

# EDGEFIELD ANSWER

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to the South and Southern Rights, Politics, Latest News, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, &c.

"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.

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## An Original Story.

Written for the Advertiser.

### THE WIFE'S PUNISHMENT; OR, WOMAN'S STRATAGEM!

BY JENNY WOODBINE.

#### CHAPTER I.

I gaze upon thy face, young bride,  
Where lilies 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 duties—devotion, forbearance, and all that sort of stuff sounds finely in a novel, but its quite nampy-pampy in real life. Now 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 'bidding, 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 highly. 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—Mona Barton, 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, 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, Clara—only a note."

"A note—may I ask to whom?"

"Yes, you may ask, but I don't know, that I will answer."

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 yours—we are not married yet, Clara."

Her tone was the perfection of coolness.

"I know we are not; but as we are betrothed, I fancy I have some little right to know your correspondents."

His own voice lost a portion of its sweetness.

"Why, Clara, I believe you are growing jealous."

No reply.

"You may see the direction if you like."

"Keep your own secrets—I have no right to pry into them."

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 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 Mona, 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 favorites of Clarence.

As for Clarence, he was "putting on airs" as Mona termed it—he took no part in the conversation, and played the lordly Don to perfection. She enjoyed it while Wood was there—at 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 her future husband.

"Clara, you are so quiet this evening."

He maintained a dignified silence—she moved about restlessly, and unhappy.

"Clara, 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.

Al! Mona, where was your pride then?

"Clara I 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, Clara—there's a good boy—the frown on your brow is not half so handsome as the smile on your lip—I wonder it does not frighten some penniless client to death. There give me your hand now, are you vexed with me, Clara?"

Mona possessed one dangerous fascination—her eyes—I say dangerous, because she knew how to use them. "No; not vexed Mona, only pained." He began playing with one of the long curls, which floated over her white, bare

shoulders, and Mona knew she was winning him over.

"Well I know I'm naughty, Clara; but I won't do so any more—I won't; indeed I wish old Wood was in Australia."

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

"But, Clara, 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 sentence.

Clarence Staten walked sadly to his office.

True he had parted with Mona 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—Mona Barton. 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.

It is not a bridal 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 leads a multitude of deficiencies. 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 bark; 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 Broadway in the afternoon and flirts with some Don Whiskerando in the evening—suffice? Will such a being meet the wants of his nobler nature? Pause, young man, and think. The bride too, is a much-to-be-pitied personage—in spite of flowers, lace, 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 eye must lose its brilliancy—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 sometimes cured a violent attack of love. Then bring your husband something better than a pretty face—a clear, reasoning head; and a warm, loving Christian heart.

Truly marriage is a solemn thing—no wonder Mary Hilliard wept.

Yes: Mona Barton was married—poor, little, faulty, but loving, lovable Mona. And with her liege lord left in the cars as most brides do, to go off somewhere; Clara 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. Mona's bosom friend, said to another of her bosom friends "You can't fancy how divinely Mona looked as she left this morning. Her travelling hat is the sweetest thing in the world, and so becoming; and then her dress was elegant; and her travelling talma perfectly exquisite; and as for Clara Staten, there's no describing her—You know I was half in love with him myself; and it might have amounted to something; (Here the young lady lowered her voice, and looked very knowing) but I never meddle with my friends—I don't think its right, do you? And it might have broken Mona's heart, poor thing, she loves 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 head, and said nothing.

"Alas! how light a cause may move Dissensions between hearts that love."

"My wife, mother—see what a dear wee birdie 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 even the flowers on her cap nodded with pride! She presented two cold, stiff fingers to her daughter-in-law. But Mona, untutored child of nature, was not to be put off so. The prim old lady was Clara's mother—her Clara'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."

Mona felt very desolate in the large dressing-room; and bride though she was, wanted to sit down and have a "good hearty cry," but the presence of Sarah a copper-colored waiting-maid 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 Mona somewhat petulantly; and Sarah departed to inform all the rest of the servants "What a cross thing young missus was, and so contrived that she '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 Mona on the third evening of her arrival. "How horribly stupid it is here; and Mrs. Staten! what a proud, cold, woman she is

to be sure! I wonder if I shall ever catch myself calling her mother. Even Clara does not seem the same in this atmosphere. But I'll torment that bundle of dignity—I will—I'll make her look over the tops of her spectacles 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 Mona 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 belle, she grew up "as independent as a wood-sawyer" as she expressed it to Julia Clare, her "bosom friend."

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 don't-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 with them."

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

Mona came 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-Bower; but that lady looked on severely as Mona regardless of 'dignity, and state,' took her self on the floor, child-fashion, and threw 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."

Mona laughed, "I am only a child you know."

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

"Will you take a chair?" she repeated sternly.

"Not while it pleases me to sit on the floor," replied Mona carelessly; and she began to hum "Joe Hardy" in the most unconcerned manner possible.

Mrs. Staten rose in towering indignation; and swept through the room as majestically as ever did the heroine 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. together.

"Clarence, that wife of yours is my torment. I 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 dresses."

"What has Ella Boyne to do with my wife?"

"Simply this, you might have married her, instead of a silly child, without birth, without fortune, and I may add without manners."

And Mrs. Staten swept to her room in state in the lumpy consciousness of having made her son as unhappy as possible.

At dinner, next day, Mrs. Staten found fresh offences, and poor Mona was as usual "in disgrace."

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

Mona planted her elbow more firmly on the mahogany.

"Where have you been raised, Mrs. Staten? I never witnessed such disobedience—never 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 quietly, "Mona, please remember yourself, and treat my mother with respect."

He scarcely knew what he was saying; but Mona'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 face.

"Yes; it has come to this," she said bitterly, as she locked, and re-locked the door. "Even Clarence has turned against me—ever he upbraids 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 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 disgraced by marrying me."

"Mona do you know what you are saying?" He turned as pale as death.

"Yes I do."

"Mona 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 found I must obey; and whose very feet I must kiss."

Here Mona, 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.

"Clara, I'm a fool. I always was, but you

know it when you married me. I didn't mean to say that—indeed I didn't. Married three months, and quarrelling already, what would Mary Hilliard say? There Clara don't pout any more. Kiss your feet! I reckon I would, if it wasn't so unadvisable!" And the spoiled child raised her eyes a la mother-in-law, and laughed aloud.

Clarence looked grieved, but he would not scold her then—oh! no then; and she so good-humored too, poor child. So they "made it up," and she said with tears and smiles: "Let's go away from here, Clara. Your mother, and I are like oil and water, we come in contact, but we can never mingle. Clara, love, don't get mad with me. You look so pretty now, but I always did detest mother-in-law; and I think Eve was the happiest woman on earth, 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 I'll get on swimmingly." She laughed again.

So Clarence took her 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 pettish willfulness was not all in fun. No, it was a part of her nature. He had discovered that to his sorrow. The frown of the fiancée, and the frown of the wife are so different.

Well might the man look to the future and sigh.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

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: John A. Washington, the son of Mr. 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 protect Mount Vernon, and hearing with great emotion that a Northern manufacturing company had offered to the firm of John A. Washington, \$200,000 for it, she indignantly 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 to do so. She organized the Association by Virginia, of which she was nominated Regent, an official public position, and the necessity of transacting legal business under real names, was the most prominent. The delicacy of Mr. Fuller, whose name de plume is "Belle Britian," 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 malicious comment, precipitated the step, which, under the advice of Mr. Everett, was promptly taken.

Injustice has been done Mr. John A. Washington. Mount Vernon has 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. Yes, and trusting their efforts, too, for more than half the money.

The numerous mistakes of the press on these 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 feeling of delicacy and reticence forbade the mention of the real name, modestly concealed behind this *southern 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 effort 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 publicity which justifies the freedom, we will gratify public curiosity as far as delicacy will permit. The Southern Matron, then, is Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, a native of Laurens District, (our native District,) South Carolina. The family residence now is Rose Mount, on the east side of the Saluda, in Laurens District. Her father, Robert Cunningham, has a wealthy planter and a noble gentleman of the old school. She 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 and a blonde.

In 1833, 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 letter to publish. It will always be our pride to remember that we were so early connected with this patriotic effort. By her influence an address was made near her home, at Liberty

Springs, in the District of Laurens, for the benefit of the cause which she had adopted. On that occasion she was the very first to contribute to the purchase of Mount Vernon.

Her eloquent appeal electrified the nation. All hearts were touched, and hosts of gallant men came to her help. A large amount was contributed, but it was "love's labor lost" for churlish Mr. Washington changed his mind, and refused to sell the estate. Thus was the labor of love rendered in vain. The purchase of the estate was returned to the contributors. But still this countless woman did not despair. She appealed to the Legislature of Virginia, and she 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, but we believe it will be. Surely now the people of this great country will not allow Mt. Vernon to revert, for forfeiture, to its sordid proprietor.

For the accomplishment of this great work, the country is mainly indebted to three persons whose noble triennial efforts were: 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 (Ala.) American.*

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 State, is at this time laboriously engaged in investigating the navigation laws, with a view of bringing the question of a reform before 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, rendered 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 the subject, has been directed to investigate the expediency of a reform in the Navigation laws of the United States.

"For the benefit of Mr. Boyce and his fellow-members on the committee, we should show the injurious effects of these laws, which have since their enactment, operated as a direct bar 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 'Historical Sketches of Norfolk and Vicinity,' published in 1825, and of course with no view to influence a repeal of the law referred to:

"May 5th, 1820.—On this day the Navigation law was passed, which restricted vessels from bringing the produce of the British Colonies to our ports, and from taking, in return, that of the United States. Since the passage of this law, the principal merchants in connection with 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 cargoes of produce could be conveniently obtained. Tobacco, grain, flour, meal, lard, fish, and many other articles required in the West India trade, were furnished here at fair prices.

"For many years previous to this, Norfolk showed manifest signs of advancement in appearance and commerce; but a sad reverse in 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 of 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. Since the passage of the 'Navigation law,' during Mr. Manly's administration, the trade has fallen off until it is far behind that of many New England towns, and compared with its former extent, is very small. Let the unjust bounty to Northern ship-owners, which is paid at the expense of Southern merchants, be stopped, and Norfolk, with her sister ports of the South, will regain their lost trade, and once more become busy marts."

GETTING THE LAWYERS ALL ON HIS SIDE.—Oliver H. Smith gives this incident in the history of Indiana. At the Rush Circuit Court his 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 to the court he had bought the pony, 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 preferred to a good act doubtless imagine that God has more hearing than eye-sight. The end, we fear, will show that they reasoned from false premises. The poor are often prayed for than helped. The reason is, we believe, that breath is cheaper than bullion.

MARKED WITH SMALL-POX.—An old peer marched up to a wealthy citizen of Upper East Tennessee, marked with small-pox, some few years ago, and said, "You are the best natured man in the world, for you have quietly remained seated until the sap suckers have picked your face full of holes!"

Another gentleman very conceited and vain of himself, and with a face much pitted with small-pox, was recently approached by a boy, who, after signifying his admiration for him said, "When carved work comes in fashion you'll be the handsomest man alive!"

From the Carolina Dispatch.

FANNIE DALE.

Att.—"Coming through the Rye"

By J. FORESTER GOWAN.

Fannie Dale is pretty—very,  
With her laughing eyes,  
Looking like the brightest star,  
In the cloudless skies.

Fannie Dale has cheeks so rosy,  
Pouting coral lips—  
From whose honey I am certain,  
Bees have stolen sips.

Fannie Dale is full of mischief,  
Full of fun and glee,  
Just the sweetest little maiden—  
Ever yet did see.

Fannie Dale sings very sweetly,  
All the living day;  
Driving care and melancholy  
From her heart away.

Fannie Dale has beaux a plenty,  
Running after her;  
Many a ristoicant dandy,  
Many a titled sir.

Fannie Dale don't care for any,  
One of all the beaux;  
But she loves somebody dearly,  
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—  
Wanders all about.

Fannie Dale is sixteen 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 announcement that Mayor Tiemann had succeeded in obtaining the indictment of Benjamin Wood, of our city by a special jury, at Augusta, Georgia, as one of 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 indicted for a criminal offence, we as public journalists, deem it our duty to lay such facts or allegations as bear upon his case, before our readers."

From statements made to us, and of the correctness of which we are satisfied, it appears that the State of Georgia granted to the "Sparta Academy" in the year 1820, 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 incorporators to carry out the objects 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 the prizes which were drawn by the purchase 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 shows that the "trustees," or their "successors in office," had a right to raise the sum of five 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 liberty" idea, in extending his investigation of Statutory and Constitutional provisions into other law-litigations than his own. We are prepared to co-operate heartily with him in all his efforts 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 enter for the chances of making money.

We learn that this "Sparta Academy Lottery" is still drawing, notwithstanding the indictment, and that its legality is to be tested before 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 of tickets; and we doubt if 50,000 invested in the advertising, would have conducted 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 is 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 the advertising, which has conducted so much to the interest of the managers as the publicity which has been given to the fact of their indictment. 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