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A Family and Political Newspaper—Devoted to the Arts, Sciences, Literature, Education, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Foreign and Domestic News, and the Markets.

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Select Poetry.

Oh! be not the First.

Oh! be not the first to discover
A blot on the fame of a friend,
A flaw in the faith of a lover,
Whose heart may prove true in the end.

We none of us know one another,
And oft into error we fall;
Then let us speak well of our brother,
Or speak not about him at all.

A smile or a sigh may awaken
Suspicion most false and undue;
And thus our belief may be shaken
In hearts that are honest and true.

How often the light smile of gladness
Is worn by the friend that we meet
To cover a soul full of sadness,
Too proud to acknowledge defeat.

How often the sigh of dejection
Is heaved from the hypocrite's breast,
To parody truth and affection,
Or fall a suspicion to rest.

How often the friends we hold dearest
Their noblest emotions conceal;
And become the purest, sincerest,
Have secrets they can not reveal.

Leave base minds to harbor suspicion,
And small ones to trace our defects—
Let ours be a nobler ambition,
For base is the mind that suspects.

We none of us know one another,
And oft into error we fall;
Then let us speak well of our brother,
Or speak not about him at all.

Selected Story.

[From the New York Ledger.]

THE DETECTED TRAITOR.

BY WM. HENRY PECK.

The proud and wealthy James Agmoor, sick and weary merchant of Broadway, New York, was just entering his superb carriage, as one of his clerks respectfully bowed him, and started to pass out.

"Mr. Clair, I shall desire your presence in my office ere long," said the merchant. Do not leave the store until I have spoken with you."

There was an ominous seriousness in his tone that attracted the quick ear of Thos. Clair, and as he gazed after his pompous chief, who strode on with unusual haste, the glance caught that of Hiram Mould, the cashier, peering with unconcealed malice through the mahogany bars of his desk.

Thorton Clair had arrived in New York four months before from some city of the far West, and upon applying to James Agmoor, his manly and intelligent face had so pleased that gentleman that his services were immediately accepted, and he was given the responsible post of collector.

This was by no means agreeable to the envious Mould, nor did his vexation diminish as he saw that James Agmoor daily grew more and more attached to the youth.

While Clair stood awaiting the expected summons, and Mr. Agmoor entered his private office, the cashier moved from his seat, and following his principal carefully closed the green baize door after him.

It was a strange to see the proud and pompous air of the lordly merchant change to one of ill concealed fear and disgust as the cashier held him good by and seated himself near him, facing him, and having the office-table between them.

"You have considered my propositions, James Agmoor," said he, in a smooth, soft voice, sleek and silky as the skin that glides the venomous serpent.

James Agmoor buried his face in his hands for a moment, and then sweeping back his snow white hair, said, huskily: "I have! Hiram Mould, I have, and his face pale and red by turns, again sought the cover of his trembling hands.

"I have told my daughter that you have demanded her for a wife. She told me to tell you that she would rather be a beggar in the streets than the wife of Hiram Mould.

"I told her all, burst from the quivering lips of the merchant. 'I told her that Hiram Mould was the master of her father; that ere she was born I had committed a crime—a crime whose ever present guilt has blanchied my hair before I have numbered my forty fifth year.'

"And then she related?"

"She asked me to tell her of that crime," replied Agmoor, and as he spoke his eyes grew bright, and looked Hiram Mould full in the face. "I told her. She said the deed was not a crime—that the blow was dealt in self defence, that killed Charles Harper. And so it was, Hiram Mould; you know it was."

"Were we in court, I the only witness of the act, James Agmoor, I would swear that it was—premeditated murder."

James Agmoor's eyes closed with a shudder, and again the trembling hands hid the pallid face.

Agmoor, who had refused to fight in fair and open combat with Charles Harper, crouching amid the bushes that bordered the highway through Jersey woods; and as Charles Harper was riding unsuspectingly by, I saw James Agmoor spring from his covert and strike him to the earth with a club—I would swear that James Agmoor then and there murdered Charles Harper, and buried the body where I could find it; yes, and the watch that should identify the body."

"All false!" cried the merchant, arousing himself for a moment. 'Twas Jas. Agmoor who was dragged from his horse by Charles Harper! 'Twas Hiram Mould who prompted the assault or purposes of his own—because he hated each with a deadly hate. You, Hiram Mould, first made us, who were till then bosom friends bitter enemies. He struck me; I returned the blow; he drew his knife and stabbed me, but before I fell senseless, I wrenched the weapon from him and dealt him a fatal thrust that prostrated him also.—We fell together—like unconscious—I in a swoon, he dead. When sense and feeling returned to me I was in your house. You, Hiram Mould, hid the body where you can find its remains to convict me. The public believed that Charles Harper was murdered; you created that belief; but to use me as my life you took successful care that the finger of suspicion should not point at me lest the law might kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

While the tortured man was saying all this, far more incoherently than we have written it, the unmoved conspirator had rapidly sketched a picture of a gibbeted felon, and as the merchant concluded, Hiram Mould placed the significant sketch before him.

"Such shall be your fate if Rachel Agmoor refuses to become my wife," said he, pointing at the hideous picture with his long, lean forefinger.

Again the merchant yielded before this terrible threat, and his head sank upon his bosom.

"Now call in Thorton Clair, and dismiss him at once," said Hiram sternly. "He loves your daughter—she perhaps loves him. You have foolishly allowed him to visit at your house. It shall be my care that Thorton Clair shall not find another employer in this city."

"I am in your power, groined the unhappy man, rising and opening the door; but as he did so his daughter Rachel started quickly from the side of Thorton Clair, with whom she was eagerly conversing, and said:

"I wish to see Hiram Mould immediately, dear father, and gliding by her astonished father, she entered the private of the merchant.

The merchant closed the door and tried to address his child.

Tal and queenly in person, a lovely brunette of eighteen summers, with large black eyes usually full of softness, as became her amiable and affectionate nature, but then flashing scornful fires as her red lips, curled with scathing contempt, Rachel Agmoor motioned to her father to pause for a moment, and bent her gaze upon Hiram Mould.

He seemed ill at ease, as those superb eyes slowly scanned him from head to foot, bathing him, as it were, in wordless scorn. He rose to his feet, and recovering his natural coolness, said:

"I am happy to see that Miss Rachel Agmoor considers so humble a person as Hiram Mould worthy of so continued a gaze."

"This is the thing that dares to hope to call me—while!" said Rachel, and though the words were cutting, the tone and manner penetrated to the marrow of the regal's bones, and flashed bitter words to his white lips.

"The thing is honored in being so called, my haughty dame. You are proud now, Rachel Agmoor, but the time shall come when you shall be as humble before me as the trembling man near you."

"If I reject and defy you, you will attack the life and reputation of my father," said Rachel. "You must be very confident of your power to send such a message to the woman whom you wish to make your wife?"

"I am conscious of my strength. Do you desire to see a proof of it?" sneered Hiram.

Rachel bent her head contemptuously. Hiram Mould was at a loss to comprehend this unexpected defiance, but sure of his ground, he said:

"There is a young man in your father's employ whom he loves as his own son—rather than harm a hair of that young man's head James Agmoor would gladly lop off his right hand. I verily believe, if the sacrifice could avail either. Mr. Agmoor call in Thorton Clair."

He looked to see Rachel pale and trembling. But she was calm and collected.

The timid father—timid before the cashier alone—obeyed, and Thorton Clair stood with the party; but his blue eyes were blazing with a menace so profound and deadly that Rachel hid her soft hand upon the strong right arm that was swelling as if for a sudden blow to be dealt at the serpent like eyes of the sneering cashier, and whispered:

"Wait!—for my sake."

"Mr. Agmoor," said Hiram, but recalling somewhat from the reach that arm, "as this young man has dared to make love to one so immensely above him, as your daughter, and as I propose myself as her husband, his presence in our establishment is an insult. Discharge him at once."

The wretched merchant paused in torturing suspense, and the cashier pointed at the sketch that lay upon the table.

"My rue name is not Clair," said the young man, quickly, unwilling to see the father of his Rachel so humiliated. "I am the son of Charles Harper who lives in Oregon, and who assumed the name of Clair because he believed he had slain James Agmoor. My name is, in fact, Thorton Harper."

"Young man!" cried James Agmoor, almost gasping. "Do not deceive a most wretched man. Does Charles Harper, who married my cousin Helen Agmoor still live?—was he not killed?"

"On my honor Mr. Agmoor," said Thorton, "that Charles Harper is alive, and still thinks that he killed James Agmoor. Until this morning I was of the same belief, for my father, since that unfortunate combat has concealed himself under an assumed name in the West, while my mother followed him, has often told me sorrowfully of all that transpired. But he never told me the name of the man he deemed he had slain; that of the man who, when he rose after a moment of unconsciousness, pointed at your bleeding body, and you were dead, and prevailed upon him to seek safety in instant flight, upon the very horse you had ridden. Your daughter related to me what you told her last night, a few minutes ago, and we immediately concluded upon the truth."

"But of my sight! Hiram Mould!" cried the enraged merchant. "Double traitor, become for I shall make myself what you have forced me for years to think myself—a murderer!"

While Thorton was speaking the gaitly cashier had sunk into a chair and rested his head upon the table, hiding his face as he for years delighted in torturing his victim; but when James Agmoor no longer a crime bond, self, thus addressed him, he staggered to his feet, groped blind for the door, tottered feebly through the board with the magic rod of gold, and, pressing his hands to his head, groined, and, ere he could utter a word, he had fallen dead ere his finger could press the trigger, smitten—a dead corner that day—by the hand of God.

From the S. C. Son of Teapetance
Sketches of the Palmetto Regiment.
BY A MEMBER.

On Saturday December, the 26th, we struck our tents about day light, and adieu to the beloved citizens of our gay and growing Metropolis, and took the cars for Camp Johnston, about five miles from Hamburg, where we arrived about 4 o'clock. P. M. During our stay at this place, we lost one man, Mr. Harris of the Fairfield Company; we also lost two of our officers, sick of Hamburg—Lieut. Crossland and Serg. Seigler, the former of which died; the other recovered and overtook the Regiment at Malabar.

By permission of Col. Gladden, I was permitted to visit Hamburg, and spent a day and night therein, company with Capt. Kennedy and O. D. Stern. I took occasion to call upon my friend Dr. Stokes, of Hamburg, where I took tea, and spent a pleasant evening with his kind and interesting family, who seem to sympathize with me in the dangers and hardships I was about to encounter. I never forget their kindness, and that was the first family I called upon on my return to my native State.

We remained at Camp Johnson until Friday, the 1st of December, when the right wing of our Regiment, consisting of five Companies, left about 9 o'clock P. M. and marching through Hamburg, reached the Augusta depot about 8 o'clock. Our Battalion was formed on the Augusta Bridge, when we received a salute from the Augusta side by fifteen rounds of cannon, which we returned by one round of musketry. I saw several of my friends among the crowd on the bridge, who assembled to see us off, but I dare not leave the lines to bid them adieu.

As the sun went down on the last day of the year 1846 we took our adieu (many of us our last) of our native State, and turned our sad and sorrowful faces towards the far off land of gold and blood. The citizens of Augusta came out by thousands, and escorted us to the depot, fighting the darkness of the way with rockets, which marked their fiery track at every turn, making the streets almost as light as day.

With a loud huzza and the returning shout, we bid adieu to the good citizens of Augusta, and the at first shriek of the whistle were off for Augusta, which we reached about 6 o'clock the next evening. We camped about two miles from the city in a ravine, and there was some talk of leaving us up in the cars; but after a "council of war," we were finally allowed, *à la gracia*, to sleep on the wet ground, with wet tents spread over us. I wrote a letter that night, the paper resting on the crown of my hat, and a candle placed in the socket of a bayonet—the point of which was stuck in the ground. A strict watch was kept lest some of us should take a notion for a frolic, and put off for the city; and one old soldier, more cunning than the rest, (Barker) did pass the guard, and spent the night with a friend, under the plea of going to town to employ a washerwoman.

We left our camp near Atlanta, on Saturday morning, the 2d of January, and the cars stopping a moment at the depot in order to give the "officials" a chance to show their stripes, and ramble over town, a guard was placed at the door of each car, to keep the volunteers from running away. I thought this regulation unnecessary stringent, especially with men who had left their homes vol-

untarily, with a determination to see the "elephant."

We reached the depot at Griffin about noon, which was about forty miles from Atlanta. Here we left the cars and commenced our march on foot. We marched about seven miles from Griffin that evening and encamped for the night in a low marshy place, almost covered with water. It rained incessantly, so it was cold and disagreeable. The sentinels had to stand on logs to keep out of the water.

We rose on Monday morning and dried our blankets and guns by shoulder, and the latter and wrapping the former about our shoulder, and took up the line of march after early breakfast. I got permission of Dr. B. and to put my gun and knapsack on the baggage wagon, as I was so much worn down that I was unable to carry them. I marched a few miles in the rain, and finding myself falling behind, I was permitted to keep my gun and knapsack company by getting a berth in the wagon.

We traveled 17 miles that day, through the country of North Carolina; but it was any thing but merry weather to us, who had to trudge through it on foot. We encamped that night ten miles from Greenville, the county seat. True, it bore the same name, but it was very unlike the town I had left of the same name a few weeks before. It was not the "Mountain Home" of my earlier years.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Is it Cheaper?

Is it cheaper to build jails than it is to educate our children in good morals, and thus prevent their becoming inmates of our prisons?

What sort of men will those boys and girls who are allowed to frequent run houses, to smoke, swear and play cards? Do parents suppose they can hold the reins of government over their sons when they permit them to spend their evenings away from home, subjected to all the evil influences which are always concentrated in a village?

Is it cheaper for a father to pay for the school which his sons attend, than it is to buy them a library of good books? If parents would keep their sons contented at home, let them take half a dozen good newspapers, so as to furnish them, daily, with mental and moral food!

Half a dozen papers! says one, I cannot afford it. Half a dozen papers would cost twelve dollars a year! I cannot afford it!

We will suppose this father has two sons, between the ages of twelve and sixteen. They have learned to smoke segars, and he allows them two segars apiece, daily, at a cost of three cents each. He smokes this quite a moderate allowance of tobacco; perhaps he smokes two segars a day himself. Only six segars daily for a father and two sons! This is a very moderate allowance, as every smoker is willing to admit; but these six segars at three cents apiece, will in one year amount to the snug little sum of sixty five dollars and seventy cents! Enough to take thirty weekly newspapers!

We have only taken into account the expense of the tobacco, making no deduction for time wasted, health injured, and the mind blunted and enervated. These last items are often a heavy draft upon the family income.

Now we ask in all soberness, if it is not cheaper to furnish good books, good papers and a plenty of them for our children, than it is to let them go without and run the risk of their contracting a taste for immorality, tobacco and strong drink?

The daughters, too, should not be neglected. Take papers and magazines for them; give them something to think about and then they will not grow up silly, weak minded women, who take no interest in anything but fashions, dress and flirtation.

Is it Cheaper?

An Outrage.

On Tuesday evening the Black Republicans of this city were addressed by Hon. C. Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, at the residence of John Quincy Adams, and one of the shining lights of the Lincoln party. Of the speech of Mr. Adams we have nothing to say, except that it was more dignified, decent, and scholastic, than the addresses of Black Republican orators usually are.

There is one incident however, connected with it that demands some notice at our hands. After the return of Mr. Adams to the Continental Hotel, he was surrounded by the semi-military Republican organizations, who nightly parade our streets under the title of "Invincibles," "Wide Awakes," &c., who, we understand, availed themselves of the occasion to insult and abuse Southern gentlemen who are stopping at the hotel. Before retiring they proposed three cheers for John Brown, which were given with boisterous enthusiasm.

Such a wanton insult to citizens of sister States who are sojourning in our city and many of whom are Southern merchants engaged in purchasing their supplies from our business houses—will be deeply regretted by all respectable citizens of Philadelphia. To say nothing of that hospitality and politeness which are always due to the stranger, or of that comity and good feeling that should subsist between all the citizens of all the States, it is mortifying indeed that the liberal patronage extended by Southern dealers to our merchants, should be requited by insult and abuse.

It seems as if the Republicans, not content with fomenting discord between the North and South, are also determin-

ed to stop all business intercourse between them. Should they succeed in bringing about that result, they will ultimately find—and find, when too late, that they themselves will be among the chief sufferers from it.—Philadelphia Pennsylvania.

Eleven Modes of Suicide.

1. Wearing thin shoes and cotton stockings on damp nights, and in cool, rainy weather. Wearing insufficient clothing, especially upon the limbs and extremities.

2. Lending a life of enfeebling, stupid, laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading trashy novels; going to theatres, parties and balls, in all sorts of weather, in the thickest possible dress. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, then going home without sufficient over garments, through the cool damp air.

3. Sleeping on feather-beds in 7 by 9 bedrooms, without ventilation at the top of the wind ws, and especially with two or three persons in the same small unventilated bedroom.

4. A surfeiting on hot and very stimulating drinks; eating in a hurry, without masticating the food, and eating heartily before going to bed every night, when the mind and the body are exhausted by the toils of the day and the excitements of the evening.

5. Beginning in childhood on tea and coffee, and going from one step to another, through chewing and smoking tobacco, and drinking intoxicating liquors, by personal abuse, and physical and mental excesses of every kind.

6. Marrying in haste and getting an un congenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental excitement; cultivating jealousy and domestic broils, and being always in mental ferment.

7. Keeping children quiet by giving purgative and emetics, by teaching them to suck candy, and by supplying them with raisins, nuts, and rich cake, when they are sick, by giving mercury, tartar emetic and arsenic, under the mistaken notion that they are medicines and not irritant poisons.

8. Allowing the love of gain to absorb your minds, so as to leave no time to attend to health. Following an unhealthy occupation, because money be made by it.

9. Tempting the appetite by bitters and meetics when the stomach says no, and forcing food into it when nature does not demand, and even rejects it. Gormolizing between meals.

10. Contriving to keep in a continual state of nervous excitement, and nothing giving way to fits of anger.

11. Being irregular in all our habits of sleeping and eating. Going to bed at midnight and getting up at noon. Eating too much, too many kinds of food, and that which is too highly seasoned.

THE SECRET OF TAMING HORSES.—A correspondent of the New York Express submits the following method of horse taming:

For the oil of cummin the horse has an instinctive passion, and when the horse scents the odor, he is instinctively drawn towards it. The oil of rhodium possesses peculiar properties—all animals seem to cherish a fondness for it, and it exercises a kind of subduing influence over them. To tame horses, procure some castor, and grate it fine; also get some oil of rhodium, and oil of cummin, and keep the three separate in air tight bottles—run a little oil of cummin on your hands and approach the horse in the field, on the windward side, so that he can smell the cummin. The horse will let you come to him without trouble. Immediately rub your hand gently on the horse's nose, getting a little of the oil in it. You can then lead him anywhere.—Give him a little castor, or a piece of loaf sugar or apple. Put eight drops of rhodium into a lady's silver tumbler; take the tumbler between the thumb and middle finger of your right hand, with your forefinger stopping the mouth of the tumbler, to prevent the oil from running out while you are opening it, tip the tumbler on his tongue and he is your servant. He will follow you like a pet dog. He is now your servant and friend. You can teach him anything, if you are gentle and kind to him.

SUFFERING FOR BREAD.—We have been informed by reliable authority, that in the lower part of this country, the people are reduced to the most straitened circumstances in consequence of the scarcity of provisions. The suffering is confined chiefly to the poorer classes who have not the means of providing themselves with the wants of life; and we understand that they are threatening that if provision is not made immediately to secure those wants unto them, they will take them by force of arms from those who happen to have them. We sincerely hope the picture is overwrought, that the real condition of things is not as bad as represented; but if it is, steps ought immediately to be taken to provide the means of subsistence for them. In such a case it is not easy to determine what is best to do, but we feel satisfied that if the suffering is so great as represented, our citizens who have breadstuffs to spare will come to the rescue and sustain them till some more permanent provision can be made. We anxiously await more satisfactory news in reference to this matter than that which we have already received; and in the meantime, we advise our farmers to plant potatoes, peas, turnips, and everything that will make a fall crop, as it will go a long way to relieve the scarcity that must necessarily be caused from the late drought.—Clayton (Ala.) Banner.

Agricultural.

From the Field and Fireside.

Management of Negroes.

GLENNVILLE, Ala., June 16, 1860.

I noticed a piece in your last issue rather reproaching the planters for not writing more and giving our brother planters the benefit of our experience.

I have made farming my whole study for the last twelve years, and would not engage in any other business for fear I might get 'too many irons in the fire,' and perhaps burn some.

I have always prided myself upon the management of my negroes, and I believe they are under as good control as any I ever saw. I have never had one to run away, though I own negroes that, I have been told, never took a *shipping* without running away either before or after.

As my plan for managing negroes has succeeded very well, and I have been very prosperous, I propose to give you my plan, with the hope that it may benefit some new beginner.

In the first place, I hold it to be every man's duty to afford this negroes religious instruction, of a proper kind. This I have done in some way or other ever since I have been a planter, and I think it has worked well. From the beginning I have prohibited all swearing or the use of profane language, and for twelve years I have not heard an oath on my place. I made a set of rules—just as few as I could well get along with—made myself sure that every negro understood them, and punished every violation. They are forbidden to quarrel or fight; to drink or bring any ardent spirits on the place; or to leave the premises, under any pretense whatever, without a pass from myself or overseer. I never allow them to have husbands or wives abroad—think it better for them to mate at home, so that there may be no separation in case of removal. When they have visitors they are taught to bring them to my house door or report them to the overseer.—They are taught to obey implicitly who ever I put over them, whether white or black—and then I held the overseer or farm-man responsible for the quantity and quality of the work. I will not have them abused, and when they disobey one of my rules they are promptly punished and freely forgiven. I show no partiality, neither will I suffer it on the place. I never allow them to trade, in any manner whatever, with any one. You may think this very hard on them, and so it would be if I did not make it up to them by kindness. I buy everything they make, no matter what, and give the very highest price, whether I need it or not; I do this to prevent their trading from home.

I have a field called the "negroes' field" and work it as I do mine, in its turn, and give them all the proceeds. The men get two acres, the women one, and the children half an acre. I generally plant corn in it, because I think they are less liable to be tempted to steal to add to its bulk; and when I have it measured in the fall I give them one dollar a bushel for it every year, regardless of the market price—I measure it in the field as I pull it.

I make a rule to feed well, as I think it poor economy to starve either laborers or stock. In fact I think a man commits a sin to keep more of either than he can feed well and take care of. I strive to make them as comfortable as possible in their cabins, and add something every year to their home comforts.

As they have their crop worked in the day time, and have no night work, I encourage them to have gardens. So each family has its garden with a few fruit trees and grape vines, and plenty of whole some vegetables. At Christmas I give a premium to the one that has had the best garden. During the Christmas holidays I let them all go to the nearest town and trade, but never without the presence of myself or overseer. I never allow them to have money unless they can give a satisfactory account of the way in which they obtained it; and whenever they make a request of me I never refuse to grant it, if it is at all reasonable. I never sell one unless I fail to coax or force them into my rules.

I have succeeded so well, and have such a pleasant home and so little trouble with my negroes, and they seem so contented and happy, that I must offer it as an apology for dwelling on this subject so long.

FRANCIS BOYKIN.

To Prevent Skippers in Hams.

In a communication to the Cotton Planter, Mr. W. McWillie says:

"There is, according to my experience, nothing easier than to avoid the skipper and all worms and bugs that usually infest and often destroy so much bacon.—It is simply to keep your smoke house dark, and the moth that deposits the egg will never enter it. For the past twenty-five years I have attended to this, and never have had my bacon troubled with any insect. I have now hanging in my smoke house hams one, two and three years old, and the oldest are as free from insects as when first hung up. I am not aware of other causes for the exemption of my bacon from insects but simply the fact that my smoke house is always kept dark. Before adopting this plan, I had tried many experiments, but always either without success or with injury to the flavor of my bacon. I smoke with green hickory—this is important, as the flavor of bacon is often utterly destroyed by smoking it with improper wood."

Humorous.

Curiosity Reproved.

The Persian Ambassador found himself so annoyed when in France by the insatiable curiosity of the fair Persians, who came to his residence avowedly "to look at him," that, at last, he resolved to revenge himself by the following little scheme:—

On returning one day from a ride, and finding, as usual, his apartments crowded by ladies, he affected to be charmed with the sight of them successively pointing to each with his finger, and speaking with earnestness to his interpreter, who he well knew would be closely questioned as to the purport of his remarks. Accordingly the eldest of the ladies, who, in spite of age probably thought herself the most striking of the whole party, and whose curiosity was particularly excited, after his excellency had passed through the suite of rooms, coolly inquired what might have been the object of his examination.

"Madam," replied the interpreter, "I dare not inform you."

"But I wish particularly to know, sir." "Indeed, madam, it is impossible."

"Nay, sir, this reserve is vexatious—I desire to know."

"Oh since you insist, madam—know then, that his excellency has been valuing you."

"Valuing us! how, sir?"

"Yes, ladies—his excellency, after the custom of his country, has been setting a price upon each of you."

"Well, that's whimsical enough; and how much may that lady be worth, according to his estimation?"

"A thousand crowns."

"And the other?"

"Five hundred crowns."

"And that young lady with fair hair?"

"Three hundred crowns."

"And that brunette?"

"The same price."

"And that lady who painted?"

"Fifty crowns."

"And pray, sir, what may I be worth in the tariff of his excellency's good graces?"

"Oh madam, really must excuse me; I beg—"

"Come, come, no concealment."

"The prince merely said, as he passed you—"

"Well, what did he say?"

"He said, madam, that he did not know the small coin of the country."

THE MISTAKES OF THE PRESS.—The most laughable case of "mistakes of the printer," is that where there had been two articles prepared for the paper, (one concerning a sermon preached by an eminent divine and the other about the freaks of a mad dog); but, unfortunately, the foreman, in placing them into the form, "mixed" them, making the following *contresens*:

"The Rev. James Thompson, rector of St. Andrew's Church, preached to a large concourse of people on Sunday last. This was his last sermon in a few weeks he will bid farewell to his congregation, as his physicians advise him to cross