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Selected Cales.

THE FOP AND THE FARMER; Practical and Artificical Education.

BY G. W. HUNGAY.

CHAPTER I.

"Come, Delia," said Mrs. Jones to her daughter, a beautiful creature just budding into womanhood, "suppose you quit the piano for a short time, and become more practical, by acquiring a knowledge of domestic duties. It is absolutely necessary that you now begin to learn the art of housekeeping. You can paint, sing, dance, speak French, and do almost all kinds of fancy needlework, and when you have obtained a knowledge of cookery and other plain work, you will have a better education than most young ladies have at your age."

"Indeed ma, I do not wish to do such common work. Let Bridget help you.—What is the use of my attending boarding school, and acquiring so many accomplishments, if I have to come to this at last?"

"I want to make you useful as well as ornamental," replied the affectionate mother.

"Must I learn how to sweep floors, make beds, wash clothes, darn stockings, bake bread, and churn butter?"

"Yes, my dear, I intend to fit you for usefulness in whatever sphere of life you may be called to move. Before you retire to your room you must repair your father's coat."

"Why ma! what do you mean? I exclaimed the delicate young lady, with tears in her eyes. "Mr. Judson promised to give me a call this evening precisely at eight o'clock, and what would he think to find me mending an old coat, or darning an old stocking?"

"Do you mean Sam Judson, the tinker's son?"

"Sam Judson! How disrespectful. He has as much right to be called Mr. Judson as anybody. He is of age, and lives without doing manual labor."

"What does he do for a living?" inquired Mrs. Jones.

"He lives by his wits, he says."

"Then he does considerable business with a small capital," was the shrewd response.

"He is to all intents and purposes, a smart fellow, even though you choose to make game of him."

"In what does his smartness consist, pray?"

"Why, ma, I am almost ashamed to say it, but it is a fact, half the young ladies in town are dead in love with him.—He dresses neatly, dances gracefully, spends his money like a monarch, and besides, he is remarkably handsome."

"I see nothing very brilliant in all that, my child. He spends the hard earnings of his honest father, who gained a competence, nothing more, by manufacturing tin ware."

"Hark! I hear footsteps. The bell rings. O, he has come—where is Bridget? Servants never know their places."

"Bridget has gone out to call on a friend. You can go to the door, Delia," observed her mother, quietly.

Just at this crisis, Bridget, who had returned from her visit, came into the room with a light in her hand and announced the arrival of Mr. Judson.

"Show him into the parlor," said Delia, who arranged her hair and adjusted her dress, and then went into the parlor herself, where she found Mr. Judson flourishing a small cane and admiring his polished boots.

Mrs. Jones, somewhat anxious to ascertain what reason her daughter had to suppose her friend Judson was a man of more than common talent, left the door ajar so that she might hear the conversation.

"How did you like the behaviour of Miss Rankle at the party the other evening, Miss Jones?"

"O, dear me, she made herself ridiculous. She is decidedly vulgar—she could talk of nothing but history and practical education. She ought to be a kitchen girl."

"She is an awkward dancer; do you not think so, my angelic Miss Jones?"

"O, yes—yes indeed; she is a complete flirt. Do you know that she is engaged?"

"I heard so some time since, at a concert. You lost a great deal by not attending that concert. It was a fine affair, hang me if it wasn't."

"Who sung, pray?"

"The celebrated Miss Scrimmore."

"Is she a sweet singer?"

"O, yes, indeed; she is delicious."

"You did not go alone, I hope?"

"O, my stars, no; I accompanied Miss Jello."

"Is Miss Jello handsome?"

"She is a most lovely creature."

"Does she dress well?"

"Most magnificently."

"Is she accomplished?"

"Thoroughly educated."

"Has she a fortune?"

"Her father owns a bank."

"Is she engaged?"

"Almost."

"Who to, pray?"

"To your most obedient servant."

Miss Jones turned pale and looked the picture of despair. Each answer cut deeper and deeper into her heart. She began to think how unkindly she had treated the plebeian ploughboy, who had a wise head and a warm heart, but could not afford to spend his time at the toilet, nor his money for fashionable gewgaws. Judson was fickle, the farmer boy was faithful; the former was a fop, the latter a young man of sense and honor.

"I am sadly disappointed," remarked Delia to her mother, the next morning.

"What has happened, my child?"

"Why, Mr. Judson is engaged to Miss Jello."

"I am glad of it."

"Why, ma, he partly promised to marry me."

"Nonsense! What do you know about keeping house?"

"I can make sponge cake."

"You cannot live on sponge cake alone."

"I can knit bread-purses."

"But you do not know how to fill them."

"I can play on the piano."

"You must learn to play on the wash-tub, also."

"I can dance as well as any young lady in town."

"Dancing will not supply the larder with provisions, nor fill the wardrobe with clothing, nor supply the house with furniture."

"Why, ma, it is cruel for you to make game of me in this way."

"My object is to make you practical.—Look at the real case. You acknowledge that Sam does nothing for a living; his father is not rich, and it is quite certain you cannot live on air. When the butcher comes with his bill, would you offer to make him a bead purse to pay for his joints and steaks? or when the baker came with his account, would you offer to dance a jig to compensate him for his bread pastry? or when the grocer sent in his account, would you suggest the idea of paying him with music! No, Delia; you must learn at once how to do all kinds of housework. You must mend that coat, and darn those stockings, and to-morrow you must mix the bread and put it in the oven, and every day I shall insist on your working more or less in the kitchen."

Mrs. Jones was a sensible strong-minded woman, and was determined to train up her children in the way they should go. When it was announced that Sam Judson and Susan Jello were to be married, she made some inquiries respecting Sam's intended, and ascertained that her fortune, talents and attainments had been overrated. Nevertheless they were married, and some declared that such a young lady and such a dashing gentleman would make a happy couple indeed.

"What a happy pair!" exclaimed Delia, with a sigh, when she saw them riding past in a carriage on the day of the wedding.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," replied her mother.

"You are cruel to make such cynical allusions; for my part I see nothing to prevent their happiness. They are young, buoyant, rich and handsome."

Just then Robert Baldwin, a rosy, robust young man, with magnetic eyes and a broad, white forehead drove up to the door, and when he had tethered his horse to the fence he rang the bell and met with a warm welcome. He came to see Delia, and the door was not quite closed, so Mrs.

Jones had an opportunity to hear the conversation between the two parties.

"I came to invite you to attend a lyceum lecture with me this evening. Shall I have the pleasure of your company?"

"I shall have to see mother before I can give a positive answer. Who is the lecturer, and what is the subject, pray?"

"Mr. Dorand intends to lecture on the subject of practical education."

"Is he an interesting speaker?"

"He is one of the ripest scholars and most eloquent speakers in this country.—I have a volume of his lectures in my library, which I should be happy to present to you, provided you have a taste for literary pursuits."

"Thank you, sir; the book would be very acceptable indeed."

Of course permission was granted to Delia to go to the meeting, and while she was preparing to go with her friend, Mrs. Jones asked Mr. Baldwin if he found much time for intellectual improvement. He replied that he studied morning, evening, and meal times, and so economized his time that he had read at least one volume a week for the last three years, and that he kept an *index rerum*, in which he made a minute of the most striking thoughts he found in the books which passed through his hands. It may not be amiss to state here, that this young man, without neglecting his duties on the farm, had acquired, unassisted, a knowledge of Greek and Latin, and was at that time a regular contributor to the columns of a very respectable literary journal.

In less than two years from the time of this interview he led Delia to the altar, and her father and mother were both present and offered no objection to the match, for they knew that Mr. Baldwin was willing and able to work, that he was healthy, handsome and intelligent, and owned the land through which he guided his plough; and they also knew that Delia could now sew on a patch, or darn a stocking, or bake, churn, wash, or do any other kind of housework. Yes, they were married and they were happy, and their happiness lasted longer than the honeymoon. A few years after their wedding they visited a neighboring city for the purpose of calling on their mutual friends, Mr. Judson and lady, who moved there immediately after their marriage; they took with them the card which the groom and bride had left on the day of their departure, and without difficulty found the street and the number of the house. It was indeed a beautiful residence—a flight of granite steps in front, a silver handle to the left, red curtains at the windows. In answer to the bell, a handsome woman, neatly dressed, came to the door.

"How do you do? I am delighted to see you—walk in."

"Why, Miss Rankle! do you live here? I supposed this was Mr. Judson's house!"

"Yes, my dear Delia, I have followed your example, and changed my name."

"I beg your pardon for not before introducing my husband to you. This is Mr. Baldwin, Mrs.—who shall I say?"

"Mrs. Bronlee, was the reply."

"Have I the honor to take the wife of Professor Bronlee by the hand?"

"My husband is Professor Bronlee."

"The author of that standard work on philosophy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the whereabouts of Mr. Judson inquired Delia."

"O, yes; he formerly lived here, but moved a long time ago to a house on the next street, three doors from the corner, on the left hand side."

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin were delighted to find the lady who was such an awkward dancer, and whom Delia had once declared ought to be a kitchen girl, so intelligent and so comfortably situated.—They followed the directions they had received, and found the residence of Mr. Judson. It was a small, wooden tenement—no bell at the door, no curtains at the windows, no granite steps in front. In answer to a rap at the door, a woman, wearing a loose gown, with her hair in papers and an unwashed child in her arms, made her appearance.

"Does Mr. Judson live here?" inquired Mr. Baldwin.

"He does," was the reply.

"We are old acquaintances of his, and would like to see him."

"Walk in."

In they walked through a dirty hall into a room almost as bad. The dishes were on the table although it was an hour after meal time, the bed (for that was in the same room) was unmade and the floor un swept.

"Mr. Judson has gone to his store," remarked the lady of the house.

"Where does he keep store, pray?" inquired Delia.

"He is clerk in a store," was the answer.

Just at that moment he came in unexpectedly for something he had forgotten to take to the store with him. He was very shabbily dressed, and seemed ashamed to meet his old friends, but he frankly acknowledged to them that his embarrassments were occasioned by his lack of practical knowledge.—*Flay of our Union.*

We talk much of the badness of the world; and there are no men that do more to make it bad, than bad parents and family governors. Many call for church reformation, and state reformation; but if men would reform their families, and agree in a holy education of their children, and a religious care of their servants, every church and state would soon be reformed, were they made up of such reformed families.

The human heart is like a feather bed—it must be roughly handled, well shaken, and exposed to a variety of turns, to prevent its becoming hard.

From an Exchange. The Midnight Assassin. A TRUE STORY.

I was on my way to P., in the fall of 18— it was toward the cold evenings in the first fall month, when my horse stopped suddenly before a respectable looking man, about four miles from N.—

There was something strange and remarkable in this action of my horse, nor would he move a step in spite of all my exertions to move him on.

Determined to gratify this whim, and at the same time a strange presentiment which came over me—a kind of supernatural feeling indescribable—seemed to urge me to enter.

Having knocked and requested to be conducted to the lady or gentleman of the house, I was ushered into a neat sitting room, where sat a beautiful girl, about 20 years of age. She rose at my entrance—a little surprised at the appearance of an entire stranger.

In a few words I related to her the strange conduct of my horse, and his stubborn opposition to my will. "I am not," I observed, "superstitious, nor inclined on the side of metaphysical doctrines, or those who support them, but the strange unaccountable feeling that crept over me in attempting to pass your house, induced me to solicit lodgings for the night."

"We are not," she replied, "well guarded, 'tis true, but in this part of the country, we have but little to fear from robbers; for we have never heard of any being near us; we are surrounded by good neighbors and I flatter myself that we are at peace with them. But this evening, on account of my father's absence, I feel unusually lonesome; and if we were bordering on the superstitious, I might reason as you have. I consent to your staying, for similar feelings had been mine ere you arrived, from what cause I cannot imagine."

The evening passed delightfully away, for my young hostess was intelligent and lovely; the hours flew so quickly, that on looking at my watch, I was surprised to find that it was 11 o'clock.

This was the signal for retiring, and by 12 every inmate of the house was asleep save myself. I could not sleep—strange visions floated across my brain, and I lay twisting and turning upon my bed, in all the agony of sleepless suspense. The clock struck one; the last vibrating sound had scarcely died away, when the opening of a shutter and the raising of a sash in one of the lower apartments, convinced me that some one was stirring.

A noise followed as of a person jumping from the window-sill to the floor, and then followed the light and noiseless step of some one ascending the stairway.

I slept in the room adjoining the one occupied by the lady; mine was next to the stair-case; the step came along the gallery, slow and cautious. I had seized my pistol, and slipped on part of my clothes, determined to watch or listen to the movements, seemingly mysterious or suspicious; the sound of steps stopped at my door—then followed as one applying the ear to the key-hole, and a low breathing convinced me that the villain was listening. I stood motionless, the pistol firmly grasped. Not a muscle moved, not a nerve was slackened, I felt as if heaven had selected me as the instrument to its effective purpose.

The person now slowly passed on, and I as cautiously approached the door of my bed-chamber.

I now went by instinct, or rather by conveyance of sound; for as soon as I heard his hand grasp the latch of one door mine seized the other—a deep silence followed this movement; it seemed as if he had heard the sound and awaited a repetition; it came not—all was still; he might have considered the echo of his own noise. I heard the door open softly—I also opened mine; and the moment I stepped into the entry, I caught the glimpse of a tall man entering the lighted chamber of the young lady.

I softly stepped along the entry, and approached the chamber; through the half-opened door I glanced my eyes into the room. No object was visible save the curtained bed; within whose sheets lay the intended victim to a midnight assassin, and he gracious Heaven! a NEGRO! for at that moment, a tall, fierce looking black man approached the bed, and never were Othello and Desdemona more naturally represented—at least that particular scene of the immortal bard's conception.

I was now all suspense; my heart swelled into my throat almost to suffocation, my eyes to cracking, and I made a bound into the room.

The black villain had ruthlessly dragged part of the covering off the bed when the sound of my foot caused him to turn. He started, and thus confronted, we stood gazing on each other for a few seconds, his eyes shot fire—fury was depicted in his countenance. He made a spring towards me, and the next moment he lay a corpse on the floor.

The noise of the pistol aroused the fair sleeper; she started in the bed, and seemed an angel of the white clouds emerging from her downy bed to soar up to the skies.

The first thing that presented itself to her view, was myself standing near her with a pistol in my hand.

"Oh! do not murder me!—take all—you cannot, will not kill me, sir!"

The servants rushed in—all was explained. The wretch turned out to be a vagabond, supposed to be a runaway slave from Virginia. I had the providential opportunity of receiving one from the worst of fates, and in after years, called me husband, and related to our children her miraculous escape from the bold attack of a midnight assassin.

From Blackwood's Lady's Magazine. The Rescued Criminal.

A great number of persons who knew the celebrated Dr. B., a Professor of the College of surgeons, have often heard him relate the following anecdote:

One day he had procured the bodies of two criminals, who had been hung, for the purpose of anatomy. Not being able to find the key of the dissecting room at the time the two subjects were brought, he ordered them to be deposited in a building contiguous to his bed room.

During the evening Dr. B. wrote and read as usual previous to retiring to rest. The clock had just struck one, and all the family slept soundly, when all at once a dull sound proceeded from the room containing the bodies.

Thinking that perhaps the cat had been shut up there by mistake, he went to see what had been the cause of the unexpected noise. What was his astonishment or rather his horror, on discovering that the sack which contained the bodies was torn asunder, and on going nearer he found that one of the bodies was missing!

The doors and windows had been fastened with the greatest care, and it appeared impossible that the body could have been stolen. The good doctor felt rather nervous on remarking this, and it was not without an uneasy sensation that he began to look about him, when to his horror and amazement he perceived the missing body sitting upright in a corner!

Poor Dr. B. at this unlooked for apparition became transfixed with terror, which was increased by observing the dead and sunken eyes of the corpse fixed upon him; whichever way he moved, those dreadful eyes still followed him.

The worthy Doctor, more dead than alive, now began to beat a hasty retreat, without, however, losing sight of the object of his terror; he retreated step by step, one hand holding the candle, the other extended in search of the door, which he at length gained; but there was no escape, the spectre has risen and followed him, whose evil features, added to the lateness of the hour, and the stillness of the night, seemed to conspire to deprive the poor Dr. of the little courage he has left; his strength fails, the candle falls from his hand, and the terrible scene is now in complete darkness.

The good Doctor has, however, gained his apartment and thrown himself on his bed; but the fearful spectre has still followed him—it has caught him, and seizes the climax of terror the doctor loudly exclaimed, "Whoever you are, leave me!" At this the spectre let go its hold, and moaned feebly these words, "Pity, good gentleman! have pity on me!" The good doctor now discovered the mystery, and regained by little and little his composure. He explained to the criminal, who had so narrowly escaped death, who he was, and prepared to call up some of the family.

"Do you then wish to destroy me?" exclaimed the criminal. "If I am discovered, my adventure will become public, and I shall be brought to the scaffold a second time. In the name of humanity save me from death!"

The good doctor then rose and procured a light; he muffled his unexpected visitor in an old dressing gown; and having made him take some restoring cordial, testified a desire to know what had brought him to the scaffold.

He was a deserter.

The good Doctor did not know what what means to employ to save the poor creature. He could not keep him in his house, and to turn him out would be to expose him to certain death. The only way, then, was to get him to the country; so having made him dress himself in some old clothes which the kind Doctor selected from his wardrobe, he left town early, accompanied by his *protege*, whom he represented as an assistant in a difficult case upon which he had been called in.

When they had got into the open country, the wretched creature threw himself at the feet of his benefactor and liberator, to whom he swore an eternal gratitude; and the generous doctor having relieved his wants by a small sum of money, the grateful creature left him with many prayers for his happiness.

About twelve years after this occurrence Dr. B.—had occasion to visit Amsterdam. Having gone one day to the bank, he was addressed by a well dressed man one who had been pointed out to him as one of the most opulent merchants of the city.

The merchant asked him politely if he were not Dr. B.—of London, and on his answering him in the affirmative, pressed him to dine at his house; which the worthy Doctor accepted. On arriving at the merchant's house he was shown into an elegant apartment, where a most charming woman and two lovely children welcomed him in the most friendly manner; which reception surprised him more, coming from persons he had never before met.

After dinner the merchant having taken him into his counting house, seized his hand, and having pressed it with friendly warmth, said to him—

"Do you not recollect me?"

"No," said the doctor.

"Well, then, I remember you well, and your features never will be obliterated from my memory—for to you I owe my life. Do you not remember the poor deserter! On leaving you I went to Holland. Writing a good hand and being a good accountant, I soon obtained a situation as clerk in a merchant's office. My good conduct and zeal soon gained me the confidence of my employer and the affections of his daughter. When he re-

tired from business, I succeeded him, and became his son-in-law; but without you, without your care, without your generous assistance, I should not have lived to enjoy so much happiness. Generous man! consider henceforth my house, my fortune and myself as wholly yours."

The kind Doctor was affected even to tears; and both those happy beings participated in the most delightful expression of their feelings, which were soon shared by the merchant's interesting family who came to join him.

"Kiss me Mamma, Do kiss me, I can't go to sleep."

"The child was so sensitive, so like that little shrinking plant, that curls at a breath, and shuts its heart from the light."

The little beauties, she possessed, were an exceedingly transparent skin, and mournful, large blue eyes.

I had been trained by a very stern, strict, conscientious mother, but I was a hardy plant, rebounding after every shock; misfortune could not daunt, though discipline tamed me. I fancied, alas! that I must go through the same routine with this delicate creature; so one day, when she had displeased me exceedingly, by repeating an offence, I was determined to punish her severely. I was very serious all day, and upon sending her to her little couch I said, "now my daughter, to punish you, and show you how very, very naughty you have been, I shall not kiss you to-night."

She stood looking at me, astonishment personified, with her great mournful eyes wide open. I suppose she had forgotten her misconduct till then; and I left her with the big tears dropping down her cheeks, and her little red lips quivering.

Presently I was sent for—"Oh! mamma, you will kiss me; I can't go to sleep if you don't," she sobbed, every tone of her voice trembling, and she held out her little hands.

Now came the struggle between love and what I falsely termed duty. My heart said, give her the kiss of peace; my stern nature urged me to persist in my correction, that I might impress the fault upon her mind. That was the way I had been trained, till I was a most submissive child, and I remembered how often I had thanked my mother since, for her straight forward course.

I knelt by the bedside—"mother can't kiss you, Ellen," I whispered, though every word echoed in her hand touched mine; it was a sin, but I attributed it to my duty. She turned her little self as the fragile form shook with half-suppressed sobs, and saying, "mother hopes little Ellen will learn to mind her after this," left the room for the night.

It might have been about twelve when I was awakened by my nurse. Apprehensive, I ran eagerly to the child's chamber. I had a leafy drea n.

Ellen did not know me; she was sitting up, crimsoned from the forehead to the throat, her eyes so bright that I almost drew back in alarm at their glances. From that night a raging fever drank her life—and what think you was the incessant plaint poured into my anguished heart—"Oh, kiss me mother—do kiss me, I can't go to sleep. You'll kiss your little Ellen, mother, won't you? I can't go to sleep. I won't be naughty if you'll only kiss me. Oh! kiss me, dear mamma, I can't go to sleep."

Holy little angel! she did go to sleep one grey morning, and she never woke again—never! Her hand was locked in mine, and all my veins grew icy with its gradual chill. Faintly the light faded out in the beautiful eyes—whiter and whiter grew the tremulous lips. She never knew me; but with her last breath she whispered, "I will be good, mother, if you'll only kiss me!"

Kiss her! God knows how passionate, but unavailing, were my kisses upon her cheek after that fatal night. God knows how wild were my prayers that she might know, if but only once, that I kissed her. God knows how I would have yielded up my very life, could I have asked forgiveness of that sweet child.

Well! grief is all unavailing now. She lies in her little tomb; there is a marble urn at her head, and a rose-bush at her feet; there grow sweet summer flowers; there waves the gentle grass; there binds sing their matins, and vespers; there the blue sky smiles down to-day, and there lies buried the freshness of my heart.

Parents, you should have heard the pathos in the voice of that stricken mother, as she said, "There are plants that spring into greater vigor if the heavy pressure of a footstep crush them; but oh! there are others, that even the pearls of the light dew bend to the earth!"

FASHIONABLE LIFE IN NEW YORK.—Quite an excitement was but a few days since created in certain circles in "upper ten dom" in consequence of an emente which occurred in one of the fashionable ice cream saloons on Broadway wherein a fashionable married lady and a young and beautiful girl were the participants. It appears that the married lady had a chere amie, or rather a collateral husband, whom she fondly loved, and on whom she devolved many duties pertaining to her liege lord. She had been recently though wrongly told that he had been getting married. On the day of the emente he had been attending a wedding, and accompanying one of the ladies home, he invited her to "a cream," and having just entered the saloon met the married lady aforesaid coming out; the green-eyed monster, urged on by the report of his marriage, at once made her believe the lady with him her rival and his wife: losing all control of her passion, she frantically hastened to-

wards them, and dealt the innocent object of her jealousy a violent blow in the face, with a force belying the strength which the soft and beautiful hand would be credited with. The blood flew—the young lady fainted—the married one hystericked—and the devil was generally to pay, without, so far as we could learn, a particle of pitch hot; one hastened to her carriage and home, the other was carried in to a private room, and restored.