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Selected Tales.

From the Star Sprigged Banner. CONDEMNED AND SELF-CONDEMNED; OR, THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

BY DONALD McDONALD.

Is one of the upper rooms of an old building in the very heart of obscurity, where ragged children swarmed and pale women darted mysteriously about, a strange deed had just been done. It was late in the afternoon, and the spring sun had already begun to climb the roofs and the chimneys. The sounds in the crowded alleys had begun to die away, and the rattle of the carts in the distant streets was soft and more subdued. The room in question was locked on the inside. A woman, seeming more like a maniac than a person of right mind, stood in the middle of the floor, glaring frightfully at an object that lay upon the bed in the corner. That object was a female body. It was dead, and lay extended on its back. A pool of blood had collected on the bed-clothes, near its neck and shoulder, staining the cheeks and the throat with its crimson spots. The throat had been gashed frightfully, all the way from ear to ear!

The female who stood and gazed so fearfully at this horrid spectacle, held an open razor in her right hand, its bright blade smeared with the blood. She had fastened the door, and seemed to have no fears of discovery. She was contemplating with a strange ferocity the dead her hand had done. "Yes, I had long ago determined on this," said she, in a low, but highly excited voice. "She wronged me—she did that which no other person ever tried to do; it was she who robbed me of the one that had promised to be my husband—she who deceived him—deceived me—aye, deceived herself! All that cruel work was her doing, and now she gets her pay, and I get my revenge! All this work is mine, mine! I take the responsibility, and I can get rid of it, too!" It was a long time before the infuriate female could compose herself to her ordinary manner. She had long been a monomaniac on this subject of revenge, and now that she had tasted it, her feelings with difficulty went back to their usual condition. She kept the door locked for nearly two hours. Evening gathered; the shades crowded to the windows. The night came on. It was dark; it grew darker; it was quite dark. The woman cautiously unlocked the door, looked out to see that no one was near, put the key in on the outside, locked the door again, and concealing her face, crept like a cat down stairs. She found her way round through several alleys and confined by ways, and at length approached a thoroughfare. Many people were passing. She stepped up to the first person she could fix her eyes on—a man—and begged him for mercy's sake to come and help her sister, who was dying. So earnest was her appeal, as she pleaded with a voice seemingly choked with emotion—so wild was her manner, as she caught the stranger by the arm, that he could not refuse to go with her wherever she might lead the way. "How far is't?" asked he, in his gruff voice. "Only a few streets. Be quick, or she will die! Oh, my sister! my poor sister!" "What's got her so sick?" said he; "has she been so long?" "Hunger—starvation! She's dying of want!" "There, take that," and he plunged his hand into his pocket and brought up a couple of pieces of money. "Nobody shall starve while I've got a dollar in my pocket. I lead on the way." "Oh, if you but bring her back to strength again, I shall never know how to thank you for it!—if my poor, dear sister can but get well!" "Well get for the best, anyhow," remarked he. "I'm most afraid it's hoping against hope." "Don't give up the ship too soon; there's nothing to be got by too much hurry, you know."

race. If he could relieve suffering, no matter in what quarter, he needed generally but a single call to the place. He followed close after the woman, bidding her to hurry along, though both were going as fast as people well could travel. "Turn in this way," directed she. "Aye, aye," was his scintillating response. "Turn in it is." "Through this door." "Through this door; all right." "Now step as light as you can up these stairs." She had stopped and laid her hand upon his arm. "No noise at all," he half whispered. She sprang up the stairs before him. He followed her till he reached the third flight. When he found himself at the foot of this, she was at the top. She had hurried on before him to unlock the door. She feared he might have a suspicion if he found that she had locked the apartment. He reached the door. "Come in," whispered she. And in he went. She conducted him to a seat in the farther part of the room speaking in a low voice, as to a sick person. "Louisa, are you awake?" But no answer from the gory bed! He sat with his back to the door, as she had purposely arranged it. She drew a match across the wall, and lit the stump of a candle. Before it had burned sufficiently to light up the obscurity of the room, he heard the door suddenly shut, and the key withdrawn! The woman had left him there alone with the murdered corpse! He rose from his seat, and sprang to the door, but it was locked securely. There was no retreat. His curiosity was suddenly excited to know what all this might mean. Taking the candle, therefore, in his hand, he approached the bed. His heart grew sick—his brain wavered—his senses nearly left him, as his eyes took in that fearful sight! There lay the murdered woman in the glare of the light, her throat gashed terribly with the cruel weapon—her mouth open—her glazed eyes set, and all the evidences of her last fearful struggle for life still about her! He stood perfectly motionless. He did not seem to know where he was, or what it was that he saw. His senses seemed benumbed. He was in a waking sleep—riveted, he knew not how, to that fatal spot. As soon as he could sufficiently recover himself, he lifted the Land of the corpse; it was cold. A lock of hair was still tightly clenched between the fingers, the last testimony of the fearful struggle for life. He turned again, and went to the door. He tried it once more—pulling, pushing, straining, prying, wrenching—but all to no purpose; he was secure. There was no escape through the door, unless he risked noise enough to call attention, when the crime would be instantly discovered and laid at his feet. He set down his light, and walked on tiptoe across the room to the window. Three stories to the ground! No escape, surely, there. He was fast in the coils of the deceitful woman who had drawn him through sympathy to the spot. He could not escape, except by force, and violence would at once lead to the discovery he most dreaded. The whole design now flashed upon his mind. He was a dupe, and at how fearful a cost!

He sat down in a chair, brooding over his heavy calamity. The perspiration stood in beaded drops upon his forehead, and the palms of his hands were profusely wet. He could not keep his eyes away from the corpse, lying there so rigid, and ghastly and cold. It froze his blood with terror. To the day he had never expected such a determination. When he rose in the morning he little thought of seeing his hands bed as a murderer; but here the fact was—here it stared him full in the face; no corner in which he might hide—no crevice through which he could escape. He waited till ten o'clock. They were long and weary hours. He sat as silent as if he had been keeping watch in a sepulchre, the dead right before him. The most terrible thoughts harrowed his mind. The gloomiest fancies and fears, writhing themselves promiscuously together, tortured his brain. He hardly knew his own identity, so absorbed became he in planning the means of escape. There were but two ways—by the window, and by the door. The former was out of the question; the latter—it was that if which he was so gloomily studying. But footsteps were to be heard on the stairs—heavy feet. Others had come up and gone down since the wretched man had sat there, but he had ceased to feel alarmed. This step, however, startled him; it sounded like this doom coming on. Straight and steady it mounted the stairs, moved across the landing—nearer—nearer—nearer. It was close at the door! A hand was laid heavily on the latch. "Let me in, I say," demanded a gruff voice. The miserable victim's heart beat audibly, and his face grew paler than a ghost's. He remembered, for the first time, that the candle was still burning! The person at the door would know that some one was within. Again a rattle of the latch, and this time a violent shaking of the door. "Let me in, I say!" thundered the voice. No answer—nothing but silence. A heavy kick at the door, that resounded all through the room. "If you don't let me in, I'll break the door down!" The man within was terrified exceedingly, and as fear began to get control, he thought only of policy and escape. He would spring behind the door, and when the stranger effected his entrance, he would himself rush out, and so escape down stairs. Another kick upon the door, more violent than before. The victim sprang across the floor and tremblingly stationed himself where he should be ready when the opportune moment came. He could feel the insecure barrier yield before the steady push of that stout shoulder. He heard the latch crack—crack. It gave way. The bolt slipped from the lock, bent nearly double. Slowly—slowly, and now faster, faster, faster—it came with a crash! He thought of the light—why had he not put that out! But it was too late now. A stout man came tumbling in, and holding on by the handle of the latch, was whirled round so as exactly to confront the terrified prisoner face to face. He seized him at once by the collar. "What are ye doin' here?" he gruffly demanded. The poor man was too much under the influence of terror to reply. He only stood and trembled. "Louisa!" called the new comer, looking into the farther part of the room. No answer. Still holding on upon his victim, he walked slowly with him across the floor in the direction of the bed. "Murder! murder!" The cry echoed from his lips the moment that bloody spectacle presented itself. "Murder! murder!" he cried again. There was at once to be heard an opening of doors, and a tramp of feet in the entries and on the stairs, and a buzz of voices. The cry had thoroughly alarmed the whole house. "I did not do it!" was all the victim had self-possession enough to say. They came crowding and swarming into the apartment—men, women and children. The room was instantly full. As soon as they saw what had been done, a wild shriek seemed to escape from the lips of all at the same moment. Even that multitude stood appalled with an offence of such enormity. "Kill him! kill him!" cried some in the wildness of their momentary passion. "Throw him out of the window!" cried others. And still the cry resounded through the house and out in the narrow street. It seemed to choke up the alley with its dreadful sound. Officers were soon at hand, who took the man charged with the crime away to prison. There, in the silence and darkness of his cell, he was left alone, to reflect on the singular event of the night, and how he might release himself from the web that had been woven so artfully about him. When he was taken the next day before the magistrate, he found a great crowd ready to look on such a monster of wickedness. He was asked if he had anything to say in explanation of the crime. He paused, stammered, lost courage, and felt overwhelmed. He almost felt willing to let the whole matter go against him, so dark were all the circumstances. Then self-possession came back again, and he spoke. He told them of the manner in which he had been thoughtlessly entrapped into this net, from beginning to end; of the strange woman who came up to him in the street at evening, begging for charity and assistance; of his protest, and then of his sudden and impulsive sympathy; of his consenting to go with her to the place where he hoped to alleviate such deep distress; and of his entering the room, and her abrupt departure—her locking the door, and drawing out the key; of his overwhelming confusion and fear when he made the awful discovery that awaited him on the bloody bed; of his after reflections and plans of escape, and ten thousand terrors such as no man ever had before; and finally of his foolishly planning a sudden escape, and being caught by the one who he least hoped would find him. The story was a very strange one, and excited much comment; particularly was his cunning discomfited. People thought that such a tale, if not true, was the very shrewdest of devices. There was general inquiry for this woman, whose artfulness had so completely shielded her. Who was she?—where was she? Was there any one living near the murdered person who was known to bear her such enmity? Had any such woman been seen about the place? He was asked to describe her dress. As far as his confused memory helped him, he did so. No woman thus attired could

anywhere be found; none such had ever been seen there. Now people began to pile up their anathemas higher against him. They said that this story of his was all a fabrication, having for its design nothing but his final release. They said that he thought to impose on public credulity, and to create false sympathy for himself. And then one began the assertion that he was baser than even this crime would seem to prove him. His very stories, already believed false in every particular, served to heap hatred higher on his doomed head. They found the key of the door of the murdered woman's apartment out in the street. Ah, said the public, this is his ruse! He thought to hide his own guilt by this shallow artifice. He first locks the door on the inside, after his deed is done, and then throws the key out of the window to carry out his deceit! We can see through it all! There was no woman in the case! It was false—all a false story of his own! And with this prejudice in all minds to combat, and no light of testimony to shine on his dark side of the transaction—with all this positive evidence against him, and not a single particle to contravene its straight-forward strength—it is not to be wondered at that the unfortunate man's guilt was publicly fastened upon him, and that a jury decided that he ought to die! When brought up for sentence, he was asked what he had to say why the sentence of murderers should not be pronounced on him. "I have nothing to say," answered he, "only that I die an innocent man!" Such evidence of confirmed hardness sent a new shock to the hearts of all. They felt that he was doubly deserving of his awful fate, and hung on the words of the judge with a sort of satisfaction. "Louisa!" called his sentence still ringing its death-knell in his ears, he was carried back to his cell. The day of execution drew near. The public event was finally announced in the papers, and attention freshly called to it. In a city far back from the seaboard, a paper containing the announcement chanced to fall into the hands of the very woman who was guilty of this double crime. For the first time she knew the name of the man who had thus unwittingly been made her dupe. In three days she presented herself at the door of the prison, demanding to see the condemned man. No one had seen her before, to remember her; no one knew her; she did not reveal her name. All that she wanted, she said, was to have an interview with the prisoner. A request so strange, and made with such earnestness, naturally excited more than ordinary attention, especially as it was known that a strange female had been mixed up with the prisoner with the matter. An officer accompanied her, and she was ushered into the doomed man's presence. The poor victim was to die the next day. As soon as the light afforded him a fair view of the visitor's countenance, he threw out his arms wildly, and exclaimed: "Ha! that is the face! that is the woman!" "My brother!" shrieked the woman, rushing towards him with open arms. He stood back appalled. The guilt he had just sought to fasten on her in the presence of the officer, too, he would by all means avert, if she in truth were his sister. There was a terrible revulsion of feeling in his heart—first remorse—then pity—then a generous resolution to stand in the stead of a sister, when the law was thus terribly to be vindicated! He was sorry that he had charged her with the crime. Far—far rather would he suffer for it himself. "Oh, my brother! my brother!" exclaimed the heart-broken woman, "to think that I sought to bring this upon you!" He embraced her, but so frantically that he seemed hardly to know what he did. "Hush! hush!" said he, in a low voice. "Don't take this on yourself now—let me bear it all! I am better able than you. Oh, Emily that it should ever come to this!" And he bowed his head, and they mingled freely their burning tears. The officer was deeply moved with what he so unexpectedly saw. "I am the guilty one!" at length cried she, raising her face and looking at the officer. "He did not do this deed; it was myself—nobody but myself." "Hush—hush!" said the doomed man; "this will do you no good, and it can't me. I must die—I must die to-morrow. Let me go in peace." "No, no, no! you shall not die! You did not do this! It was nobody but myself! Take me into custody, sir!" said she to the officer; "let me suffer myself for what I have done!" "Emily, why do you seek to draw on yourself what is already put upon me? I can bear it—I am able; let me do so." The scene was one of the most affecting imaginable. It was all tragedy, and real tragedy, too. On the one hand was the brother, eager to assume the guilt, and willing to put the lie on his former declarations; on the other, she stood weeping and beseeching that his sentence should be taken from his head; and placed on her own.

It lasted for nearly an hour. When she was taken from the cell, she was altogether exhausted. They laid her upon a bed, where she did nothing but moan and accuse herself of her double crime. The matter came to the ears of the Governor, who at once determined to delay the execution until this mystery could be thoroughly investigated. If the man were really innocent, then his life should at any hazard be saved. The officer gave up all the particulars of the interview between the woman and her brother. The woman herself continued to persist in her self-accusations and her confessions; and the person under condemnation said nothing, only that he was willing to die for the crime. He would have been glad to retract his first charge, when his sister surprised him in his cell, but it was too late now. Justice must be reached, though the sword severed relationships closer and dearer still than that of sister and brother. She was at length condemned, and he set at liberty. Her sentence was life imprisonment. The poor man again breathed the air of freedom, but the woman—her heart broke with remorse and agony long before she began to understand the meaning of her sentence. Her own guilt sufficiently condemned her, and thus condemned, she left the world. [From the New York Sun.] Fashion in Funerals. It has become unfashionable in New York for ladies to attend funerals to the grave. Even the mother may not accompany the little lifeless form of her beloved child beyond the threshold without violating the dread laws of Fashion. It is no new thing for fashion to usurp a despotic sway over the best and purest feelings of the human heart. It is no new thing in the world for the greatest of all tyrants to forbid the expression of feeling or the display of emotion. It is not new that Fashion has set aside modesty, every humanizing law of nature; but it is something new that, in the republican city of New York the mother may not pay the last tribute of affection at the grave of her child, nor the sister drop a tear in the grave as all that is mortal of a brother is hid from the sight for ever. We have said they may not. Oh, ye! they may, if they have the courage to brave the scornful remarks of the high priestesses and devotees of Fashion. They may, if they can disregard the whispered remarks or the earnest expostulations of those who are more concerned that a natural emotion shall have free and healthy vent, but how may we have sense or nerve to despise the tyranny of Fashion! Alas! too few have the courage to trample on the demon that mocks at their griefs and aims at corrupting their principles by encouraging their vanities. Whence originated this conspiracy against nature and religion? It has nothing American republican, or Christian about it; and yet it seems to be imported here from a professedly Christian country. Queen Victoria could send only her carriage to join in the funeral ceremonies of the Duke of Wellington. Her carriage represented her grief as well as her respect. It was an empty tribune. Well, American ladies—women are growing scarcer—must we suppose, be in fashion with the English Queen and the English aristocracy. It is not fashionable in England for ladies to attend funerals to the grave. Even fashionable gentlemen send but their carriages and servants in livery; and have we not an aristocracy as vain as that of any country, as foolish, and more contemptible and more ludicrous in their fashionable antics? We feel sufficiently provoked at the vices of Fashion, when we see it destroying all sense of shame and decency, in persons claiming to be virtuous and respectable—when we see the morals and tastes of fashionable life in Paris and London influencing the morals and tastes of the men, women, and youth of this country, and when we see the modest plainness of republicanism disappearing before the most immodest and lascivious innovations in dress and social life which depraved ingenuity can invent—but when we see fashion with its poisonous infections stalking into the House of Death, and hissing its foul and dreaded contempt at the grief, the tears, and the clinging affections of the bereaved, not rage so much as horror seizes the mind, because we feel in contact with a fiend, fresh come from the infernal regions, whose breath chills and withers the tenderest sensibilities. Oh, Fashion, thou plague spreader! thy victims are countless millions. Enemy of man, potent agent of the Evil One curse of civilization, enemy of virtue, religion, and human happiness! nothing is too sacred to escape thy polluting and destroying touch. Thou separatist the infant from its mother's breast; thou divorcer the child from the care of the parent; thou driest up the natural affections; thou standest by the altar to turn true devotion into hypocrisy, and after haunting thy devotees through life, thou enterest into their death-chambers, holdest thy revile over their poor clay, converting the solemn rites of sepulture into a revolting farce. Fashion art thou a slave to Fashion!

Sunday Reading SERVANTS of God in joyful lays, Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise. Montgomery. The Jews. The Rev. Mr. Duffield, of Detroit, who has spent the winter in the East, in a letter from Jerusalem says: One of the most affecting sights I have witnessed during my travels was encountered yesterday, P. M. I repaired to the appointed spot to hear the lamentations of the Jews over their desolated temple and scattered nation. The site of the ancient temple is now occupied by the Mosque of Omar. No Christian or Jew is allowed by the Musselmen to enter its precincts. The nearest approach that the Jews can make to it is to the large and massive stones of the wall which Solomon built from the bottom of the narrow valley or ravine called the Tyropean, for the purpose of sustaining and forming the terrace or arches, which were built from the face of the rock on its four sides, and on which the temple on Mount Moriah was originally constructed. I saw thirty-five Jews, standing or seated, near these stones, all of them bowing and restlessly swinging to and fro, while they read their Scriptures in the Hebrew, and some weeping bitterly as they uttered their wail of distress. One man sobbed at his heart was ready to break, while he stood reading, and trembling with emotion in his whole frame. Women, with white scarfs thrown over their heads, passed mournfully along the wall; some kissed the stones with their lips, others laid their hands on them, and then kissed their hands, whilst most sat or squatted in a Turk-like position, reading parts of their liturgy in Hebrew. I ventured, with a courteous salutation, to look upon the page, from which an aged man was quietly reading. He politely pointed his finger to the place. He was reading the 58th, 59th and 60th Psalms. The whole scene was so deeply moving, exhibiting in such a powerful light the sad reality of the Jew's great national sorrow, and caused such a rush of solemn thoughts in my mind, that I was quite overcome by it. Fate of the Apostles. St. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with the sword at the city of Ethiopia. St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired. St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece. St. John was put in a caldron of boiling oil at Rome, and escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia. St. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem. St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar, at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia. St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king. St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people until he expired. St. Thomas was run through the body by a lance; at Coramand; in the East Indies. St. Simon Zealotes was crucified in Persia. St. Mathias was first stoned and then beheaded. Great souls attract calamity, as mountains the thunder cloud; but while the storm bursts upon them, they are the protection of the plain beneath. To forget and forgive is the good man's revenge. Man's life, as a book, has two blank leaves, infancy and old age. As the sun to the sun flower, so is friend to friend—attracting and attracted. Within their own bosom are the stars of thy destiny. Jewels Beyond Price.—Kind words are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home that the world can show. Use them, and especially round the fire-side circle. They are jewels beyond price, and the more precious to heal the wounded heart, and make the weighed down spirit glad, than all the other blessings the world can give. INCREASE OF LIGHT.—Prof. James Swain, of Philadelphia has informed us that if the flame of an oil lamp with a flat wick is brought nearly into contact with a bat's wing gas burner, the intensity of the light will be increased in a double proportion (a quadruple one), to that which is due to both lights when separate. We have not had opportunity of trying the experiment yet, and some of our readers may be able to do so before we can get the information is therefore shown out for that purpose. It is not known whether or not there is an increased consumption of oil with the increase of luminosity.—Scientific American.

Agricultural. Is sloth indulgence? 'tis a toil, Enervates man and damns the soil. Young. Farmers, do not Turn Your Stock Upon Your Fields. It has been a very common practice among the farmers of this State, after gathering the crops from their fields, to turn their stock upon them and let them eat the stalks and vines. There has in our opinion been nothing that has so much conduced to the general exhaustion of our lands, as this practice, although we have been very often told by farmers that they regarded it as farm economy. All writers upon Agricultural Chemistry readily admit that the stalks and vines of plants must be left upon the field, in order that by their decomposition they may return to the soil the elements for the reproduction of succeeding crops. The various plants we cultivate are composed of elements, a part of which are mineral and a part vegetable, and the mineral must necessarily be afforded to the plant by the soil. Now, it is not very plain to be seen, that if year after year these mineral elements are taken away from the soil, without leaving any means for a resupply, that in a few years the soil in which they once existed will be deficient in them! A very large quantity, it is true, are carried away in the crop; but if in addition to this, the stalk and vine are consumed by stock, from what source can the soil obtain them again, unless they be supplied in the form of manure? Our readers will recollect that in the last number of our paper we answered a question submitted by a farmer from Greene county, in which we ventured to account for the failure of the pea crop upon land that formerly was well adapted to the cultivation of the pea. This exhaustion had no doubt been caused by this very practice of turning stock upon the fields in the fall, as farmers say, "to eat the peas, and thereby save them from wasting." In the vine or stalk of the pea is contained 27 per cent, of the carbonate of lime; and these being consumed year after year by cattle, horses and hogs, it is but reasonable to suppose that the land would fail to produce the pea luxuriantly. The exhaustion of land by this practice cannot be perceived very readily in the beginning, and hence the continuation of it; but every farmer may rest assured that he is sustaining a very great damage by continuing the practice. Let us now look into the saving that is so generally believed to be caused by turning stock upon the fields. Practical demonstration has proved the fact, that by giving proper attention to any kind of stock in the way of furnishing materials for making and saving manure, that the food consumed will be paid for in the return made by the manure to the land. If this be true, and we do not doubt it in the least, the practice of suffering stock to run at large upon fields must be a bad one indeed. It is true that hogs turned upon a field in the fall upon which peas have been sown, will become fat; but the manure from them may be said to be almost lost, for it is deposited in every direction and upon the surface of the land, and volatile properties, by far the most important, are scattered "to the four winds." As we said before, the hog improves at the expense of the land, which is greatly injured, and without the application of manure, will fail to produce. If the hog were kept up in a close pen, and the proper attention paid to the collecting of materials for making manure, the land might be much improved by the application of this manure, and not as in the other case, at the expense of the hog. The farmer would find it much to his interest to keep every kind of stock from his fields, and thereby leave upon them the materials for the reproduction of other crops.—Farmer's Journal. ACCIDENT ON THE RAILROAD.—As the downward train of the Wilmington and Manchester cars were proceeding from the head of the road this morning at about 3 o'clock they ran over and instantly killed two negro men, the property of Gen. S. R. Chandler, who were lying on the track, asleep it is supposed. A Coroner's inquest has been called, but up to the time of going to press the verdict has not been rendered.—Sumter Banner 28th. THE REPORTED ORDINATION OF REV. DR. IVER.—The Boston Pilot, a Catholic print, states the following reasons which will prevent Bishop Ives from receiving ordination as a Priest of the Catholic Church. It says: "He cannot be ordained priest without the consent of his wife. To make her consent worth anything, she must be a Catholic. Even then, it will be worth nothing unless she retire voluntarily to a convent. Even so, there will be some difficulty in obtaining permission for him to be a priest." DEATH OF COMMODORE NEWTON.—We learn from the Beacon of yesterday, that a letter from Pensacola, an officer of the Navy on this station, announces the death in that town, on the 13th inst., of Commodore John T. Newton, Commandant of the Home Squadron.—World's