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"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

AGRICULTURAL, SCIENTIFIC, GENERAL AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

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### An Original Tale.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE LANCASTER LEDGER.]

## THE VOW!

OR,

Man's Weakness and Woman's Strength,

AND

Woman's Weakness and Man's Strength.

A Tale of Things as they Are.

BY R. S. BAILEY.

CHAPTER XV.

[CONCLUDED.]

We love to talk of man's peculiarities. It is truthfully said, "The chief study of mankind is man." Man is such a compound. We recollect once of a gentleman inquiring of another in our presence what kind of man Mr. — was!

"Why, sir," said the one interrogated, "I can only answer you, by saying he is a compound—a compound of much that is very good, and much that is very bad."

We do really believe the same can be said of every one. Some physiologists tell us, that every bad impulse of man is placed in juxtaposition with a counteracting propensity. Thus, a man has combativeness fully developed, at the same time he possesses caution. That when one is brought into play, the other acts as a check. In a few words, man is a compound of much that is good, and much that is bad.

Edward B. had overheard the conversation which took place between Bardott and his niece, while he was seated in the parlor of the former, and he learned that this night the grand finale would come off. He did not seek to discover any method by which he could frustrate their plans; and he did not acquaint Sarah with them, for he determined he would be there himself; he would show Sarah that in return for a bad act, he would do a good one; but more, he would show Bardott and Clementina he was no dupe. And more, still more, he would be revenged upon Bardott for deceiving him—While, therefore, old Lake and his son were standing outside, Edward was in the house. Let us take a peep through the window, and follow old Lake's eyes, as he makes a survey at the same time. There was Sarah and Clementina and Edward, each seated equi distant from the other. Old Bardott was not there. The plan arranged was, that he would secrete himself, and after tea, the doors would be securely fastened, the windows all closed, and Clementina to leave Sarah alone, when old Bardott would face his victim, and lead her to the sacrifice. Edward's calling at such an inauspicious time, frustrated all their plans, the windows could not be closed, and it was useless to lock the door, for nothing could be done until Edward left.

Instead of Edward manifesting any intention of leaving, although it now grew late, he sat where he was, and Sarah and Clementina knew not what to make of it. Sarah would not have her servant girl called to accompany her home, fearing Edward would go along too, and from the aspect of affairs, she was inclined to think that it was a plan between Edward and Clementina, that the former should have the opportunity to accomplish what he had before failed in; then again, she thought however depraved and wicked Clementina might be, it would not be her purpose, or be to her interest to make Edward the instrument of her ruin—no if any body it would be Bardott.

Clementina was so uneasy, that she could scarcely refrain from ordering her lover out of the house, and she sat in her chair like a buoy on the ocean. At last, Clementina could endure it no longer, and she left the room to seek her uncle, and ask for instructions in her great dilemma. Edward availed himself of this opportunity to explain his conduct to Sarah, and at the same time assure her of the danger she was in. He spoke fast, for he did not know how long Clementina would be absent. Clementina was absent longer than he expected, and just as she was about to enter the room he renewed his protestations to Sarah, to stand by her let the consequences to himself be as they may.

It is necessary to tell the reader that Sarah was shocked and terrified by what Edward had told her! She believed him. He had insulted her once, and she could place no confidence in such a man, but the attending circumstances convinced her he told the truth, still, whatever doubts may have been on her mind, were quickly dispelled by the conduct of Clementina. Pulling out her watch she exclaimed: "Why, it is very late. Edward, Miss

Brown will stay with me to-night, as my uncle is not at home."

The young man did not reply, neither did he exhibit any intention of leaving.

The result of Bardott's council to his niece was this. Clementina should use any means to get Edward off, and if she did not succeed, she was to take Sarah along with her to her chamber, where Bardott, after being assured that Edward had left, would present himself.

When Clementina told Edward that Miss Brown would stay with her that night, the tone in which it was uttered, implied an already understood engagement, and although, as such gratified upon Sarah's ears as an untruth, still, she did not contradict her by saying a word.

In the first place, the effrontery of Clementina surprised her, and she was overwhelmed with astonishment and fear of what might be in reserve for her, and in the next place, when after her mind had been partially composed from the sudden tumult into which it had been thrown, she would not contradict her, for she could not see what avail it would be, as her sole dependence for aid now was centred upon Edward, who had faithfully promised to defend her. Such is weak human nature; a drowning man will catch at a straw, and even if Sarah had no confidence in Edward's promise, or even honesty, she would, as a last extremity, rely upon him, hoping the better. But the earnestness in which he had spoken to her, and moreover, the conduct of Clementina led her to believe that she had cause to rejoice that God had given her a ray of joyful hope, in the arm of him which was once raised to pollute her.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Come Sarah," said Clementina, in a kind of coaxing, yet authoritative tone, "let us go," and she took up the candle. It is not strange that she should leave Edward thus, when we consider that he was on such intimate terms with her and her uncle, and she trusted that Edward would not so construe it, although she had never before done so, as is evidenced by the manner of her conduct, her delay in doing what, as a *demerit* resort, she was counseled by her uncle to do. But Edward knew all about it and she might have saved herself the trouble.

Sarah, in obedience to the summons made an effort to rise, as if she were going and yet did not.

"Come, Miss Brown," said Clementina, in a more authoritative manner. Mechanically Sarah rose to her feet. Flashes of lightning darted from Edward's eyes, and at the same time a noise may have been heard at the door.

"Miss Brown," said he "do not go with Clementina, Bardott is here and she wishes to carry you to him!"

Had a thunder-bolt descended upon Clementina, she could not have been more shocked, but yet, she quailed not, and the tiger of the woman was let out of his lair. "It is a base falsehood!" said she, her love for Edward not even restraining her.

"Believe him not, Miss Brown, it is more likely that he wishes you to go home in his company, so he might make love to you. Believe him not, Sarah, it is false what he tells you!"

"Miss Sarah," said Edward, calmly, "why should I try to deceive you; to show you I have no desire to do so, let me advise you to go home, and I will stay here—I fear no one. I lie!" he continued, "see the monster yonder!" and he pointed to the crack of the door where Bardott was peeping through, and immediately as he spoke both Sarah and Clementina observed that the figure to which he pointed abruptly disappeared.

and begged his assistance, but he assured her he would defend her, and she clasped her hands together, and said, "God will bless you Mr. B., do help me!"

Old Bardott was aroused to a state of frenzy, and before the words which Sarah had spoken had lost their echo, he was in the room facing Edward and Sarah.

"What business is it of yours, sir," said he to Edward, "whether Miss Brown remains with my niece or not. Clementina wishing to do her friend a favor, by keeping her from your deep-dyed, polluted hand, merely tells her I am from home to induce her to stay, and you pretend to be the protector of Miss Brown, and dissuade her from doing what will accrue to her salvation. This is my house, sir, and I order you to leave it!"

"I will not sir!" said Edward.

"I will make you sir!" and he caught Edward by the collar of his coat.

"I will see, sir," continued Bardott, "if I am master here in my own house or not," and he attempted to pull Edward out. At that moment Lake and his son attempted an entrance. The latter had before tried the door when Sarah arose from her seat, and such was his desire to be in there himself, to protect her with his own arm, that he would have forced an entrance had he not been restrained by the old man. Now when Bardott took hold of Edward, they endeavored to force an entrance. Clementina who heard the voice of her uncle, and his threat to Edward, was alarmed for the safety of her lover, and the fears of the woman so aroused for her lover's safety, mechanically led her to the door on the street, which she opened wide. Lake and his son entered from the grasp of old Bardott, and with his back to the wall, he pulled out a revolver and a dagger. In his left hand he held the pistol, while his right hand clutched the dagger. The excitement of the moment, gave him no time to consider which weapon he should hold in either hand.

"Approach me, sir," he said to Bardott, while the latter stood, with passionate rage depicted on his countenance a few feet from him, "and I will blow your brains out."

"For God's sake Edward," said Clementina, who entered with the Lakes, "dost kill my uncle!" and from the intense excitement under which her mind labored, she fainted and would have fallen to the floor had not old Lake caught her in his arms. Sarah, while this was all going on was greatly alarmed, and when young Lake entered the room, although she had not seen him for such a length of time, she recognized him at once, and forgetting all decorum in the peculiarity and danger of her situation, she ran towards Lake as she would have to a brother, and he clasped her in his arms.

"Do take me out of here," she said. "Take me any where, I will die here!" and Lake, partially leading her, but mostly carrying her, bore her to the other room, where he used all efforts to keep her from swooning. This all occurred in much less time than we consume in writing it.

"Stand back!" said Edward to old Bardott, "or by the Gods I will blow your brains out!" and as Bardott rushed upon him, before he could exchange the dagger for the pistol, the latter weapon dropped on the floor, and Bardott hastily obtained possession of it. Now Edward made the attempt to stab Bardott, but the latter being the most athletic of the two, held his arm, and by so doing he could not use the pistol which he held in his own hand. Lake, in the corner of the room, held Clementina, and altho' he might have placed her on the sofa, or taken her into the room, yet he stood passively, holding her; so excited from the scene before him, he did not think what to do. Bardott tried with one hand to hold Edward, and with the other shoot him with the pistol, and he shoved him up against the wall, and taking hold of his arm with the wrist, with one hand he placed the muzzle of the pistol forcibly against his breast, and in a moment more Edward would have been a dead man did he not by suddenly forcing himself on the floor loosen his arm from Bardott's clutches, and quickly placing himself to the back of the latter, he clasped him around the waist with his left arm, and the right now being free, which held the dagger, with a quick and dexterous movement he plunged the bright blade deep into the bosom of old Bardott.

"Great God!" said Bardott, as he tottered, and the warm red blood streamed like a torrent on the floor!

The scream of rage, the groan, the strife, the blow, the gasp, the horrid cry, The panting, throttled prayer for life, The dying heaving sigh, The murderers seeing, the dead man's fix'd still glare,

All told that murder was committed there!

Reader, are we condemned by you for bringing you to a scene of blood and carnage? Forgive us. But see the Incomprehensibility of man to attempt to work contrary to the will of God. The providence of God delivered Sarah on a former occasion, when Edward sought to wrong her, and now the time to which Bardott looked with exultant feelings, was the epoch of his weakness—the epoch of his death. There he lay, withering in his blood, killed by the dagger of the assassin.

CHAPTER XVII.

The murder of Bardott by Edward B. created much excitement in the town of S. — for a while, but in a short time, like every thing else, the excitement wore off, and when Edward B. was tried for his life, a verdict of "Not Guilty" was rendered, on the plea of justifiable homicide. Edward's trial is now over, and reader, will you go with us, and invade the sanctity of love—adulterous love! Or, will you skip the remainder of this chapter! If so, commence with the other, for in this we will not tell you any thing about Miss Brown.

The air was still and the perfume of sweet scented flowers fragraned the atmosphere of the richly furnished parlor, in which the heiress pensively sat.

"Why does he not come; I feel so lonely," and as evidence of the truth of her declaration, drops of tears stood in the maiden's eyes. She looked for her lover Time and circumstance made no change in her feelings and she loved him as much as ever.

"The perfume of these flowers, mock my sadness," said she, and she got up and closed the shutters. Tap, tap, at the door, and Edward entered.

"Why, Clementina, here I am, those fellows would have me take another game and then another drink, or I would have been here before. Don't look so sad, Clementina," he continued, "I never like to see a woman look downcast," and he seated himself by her on the sofa.

"Edward," said Clementina, "you don't seem to love me. I once thought you loved me, but I am afraid I do not. Perhaps, Edward, I ought not to love you but I can't help it."

"Oh Clem, do not talk that way. I assure you I love you as much as ever."

"Then why," said Clementina, "are you always postponing our marriage? If you wish to be free, Edward, if you do not wish to marry me, do pray, then, do not sacrifice your feelings for me. I love you, Edward, but I do not wish to be your wife, if you do not love me," and the tear drops which glistened in her eyes, trickled down her cheeks.

"Clementina, my dear Clementina, dont say talk that way. You will be my wife, Clem," and he placed his arm around her neck, and pressed her to his bosom.

"Edward, say you love me," said Clementina, "and I will be happy, if you speak in earnest."

"Clementina, I love you fondly, truly, devotedly; yes, Clem, I would marry you to-night, if you said so, and he kissed her bright ruby lips over and over again."

Clementina returned his fond embrace, and was happy in the arms of her lover, although that arm had shed the blood of her uncle.

"My dear wife, I will say, eh, Clem!" and again the heaving breast of the woman was pressed by the hand of the lover. Suddenly Clementina raised her head.

"Why, Edward?" she exclaimed.

"Well, I won't say so again, my dear, come, put your head back," and after a little persuasion Clementina again rested her head upon his bosom, and again poisonous words steeped in the vile rancor of adulterous love, were poured into her ears, but so ingeniously, that the maiden continued to rest her head there. At last she said—

"Oh, no, Edward; dont tell me to do so."

"You dont love me, Clem," said the other, "where can be the harm? Our marriage will take place next week. Why so fastidious, it is a false delicacy. You dont love me, Clem," and he appeared to be angry.

"Oh, yes, Edward, I do. Do, dont get angry, dear. You promise me in earnest, now! You wont postpone the day again, Edward?"

"No, I wont, dear girl," and he pressed the maiden yet closer to his bosom.

"Dont deceive me, Edward."

Wreathed the curtain. Woman triumphed, but not poor woman was de-throned, and man with giant strength, awayed the sceptre, carrying foul pollution in his blasted train.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Five years have passed, since the events recorded in our last chapter occurred, and now we take the reader to a more pleasant scene.

according to his will, the female children of the surviving sister, should receive the benefit of his property."

"Yes," said John, "and I see no reason we should not take the property, for the son could not enjoy it, besides, we will provide for him as long as he lives."

"Let me see the papers my son, come Billy get off grandpa's knee now, he wants to read the news. When you get to be a big boy, you will read the papers too."

"What is this," said the old man with some astonishment. "Did you see this John?"

"What father?"

"Why, here is a paragraph about Edward B. in the Picayune."

"No, I have not, what is it sir?"

"Awful! Awful!" exclaimed the old man after a pause, and his exclamation brought Sarah into the room.

"What is it pray!" said she.

"Why Edward has put an end to his own existence, by his own hand."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed John, "read the article father."

"Here it is," said old Lake, and he read as follows:—"A young man of this town, formerly of S. was found dead yesterday morning in his room in the Yarrandah Hotel. From the report of the coroner's jury, it seems, that this sad event was produced by the man's own hand. He was found stretched on the floor, with a dagger closely grasped in his hand, and the blade plunged deeply into his bosom. On the floor, partially discolored by his blood a slip of paper was found with these words, 'Blackened by the crimes of adultery and murder, remorse yields to despair. The murderer's hand which slew his victim, now slays the murderer with the same weapon.'

EDWARD B.

"Oh horrid," said Sarah.

"Yes," said old man Lake, "tis horrid my child. Poor Clementina; although Edward deceived her, I believe she loves him yet. We must be more attentive to her Sarah my child. She is penitent now, and although happiness be denied her here, let us by our council prepare her for the mansions prepared for the righteous above. Our Saviour has said, though our sins be as scarlet, they shall become as wool. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Let us hope that this sad event, will bring good to her soul. Penitence will now lead her to the altar of divine grace, where forgiveness will be granted, and joys hereafter promised. Having been led into the right path then Sarah, she will instruct her boy in those principles which will shield him from danger through life. Yes, Sarah, we will go there, and tell her about it, and God grant that the erring woman may be brought into the fold of Christ."

"What an unfortunate family," said Lake, continuing to speak on. "Edward is his own destroyer, and Jane too ran away with that trifling vagabond, who is now in the Penitentiary. God was good to take Clementina's mother before her shame was made public, and although Edward's parents lived to see their daughter a murderer and blackleg, and their daughter clope with a dastardly villain, yet I thank God, that by removing them from the sphere of action, he has spared them from the knowledge of this last dreadful act of the tragedy."

My children, this all teaches you an admonitory lesson. John, Sarah, never try to bias the will of your children, when they come to years of discretion, and about to choose companions for life. Clementina was marked out for Edward, or it is probable he may have loved her, but more, he never would have ruined her. And Sarah, my daughter, see what may have been the result if you had promised your mother never to see John, and to marry Bardott! Instead of a kind husband, and two sweet prattling little children, who delight to be fondled by their mother, you may have been prematurely hastened to an early grave. I thank God my children for his goodness, and as the old man finished, tears of joy shone in his eyes. John looked towards his wife while his father spoke, and there was returned that deep, confiding look of affection, which cannot be assumed by woman, but is the natural index of a true and faithfully loving heart.

"Oh there is one affection which no stain, Of earth can ever darken; where two find, The softer and the manlier, that a chain Of kindred taste has fastened mind to mind."

"Is an attraction from all sense refined: The good can only know it; 'tis not blind, As love is unto baseness; its desire Is but with hands entwined to lift our being higher."

Reader, our story is finished. Imperfect as it is, and abounding with errors, we hope all due allowance will be made, when you are told it was written in a very hurried manner, frequently writing one page while the compositor was setting the one written a few moments before, and not unfrequently obliged to write at a late hour at night to have the copy ready for the compositor in the morning. If we have been the means of imparting pleasure to you from its perusal, we are more than rewarded.

The latest intelligence from Africa informs us that the country is still in possession of the negroes.

## Agricultural.

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

From the Soil of the South. Work for May.

COTTON.

SOME partial chippings of cotton may have been already commenced. This, however does not amount to more than the rapid chopping through with the hoe, throwing it into bunches of three to a half dozen stalks. Not much care is required, farther than to so space these bunches, as to make the base of the stand, or the proper distance at which the stalks are to remain, when left to grow for a crop. The final thinning is however a nice and particular operation, and needs to be conducted with the utmost care. With such mixing in of grass, as is not unfrequent at this time, and a hard press to cover a large space, it often happens that many stalks are cut up in the hurry, and many more are bruised and skinned, to linger and die after a few days; thus spoiling the stand, and having much unoccupied space in every row, amounting in the aggregate to many acres, to be cultivated without any return. These annoyances and failures are the results of every year's operation, on most plantations, what are called full crops are planted. We think it about as fully, as to dart straws against the wind, to talk about hard work in this day of progression in the culture of cotton. We will however do our duty, and venture the opinion, that in the final thinning of cotton, much of it ought to be pulled out by the hand. The stand would be saved uniform and perfect, and the plant left in a healthy and growing state. Fewer acres would be passed over, but they would be well covered. But little earth need be added at this time, only enough to support the young plant. The distance between stalks, must depend upon the size to which the weed will probably grow—rich land requiring more, and the thin or poor much less space. The plants when at maturity ought slightly to interlock. If the preparations have been deep and good, and no very heavy rains have intervened, or the lands are by nature soft, no very deep or close plowings will be required at this time. But if the lands are not light or soft by nature, or have not been made so by the plow, we must insist upon pretty thorough work. In the early stages of the crop, the beds are to be made loose and soft, or not at all—as deep as close plowings to cotton, after the sowing and blooms appear, are rarely admissible. These operations are so varied by circumstances, as to make it absolutely necessary to leave much to be settled by a sound discretion. No one rule will suit all soils and all seasons.

CORN—SECOND WORKING.

This crop is now reaching an interesting stage. Getting off from the slowness of the start, it is beginning to move with that rapid and vigorous growth peculiar to this plant, and if the culture is good, soon to present to the planter's eye, one of the most beautiful crops which ever grow out of the earth. From the first to the middle of this month, the second working is to be given. This ought to be very similar to that recommended for the first. The plowing ought to be thorough, deep and close. The young roots will be spreading, and will be necessary broken by such an operation, yet but a very temporary check will be given to the growth, from which it will very soon recover, and with renewed vigor move on to still more rapid growth. The soil, loose and deep bed is indispensable for the cast and growth of the little, but wide-spreading rootlets, and though these deep and close workings may momentarily check the growth, yet this must be borne for the sake of the larger resulting benefits. The plow need not run so close as in the first going over, as the turning or mould board plow is now used running at a greater distance from the plant. The corn is now large enough to bear dirt, and the plowman should be made to understand, that the soft earth, is to be lapped over the roots of the corn, and accomplishing the double object, of earth upon the root, and covering all small grass which may have sprung up. If this work is well done, but little will remain for the hoes, yet these should pass over, to make all complete. Many stalks will be necessarily bent and tangled by the plow; these must be relieved; around the roots of trees and stumps, the hoes must clear away the grass, and many suckers and surplus stalks are to be removed. All this the hoe hands must do, and notwithstanding the plows by faithfulness may do much, yet we shall have to insist that the hoes pass over this crop, at this second working. It would be very desirable to have the earth in a damp moist state at this time, and for this purpose, a little postponement may sometimes be allowed, but it is bad policy to wait long for this, as delay beyond the time for working, checks the growth, when the stalk becomes hard and round, an injury hard to be recovered from.

The true theory of corn making, is to push it rapidly from the start, and never to allow it to be checked in its growth, by any neglect. It may recover from the effects of drought, but never from grass or bad work. The destiny of this important crop is to a large extent in your own hands, and if you would reap large ears and a heap of them, let your work be well done now, otherwise hold your peace, when the time for ingathering shall come.

THE POTATO CROP.

In fulfillment of our pledge, we once more urge the claims of this crop, not to rest upon its value, but to remind us, that this is the best month for planting the potato, though it may be continued with good prospects of success, until favorable seasons, until July. For a good crop, however it is best to plant early. It is not necessary to wait to have the ground very wet for transplanting. If the hills or beds for planting are freshly made, it is only necessary that

the earth be in good moist condition, to succeed well. Indeed, we think this preferable to planting when the earth is very wet. The young plants live quite as well, and grow off better. If good seasons are scarce, they may be planted in fresh made beds, almost without rain as early in the season as May, by depositing the slips in a tub of water for a few hours before planting. The roots drink in the water freely, and when planted, moisten the fine particles of earth with which they come in contact. These plantings are best to be made late in the afternoon, that a night may intervene, before an exposure to the sickening effects of the sun.

In this connection, we mention that David Shelton, Esq. of Talbotton, presented us lately with a sack of very fine, large, red-skinned potatoes, which he regards as very prolific. We do not know by what name they are called, but we are sure, that there is merit, either in the man, or the potatoes, (probably in both,) as we learn he put up four thousand bushels at one plantation, besides large quantities for the hogs, left in the field. We are obliged to Mr. Shelton for his present, and for his example. Let others do likewise, and the business of hog raising will soon be demonstrated as a little more practicable and easy in Georgia.

THE WHEAT HARVEST.

It seems early to be talking about harvest. But the operations of the Southern planter are but a rapid succession of seed times and harvests. The middle of May we begin to gather in the fruits of our labor, and to the close of the year, with slight intervals, it is kept up. Truly the planter's is a busy, active, happy life. But we are running off into a green-corn dance.

We set out to tell our friends to cut their wheat when the proper time comes, and that time is, before the grain is fully hard. When in the dough state, it is now generally agreed, is the stage for cutting, for the largest yield, and sweetest, fairest flour. We make but one more suggestion. Do not conclude that all is done, when the wheat is cut and sheathed, but put it out of the reach of rain, before stopping.

President Interfering.

A Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Clipper in that paper of Friday says:

"It is rumored here to-day, and I think on good grounds, that the recent deputation in the several Departments, by which so many worthy men have been cast adrift upon the world without a dollar in their pocket, after paying debts incurred here, have aroused the good impulses of General Pierce's heart, and that he has in Cabinet council ordered that proscription for opinion's sake shall cease, no removals to be made unless there exists a cause, aside from political reasons, for them. It is well known that the heads of Government have had by agreement or courtesy, the control of the appointments in their respective Departments who have their own personal and political friends to reward, for whom some recompense, in their judgment, ought to be made; but the President, judging that he is the interpreter of the people's will, and responsible to the whole nation for the acts of his Administration, very wisely, if the report be true, interposes his authority in a manner that will elevate him still higher in the estimation of all Whigs and Democrats throughout the country, excepting, of course, the ultraists of either party. It was not party which elected General Pierce to the position he now so gracefully and ably fills; so no exegesis is necessary to prove that he can be generous without being unjust to his Democratic friends.

SCRAPS FROM JONATHAN.—There is a woman in Iowa so lonely that they won't allow her to travel on the railroad, for fear she will frighten the locomotives."

"She!" said Jonathan, laying down the newspaper which he had been reading, and casting his white eyes upon the floor of his bachelor-room; "she! if that dont bet everything I ever held! I'd just like to see a woman what can skeer them ar grate iron horses what run in Iowa. I wish they'd bring her to Ameriky, then I could see her—I would," he added, leaning back in his chair, and scratching his head, (a real Yankee trick.) "If she dont cum to Ameriky, I'll just sell off my 'picturs an' make a tower to Iowa to see her. I shall be a finished artert when I cum back. The gals will all fall in lavo with me, tu; for awl that make a tower to the continent, are called sumthing great! Father ays sed I'd make a Webster, or fill a Webster's place, and I've no doubt on it, what I shall. I'll sell my pictures to-morrow, an' sit out for Iowa."

Cunning Astrologer.

An astrologer foretold the death of a lady whom Louis XI. passionately loved. She did, in fact, die; and the King imagined that the prediction of the astrologer was the cause of it. He sent for the man, intending to have him thrown through the window, as a punishment. "Tell me, know you pretend to be so clever and learned a man, what thy fate will be?" "The soothsayer, who suspected the king's design, replied: "Sire, I foresee that I shall die three days before your Majesty. The King believed him, and was careful of the astrologer's life."

Monday is expected to have two more volumes of the Library of England in press. His Majesty's orders are, that the edition of the works are completed, that he will never be able to complete the work which he has projected.