, to be propeled by the Ericsson engine At least six of these ships, of the capacity of 4,000 tones, will be pro-built during the present years

# Agricultural.

Is sloth indulgence? 'tis a toil, Enervates man and damns the soil. Young

From the Soil of the South. Clover at The South-Crab Grass.

Tuscaloosa, Oct. 26, 1852. Mr. Editor: As you solicit informa-tion upon the culture of clover in the South, I submit, for your consideration, a few observations that may be of service to those who take any interest in this branch of agriculture.

For thirty years past I have cultivated this grass in the neighborhood of Tuscaloosa; and this long period of attention to it has satisfied me that our climate is "And joy to thee, too, my child!" he said. "I know not where I am, nor whot not unfavorable to its growth. A suitable soil, properly prepared is furmer material to the quality and quantity of its yield, than the particular climate thee and thine, as mine will ever be, my "And bless me, too, oh, my father!" and grown; nor is it important whether the another female, a pale, delicate woman soil be red, black, or mulatto; if it be a will produce abundance of rich hav. around him as he rose from his seat. Forlime is not naturally, it must artificially give the deception I have practiced, and be made an ingredient of clover landbless your widowed daughter, Marion for of all the constituent parts of a rich soil perhaps no one of them, singly, is so It was then no illusion. The old man necessary as it is, to the growth of clover.

In preparing ground for this gras, it should be first subsoiled as deep as possible, then compacted with a heavy roller, followed by a harrow. If it is not tho-roughly pulverized by this process, it should be plowed lightly with a scooter or bull tongue, followed a second time by the roller and harrow. The seed should be sowed by the middle of February, or earlier, and never brushed or harrowed. but imbedded with the roller. It is a fatal error to sow clover with any of our small grains-for if overshadowed and checked in its incipient growth, it will be overrun apartment adjoining his own, into which he had understood a char-woman had a result that will always follow its conmoved, the day previous; and through the door which had been cautiously opened, with orchard or tall meadow oat grass, with orchard or tall meadow oat grass, the pew of old Boss. he had obtained a full view of it. But singly or conjointly, and perhaps with other grasses. When sowed alone, six quarts of seed should be put on an acre; if in connection with any other grass, four quarts sufficient. If infested by weeds, they must be moved down, and if bushes spring up, shrub them. These latter attentions cannot be omitted without serious injury to the crop, as no grass can flourish, or be mowed and propely cured among from a long experience-a strict adherence the jewels which adorn her person are all to which, has in every instance yielded

me an abundant crop.

It does of late seem to me, however, that the object of Southern agriculturist her circumstances in life before her mar- in their efforts to grow clover and other foreign grasses, to the utter neglect, and even abandonment of every indigenous grass, is not only an unauthorized infringement upon home products, but in itself

impracticable.
It is certainly as well to experiment with the grasses, as with the fruits and grains of other climates, many of which when transplanted here, seem not to deteriorate by the change; but I incline to think the aim of many of our husbandmen is to discover a grass that will make the city, there were no happier hearts rich hay in large quantities on poor land It would be an enterprise quite as rational. fair Christmas night; though the smiles of and in the end no doubt as successful, to search for and import an exotic soil, which without rest or manure, would

yieded hay in perpetual exuberance. There is no escaping that first necessit of vegetable production; it is not only a have been contrasted with that it had fixed as the laws of vegetation or graviation, but it is imprinted and may be read upon the surface the world over, that the first indispensable thing for a good crop of hay or any other product, is a rich earth the second a rich earth, and the third a a rich earth. Yielding a strict observance to this law of every land, I must say, after a fair trie or ... the foreign grasses of any celebrity, I would not give our own familiar home-growing crab grass for them all -not including lucerne. If properly cultivated, it will yield more hay of good quality than any other grass ever grown in the South.

### Very respectfully, BENJAMIN WHITFIELD. From the Marion Star. Keep it before the People.

Mr. EDITOR.—Having seen Wheat remedy for burns and scalds, I was induced to try it on a recent occasion, when witnessed the instantaneous effects of the same in removing pain. I hope you will therefore give the recipe an insertion in your paper, for the benefit of those who may be unfortunate as to meet with accidents from fire.

Take the dry flour so soon as you can

get it, and sprinkle over the whole surface of the burn or scald, and it will act like a charm in allaying the pain; then wrap the parts up loosely, as to keep the flour on ; in a little time the fire is out, and all you have to do is to heal the same.

Were it not for the difficulty there i

in making people believe in a new reme-dy such as the above, I believe many dy such as children might be saved that die annual

Yours, truly, R. W. TIMMONS.

" Mr. Smith," said a landledy to



ple style, each the gayest, make the gravest smile

Ruling Passion Strong in Sleep.

Almost everybody who knows books and the publishing fraternity in general, of New York particularly, must know a long, slabsided, hatchet-faced, rushing business man, named Burgess, or as the trade would say -Boss Burgess. Boss made a fortune-all but, in the first run of shad, in way of light French Literature, and the flood of American "yaller kivers," that followed the French or parallel of latitude in which it may be flimsies. Boss got religion after he got about as many dimes as he seemed to require this side of Jordan. Boss, in common with other Booksellers, attended the trade sales, and was noted for taking the ballances, fag ends of invoices, &c.

One evening, during Boss' religious excitement, under the pressure of a heavy argument preacher, Boss fell into a dose. The preacher whanged the pulpit, and brought down the scriptures, he grew vivid and vigerous as he proceeded, and at last, having arrived at a junction of peculiar emphasis, he paused at the words-

"And another invoice of precious souls gees-gees to g-l-o-r-y ?"

After a pause of some seconds, he repeated, with an emphatic rap upon the holy

" Goes-goes to-"

" Burgess and Stringer!" sort of gutterally grunts Boss. Of course there was some commotion; the

youthful were inclined to 'snicker out,' wbile the sedate ancients looked daggers towards " Goes-goes-goes-" calmly reiterates

the pastor.

" Burgess and Stringer takes the balance!" quite loudly, says the Boss, whose dose had inculcated the idea that he was in the book mart, instead of the conventicle for

human salvation.
When Boss realized the distinction, and

## Begging for Boarders.

A rook woman living in this city, has been in the habit of going very often to a wealthy and charatable lady, and asking alms. A week or two since, she made application, as usual, for bread and meat, putting on the pittiful to an alarming extent. The good lady, who had been handing out to our begger, freely, every week for some time, remonstrated with applicant for coming so often, and told her that she could not help her to-day. Beggar looked sad-bewildered, and hurt, and with a long drawn sigh repli

"Oh, madam! I do'no what I shall do! for we've got boarders, and nothing for dinner!

THE celebrated Henry Ward Beech er, spent a Sunday at Greenport, not long since, and of course preached a sermon. Returning from church he passed a number of specimens of "young America," amusing themselves with a game of marbles, rather intimately mixed with fancy swearing.

" My boy," said the Rev., to an interesting youth of eight years, "My boy, I am quit frightened." " Are you?" said buttens quite naively

why the d-I don't you run then." Done For.

A wag, a few years since, procured some eye wash of a quack occulist in this city to be applied to a glass eye which he wore. The occulist not being very sharp sighted, discovered there was some defect in the eye but thought it so trifling that he warranted a cure or no pay. The wag took the wash, and departed. In a week or two after he returned with the capty vial, and apparently in great distres.

"Oh, Doctor, Doctor," said he, "your d-d stuff has wholly destroyed my eye!" at the same time opening the lids of the empty socket with his finger, to the horror of the

gaping and staring occulist.

"Is it possible, can it be pe elaimed the eye-tinkerer, "I never know my medicine to operate so before. Well, my dear sir, I can do nothing less than re-

turn you your money." But you must do more, sir. What is five dollars, to be compared to the loss of an eyel If you will give me two hundred dollars. I will sign a pledge never to expose you, but if you do not, I will prosecute you forthwith

and you are a ruined man?"