THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

By Weaver & Gilmore.] Truth and Right---God and our Country. [Two Dollars per Annum

VOLUME 2. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1850. NUMBER 27.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH

Is published every Thursday Morning, by

Weaver & Gilmore.

OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building on the south side of Main street, third square below Market.

TERMS:—Two Dollars per annum, if paid within six months from the time of subscribing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription received for a less period than six months: no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editors.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. *A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year.*

SILVER MOON.

[day

As I strayed from my cot, at the close of the
To muse on the beauties of June,
Neath a jessamine tree I spied a fair maid,
And she sadly complained to the moon.—

CHORUS.

Roll on, silver moon guide the traveller on his way,
While the nightingale's song is in tune;
For I never, never more, with my true love will stray,
By the sweet, silver light of the moon.

As the hart on the mountains, my true love was brave—
So handsome, so manly to view;
So kind and sincere, and he loved me so dear;
Oh! Edwin, no love was so true.

But now he is dead, and the youth once so gay,
Cut down like a rose in full bloom;
And he silently sleeps, and I am thus left to weep
'Neath the sweet, silver light of the moon.

But his grave I'll seek out, when the morning appears,
And weep for my true love, so brave;
I'll embrace the cold earth and bedew with my tears
The flowers which bloom on his grave.

Oh! never again can my heart throb with joy—
My best one I hope to meet soon.
Kind friends they will weep o'er the grave where we sleep,
By the sweet, silver light of the moon.

THE LAWRENCE DIVORCE CASE.

Bigelow Lawrence's Statement and Defence, Prepared by his Counsel.

The publicity which has recently been given to the difficulties between Mr. T. Bigelow Lawrence and his wife, and the misguiding abuse that has been lavished upon him by the advocates and friends of Mrs. Lawrence, seem to demand imperatively that some statement should be made of the motives which prompted, and the causes which rendered, his course necessary. Whatever may be argued by those unfriendly to him, from his silence to the present hour, it is nevertheless true he has thus refrained from making any public explanation, from motives of delicacy, and from a consciousness that his justification could be established without divulging facts and a correspondence which nothing but extreme necessity should call forth. His vindication lies, in a great measure, in a series of letters written by Mrs. Lawrence and various members of her family; and had it not been for the unjustifiable manner in which he has been assailed, they would never have been known.

* * * * * * *

These reasons, in the opinion of counsel, were sufficient to deter Mr. Lawrence from appearing either in person or by attorney at Louisville, and in compliance with their advice, he offered no opposition to the libel.

As it is difficult to say definitely what testimony was given at the trial, we will first notice the account contained in one of the leading journals of Louisville, not only from the fact that it has been more extensively copied than any other, but also because the character of the paper forbids the idea of any intentional error.

Mrs. Lawrence did leave Boston for Louisville in company with her father, but Mr. Ward had some time previous offered to attend his daughter thither, in case her husband should be unable to do so. Mr. Ward, in a letter to Mr. Lawrence, under date of July 10th, said—"If your engagements are such as to prevent you from leaving Boston, let me know by telegraph, and also by mail, and I will immediately go for her." In consequence of this, a telegraphic communication was forwarded to Louisville, stating that Mr. Lawrence could not leave Boston; and immediately a second letter was written to him by Mr. Ward, dated July 25th, in which it was said—"If Sallie concludes to visit her mother now, write me at once, and I will soon be in Boston. When it is important she should be here, it would give me pleasure to go for her." On the 17th of August, Mr. Ward was in Boston.

The promise was made to Mr. Lawrence, at the time his wife left Boston, that she should certainly return by the first of October, and it was not expected that he was to accompany her back. The reason why it was impossible for him to do so was, that his father was to embark for England on the 26th of September, and he was unable to leave Boston before that day. He was positively answered, however, that his wife should be brought back, and this was only a repetition of what had been previously stated in a letter to Mr. Ward. His language was—"If you cannot stay, I will return with her to Boston at any time you may desire." And in another letter he said—"I will very cheerfully return with her to Boston." Mr. Lawrence, in a letter to Mr. Ward, dated Sept. 9th, reminded him of his promise that Mrs. Lawrence should return to Boston by the first of October. The reply to this letter did not deny the promise, but alleged certain reasons why its fulfilment was impossible. Besides this, Mrs. Lawrence, when she departed from this city, left behind her a written promise that she would remain at Louisville only one week; but the time was voluntarily extended by her husband to a longer period.

Mr. Lawrence's dissatisfaction at his wife's remaining in Louisville, was known to the parents of Mrs. Lawrence more than five months before the publication of the advertisement. The same letter of Mr. Lawrence above alluded to, dated Sept 9, contains the following:—"If you prefer Sallie to remain in Louisville, and do not embrace the offer which I make, and one it is which is prompted by the strongest affection and a true desire for her welfare, I have only to say to you, sir, that you will effect a separation between my wife and myself; for, if Sallie remains there, it would certainly be forced upon me." The reply of Mr Ward, dated Sept. 19, said—"If you deem my course a cause for separation, be it so." And no other opportunity was afforded Mr. Lawrence to express his dissatisfaction since all further correspondence on the subject was closed, at the request of M. Ward.

The following extract from a letter of Mrs Lawrence to her husband, dated Nov. 6, will show that his disapproval of her remaining in Louisville was known and resisted by her. "I am quite as fixed (she says) in my determination not to spend the winter in Boston, as you are not to come to Kentucky. I must beg that you will not again write for me to come, even were my health perfect." And all further opportunity of making known his dissatisfaction to her, was rendered impossible by the declaration, Correspondence on this subject (her return to Boston) is useless entirely."

Moneys were furnished Mrs. Lawrence by her husband, and bills were paid by him during her stay in Boston, besides her bills at the Tremont House, and those for medical attendance, as can be proved by unquestioned evidence.—The sums of money so paid to and for her, would, by others, have been considered large and her husband was ever ready and willing to supply all her reasonable wants. Indeed, it had been the wish of Mr. Ward, at his daughter's marriage, to provide for all her personal expenses himself, as he had made no settlement upon her at that time; and accordingly, had Mr. Lawrence only paid the bills as testified to by Mr. Ward, he would have done all that his [illegible] But, as before stated, much more than this was done. Whenever Mr. Lawrence desired money, it was furnished her without hesitation; and whoever knows the money so provided, and the bills paid for her, ought not to deny his kindness and liberality. The charge of meanness, which is attempted to be thrown upon Mr. Lawrence by the friends and family of his wife, is without the slightest foundation; and those who remember the costly gifts he lavished upon her, at the time of his marriage, have no reason to question his generosity towards her.

But the most striking instance of the niggardness of Mr. Lawrence adduced at the trial, was what Mr. Preston was pleased to call "the hundred dollar transaction." Mrs. Lawrence in that case, made no application whatever to her husband for money; but, without his knowledge, wrote a note to Mr. Abbott Lawrence, asking for the loan of one hundred dollars. The note was as follows:

"DEAR FATHER.—You will confer a favor upon me by sending me one hundred dollars which my father will return to you in person.—I am expecting money every day, but Eliza wishes her wages to make immediate purchases with, which induces me to apply to you. I receive it as a loan. When pa arrives, it will be returned to you.

Yours, SALLIE W. L.

The sum asked for was immediately enclosed to Mrs. Lawrence in a letter, wherein all that was said in reference to the money was—"I enclose one hundred dollars, which you wrote to me for this morning, for the purpose of paying your maid." Mrs. Lawrence, in an answer written the same day, said, "Receive my thanks for your prompt attention to my request, which shall be returned to you immediately."

Five days, at least, after Mrs. Lawrence's return to Louisville, viz., the first of September, she wrote a letter to her husband, in which she said—"Pa commenced to-day with my yearly allowance; the first appropriation I made was to send one hundred dollars to your father."—And in due course of mail, according to the testimony of Mr. Ward, a letter was received, acknowledging the receipt of the money. From first to last, there was no application made for the repayment of the sum. Mrs. Lawrence asked for it, and chose to consider it as a loan, and its return was voluntary and unsolicited.—We trust that the hundred dollar transaction will induce Mr. Preston to "pause and reflect."

What renders the charge of meanness, which the advocates of Mrs. Lawrence have attempted to throw upon Mr Abbott Lawrence, in connection with this transaction, peculiarly unjust, is the fact that only a few days before this sum of one hundred dollars was borrowed, he offerred to pay any bills that she might have in Boston.—She declined the offer, with thanks, saying she owed no bills in the city whatever. Two or three days after, Mr T. B. Lawrence received a bill of ninety-eight dollars, from Messrs Jones, Lows & Ball, contracted some weeks previously by his wife.

Thus much has been said, in answer to specific testimony given at the recent trial in Louisville; but great injustice would be done to Mr Lawrence if this statement were to terminate here. It now becomes necessary to indicate the reasons which rendered him unwilling to repair to Louisville, and to show the obstacles and trials he was obliged to contend with, during his wife's residence in Boston.

With Mrs Lawrence, prior to her coming to Boston we have nothing to do. She arrived in this city (Boston) on the 1st of April, 1849.—Her fame as a belle had certainly preceded her, and there was an eager desire to see one who had elsewhere created so great a sensation. But the curiosity of the public, great as it was, did not equal the kindness and love with which she was welcomed by the kindred of Mr. Lawrence; and the efforts made to render her satisfied and happy in her new home, were prompted by the warmest affection and regard.

Her own acknowledgment of that kindness is thus expressed in one of her letters, written since returning to Louisville:—"My new home has for me many attractions. I met with unqualified kindness and attention while there, which I shall never forget. With health I could not fail to be happy, when such efforts were made to render me so." But, however earnest or sincere were those efforts, they were still ineffectual in producing either contentment or happiness; and immediately after reaching Boston, she commenced writing to Louisville in a tone that argued nothing but disappointment and distress. It appeared that devotion and kindness were unable to reconcile her to her new abode; and notwithstanding the rank she occupied, and the attentions that were shown to her, the letters she wrote to her family, in the language of one who persued them all, "conveyed the idea of utter, perfect misery." The cause of all this sorrow and suffering was so idle, that we are reluctant to mention it. While every reasonable wish was gratified, some foolish whims were opposed, and this determined the whole character of her thoughts and feelings. Till Mrs Lawrence arrived in Boston, she had never learned to heed the wishes of others—the idol of the ball room had always met with submission, and the secret of obedience had never been acquired by her. Among the habits to which she had been accustomed while in Louisville was one which her husband endeavored to break, not only because it was injurious to herself, but also because it was injurious to herself, but also because it was condemned by the sentiment of the community among whom she had become a resident. We allude to the frequent and free use of paints and other cosmetics. Whatever she had done elsewhere, Mr Lawrence represented that in Boston such a habit could not be allowed, and he sought to exert the perogative of a husband by forbidding its practice. This prohibition was received with anything but favor by Mrs Lawrence, and colored darkly the early letters she wrote to her parents.

Her complaints were not long unknown. The suspicion that all was not right soon ripened into a conviction, and reports were circulated in the West that she was far from being happy in her new home. Side by side with these tales, went forth accounts of her physical suffering, and the people of Kentucky heard that her life was in danger. It was even said that her return to her native city was not improbable, and in a letter written to a friend in Louisville, only sixteen days after her arrival in Boston, Mrs Lawrence said that she should go back to Louisville, if not better. But there reports were a few days subsequently corrected; for she wrote to a friend, under date of April 21st, that she "was as well as she ever had been in her life."

In consequence of statements made by Mrs Lawrence to her parents, she received a letter from her mother, (postmarked Louisville, April 15th) It should be borne in mind that this was one of the earliest letters written, by a mother to her daughter after marriage, it having been written only thirty three days after Mrs Lawrence left Louisville, and only fifteen days after arrival in Boston. Mrs Ward wrote thus:—"I am going to write you a real war letter. You say you are acting by Mr. Lawrence's command and you are unhappy by so doing. Then let me advise you in this case; seem to obey, but do so as you please. If you use proper caution he can never know it. You should rouge or not as you wish, and I have nothing to object to either.—You are better looking without complexion than with too much. This I have always said.—But if you think differently, then do what would make you happy. You could not be less so, I should judge under any circumstances.—Then never fear Mr Lawrence's anger, it could not be more than what you are now enduring. Now dear Sallie, if you would take the right means, he could never discover it. You must begin with caution and keep it up. The most delicate tinge possible is all you want. If you have no more, defy the opinion of the universe, the commands of Mr Lawrence, and every one else. Stick to it with some of your mother's spunk. Could you be worse off than now?—You are miserable now; could you be more so then? It can't last long, and you leave giving out to others. My dear child, determine one of two things—to live it up at once or stick to it in defiance of all and everything that may oppose. You cannot live long as you are. Then Sallie, be a woman, and act as one in future." The letter further says—"I know you are careless with your letters. Now do burn this as soon as read." * * *

Whatever may have been the cause, Mr. Lawrence discovered, a short time after the receipt of the letter of April 15th, that his commands were defied; that what he had desired might be discontinued, merely for the interest and reputation of his wife, was steadily persisted in; and he strove, through the influence of his father, to gain that compliance with his wishes which he alone was unable to effect. This apparently, was not without its result; and on Sunday, April 29th, the following note was sent to Mr. Abbott Lawrence:—"Receive, my dearest father, my solemn oath, which is this day registered above, to conform to the wishes of my husband. Your daugter, Sallie." The fact of this resolve was evidently communicated to her friends in Louisville, since a letter from her sister, dated May 4th, says:—"I write to assure you of my pleasure at receiving your good resolutions. Pray keep them, and you will render us all very happy.

It would have been expected that a promise made at such a time, and in so solemn a manner, would have been heeded; and so it was hoped and believed by Mr. Lawrence and his relatives. But these hopes and expectations were soon disappointed. At the expense of being somewhat tedious, we will here relate certain circumstances that transpired soon after the above promise was made. On Saturday, May 29th, Mrs. Abbott Lawrence (her husband being then absent at Washington) gave a dinner party in honor of William C. Rives, who was then on a visit to Boston. Mrs. Bigelow Lawrence was present, and, although it was not quite three weeks after the above note was written, it was evident from her appearance that the old habit had again been practiced. Mr. Lawrence, however, did not make an accusation, but, after the company had separated, Mrs. L. said of her own accord, to Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, "Bigelow thinks I have been *rouging* to-day, but it is not so; there is no paint on my cheeks." Mr. L.'s reply was, "I have nothing to say at all; Sallie knows best; I do not accuse her of anything." His wife then said, "To convince your mother that what I say is true, about half an hour ago, I was in the music room with Kitty and Abbott, (youngest son of A. Lawrence) and Abbott said, "How red your cheeks are—I should think you had been painting," and he wet his handkerchief with cologne, and wiped my face with it. Now, if there had been paint on my cheeks, it would certainly have come off." She then added, "I call Heaven to witness that there is not any *rouge* on my cheeks." Mrs. Abbott Lawrence endeavored in vain to dissuade her from using such violent language, for she said again, "I swear to God there is not a particle of paint on my face."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Lawrence lived at the Tremont House, after arriving in Boston, and subsequently resided at the Nahant Hotel during a portion of the summer; but his residence at these places was only intended as a temporary arrangement and it was his intention to go to housekeeping when a suitable dwelling could be procured.—Mr. Ward, in a letter to Mr. Lawrence, dated June 8, earnestly recommends this course, and says:—"You speak of going to housekeeping. If you can get a house, we earnestly advise it. I will most cheerfully assist you in fitting up the house, and likewise in supporting it. I beg that no feeling of delicacy will prevent your writing me at once the rent of your house, the cost of furnishing it, and the expense of living." Mr. Lawrence accordingly hired a house in Beacon street, on a lease of three years, the rent thereof, including taxes, amounting to $1600 per annum. This lease was executed on the 13th day of August, four days before Mr. Ward came to Boston for his daugter, at which time the fact was communicated to him, and seemingly met with his hearty approval. Mr. Lawrence was to take possession of his house on the 1st of October, when, as before stated, he confidently anticipated his wife's return. He had hired his servants, procured his furniture, ordered his silver, and had made all necessary arrangements for proceeding to housekeeping.

But, although he had thus engaged a house for a term of years, yet Mr. Lawrence had no intention thereby of pursuing a course that would impair the health of his wife. On the contrary, he had frequently promised Mrs. Lawrence, in case she found a residence in Boston too severe, that he would accompany her to some warm climate to pass the winter months. But it was maintained by her husband, as well as by her physician in Boston, that a change of climate would make little difference if she omitted to use proper caution. Her carelessness was well known, and whoever marked attentively her course, found a ready explanation for her ill health. Nor was the fact of her recklessness unknown to her mother, who says in a letter to Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, April 20th:—"That Sallie should be imprudent in dress, I expected; she has ever been, and could never be convinced that care is important for health." But, despite her negligence, her health had greatly improved before leaving Boston, and, at no time during her married life, had she been better than the month or two preceding her departure. As her happiness was dependent upon her health, this improvement was clearly indicated in the following letter written to Louisville a short time before she left Boston. This letter was written at Nahant, about the 20th of July, and we trust that the following extract will be read attentively by all who assert that Mr. Lawrence was unkind to his wife while there:—"I have never been so happy at any period of my married life as now. Mr. Lawrence is most kind and affectionate, and I forget society while with him. Whatever my past faults may have been, they will never return. I shall strive, in every way, to make my husband happy, and will comply in everything to his wishes."

It is well known that certain stories have been set on foot, representing that personal violence had been exerted towards Mrs. Lawrence by her husband. To one and all such tales we can give an unqualified denial. At no time while living together, did Mrs. Lawrence receive any harsh, or even unkind treatment from her husband, as her above acknowledgement clearly indicates. She was accustomed, whenever opposed, no matter how trivial the cause, to shriek at the top of her voice, and we leave it to others to say how long a time would transpire in a public hotel before such a peculiarity would give rise to stories of cruelties and abuses.

* * * * * * *

Not long after Mrs. Lawrence arrived in Louisville, Mr. Ward wrote a letter to her husband, in which he proposed that Mr. Lawrence should at once repair to that city, and there take up his abode. It was stated that the parents of Mrs. Lawrence would not consent to her residing in Boston. The language of the letter (dated Aug. 30th.) was—"Her return to Boston is not a debateable question." The residue of the letter proposed that Mr. Lawrence should give up all his other plans and arrangements, and, without any expression of regret on account of the house in Beacon street, he was asked to go at once to Louisville to reside. The letter made known certain facts with great minuteness. It stated the rent of houses in Louisville; it told the sums requisite for living either handsomely or extravagantly, in that city; it mentioned certain kinds of business in the West, that could not fail of being profitable, and it considerately informed Mr. Lawrence that he could purchase his furniture either in New York or Louisville.

The reply of Mr. Lawrence was courteous, but decided. After expressing surprise at this unexpected course, he says; "It is far from being my wish to do anything which might risk my wife's health, since you think the cold weather here will prove so dangerous." He then asked that Mr. Ward would bring his daughtert to New York by the first of October, (according to the spirit of his promise) where he would embark with her for the West Indies, to spend the winter at one or several of the Islands, as Mrs. Lawrence might select; or, should she prefer, he would proceed with her to Rio Janeiro, and there pass the winter months. Mr. Lawrence mentioned that there were overwhelming reasons against his residing in Louisville What those reasons were, we deem it hardly necessary to name.

Mr. Ward's answer (dated September 19th) said that the state of his daughter's health demanded her mother's care and advice. The question of Mrs. Lawrence's return, and the kind invitations of her husband were thus answered: "I cannot bring her, nor will I consent to a voyage to the West Indies."

But Mr. Lawrence's efforts to obtain the return of his wife, did not terminate here. In a letter to Mrs. Lawrence, (dated October,) he repeats his offer to take her to a warm climate, and expresses his willingness to repair with her to the Mediterranean. This offer was distinctly declined, and a third expressed in most affectionate terms, met with the same response.

This is the tone of Mr. Lawrence's invitations. The letter of October says—"Accept of this offer I entreat you, dear Sallie; and if you are not well and happy, it will not, I assure you, be your husband's fault, for I shall do everything to render you so."

Another letter in October, says—"I now write you once again, to urge, to entreat you, if you have any love for me or yourself, to return. I ask you, dear Sallie, to come back to me. In the sight of God and man, you are my wife—with me you have sworn to live, and from me you have no right to remain."

From the time Mrs. Lawrence reached Louisville, her health, according to her own letters, began rapidly to improve. Every letter assumed the same thing, and so speedy was the change, that in less than two weeks, she wrote that she had already attended one party, and felt well enough for a little dissipation. Under date of Oct. 7th she wrote to a relative of Mr. Lawrence, that Louisville was then very gay, that the color had again given her cheek the hue of returning health, and that a fancy ball was soon to take place, which she was to attend as a "Circassian slave," for which a beautiful new dress had been received. "Louisville has been extremely gay—we have had masquerades, fancy balls, tableaux, and parties." Mrs. Lawrence's constant attendance at those parties can be clearly proved. In this gay season she was the gayest of the ladies of Louisville, and we leave it to those who then saw her, to say whether the happy belle seemed to them like a pining invalid!

The following extracts apparently imply that the conduct of Mrs Lawrence, while in Boston, was not altogether unexceptionable:

This is the opinion of her mother:—"Sallie has given you (Mr. Lawrence,) great cause for dissatisfaction. God only knows how deeply I have lamented it. I have never been disposed to uphold her in her folly." In a letter to her daughter, Mrs. Ward further says:—"Never shall Emily (a younger sister,) change as you did. It is all there, but you will not give it room. It is crowded by folly and fashion. My child, you could be just as perfect as then, if you would give nature its sway.—My dread is, that the world will learn of your difficulties, and I cannot bear the idea of their triumph. If you do better in future, the past will soon be forgotten, even if it should be known."

This was her father's opinion:—Independent of your own happiness, you are unauthorized to destroy the peace and happiness of two families.—You can be anything you please in Boston, but it depends upon yourself. All you have to do is to act the part of a woman, and not that of a child."

This is Mrs. Lawrence's own opinion.—"I have learned a sad lesson in the past year, which will profit me. The past has taught us both a lesson which I have profited by. Let all be forgotten, my husband." Elsewhere she says:—"I feel how wrong I have acted, and the injustice I have done my real disposition, for it seems to me like insanity. I only wish my folly had escaped notice."

Mrs Ward entertained feelings of enmity towards Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, which no circumstances could justify, and which she did not seek to disguise from her daughter. The cause of the animosity was this:—Mrs. Abbott Lawrence wrote a letter to Mr. Ward (dated May 31st,) according to a previous agreement, in which she commented on some of the faults of Mrs. Bigelow Lawrence, and proposed means whereby they might be corrected. The whole tone of the letter was kind and affectionate in the extreme, and could only have proceeded from a warm heart, and one that lamented deeply the errors that were sought to be remedied. But this letter, instead of being received with favor, was read in anger; it was sent back to Boston, that "Sallie might see what her dear mother said of her," and from this time until Mrs. Lawrence left for Louisville, every letter she received from her mother, so far as known, expressed undisguised hostility against the mother of her husband This is the language of one letter:—"O, that letter, my child, had like to craze me. I have never been well since. You know I am a proud woman, Sallie, and to have such a woman speaking so of my daughter Sallie, have nothing to do with her She will be your ruin." In another place she says: "We shall have another letter of complaints from Mrs. Lawrence soon, about your extravagance. They must have cost at least a quarter each. This is not jest with me, Sallie. Read your dear mother's letter again, and you will readily conclude so But, poor woman, she did not know what many of her own terms meant (written 'turms meant') When little is given, little is required." Elsewhere she says:—"The woman says your education has been neglected. She does not know what education is. Sallie, only treat her with the coldest and most distant respect." In another letter, Mrs. Ward concludes a fresh volume of abuse; by saying:—"Sallie, beware of her; she is a wolf in sheep's clothing."

Thus stood the case:—Mrs. Lawrence had repaired to her former home, under circumstances that were certainly significant, and which implied anything but a return. She apparently had gone to Louisville, in accordance with a previous purpose, and her husband was invited to follow her to a city that did not promise him a very happy or independent life. He was solicited to resign the ties of friendship, and the pleasant associations of home, and to repair at once to the societies of strangers and the intimate companionship of her who regarded his own mother with aversion and contempt.—He was asked to place his wife under the care of a mother who had always left her pursue her own way, and under the counsels of a mother who bore to him an enmity that could never be forgotten.

Despite her errors and her folly, Mrs. Lawrence had been kindly and affectionately invited back, not to expose her health to the rigor of a New England winter but to repair to the most delightful climate that heart could wish. Once, twice and thrice that invitation had been offered, and coldly, unfeelingly declined. We will not say what motives wielded her so closely to Louisville, or whether chagrin and disappointment clouded the memories that gathered around her sojourn in Boston. We will not say whether other reasons than those which lie upon the surface bore her to Louisville and bound her there. All prospect, or even possibility of her return, had at least passed away, and the last letter she wrote to her husband indicated, with too certain a precision, that in her opinion, the gulf that separated them was impassable. Her parents had assumed privileges that were unwarranted, and had exerted them in a stern manner, which forgot entirely the feelings, the rights, and the happiness of her husband. That husband well knew the extravagance of his wife; a short but sad experience had taught him that there was nothing, however costly, or however foolish, that she did not obtain, provided she desired it; that her purchases were regulated by no method, and controlled by no discretion; that year after year, bills might be presented to an almost unlimited amount, solely on her account, and that for all and everything she might procure, he, wronged, insulted, abandoned, as he had been, was liable. He remembered too, her pride and place, and he felt assured that every measure of duplicity would be employed, both to abuse himself and explain the shame of her own desertion. Under these circumstances, the advertisement appeared Who could have done otherwise? What other resource was before him? And who, knowing his wrongs, will now come forward and arraign his motives or impugn his conduct?

The foregoing statement does but partial justice to the cause of Mr. Lawrence. Much that is contained in the letters has been passed over in silence, that the lovers of scandal would be happy to read. Remarks upon ladies of Louisville, and relatives of Mr Lawrence in Boston, might have been published, that would make no new friends, and might surprise some old ones. Certain peculiarities, that are not considered ornaments in epistolatory correspondence, have been willingly suppressed. Nothing has been stated that has not been deemed essential in vindicating the course and conduct of Mr. Lawrence, and every thing herein contained, has been brought forth by the zeal of the defenders of Mrs. Lawrence, and the rancour of her relatives. Let these last indulge in no murmurs of complaints. They have here no witnesses against them but themselves. There is nothing here stated that has not been rendered necessary by their own acts and agency. And whatever may be the judgment which the world's tribunal shall hereafter record in reference to this unhappy trouble, that judgment, if adverse to their own wishes, they have invited upon themselves.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—"She has finished her education," said a friend. Finished her education? said we, just as though a young lady's education was a stocking, or rather a bonnet, and now it was to be placed in a band-box, to be displayed to visitors and to be worn only on set occasions. We protest against the doing up and finishing off a young lady's education with her teens, just at the time when she begins, if ever she does begin, to THINK. A young man has just acquired at one and twenty the elements of education, and is prepared to study advantageously according to his own discretion; but a young lady has done—finished—the circle of her sciences is complete, and she is ready for any station in life that may be thrown in her way. Now why, in the name of common sense, may not a woman think; and if she think, why may she not study and acquire profitable food for thought? There is a lady, for instance, that "finished her education" by having peculiarly good advantages at an early age. She is now a wife and mother of six children. She plays well upon the piano, sings sweetly,—but her husband, and actually does, put all the children to bed and has the care of them through the night; and, as for her table, the bread is perfectly execrable to one who has visited his grandmother's pantry; and the coffee—Oh! her coffee! it would cost her nothing less than her head if it reached the Grand Turk's palace—and yet for all this, the lady has a "finished education"!

A Beautiful Allegory.

A traveler who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable which was told him by a dervish, and which seemed even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and recording angel:

"Every man," said the dervise, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and one on his left; when he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because, what has once been well done, is done forever. When he does evil, the angel on the left arm writes it down—he waits till midnight: if, before that time the man bows his head and exclaims, "Gracious Allah! I have sinned—forgive me!" the angel rubs it out; but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel on the right shoulder weeps"

Discontent.

Discontent is a sin that is its own punishment, and makes men torment themselves; it makes the spirit sad—the body sick—and all enjoyment sour; it rises not from the condition, but the mind. Paul was contented in a prison—Ahab was discontented in a palace; he had all the delights of Cannaan, that pleasant land, the wealth of a kingdom, the pleasures of a court, the honors and powers of a throne; yet all this avails him nothing without Naboth's vineyard. Inordinate desire exposes men to continual vexations, and being disposed to fret, they will always find something to fret about.—*Mathew Henry.*

The Workingman's Rest.

Cheer thee up, child of labor! the blessed Sabbath is thine own. It is the excellent gift of thy Maker—see then that no man rob thee of the boon! It is the heir loom of thy family—see that it be not alienated from thy possesssion! It is a sacred inheritance bequeated by successive generations of the godly—see then that its fences are unbroken, and that its fruitful soil is not, through neglect, cursed with sterility and nakedness. The fifty two Sabbaths of rest with which the year is interspersed, are like patches of verdure by ever-springing fountains, that dot the inhospital wilderness, and invites its fainted travellers to exhileration and repose.

As Gold which he cannot spend will make no man rich, so knowledge which he cannot apply will make no man wise.

THE COTTON CROP.—It is estimated that the cotton crop of the present year will amount to 2,316,000 bales.