EDGEFEID

ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Iournal, Devoted to the South and Southern Rights, Politics, Catest News, Citerature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, &.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

SIMKINS, DURISOE & CO., Proprietors.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., JUNE 9, 1858.

VOL. XXIII .-- NO 21.

An Original Story.

THE WIFE'S PUNISHMENT;

WOMAN'S STRATAGEM!

BY JENNY WOODBINE.

CHAPTER I.

I gaze upon thy face, young bride, Where lillies mid the roses hide, And where the shadows softly glide Then turn away and weep.

"And do you ever fancy that I shall grow into the tame slave you are, Mary Hilliard-do you fancy I will sit with prim mouth, and folded hands, and let Clarence have his own way? Lord! and Master forsooth, we shall see. Its all very well to talk about a wife's dutiesdevotion, forbearance, and all that sort of stuff sounds finely in a novel, but its quite nambypamby in real life. Now as for my part I wouldn't have fair skies all the time if I could-'twould be so horribly monotonous. No, give me a storm now and then, the 'clearing up' would be so beautiful."

Mary Hilliard shook her head, "You will think differently after marriage."

"No, I am in earnest-this 'billing, and cooing,' and 'my dear,' any, all the time makes me sick. Now it would be so nice to have Clarence stalk across the room with that Theatrical air of his and call me "Mrs. Staten!" I should enjoy it so hugely. Then in my own good time, I would make the stern voice melt to its own flute-like tones, and murmur " Mona," as only he can say it."

"Yes-Moina Burton, we shall see. You, and Clarence can 'make up' easily now you are lovers; but the 'making up' of married folks is a different thing. It may be pleasant, to have a lover pout, but the cold, decisive sneer of a husband is a different affair altogether-a smile would be infinitely more preferable."

"Psha! I am not a baby. But here comes Clarence now-vanish through that side-door, and you will see how I manage him."

"Well, Mona, how do you do this evening? busily engaged I see-what are you doing.

writing verses?"

" No, Clary-only a note." "A note-may I ask to whom?"

"Yes, you may ask, but I don't know,

Clarence Staten flushed a little, but replied good humoredly, "I'd like to know, Mona." "I don't know that it is any affair of yourswe are not married yet, Clary."

Her tone was the perfection of coolness. "I know we are not; but as we are betroth-

ed, I fancy I have some little right to know your correspondents."

His own voice lost a portion of its sweetness. "Why, Clary, I believe you are growing jeal-

No reply.

"You may see the direction if you like." "Keep your own secrets-I have no right to

He picked up Harper which lay on the table, and turning it upside down, pretended to read-Mona's face flushed a little; but she soon recovered as the door-bell rang : and Mr. Wood was announced. Clarence bowed coldly; not so his lady love-she had never welcomed this long neglected suitor so warmly.

"It has been quite an age, since I saw you, Mr. Wood-really your visits are like those of fancy how divinely Moina looked as she left angels, 'few, and far between.'"

Mr. Wood smiled, blushed, and looked extremely silly. "You flatter me, Miss Mona." " Not Mona if you please-I only allow the favored few to call me thus." This was said in

a jesting tone; but she carefully averted her eyes from those of Clarence, who looked up with a pleased expression of face-he might call her Mona-he only. The spirit of mischief had taken possession

of Moina, who was by no means free from faults; she flirted desperately (I believe that is what young ladies call it) with Wood-allowed him to lead her to the Piano-played all the songs he liked best: but studiously avoided the favor-

As for Clarence, he was "putting on airs" as Moina termed it-he took no part in the conversation, and played the lordly Don to perfection. She enjoyed it while Wood was thereat least she was wildly gay-laughed hysterically and said the most reckless things. But in her secret heart a thorn was rankling.

With all her faults she was a true woman, and loved Clarence Staten with all the force of her nature. Her gallant departed at last; and she was left alone with the one who was to be even the flowers on her cap nodded with pride! her future husband.

"Clary, you are so quiet this evening." He maintained a dignified silence-she moved

about restless, and unhappy. "Clary, do read aloud to me, I feel so stupid." "I have nothing to read."

She moved over, and took possession of the footstool at his feet.

Ah! Moina, where was your pride then? "Clary [do believe you are jealous-actually jealous and of that simpleton Wood, now aren't

you ashamed of yourself, eh?" A faint smile crept around the corners of his handsome mouth. With all his strength-with all his manhood, and worldly wisdom, he could not resist that bewitching gaze.

"Come, make friends with me, Clary-there's a good boy-the frown on your brow is not all the rest of the servants " What a cross thing half so handsome as the smile on your lip-I young missus was, and so countrified that she wonder it does not frighten some penniless client to death. There give me your hand now, are you vexed with me, Clary?"

Moina possessed one dangerous fascinationher eyes-I say dangerous, because she knew how to use them. " No: not vexed Mona, only pained." He began playing with one of the val. "How horribly stupid it is here; and long curls, which floated over her white, bare Mrs. Staten! what a proud, cold, woman she is

"Well I know I'm naughty, Clary; but I wont do so any more-I wont: indeed I wish old Wood was in Australia."

"Old Wood," Clarence laughed outright, why you had no eyes but for him this eve-

"But, Clary, you tormented me, you jealous heathen; and-and I do love to tease you." Clarence looked sober-"Mona dear, if I did not love you more than life itself, I would not be jealous-Oh! Mona, I wonder sometimes if -if-" But he sighed, and did not finish the

Clarence Staten walked sadly to his office. True he had parted with Moina in the kindest manner possible, but something-"a still small voice," that haunts us all sometimes, and comes we know not whence, kept whispering to him, that he, like poor Othello, was loving " not wisely, but too well."

A month passed away; and Clarence Staten led to the altar the love of his manhood-the fairest girl in the city of which he was a resident-Moina Borton. Many, very many envied him-was he an object of envy?

Mary Hilliard looked on with saddened eyes -Mary Hilliard, who had had the dreams of the bride, and the realities of the wife. She could not rejoice-nay, she often said that a wedding made her weep, for she saw not the glitter, and flattering surface of the present, which was so little -oh ! so little! but she looked with prophetic eye to the future.

Is not a bridal a solemn thing, to those who go beyond the bridal paraphernalia-the presents-the veil, and the 'bridal tour.' There stand two who are to embark on a perilous and unknown voyage-Love stands at the helm it is true; and love bides a multitude of deficiences. But the enthusiastic boy must gradually deepen into the man of the world-he will have to fight many a hard battle-despair will come over him sometimes-the rough winds of adversity blow about his frail barque; and does not this weary, battling soul need a helpmate-the love, the comforting words of some true, loving woman? Will a dressed up doll who lounges on the sofa with a novel in the morning-parades Broad-way in the afternoon and flirts with some Don Whiskerando in the evening-suffice? will such a being meet the sternly. wants of his nobler nature? Pause, young pitied personage-in spite of flowers, laces, and ribbons. The time will come when that fair face will be prized no longer for its beauty. In the 'wear and tear' of life-which time brings to all-that eve must lose its brig' tness-that cheek its soft rose tint-perchance that elegant form may be robbed of a portion of its grace; and if his love is based on beauty, will not it fade too.? An attack of the Small-pox has

pretty face-a clear, reasoning head; and a warm, loving christian heart. Truly marriage is a solemn thing-no wonder

sometimes cured a violent attack of love. Then

bring your husband something better than a

Mary Hilliard wept. Yes: Moina Burton was married-poor, little, faulty, but loving, loverble Moina. And with her liege lord left in the cars as most brides do, to go off somewhere; Clary thinking her "the dearest girl in the world," and she rejoicing in the harmless belief that fifty maidens were dying for the treasure she had borne off so triumphantly. Moina's bosom friend, said to another of her bosom friends "You can't this morning. Her travelling hat is the sweetthen her dress was elegant; and her travelling son as unhappy as possible. talma perfectly exquisite; and as for Clary Staten, there's no describing him-You know I was half in love with him myself; and it might grace." have amounted to something; (Here the young lady lowered Ler voice, and looked very knowing) but I never meddle with my friends-I set do." don't think its right, do you? And it would

him so devotedly. But amid all the praises that were showered on the newly married-the words of envy; or the predictions of an unclouded future; Mary Hilliard who loved them more than any one else-wise Mary Hilliard shook her heard, and

have broken Moina's heart, poor thing, she loves

CHAPTER II.

" Alas! how light a cause may move

" My wife, mother-see what a dear wee bir die it is." And Clarence Staten smiled proudly as he presented his bride to his mother.

Oh! what a dignified old lady she was-how her silk robe, of some leaden hue, rustled; and She presented two cold, stiff fingers to her daughter-in-law. But Moina, untutored child of nature, was not to be put off so. The prim old lady was Clary's mother-her Clary's mother, and she embraced her warmly.

"There, child, that will do," and the old lady straightened her cap-strings dignifiedly. "Sarah, show Mrs. Staten, Jr., her room."

Moina felt very desolate in the large dressingroom; and bride though she was, wanted to sit down and have a "good hearty cry," but the presence of Sarah a copper-colored waitingmaid as stiff as her mistress, prevented her.

"You can go now" she said at last. "Please Ma'am, I will do your hair first." "I can do my own hair" replied Moina some

what petulantly; and Sarah departed to inform 'did' her own hair." At which they all snickered and wondered why young master didn't marry that nice Miss Ella Boyne, who was ready to throw herself at his head.

"How I wish Mary Hilliard were here" sighed Moina on the third evening of her arri-

more sourly than she does."

Alas! there was no one there to whisper, this bundle of dignity" is your mother-in-law, to whom even in thought you should be respectful. And Moina was a wilful, spoiled child, whose word had always been law; and who had never been thwarted in anything in all her life. The idol of a small village, where her intellect, wit, and good-humor had made her a sawyer" as she expressed it to Julia Clare, her

She was not wealthy, but she had never felt that she was poor. She dressed well, and bought everything she fancied; for her bachelor brother, a jolly dont-care-sort-of-fellow, loved but one thing in the world truly, and that was his "little sister." "Brother Hal" had always petted the orphan child; and used to tell her often, "Do what you please, little sister; say what you please; and if anybody hurts your feelings, just tell Hal, and he will settle it

A petted child-a child in feeling-almost a hild in years-the daughter-in-law of the haughty Mrs. Staten, whom even her most inmate friends dreaded, fancy the sequel!

Moina come down stairs one afternoon dressed in some simple pretty little muslin, made infant waist" fashion, with low neck, and short sleeves. She wore her hair in natural ringlets, and had roses in her bosom. Anybody else but Mrs. Staten, would have kissed the little May-flower; but that lady looked on severely as Moina regardless of 'dignity, and state,' threw herself on the floor, child-fashion and took a pet kitten in her arms.

" Mrs. Staten," (how awfully dignified that sounded to the pet,) "will you take a chair? ladies do not generally sit on the floor." Moina laughed, "I am only a child you

"And a very ill-behaved one in my opinion." Then in an undertone she added, "What could Clarence have been thinking of, when he mar-

ried this creature." " Will you take a chair?" she repeated

"Not while it pleases me to sit on the floor," hum "Joe Hardy" in the most unconcerned

Mrs. Staten rose in towering indignation; and swept through the room as majestically as ever did the heroines of one of our celebrated novel-writers. She sought the library, where she found her son writing. "Clarence." "Yes mother, in a moment." "What is it now mother?" and he folded the sheets of his MSS.

"Clarence, that wife of yours is my torment. left her-where do you think ?"

"I cannot imagine" he said calmly.

"Sitting on the floor, the parlor floor, do you hear?" Clarence smiled slightly at the gravity of the sentence.

"You need not smile. I am sure I never heard of such a thing. Ella Boyne never sits on the floor-Ella Boyne does not kiss kittens -Ella Boyne does not wear low necked dres-

"What has Ella Boyne to do with my wife? "Simply this, you might have married her, instead of a silly chit, without birth, without fortune, and I may add without manners."

And Mrs. Staten swept to her room in state est thing in the world, and so becoming; and in the happy consciousness of having made her

At dinner, next day, Mrs. Staten found fresh offences, and poor Moina was as usual " in dis-

" Mrs. Staten, ladies do not generally put their elbows on the table, at least none of my

Moina planted her elbow more firmly on the mahogany. "Where hace you been raised, Mrs. Staten? I never witnessed such disobedience-never

was so openly insulted at my own table before : and in the presence of my son, who has not the courage to speak for himself." Clarence flushed to the temples, and said

quickly, " Moina, please remember yourself, and treat my mother with respect."

He scarcely knew what he was saying; but Moina's sensitive heart took the arrow, and it remained there.

In her haste to arise, she upset a goblet of water, and vanished up stairs with a very red

"Yes: it has come to this," she said bitterly, as she locked, and re-locked the door. "Even Clarence has turned against me-even he unbraids me for nothing." Of course she sought woman's only relief, tears. And when Clarence came up truly repentant, he found her with very swollen eyelids, and a very cross face. He started, for never in all their 'lover's quarrels' had he seen such an expression as met him ty which justifies the freedom, we will gratify now. She looked ugly-positively ugly; for anger is no beautifier, young ladies!

" Mona my love." "What do you want?" said she pettishly. You needn't come with 'my love' now. Go back to your lady mother whom you have dis-

graced by marrying me." "Moina do you know what you are saying?" He turned as pale as death. "Yes I do." "Moina I am astonished, and grieved beyond

expression-not content with insulting my mother-you"-He paused abruptly. "Insult you I suppose, my lord and master, whom in duty bound I must obey; and whose

Here Moina, strange, inconsistent, wayward child! already tired of the storm she had raised; and somewhat frightened too, crept up to Clarence, and laid her head on his shoulder. "Clarv. I'm a fool. I always was, but you address was made near her home, at Liberty you'll be the handsomest man alive?"

very feet I must kiss."

self calling her mother. Even Clary does not to say that indeed I didn't Clary. Married soem the same in this atmosphere. But I'll three months, and quarrelling already, what torment that bundle of dignity-I will-I'll would Mary Hilliard say? There Clary don't make her look over the tops of her spectacles pout any more. Kiss your feet! I reckon I All hearts were touched, and hosts of gallant would, if it wasn't so undignified." And the spoiled child raised her eyes a la mother-in-law, churlish Mr. Washington changed his mind, and spoiled child raised her eyes a la mother-in-law. and laughed aloud.

Clarence looked grieved, but he would not of years lost at once. A great part of the money scold her then-oh! no not then; and she so good-humored too, poor child. So they " made

it un :" and she said with tears and smiles : "Let's go away from here, Clary. Your mother, and I are like oil and water, we come in conbelle, she grew up "as independent as a wood- tact, but we can never mingle. Clary, love, don't get mad with me. You look so pretty now, but I always did detest mother's-in-law; and I think Eve was the happiest woman on but we believe it will be. Surely now the peoearth, because she had none. There don't pout, we'll go away to a home of our own; and when I've nobody to please but you, I daresay we shall get on swimmingly." She laughed again. So Clarence took ther to a home of their own, furnished as sumptuously as possible; and in her native town; and he flattered himself that all was well-but-in the Harp of his happiness, two strings were broken. His mother, and his wife, the two dearest beings of his heart could never "get on together." And that wife. that worshipped wife, what a temper she had The playful quarrels of the betrothed-her pretty wilfulness was not all in fun. No, it was a part of her nature. He had discovered that to his sorrow. The frown of the fiancee, and the frown of the wife are so different.

Well might the man look to the future and

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

Miscellaneous Reading

ANN PAMELA CUNNINGHAM.

Delicacy has forbidden (says the Charleston Evening News) any personal allusions on our part to "The Southern Matron" and the Mount Vernon cause. The annexed account from the Marion (Alabama) American is correct, except in so far as modified by the following particulars. Mrs. Robert Cunningham, the mother of Miss Cunningham, was a Virginian, born at Alexandria, and her earliest associations and warmest memories, together with a connection, attached her to the Washington family. Seeing with grief that neither Congress nor Virginia would buy and preserve Mount Vernon, and hearing with great emotion that a Northern manufac-turing company had tendered to its owner, Mr. John A. Washington, \$300,000 for it, she indig-nantly exclaimed to her daughter, then resident as an invalid at Philadelphia, that as men would do nothing, the daughters of the South should rescue it from profane Northern hands, and consecrate it as a revered shrine for the world. The exclamation suggested to the daughter a conception of the feasibility and propriety of the idea, and she determined it should be executed The two at once arranged for the movement to commence in South Carolina-their State. An article was prepared, and Mrs. Robert Cunningham, on her return to South Carolina, had published in the Charleston Mercury, (and at the instance of ourself) under the signature of "A Southern Matron," appropriate to her. Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham forthwith proceeded to active measures, arranged the plans, organized the Association, was made President of the general National Association of the Ladies of the United States, and conducted the correspondence and animated the efforts under the nom de plume of her mother. Delicacy and propriety made this fit. Two circumstances rendered it of late proper that she should appear in her own character and name. The incorporation of the Association by Virginia, of which she was nominated Regent, an efficial lard, fish, and many other articles required in public position, and the necessity of transacting the West India trade, were furnished here at public position, and the necessity of transacting legal business under real names, was the most prominent. The indelicacy of Mr. Fuller, whose nom de plume is " Belle Brittan," and who was favored by being admitted to an interview in connection with a call by the English balladist,

Mr. Mackay, in exposing her name with a facetious comment, precipitated the step, which, under the advice of Mr. Everett, was promptly Injustice has been done Mr. John A. Washington. Mount Vernon was his property, a portion of a limited competency, and a man surely has the right and it is his duty to well " provide for his own household." At a sacrifice of \$100, 000, he reserved Mount Vernon for Virginia or the Federal Government at \$200,000; and when they finally did not act, he sold to the ladies of America for a hallowed purpose at that price, rejecting at such sacrifice all other offers.

The numerous mistakes of the press on these

and trusting their efforts, too, for more than half

particulars have elicited this article: THE SOUTHERN MATRON.-The name of the Southern Matron has been for years familiar as a household word among us, yet a proper feel-ing of delicacy and gallantry forbade the menion of the real name modesty concealed behind this nomme de plume. It was our fortune to have known her since our boyhood, to have been a near neighbor, and also to have known her connection, from the beginning, with the noble ef-fort which will consecrate her name as immortal. Recently, at the earnest importunity of Mr. Everett and other friends, she has been induced to drop her title of Southern Matron and sign a public document in her own proper name Ann Pamela Cunningham. Some paper recently spoke of her as a Virginian. This is a mistake. As we are better acquainted with her and her history than any one else here, and since the matter has already assumed a publicipublic curiosity as far as delicacy will permit. The Southern Matron, then, is Miss Ann Pamela Curmingham, a native of Laurens District, (our native District,) South Carolina. The family residence now is Rose Monte, on the family residence now is Rose Monte, on the east side of the Saluda, in Laurens District. Her father, Robert Cunningham, is a wealthy planter and a noble gentleman. Miss Cunningham received, of course, the most liberal and thorough education. Several years ago she wrote with much spirit and ability a historical work upon some incidents of the Revolution. Though rich, beautiful and highly accomplished and of course wooed by innumerable suitors, yet she never married. She is small in figure

In 1853, she conceived the noble design of arousing her countrymen to the purchase of Mount Vernon. Well do we remember her first appeal, in an eloquent letter signed "A Southern Matron." We were then editor of a paper in South Carolina, and she sent us the

shoulders, and Moina knew she was winning to be sure! I wonder if I shall ever catch my- knew it when you married me. I didn't mean | Springs, in the District of Laurens, for the bented to the purchase of Mount Vernon. Her eloquent appeal electrified the nation.

> refused to sell the estate. Thus was the labor this dauntless woman did not despair. She appealed to the Legislature of Virginia, and sh made appeals to individuals. Then, as well as for years before, she was a hopeless invalid. Many of her splendid productions in this cause were written while unable to sit up, being propped on pillows to write during intervals of pain. Now her work is accomplished. Mt. Vernon is purchased. True it is not paid for, ple of this great country will not allow Mt. Vernon to revert, by forfeiture, to its sordid

proprietor.

For the accomplishment of this great work, the country is mainly indebted to three persons -a noble triumvirate. Ann Pamela Cunningham, Madame Octavia Walton Le Vert, and Edward Everett. These three names deserve to be inscribed on the marble slab that covers the grave of Washington. A grateful and admiring nation will not forget them .- Marion

MR. BOYCE AND THE NAVIGATION LAWS. We are pleased to learn (says the Clarendon Banner) that our able and industrious representative, who never omits an opportunity of laboring to carry out whatever measures he may discover to be of practical importance and benefit to the South, is at this time laboriously engaged in investigating the navigation laws, with a view of bringing the question of a reform be-fore Congress at its next session. It is, indeed, greatly to be desired, that radical changes be made in the present laws upon that subject. The zeal, the energy, and the practical talents of Mr. Boyce, render him the most proper individual to undertake the great labor involved in a thorough elucidation of this subject, and in bringing the question in all its aspects before Congress. It is a subject of great and vital interest to the South, and if such changes as are really desirable can be effected, it will be worth more to us of the South, than all the legislation of the last twenty-five years. The extract which we give below, from the Norfolk Argus, furnishes a striking example of the operation

of our present navigation laws: "We are pleased to learn that the repeated calls of this journal upon Congress to repeal the present unjust and odious Navigation laws, have met with a response from one of the ablest representatives of the South. Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, as chairman of a special committee to consider various propositions in connection with free trade, &c., is investigating the expediency of a reform in the Navigation laws of the United States.

"For the benefit of Mr. Boyce and his fellowmembers on the committee, we should show the injurious effects of these laws, which have, since their enactment, operated as a direct bounty to the North, upon one of the principal sea-ports of the South. We can do this in no better manner than by publishing the following extract from the 19th chapter of Forrest's 'His torical Sketches of Norfolk and Vicinity,' pub-

lished in 1853, and of course with no vid influence a repeal of the law refered to: " 'May 5th, 1820 .- On this day the Navigation law was passed, which restricted vessel from bringing the produce of the British Colo nies to our ports, and from taking, in return, that of the States. The effects of the law were of course injurious to the commerce of Norfolk. Notwithstanding which the exportation to the West Indies amount to \$118,000, and the importations in sugar, molasses, fruit, rum, &c. were considerable; but the succeeding year the amount was much less. Norfolk was about the only port at that time on our coasts at which assorted corgoes of produce could be conveniently obtained. Tobacco, grain, flour, meal,

fair prices. showed manifest signs of advancement in appearance and commerce; but a sad reverse the commercial affairs of the place occurred about this time. Some of the principal merchants were compelled to suspend payment, others failed for large amounts, while some o the small traders were reduced to poverty. There was very considerable interruptions to the West India trade, and the general business of the place suffered greatly.'

"The statement of Mr. Forrest is true, as very many of our citizens can testify. In 1820 the West India trade of Norfolk equalled that of any port in the United States. any port in the United States. Since the passage of the 'Navigation law,' during Mr. Munro's administration, the trade has fallen off un-til it is far behind that of many New England ter for the chances of making money. towns, and compared with its former extent, is very small. Let the unjust bounty to Northern is still drawing, notwithstanding the indict-ship-owners, which is paid at the expense of ment, and that its legality is to be tested before Southern merchants, be stopped, and Norfolk, with her sister ports of the South, will regain their lost trade, and once more become busy

GETTING THE LAWYERS ALL ON HIS SIDE .ry of Indiana. At the Rush Circuit Court my friend Judge Perry bargained for a pony for \$25, to be delivered the next day, on a credit of six months. The man came with the pony, but required security of the judge for \$25. The judge drew the note at the top of a sheet of foolscap, and signed it. I signed; James Baridan signed it and handed it on, and on it went from lawyer to lawyer around the bar, till some twenty of us had signed it. I then handed it up to the court, and three judges put their names to it. Judge Perry presented it to the man he had bought the pony of, but he promptly refused it. "Don't you think I am a fool to let you get the court and all the lawyers on your side? I see you intend to cheat me out of my pony." Up he jumped, mounted the pony and started for home in full gallop.

People who suppose that a good prayer is God has more hearing than eye-sight. The end, we fear, will show that they reasoned from false premises. The poor are oftener prayed for than helped. The reason is, we believe, that and sanctioned by the Legislature of Georgia, breath is cheaper than bullion.

MARKED WITH SMALL-Pox .- An old toper East Tennessee, marked with small-pox, some few years ago, and said, "you are the best na- of this city, in his mistaken zeal to reform the tured man in the world, for you have quietly morals of the people of Georgia, and inform remained seated until the sap suckers have picked your face full of holes!"

From the Carolina Spartan. FANNIE DALE. AIR-" Coming through the Rye" BY J. POBREST GOWAN.

Fannie Dale is pretty-very, With her laughing eyes, Looking like the brightest star, In the cloudless skies. Fannie Dale has ckeeks so rosy,

Pouting coral lips-From whose honey I am certain, Bees have stolen sips. Fannie Dale'ls full of mischief.

Full of fun and glee, Just the sweetest little maiden-Ever you did see. Fannie Dale sings very sweetly, All the livelong day; Driving care and melancholy

From her heart away Fannie Dale has beaux a plenty. Running after her; Many a 'ristocratic dandy Many a titled sir. Fannie Dale don't care for any. One of all the beaux;

That somebody knows. Fannie Dale won't let you kiss her, Pouts you all away; But somebody often kisses Fannie thrice a day. That somebody calls for Fannie, When the stars peep out, Sits with Fannie's hand in his-

But she loves somebody dearly

Wanders all about. Fannie Dule is sixteer only, Young and pretty too, And who she intends to marry I must not tell you. But when April flowers open, Just a year from now-Fannie Dale beside the altar With somebody 'll bow.

From the New York Atlas.
THE GEORGIA LOTTERIES OF S. SWAN & CO.

Considerable excitement has been created during the past two days, by the announcemen that Mayor Tiemann had succeeded in obtaining the indictment of Benjamin Wood, of our city by a special jury, at Augusta, Georgia, as one the owners of the "Sparta Academy Lottery."
With question of the legality, or otherwise, of the "Sparta Academy Lottery," as it exists in Georgia, we don't propose to meddle; but, when one of our rather prominent citizens is innalists, deem it our duty to lay such facts or allegations as bear upon his case, before our readers.

From statesments made to us, and of the correctness of which we are satisfied, it appears that the State of Georgia granted to the ta Academy," in the year 1826, the right to raise five thousand dollars by lottery, for educational purposes. This grant lay for many years inert and useless for the purpose intended in consequence of the inability of its corporators to carry out the object contemplated.

Some time ago Mr. Wood, in connection with parties in Georgia, purchased from the existing trustees the privilege of drawing this lottery, and contracted to pay the "Sparta Academy" the amount designated by the act, in certain equal annual installments. These installments have been punctually paid, and it is further stated that all of the prizes which were drawn by any purchaser of tickets, from time to time, have been promptly met, and the parties concerned as owners and managers are entirely responsible. Thus much of our information. A perusal of the act of incorporation certainly

hows that the "trustees," or their "successors thousand dollars by lottery, and the question as to whether a subsequent change of the State Constitution, declaring all lotteries illegal, could destroy a vested right, is one which the Courts alone can decide. It certainly seems to us, that our worthy Mayor is adopting the "largest lib-erty" idea, in extending his investigation of Statutory and Constitutional provisions into other bailiwicks than his own. We are prepared to co-operate heartily with him in all he forms which he may attempt, if they be stoppages of leaks at the bung rather than the spigot; but we honestly think he has all he can do here, in suppressing the vice which is so rife in our midst, without going to Georgia to reform

its abuses. There's a deal of humbug in this world hidden under the mask of reform, and we are sometimes inclined to think that even lottery schemes are no worse than stock brokering, or any one of the thousand speculations into which men en-

We learn that this "Sparta Academy Lottery" the courts. Instead of breaking up the lottery concern, we think the measure taken to effect that object, will only serve to increase the sale and position, lately, after taking a bath soon after of tickets; and we doubt if \$50,000 invested in the advertising, would have conduced so much to the interest of the managers as the publicity which has been given to the fact of their indictment. People who spend their money in lottery tickets, don't much care whether the game legalized or outlawed. All gambling is illegal, and yet gambling is a passion that will seek gratification in defiance of all laws. The attention of the whole "sporting" world is now directed to Swan & Co.'s lotteries, through the free advertising which they have obtained from the movements of Mayor Tiemann to suppress

From what we have read, there certainly appears to be two sides to the matter, which will at supper, conceived suspicions of foul play, had give rise to nice questions of law, notwithstand-thrown himself, fully dressed, on the bed, withing the summary action of the Georgia jury.

Mr. Wood has published a card which we in-

sert in justice to him, that he may have the

benefit of his own version of this matter. A Card.—My attention has been called to a at the window, and a voice, which he recognized correspondence between Mayor Tiemann, Howell as that of the inkeeper's son, said: "The grave Cobb, and the authorities of Georgia, upon the is ready!" This proved to him that the father referred to a good act doubtless imagine that subject of the Sparta Academy Lottery. My and son had planned his murder, and to avoid detection, had intended burying the dead body Lottery. I am one of the owners, have paid at once. He thereupon wrapped the dead body the franchise, and the Lottery has been created in a sheet, and let it down from the window and is legal. Allemy transactions with reference to the said Lottery are consequently legitimate, and the money has been promptly paid to the trustees of the Sparta Academy, who are well-known, honorable men. The Mayor said they. "Only a horse, which has just died!" marched up to a wealthy citizen of Upper to the trustees of the Sparta Academy, who into the grave. are well-known, honorable men. The Mayor them that they do not know what laws are binding and in force in their State, despatched Another gentleman very conceited and vain as his agent for that purpose, a convicted thief, of himself, and with a face much pitted with who had been on the tread-mill in England. letter to publish. It will always be our pride small-pox, was recently approached by a boy, and, as his associate in the embassy, a man who to remember that we were so early connected who, after signifying his admiration for him refused to answer the question as to whether with this patriotic effort. By her influence an said—"When carved work comes in fashion he had been accused of crime in Boston; and Mr. A. W. Shott. The result was by giving them the sanction of his name, the that Knott was shet, and Shott was not

Mayor has introduced these characters into the society of gentlemen. One of these men receives \$200 per month from an opposition lottery concern to protect their interest in New York, and to destroy rival concerns. This fact is known to Mayor Tiemann. This attempt is made to injure me politically, as well as to advance the interests of a member of Congress from my district. The fact of this case, and a full expose of the motives and the reasons which induced Mr. Cobb to mix himself up with the matter, will hereafter be explained, and the public satisfied that the Sparta Academy Lottery is neither illegal nor the Managers ir-responsible; but that the object of the attack is purely a political one; else why not take measure against the lotteries of Delaware and BENJAMIN WOOD. New York, May 21, 1858.

CALHOUN ON THE SLAVE TRADE.

We subjoin the following extract from a speech of Mr. Calhoun delivered in the Senate in 1842, which gives the views of the great Carolinian on

this question.
After discussing the right of search Mr. Cal-

"The other article, in reference to the same subject, stipulates that the parties will unite in all becoming representation and remonstance with and Powers within whose dominions markets are permitted for imported African slaves. If he were to permit his feelings to govern him exclusively he would object to this more strongly than any other provision in the treaty-not that he was opposed to the object or the policy of closing the market to imported negroes; on the contrary, he thought it both right and expedient in every view. Brazil and the Spanis colonies were the only markets, he believed, still remaining open to which the provision would principally apply. They were very abundantly supplied with slaves, and he had no doubt that sound policy on their part required that their markets should be finally and effectually closed. He would go further and say that it was our interests they should be. It would free us from the necessity of keeping cruisers on the African coast, to prevent the illegal and fraudulent use of our flag, or for any other purpose but to protect our commerce in that quarter—a thing of itself much to be desired. We would have a still stronger interest, if we were governed by selfish considerations. We are rivals in the production of several articles, and more especially the greatest of all the agricultural staples-cotton. Next to our own country, Brazil posseses the greatest advantages for its production, and is already a large grower of the article, towards the production of which the continuance of the market for imported slaves from Africa would contribute much. But he would not permit such considerations to influence him in voting on the treaty. He had no objections to see Brazil develop her resources to the full; but he did believe that higher considerations, connected with her safety, and that of the Spanish colonies, made it their interests and their market should

closed against the traffic. "But, it may be asked, why, with these im-pressions should we have any objection to this provision of the treaty? It was because he was averse to interfering with other Powers when it could be avoided. It extended even to cases like the present, where there was a common interest in reference to the subject of advice or remonstrance; but it would be carrying his aversion to fastidiousness were he to permit it to overrule his vote in the adjustment of questions of such magnitude as are involved on the pres-

ent occasion."

BATHING. Once a week is often enough for a decent white man to wash himself all over; and whether in summer or winter, that ought to be done with oom showing at least seven degrees Fahrenheit. Bath should be taken early in the morning, for it is then that the system possesses the power of reaction in the highest' degree. Any kind of bath is dangerous soon after fatiguing exercise. No man, or woman, should take a bath at the close of the day, unless by the advice of the family physician. Many a man, in attempting to cheat his doctor out of a fee, has cheated himself out of his life; ay, it is done every day.

The best, cheapest; and most universally acessible mode of keeping the surface of the body clean; besides the once a week washing, with soap, warm water, and hog's hair brush,

as follows : Soon as you get out of bed in the morning, wash your face, hands, neck, and breast; then into the same basin of water; put both feet in at once, for about a minute, rubbing them briskly all the time; then, with the towel, which has been dampened by wiping the face, feet, &c, wipe the whole body well, fast and hard, mouth shut, breast projecting. Let the whole thing be done within five minutes.

At night, when you go to bed, and whenever

you get out of bed during the night, or when you find yourself wakeful or restless, spend from two to five minutes in rubbing your whole body with your hands, as far as you can reach, in every direction. This has a tendency to preserve that softness and miobility of skin, which is essential to health, and which too frequent washings will always destroy. That precautions are necessary, in connection with the bath room is impressively signified in the death of an American lady, of refinement

dinner; of Surgeon Hume, while alone, in a warm

bath; and of an eminent New Yorker, under

similar circumstances, all within a year .- Hall's

Journal of Health.

A Tale of Terror .- The following rather marvellous story is told by one of the Vienna journals:—As a farmer of Orsinovi, near that city, was a few nights ago returning home from market, he stopped at a roadside public house, and imprudently showed the innkeeper a large sum which he Ind received. In the night the innkeeper, armed with a poignard, stole into the farmer's chamber, and prepared to stab him; but the farmer, who, from the man's manner out going to sleep, and being a powerful man, he wrested the poignard from the other, and using it against him, laid him dead at his feet. A few moments after, he heard stones thrown at the window, and a voice, which he recognized he then ran to the gendarmerie and stated whit had occurred. Three gendermerie immediately accompanied him to the house, and found the "You are mistaken," answered one of them, jumping into the grave and raising the corpse. "Look!" and he held up a lantern to the face of the deceased. "Good God!" cried the your g

man, thunderstruck, "it is my father !" I was then arrested, and at once confessed all.