



"To thine own self be true, and it must follow,

as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

BY ROBERT YOUNG & CO.

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### POETRY.

#### Is it Anybody's Business?

Is it anybody's business  
If a gentleman should choose  
To wait upon a lady,  
If the lady don't refuse  
Or, to speak a little plainer,  
That the meaning all may know,  
Is it anybody's business  
If a lady has a beau?  
Is it anybody's business  
When that gentleman does call,  
Or when he leaves the lady,  
Or if he leaves at all?  
Or is it necessary  
That the curtain should be drawn,  
To save from further trouble  
The outside lookers on?  
Is it anybody's business  
But the lady's if her beau  
Rides out with other ladies  
And doesn't let her know?  
Is it anybody's business  
But the gentleman's, if she  
Should accept another's escort,  
Where he doesn't chance to be?  
Is it a person on the sidewalk,  
Whether great or whether small,  
Is it anybody's business  
Where that person means to call?  
Or, if you see a person  
As he's calling anywhere,  
Is it anybody's business  
What his business may be there?  
The substance of our query,  
Simply stated, would be this:  
Is it anybody's business?  
What another's business is?  
If it is, or if it isn't,  
We would really like to know,  
For we're certain, if isn't,  
There some who make it so.

### MISCELLANY.

#### UNDER THE MASK.

BY AN OLD ACTOR.

The play was over! "Othello" had never found such an exponent, and the plaudits of the public could hardly be controlled. Repeatedly must the hero make his acknowledgments to his enchanted admirers; and as he did so, his face, manly face seemed to be suffused with intense joy; and well it might, for it was the first time that he had ever taken the chief part in the play as Othello himself.

For many years I had known him intimately, yet I never knew his history; that was his own. My first feelings were to rush behind the scenes and congratulate him on his grand success.

"What!" said I, "are you not happy, too?" and I gazed almost thunder-struck upon him as he stood in dark, deep thought, and then wiped his hand across his great high forehead, as if he would drive away some troublesome memory. He did not appear to notice my remark at first, but gradually he recovered his composure, and addressed me in his usual friendly manner.

"Do not be offended," said he, laughingly, "at my strange conduct. You know we actors are sometimes strange people. Our best friends themselves do not know our inner life. Nobody imagines that we have suffering and deep smarts, which we must always conceal from the world. We must often laugh when our hearts would break, and the plaudits of the public appear like death-knells to us.—The public believe that we only play with suffering; that we only represent foreign misfortune, only give them a *role* which we have learned, with more or less feeling, and that we only feign love and jealousy, hate and despair. But he who has been behind the scenes, as I have, knows full well that under the assumed appearance there is the deepest earnestness, the most fearful truth concealed. They do not think that the laughing, fun-making comedian can feel the pain of his wick child within his own heart, or think upon his wife whom he must leave upon her dying bed. Yes, we often represent our own life upon the stage; we repeat nearly word for word our own thoughts; we feel the same anguish, the same pain, which we must utter in brilliant words of poetry. And I will tell you myself the truth of what I have just spoken, which took place in my own experience. I was once an eye-witness to a scene which I can never forget. An actor played the part of a tender father, who related the death of his beloved child; and he became so convulsed that he sank upon the stage dead. He had, in truth, lost his only daughter but a few weeks before. The public thought he acted magnificently, and the curtain fell amid the thunders of applause, on a *good* play."

"It is terrible," I cried, convulsively. "I can now imagine your own emotion that you felt in Othello. But have you the jealousy which you had previously spoken of."

"I do not know," said he, "if I know the history of my youth. I will try and remember. I have told you, I think, that I am descended from poor parents, and I grow up surrounded only by poverty and distress.—Like the Moor, I, too, belong to a foreign and despised race. Perhaps that may have enabled me to assume Othello's character easier. I know not. But I became an actor. My ambition has been gratified to-night. But I did not make myself. It was Othello.—Othello is a part of my life—my existence—his love, his jealousy, his light and shade are my own. You tell me to relate my life. I will.

"After many early years of wandering in nearly all parts of the country, I found a regular engagement in the city of —, where I became introduced to a splendid society of distinguished fellow-actors, who had also engagements there. It was both a joy and a fortune to belong to such an establishment, and to be a worker among such representations as we had there. Every actor appeared to be inspired with zeal to do his best, and the public rewarded us by full houses and almost continued applause. For me it was really the school of my education, and I made such important progress in a very short time, that greater *roles* were entrusted to me, although I was only a young beginner, and had not won the name which afterward brought misfortune.

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"Our director was an excellent character player, and he interested himself for me as much as he could, giving me every opportunity to enrich my *repertoire* and to develop my talents. The other members all showed themselves friendly and companionable. Especially did I feel drawn toward our manager, who was more distinguished for his culture and goodness of heart than for any brilliancy as an actor. Still I was fond of him, and he used to call me his son. He had a daughter also, who resembled her father in these qualities; and I was attracted to her more by her intellect and amiability than by her beauty and talent, and she loved me with all the pure inclination of a tender sister. The family became dearer to me every day, and many a time I thought real earnestly of taking the good Bertha home with me as my wife, although I had then but little real love toward her, and not so much as she deserved.

"Thus did I live, quiet and contented, in a circle of honored friends, busying myself in my profession, and finding myself, for the first time after my vagabond actor's life, in orderly relationship, among educated companions and good, amiable men. Those were happy days, and even to-day I often think of that beautiful, joyous time. But all vanished.

"One day a new actress was introduced to our company. I saw her for the first time at rehearsal. I stood near her, and received an impression for my whole life. Auguste, for that was her name, combined the greatest beauty with an enchanting pleasantness of manner and rare gifts. She spoke to the actresses of God's grace to her, and impressed us all by her spirit. The first evening of her appearance was an event for the theatre. The public revelled, and I fell in love with the genial artist, and thought that I had really found my ideal. I was much engaged then, and often played in the same piece with her, and did not fail to come near her as often as possible. My advances were friendly received. I soon flattered myself that I possessed her heart, and soon she allowed me to accompany her to her home and visit her.

"Day by day our relations became closer and more intimate, and after a few weeks I considered myself the happiest man in the world, as I received a kiss from her ravishing lips for the first time, and heard the confession of her love. My happiness needed nothing but the blessing of the church, but Auguste put off the desired day under different pretexts.

"Our intended union, however, remained no secret. I received the congratulations of my colleagues, who appeared to envy me of my brilliant conquest, and the director wished me the greatest happiness, and not only renewed my contract, but essentially improved my relations. Only my good old friend, the manager, was not pleased with my choice, although he appeared just as kind as ever. But in spite of this, a certain coldness had sprung up between us, and of course I did not visit his family so often, as every free moment I gave to Auguste.

"But Auguste became constantly dearer to me, and my heart felt as if it could never attach itself to another. I loved her with a warmth which I had never before known; it was as if I had found a true friend, and I trusted her implicitly.

"Although I felt highly honored by this selection, yet I undertook the appointed part with certain reluctance. The character of the Moor was far from me then, and agreed neither with my voice nor myself. I knew no jealousy; I had never found the pangs of deceived love. And, indeed, when I came to the rehearsal of my part before the director, I saw that he was not perfectly pleased, and looked forward to only a modest reception on the boards. Auguste played her part of Desdemona enchantingly; but my own part was cold and lifeless in comparison. In the course of the rehearsal, she encouraged me more than once to give more fire and passion, and especially in the celebrated death scene, while she laughingly told me that I then must really believe her untrue. But the way in which she said this put me quite out of tune, and first awakened my discontent.

might be seized upon to her dishonor. The only opinion ever heard of her was one of the purest morality and modesty, and her beautifully sad eyes and child-like smile helped to increase the trust in her."

A deep heart-sigh came from the actor; a deep shadow of fierceness swept over his noble face; he paused awhile as if to regain composure, and then continued:

"At last Auguste appointed our marriage day. My feelings then cannot be expressed now. I procured a house in readiness for us both, and felt a childish joy as I watched every article of furniture brought in, and was perfectly beside myself when I pictured my leading my own Auguste to her home and making her the proud mistress of all. But in spite of all these preparations for our marriage, I did not neglect my own duties at the theatre. On the contrary, I surprised both the public and the director with extraordinary progress that made. My love only seemed to increase my inspiration, and I felt an intense delight in even the most difficult *role*. One day, one of our hero-players was taken suddenly sick, and I was surprised by receiving a note from the manager, requesting me to take the sick actor's part as the chief *role* in "Othello," in which Auguste played the part of Desdemona.

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"I was filled with dark forebodings as I entered upon my task in the evening. The first scene closed without the least applause. I longed for the conclusion, for I felt deeply my own success. The fourth act came tediously along to my impatience, and at its conclusion Auguste came to me in order to give me an encouraging word. While she was speaking to me, she laid down her written *role* which she held in her hand, upon the table, where mine was also placed.

"When the signal was given, she left me very quickly in order to attire herself properly for the death scene, and in her haste changed both our *roles*. I observed the mistake, and would rectify it, but a piece of paper which fell out of her manuscript held me back. I picked it off the floor, and threw a hasty glance at the, to me, strange handwriting.—A fearful suspicion pierced through my soul. I read the open letter. Now I could no longer doubt the unfaithfulness of my affianced. She had deceived me in the most shameless manner, and was expecting a well-known infamous fellow to meet her at an appointed rendezvous after the theatre was over.

"I can hardly describe my thoughts. The Moor's nature seized me. Revenge was my uppermost thought, and I felt that I could act the Moor's part now, perfectly. The thought came to take deep, certain revenge upon the shameless being, and with this feeling I stepped upon the stage for the final act. I uttered the fearful monologue of Othello's, now, with truth; I felt a wild glow, and hardly heard the rapturous applause that fell. Indeed, I heard nothing; a bloody mist hovered before my eyes; my brain was fired, and I knew neither what I would say or what I would do. I approached the bed.

"I see that beautiful form still, an embodied ideal of all beauty and loveliness; she reclined comfortably upon a silk cushion. A nature so glorious and enchanting it was, as God could only once make so beautiful, I thought. But my passion now swayed my reason. I had no longer control over my actions.

"The view of the unfaithful one inflamed me anew, and unconsciously I clutched my dagger, which was no common theatrical one. Mechanically I closed the curtains after me, in order that the public might not see the horrid tragedy. I was alone with her, and nothing hindered me in carrying out my design. I had already seized the sharp weapon, neared the couch, and lifted up my arm to strike the murderous blow, but I felt it suddenly arrested. Before me stood my true friend, the manager, who snatched quickly

change in my acting had been remarked by the experienced man. He had sympathizingly followed my movements, and as I drew my dagger in order to stab Desdemona before the time written by the dramatist, he believed that it was a mistake on my part, and therefore he sprang to hinder me from a supposed failure. He little thought that his unexpected appearance between us saved me from becoming a criminal, and, perhaps, saved me from the scaffold."

"And what of Auguste? Where is she?" I asked.

"She went, like, many others, to ruin.—Her moral power totally failed; she sank deeper and deeper, and at last, in consequence of her irregular life, died a consumptive. I never saw her afterwards, and I do not think she ever knew the danger to which she was once exposed. My only revenge consisted in sending the letter with my card to her the following morning. My love was cured, but at the cost of my dearest hopes and my most beautiful illusions. Othello is still my favorite *role*. I love it as a mother loves her child. My misfortune developed my talents, and through Othello I became an actor. As often as I play that part, however, I am seized with the old feelings. The picture of that fearful evening stands before my soul. I feel the same inspiration of that dread jealousy, and the curtain falls amid glorious, rapturous applause.

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#### A Real Hero.

A SCENE AT SEA.

Two weeks ago on board an English steamer or a little ragged boy, aged nine years, was discovered on the fourth day of the outward voyage from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with such cases. When questioned as to the object of his being stowed away, and who brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful sunny face and eyes that looked like the very mirrors of truth, replied that his stepfather did it, because he could not afford to keep him, nor to pay his passage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going.—The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy. He had seen too much of stow-aways to be easily deceived by them, he said; and it was his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by sailors.

The little fellow was very roughly handled in consequence. Day by day he was questioned and questioned, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board, and his father alone had secreted him and given him the food which he ate.

At last the mate, wearied by the boy's persistence in the same story, and perhaps a little anxious, to inculpate the sailors, seized him one day by the collar and dragging him to the fore, told him that unless he confessed the truth in ten minutes from that time he would hang him on the yard arm. He then made him sit down under it on the deck. All around him were the passengers and sailors of the midday watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with his chronometer in his hand, and the other officers of the ship by his side. It was the finest sight, said our informant, that we had ever beheld—to see the pale, proud, sorrowful face of that noble boy, his head erect, his beautiful eyes bright through the tears that suffused them. When eight minutes had fled, the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth and save his life; but he replied, with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, by asking the mate if he might pray.

The mate said nothing, but nodded his head, and turned as pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling like a reed with the wind.—And there, all eyes turned on him, this brave and noble little fellow, this poor wail from society owned not, and whose own stopfather could not care for him—there he knelt with clasped hands and eyes upraised to Heaven, while he repeated audibly the Lord's Prayer, and prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him to heaven.

Our informant adds that there then occurred a scene as of Pentecost. Sobs broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he now believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his own word.

The human heart is like a mill-stone in a mill—when you put the wheat under it it turns and grinds and breaks the wheat into flour. If you put no wheat in it grinds on, but then

Whose Baby is That?

A RICH SUMMER IN THE NEW ORLEANS SOCIETY.

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Not long since a prominent member of the New York Sorosis visited our city, and expressed surprise that no organization like the Sorosis had been established among us. Her acquaintance, being necessarily limited, her views on the matter were only imparted to a few kindred spirits, and these, by reason of recent residence, of like limited acquaintances. But what they lacked in social influence was amply compensated by enterprising spirits and progressive views of life. The wretched indifference that prevailed among the *beau se* to enlarged privileges must be dissipated, they thought, and to this end they proceeded to organization that would accomplish this end. The first thing to be done was procure a suitable club room; but the "Varieties," the "Boston," and other similar organizations, declining to permit a primary meeting within buildings, it became necessary as a last resort, to take a hall conveniently located near Tivoli Circle. This secured, a meeting was appointed, and Monday night the initiatory members proceeded to organize the institution. The attendance was limited, and only six ladies of an uncertain age enlisted in the laudable enterprise. Rules and regulations were adopted, and a miniature lecture on woman's rights heralded the advent of the new enterprise. After this, of course, refreshments were to be taken, and the ladies evinced to great reluctance in testing the virtue of the exhilarating liquids set before them. But their meeting was destined to an unhappy conclusion. The hall had been for some time deserted, and the proprietor had lodged in the corner the debris of several broken stoves, and an old cupboard or two. These had been taken possession of by an old cat and a growing family of kittens. Suddenly an animated discussion was interrupted by a prolonged wail, like an infant in agony.

"Sister!" exclaimed the President, "did any one bring a baby?"

There was a brief silence, and then a shaking of heads all around.

"We will proceed!" said the elderly sister, wielding the baton of office, and again the conversation grew animated.

But again the wail, longer, louder than before.

"Sisters, whom does that baby belong to?" sternly demanded the New York Sorosis.

"Not mine!"

"Nor mine!"

"I should hardly think it's mine!" exclaimed an elderly lady whose life had been passed in meditation on the perfidy of man.

"I'm thankful I've no such crime on my conscience!"

"Is there any married sister among us?" inquired the lady.

The youngest of the number, a blue-eyed, meek looking disciple, confessed that she had been once, but wasn't now. Nevertheless, she assured them that nothing unfortunate had resulted in her brief experience, and the baby wasn't hers.

"We will proceed!" and for a time the concealed feelings were silent.

But the cat was only husbanding her strength for a more vigorous serenade. It burst at length in screeches that would have rivalled bedlam. The hall was filled with the discordant sound, and the ladies held their breath in astonishment. Then followed the short, quick spits; the feline growls and screeches of angry cats: the old stoves rattle; the cupboards shook: the noise grew loud; the uproar deafening.

"Sisters, either the evil one is among us, or that baby's got the hydrophobia. I'm going to leave!" and the lady dashed for the door, followed by her disciples. Just as they reached the head of the stairs, the uproar broke out anew, and the old and her young scampored across floor.

This was the climax of affright. Shriek after shriek testified their horror of the situation. Those behind rushed on those in front, and the whole party rolled down the steep stairs, and, reaching the street, fled precipitately for their homes; the New York Sorosis expressing her sense of the disturbance by the simple ejaculation:

"Heaven help us! What a baby!"

A poor man came to a minister and begged to be unmarried. The minister assured him that it was out of the question, and urged him to put away the notion of anything so absurd. The man insisted that the marriage could not hold good, for the wife was worse than the devil. The minister demurred, saying, that was quite impossible. "No," said the poor man, "the Bible tells us, that if ye resist the devil, he flees from ye; but if ye resist her, she flees at ye."

IMPORTANT TO HOLDERS OF BANK BILLS.

—An exchange gives the following list of Banks in South Carolina now in course of liquidation, namely: Bank of the State of South Carolina, Bank of Camden, People's Bank, Planters' and Mechanics' Bank. The Farmers' and Exchange Bank has been closed up, and its bills are consequently worthless. Under an act of the Legislature, all of the Banks in this State are required to wind up their business by the first day of December next, and many will be settled up very soon. As the notes not presented before that time will be lost altogether, it is important that holders should make some disposition of them, and endeavor to realize their value at this time.

The following Banks in Georgia are also in liquidation, viz: Bank of Columbus, Bank of Commerce, Bank of Savannah, Bank of the State of Georgia, City Bank of Augusta, Farmer's and Mechanics' Bank, Planters Bank of Savannah, Union Bank. The Bank of Augusta and the Augusta Insurance and Banking Company have been settled up, and their notes now out are valueless.

THE Pacific Railroad is now in successful operation. The San Francisco journals reach here in eight days, and several gentlemen have arrived in New York who have passed over the road in the time mentioned. The distance from Sacramento to Omaha is not yet accurately known. The commissioners appointed to examine the route have recently reported on the condition of the track, as it was built on March 10th, 1869, and give the length at that date of the Union Pacific at 1085 miles; of 198 miles uncompleted. These figures give 1779 as the distance from Sacramento to Omaha. The companies, however, have received subsidies in the following proportion: the Union Pacific, for 1080 miles, and the Central Pacific, for 741 miles, giving a total of 1771 miles.

THE question of what constitutes a "family," in the eye of the law, has lately been raised in Georgia. An application had been made before the Ordinary of Coweta County for homestead, under the constitution and laws of Georgia, from Col. Joe Calhoun, a bachelor, aged sixty years. Col. Calhoun's creditors filed objection to the passage of an order by the ordinary assigning homestead in this case, on the ground that the applicant was not the "head of a family," in a legal sense. It was admitted that he had neither wife nor children, but had servants in his employment, and his counsel contended that this fact constituted him the "head of a family." The ordinary sustained the objections, and the applicant appealed to the Superior Court.

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A young woman in the South, during the war, wrote to Jeff. Davis, saying: "I want you to let James Clancy of Co 1th. 5th S. O. regiment, come home and get married. James is willin', I is willin', my mammy she is willin', his mammy says she is willin', but James' captain he ain't willin', now when we are all willin' 'ceptin' James' captain, I think you might let up and let James come. I'll make him go straight back when he's done got married, and fight as hard as ever."—James was allowed to go home, married, re-joined the army, and fought till the end.

SYMPTOMS OF OLD MAIDISHNESS.—A Scotch paper thus humorously describes the symptoms of old maidishness: "When a woman begins to drink her tea without sugar—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to read love stories a-bed—that's a symptom. When a woman gives a sign on hearing of a wedding—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to say that she's refused many offers—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to say what a dreadful set of oratures men are, and that she would be bothered with one for all the world—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to have a cat at her elbows at meal times, and gives it sweetened milk—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to rub her fingers over the chairs, unable to see if they are dusty—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to go to bed with her stockings, flannel, and night cap—that's a symptom."

THE CROPS.—The harvest of the wheat crop has commenced in this District, and the grain is reported never to have been better. The crop has not been visited by the ruinous diseases which have rendered the yield so uncertain of late years. We suppose the breadth sown to be equal to a area of former years. We learn from the Chester Reporter that a gentleman in this District has threshed and shipped to Baltimore twenty five bushels of new wheat which supposed was harvested two weeks ago. Our has a good crop but in very small quantities. We are informed that the wheat crop