The Brookhaven Ledger.

Established in 1840.

R. H. HENRY, Editor and Proprietor.

$2.00 PER YEAR; $1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

THE LEDGER HAS ABSORBED THE SOUTHERN JOURNAL AND WEEKLY CITIZEN

Job Work of Every Description Done in Best Style and at Lowest Prices.

The Brookhaven Ledger.

My Country—May She Ever Be Right; But Right or Wrong—My Country

NEW SERIES. BROOKHAVEN, MISS., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21 1880. VOL. 10.--NO. 13.

The Brookhaven Ledger.

Advertising Rates.

Space	Time	1 Mon	2 Mon's	3 Mon's	6 Mon's	12 Mon's
1 inch	1 00	3 50	6 00	8 00	12 00	20 00
2 inches	2 00	5 00	9 00	12 00	18 00	28 00
3 "	3 00	7 00	12 00	16 00	24 00	36 00
4 "	4 00	9 00	15 00	20 00	30 00	44 00
5 "	5 00	11 00	18 00	24 00	36 00	52 00
6 "	6 00	13 00	21 00	28 00	42 00	60 00

Marriage notices and deaths, not exceeding six lines, published free. All over six lines charged for at regular advertising rates.

How Watches are Made.

It will be apparent to any one, who will examine a SOLID GOLD WATCH, that aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the precious metal used, is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply the necessary solidity and strength. The surplus gold is actually needless so far as utility and beauty are concerned. In James Boss' Patent Gold Watch Cases, this waste of precious metal is overcome, and the same solidity and strength produced at from one-third to one half of the usual cost of solid cases. This process is of the most simple nature, as follows: a plate of nickle composition metal, specially adapted to the purpose, has two plates of solid gold soldered one on each side. The three are then passed between polished steel rollers, and the result is a strip of heavily plated composition, from which the cases, backs, centres, bezels, etc., are cut and shaped by suitable dies and formers. The gold in these cases is sufficiently thick to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving and enamelling; the engraved cases have been carried until worn perfectly smooth by time and use without removing the gold. They are for sale by all jewelers, and each case is warranted by Special Certificate.

For sale in Brookhaven by A. Staffler, and all jewlers, ask for illustrated catalogue, and to see warrant feb-12-1yr.

Literary.

"OF SUCH"

I was sitting alone in the twilight,
The fire burned low and dim;
A light foot paused at the doorway,
A little white head peeped in.

"I think I look mighty sweet—
Ma sent me to tell 'ou so,"
And two bright eyes danced with pleasure;
And two cheeks were all in a glow.

Then into my arms he bounded,
"I want to kiss 'ou," he said;
"Ah, surely," I thought in amazement,
"It must be an angel instead."

"I wish 'ou would show me some pictures:"
Now, who could resist such a smile?
So my dreamings and fancies were banished
For the pages of Scribner awhile.

"I'm tired. Let's sing 'at the river:"
"At the river'" I sang—who would not?
And the little white head nodded over,
And the bright blue eyes went out.

So quiet he sat and listened,
I thought he was fast asleep.
As we rocked in the shadowy twilight,
And sang of the river deep.

"Now I'll go to my mama," he whispered,
Then vanished as quickly as thought;
I was left alone in the darkness,
But my heart a sweet truth had caught,

And learned its wonderful meaning,
As this glimpse through the gate was given,
On earth there are men and women,
"But of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

BY CHARLIE E. WILLIAMS.

I will relate this sad story, which is too true to be romantic, of a beautiful young lady, which at present has quite spoiled me for a merry fellow. It was told to me this evening by an elderly gentleman, a friend of mine. I will now candidly, with very little embelishment, try to relate this as it was told to me. The gentleman, after drifting back into the past awhile, told me the following: "While I was yet quite a boy. I went to school in Meadville, Miss. One of my schoolmates was Eliza Spring, a beautiful girl about my age, and a daughter of a merchant in Meadville of moderate wealth. She was one of those gay, jovial kind, that brighten the earth—a happy, ditting, merry, dancing school girl. How little did she think that woe, sorrow and misery would ever cast their dark shadows over her bright young life, marring the happiness of a light heart and a merry mind. I guess she spent many an hour drawing silvery dewdrops of pleasure from her imagination of what she deemed a brilliant future. But, while she was young, oh! so very young, both her parents drooped, and all too soon they were no more. There were some distant relatives who, in the hour of her trouble, gave a home to the orphan girl. Her kind and generous relations must have, by their tender attentions and kind words made her feel less the loss of her parents—that their place was, as well as could be, supplied by them, and she was in a degree content. When she grew to maidenhood, she was wood and won by a young man, whose handsome face, well-shaped, muscular form and brilliant intellect had irredeemably infatuated her. Her relations opposing the union on certain grounds, the couple eloped and entered into a clandestine marriage. The young man she married, despite his possessions above mentioned, was a worthless, dissipated fop. Yet, he was quite popular with the gay and giddy element of that community. Subsequent to their marraige a grand fair was given in Meadville in behalf of the young couple, and all bid fair to be merry again. But the inebriate husband soon began to bring about the shadow of sorrow and misery. The house, that should have been an earthly paradise, proved to be a hell. It continued so, and finally the trying ordeal of separation was thought to be the only requisite that would, in any way, restore peace to the tortured mind of the young wife. It was indeed a trying ordeal to that true-hearted woman; for full well she knew, that they had before God and man vowed to love and honor one another—to their hearts they had promised fidelity and everlasting confidence. The husband joyfully considered himself free once more. Again kind relatives came in the hour of despair, and again the bride was taken under the shelter of their roof. But pleasure now was a price less gem beyond her reach. Oh, how bitterly she repented the wrong step she had taken, but, alas! she knew full well it could never be retraced. She settled down in domestic solitude, to brood upon her troubles, and every time she recalled them the more miserable and wretched she was. Time slowly went by to her, until the demon madness seized upon and controled her. She was no more true, loving and patient Eliza Spring, but a raving lunatic. Her many relatives, who had ever been so kind to her, forgave her rash act, and now, in her pitiable condition, watched over her with all tender care and solicitude that humanity could dictate. While under their vigilence she was harmless, but with a maniac's cunning, watched for an oppotunity to escape bondage, and, finally, one night, after a heavy snow, she succeed in escaping, and, ere she was found, she froze to death. This was the sad and untimely end of this young lady, which was caused by a handsome, immoral man, who betrayed her into morriage.

A wag circulated a report that a certain rich old farmer had been "running rapidly through his property." The farmer called on him to "retract toe slander," when the wag said he saw him "running through his property" with his brindle bull after him.

Some maniac on statistics has figured that Vanderbilt's income would allow him to, in one day, visit 8000 circuses, eat 10.000 pints of peanuts, and drink 5,000 glasses of circus lemonade.

Diptheria is raging in some portions of Canada and is very fatal in some effects.

CATHERINE.

If you think the lovers I am going to tell you about are a pink and white girl, with sweet eyes and fine hair, and a tall, handsome fellow, saying soft things to her, you are greatly mistaken.

We had been at summer hotels at the seaside, and among the mountains, where the pert Irish girls, and sometimes perter Yankee ones, flaunted around the table in parti colored costumes, and with hair frizzled and pulled over their eyes.

We were tired of people, and wanted to rest; so we induced a farmer's wife to count us among her family, and let us share her fresh butter and sweet cream. These, and the strawberries and chickens, were all veay nice, but the most refreshing sight there was a real, genuine servant.

She was a middle-aged woman with horny hands, hair touched with gray, and patient, sad expression in her eyes. Her voice was low and pleasant, and her smiles very winning, although she was uncommonly plain, and bore marks of an encounter with that destroyer of beauty—the small-pox.

Catherine—she answered to no such pet name as "Katy" or "Kity"—always wore a clean, starched print, with a frill of the same at the neck; a checkered apron, tied with tape around the waist, and her hair was always tied smoothly over her forehead. She was one of those rare women who can get up a dinner, and then, as if by magic, put herself in perfect order to serve at the table.

Catherine was doing double duty at the time. The boy, whose duty it was to milk seven cows and feed two hundred hens, had gone home ill, and as the men were all busy in the harvest-fields, his work came on her. The farmer had gone down to New York to get another man, and was expected home the next day.

That evening, we went out to see Catherine milk, and, as we stood beside her and the delicate buff-colored Jersey cow she was milking, we fell into conversation with her.

She told us that she was well acquainted with her work, having been a farm servant in "Hengland." She thought work lighter and wages better here than there, and said:

"If the servants were willing to be like servants here, and not always struggling to look like ladies, they may lay by a good bit for a sick day, or for old age.

I said it was cheerful to meet on who was contented with her lot; upon which she heaved a heavy sigh, and I saw it was the same old story "an aching void," if no deeper sorrow.

She did not look up, nor court sympathy, but I could not help saying,—

"I suppose you left your parents behind, and your brothers and sisters?"

"No; my parents died when I was a bit of a child. My brother died ten years ago."

"Well, one sighs for the very green earth of his native land," I said.

"Oh, well, I don't know about that, ma'am! I never think of that. It's just as green and sweet here. God's earth is just about the same all over." and again there was a deep sigh.

We followed Catherine as she bore the shinning pails into the dairy, and there we met the lady of the farm. Yes, we mean just that, for she was a lady as well as a farmer's wife. She met Catherine with a smile saying,—

"Be patient one more milking, Catherine. The master's coming to-morrow with a man, who will be much more help to you than Joe was.

Catherine smiled, and replied,—"I'm not a-weary, and neither am I I impatient, ma'am."

We left the brick floored dairy, and as we passed into the sitting-room, I said the lady,—

"That woman has some great sorrow."

"Oh, no! only a little 'omesick for hold Heugland;" was the reply. "She has been with me two years, and has never spoken of any trouble. I have had my suspicions, however," she added, "that she might have a husband somewhere, though she passes for an old maid. The worthy man in our cottage, who has a nice home and some money, wanted to marry her, last winter, to secure a good mother for his boys. But she said, 'No, that she 'ad no 'eart for marrying.'"

When the open wagon came up from the depot next day about sunset, we all went to the kitchen door to welcome the master, and to take a peep at the new man.

Catherine stood in tho door-way, the picture of neatness, She was dressed in one of her "Henglish gowns," in which good-sized rowslips reposed on a ground of refreshing lilac color.

I complimented her dress, and her high-topped comb, and her broad muslin collar, when she smiled and replied,—

"These ali were given me at a fair at 'ome, some years agone, and I have worn them but twice. Some way, I just felt like dressing up this afternoon. Perhaps it was to please you, who have spoken so 'kind to me, ma'am."

"Thank you, Catherine. Here comes the wagon. See what a great muscular fellow the master has brought."

The master gave the rains to one of the hay-makers who was just coming in to tea, bade another ta take Timothy's box into the barn-chamber, and then he walked into the kitchen with his new giant, saying,—

"Come in and get your supper, so as to feel at home before you go to your room. Catherine!"

Catherine had fled; and the man, who had caught a glimpse of her stood looking at the door through which she had vanished, with eyes and mouth wide open.

"Catherine, come now and give your countryman a good supper!" called the farmer.

In a moment she appeared in the doorway, as pale as marble; and the great, good-looking middle-aged man made a bound for her, and caught her in his arms, showering kisses—which sounded like the report patent popguns—on her pale face. He then held her off at arm's length and cried,—

"Is it ye, indeed, Catherine, that I thought dead, found by a merricle?"

"Oh, Timothy!" gasped poor Catherine, "I'd long thought ye dead in Haustralia."

"I never set foot on it, sinner as I was to tell ye I was goin'."

Here we all quietly withdrew from what should be a strictly private conference.

That night Catherine tapped at my door, and, on being admitted, she said, with a courtesy,—

"I couldn't let ye sleep, ma'am till I explained, lest ye might think me an onmodest girl that a stanger would dare be kissing. Timothy and me were 'trothed to each other at 'ome and for four years we were struggling to lay up a bit to come to Hamerica with. I was by natur' a bit sad, and e' was the merriest lad in town. 'E would tease me at times telling me 'e'd found a fairer nor me and would marry her, and so used to vex me. But we'd always make up again, and 'e'd say 'e wouldn't change me for any girl in the land. But 'e'd soon be hat it again.

"'E tried it once to hoften. 'E came in, sayin' 'e was goin' hoff to Haustralia, and wouldn't be back for ten years, and bid me farewell. I couldn't bear the mortification, and I made up my mind to leave Hengland.

"When night came, I put my box in the wagoner's 'anda, and went to Liverpool, and took ship for 'ere. I halway thought 'im in Haustralia, and 'e thought me crazed or dead when I was not found. But 'e's suffered enough, poor, dear lad.

"Ay, though such long years ha' gone by, 'e's never loved another, and 'is 'eart is just breakin' wi' gratitude to God for bringing 'im safe to me. 'E's promised, solemn as an oath, never to tease me more, and I've pledged me never to be a silly loon, but a wise, sensible woman, worthy to be 'is wife. I've asked leave of the mistress to go to the minister with 'im to-morrow; and the master 'imself offered to drive us 'hover in his best wagon."

"But you have no wedding dress," I said.

"Oh, dear lady! if I 'ad a thousand o' 'em, I'd throw them all aside and wear the cowslip gown that Timothy gave me at the fair."

The next evening, we had a wedding supper in the dining-room, and we all waited on Catherine and Timothy. We gave them wedding presents and wished them joy, making them the happiest couple in town.

Miscellany.

A Smith Complication.

During the Summer the daughter of an Iowa farmer has been visiting a friend in Kansas. A few days ago the old man was greatly perplexed by the receipt of a telegram announcing the fact that his daughter had just been married to "a black Smith." The telgraph operator was an inexperienced individual, and couldn't throw any light upon the matter, and the distracted father for the life of him was unable to decide whether his daughter had linked her fortunes with those of a Mississippi exodus-ter, a son of the anvil, or a Mr. Black Smith. Finally he telegraphed to a detective for the arrest and detention of the couple, and then boarded the first train for Kansas. Upon arriving he discovered that the detective with characteristic enterprise had arrested and locked up a large number of Smiths of all sorts, shapes and conditions, and informed the excited old farmer that he was at liberty to make his selection from the lot. This generous offer was indignantly refused, and the old gentleman rushed distractedly off to the house where his daughter had been stopping. Here he learned to his great relief that his new son-in-law was a respectable young merchant, who had contracted the habit of parting his name in the middle, it being in that form, A Black Smith. That was all.

Scene in a northern newspaper office—Chief to assistant: "Quack-snapper, I want to work up a good thing about that New Orleans fever report. Of course there's no fever there---it's all a lie, but we must teach those darned Southern chaps a lesson---damage them a little you know. And by the way I guess you'd better try try your hand on another Southern outrage just to keep our people fired up—lay the scene around Yazoo this time; they are heel down there. When you've finished those you may write up the wholesale murder in the sixth ward last night, and the Wiggleton embezzlement case, and you might mention, in a short paragraph, the destruction of the Hancock flag and the killing of those Democrats yesterday; we must try to keep up a certain interest in our own little affairs, you know."

HERE is a plesant little bit of gossip from the pen of Mrs. Grundy, which will be relished by those who desire to know something of the lady who will, in all probability, be the next mistress of the White House:

"Knowing Mrs. Hancock to be a grandmother, I had not expected to see so young a looking lady. She has quite light brown hair, in which only a few silver threads appear, a clear rosy complexion and perfect figure, which her rich black silk became admirably. She evidently enjoys a good joke, and talked much of the humors of the campaign, even making merry of Puck's caricatures of her husband. She says she reads all the most Radical newspapers so she can find out more about her husband than she ever knew before, and she has learned, she adds, much, and he also, about himself, of which they had previously been absolutely ignorant. Her only grievance seems to be that since his nomination she has had so much less of her husband's society than ever before."

THE merchants of Winona have contracted for three columns of advertising in the Walthall Pioneer, and all are working together for the good of their town. The investment will prove the most profitable they ever made.

A Well Deserved Rebuke.

The Cincinnati Marine Journal takes occasion to haul Senator Conkling over the coals for depreciating, in the course of his recent great New York speech, the importance of the river transportation of America, and particularly of the West and Southwest.

Mr. Conkling, says the Journal, has evidently only a vague idea of the use of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers—that they are good to wash in and fish in, and possibly good to drink if one can't get champagne, but as high ways of trade they are only worthy of his contempt.

Following its well merited rebuke of Mr. Conkling, the Journal presents some exceedingly interesting facts and figures:

"Tell him of the 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 bales of cotton that every year seek a market or factory over the Mississippi. Tell him of the many millions of tons of coal, of iron, lumber and industrial and agricultural products that throb through the great arteries, and carry abounding life to the growing populations of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. Tell him of the tremendous floods of grain that are poured along these channels of cheap transportation. It might have a wholesome effect upon his estimate of the west and resources. Why, only last week a little towboat—but one of many similarly engaged, and growing in numbers—went into New Orleans with a tow of 207,000 bushels of grain, or about 5175 tons. How many cars would it take to move the cargo of that little boat? In round numbers, 518 cars and twenty-six locomotives! Arrangements are now being made for a line which the tow of each boat will carry 9000 tons on low water! It would take 600 cars and forty-five locomotives to move the cargo of one boat! The tow boat J. R. Williams took down the river a tow of about 600,000 bushels of coal—over 40,000,000 of pounds, or 20,000 tons. It would have taken about 2000 cars and 100 locomotives to move that cargo! Steamboats with loads of cotton ranging from 1000 to 8000 bales, and a porportionate amount of cotton seed oil cake, fairly swarm in the lower Mississippi and its tributaries. These are only specimen bricks from the grand commercial structure built up by the river transportation.

The Ex-Empress Eugenie.

"The ex-Empress Eugenie has not been well since her return from Zululand," says a Paris journal, "and has recently been compelled to remain in bed, much affected by severe attacks of fever. Her once beautiful eyes are now dim and fatigued, surrounded by a dark circle; her face is furrowed with the lines of sorrow and tears; hardly fifty five years of age, the former express of the French looks as if she was over sixty-five. Speaking some time ago to Pere Goddard, the chaplain of Camden House, she told him that she would not remain much longer in England, which had been so fatal to her affections, nor die at Chiselhurst; that she wanted to breathe her last in a more sunny country, and that as soon as she was strong enough she would leave Chiselhurst, taking with her the remains of her beloved husband and son."

Albert Sidney Johnson.

On Sunday the 5th day of April, 1862, Johnson with eager army began his fateful fight. He handled his ardent army with brilliant skill and impetuosity. Whenever there was a pause in the onward movement he led the charge in person. To those who saw him that day, as the writer did, in all the glorious fever of that desirous success, mounted upon a magnificent steed, the massive figure seeming to enlarge to a gigantic size with the ardor of the battle, his face aflame with his indomitable spirit of fight, he was the ideal embodiment of the fiery essence of war. He threw himself with reckless indifference into danger. And the last charge that broke the Federal position was led by him in person under a perfect blaze of flame and hail, his horse shot in four places, his clothes pierced, his boot sole cut by a minnie, but his person untouched. It was in this supreme moment of victorious onset, a decisive triumph seeming and surely in his very grasp that a fatal bullet struck him, a small wound under the knee, severing the popliteal artery.

Gov. Harris, of Tennessee, who was on his staff, rode up to him, seeing him reel in his saddle, and holding him steady, asked him. General are you wounded? He replied deliberately and with emphasis, "Yes, I fear seriously." He was lifted to the ground. His boot was full of blood, and the life current pouring out beyond recall. He never spoke again. General Preston knelt by him and asked him passionately. "Johnson do you know me?" Gen. Johnson smiled faintly. Lying in a ravine out of the merciless bullets, he was dead in a twinkling.

Could Gen. Johnson have had immediate medical attention, he would have survived. His staff surgeon was Dr. David W. Yandell, of Kentucky, and he was away from him under circumstances that constitute the most touching feature of this romantic death. The Federals, in retreating, left, of course, the wounded behind. In riding forward Johnson came across a squad of wounded Federal officers and soldiers. Stopping he kindly addressed them, and asked if any were badly wounded. Then, turning to his staff, he remarked:

"It nearly breaks my heart to see men in that uniform suffering. Doctor," addressing Yandell, "do stop and see if you can do something for these poor fellows."

Dr. Yandell stopped on this humane mission, and Gen. Johnson owed his death to the absence of skill and instrument and this absence was due to his tender humanity to the wounded foe—a humanity more striking because it was exhibited in all the excitement of battle.

He who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a lifetime is unraveled.

Our Fireside

Kindness to Others.

We Americans are too busy to show much kindness to others. When a man in this country once sets about his life's work of making his living he has no time to be picking up or going about into the high ways and by-ways to show sympathy with lonely and tempted souls. It is uncivil, meddling, according to his code. But this reticence may be carried too far. How many a young man is there to-day in this and every great city, who has come up from some poor home followed by the prayers of father and mother; who is fighting day by day temptation which will ruin him body and soul, if he yields, and from which proper companionship will save him. He is utterly friendless and alone. He goes to church, and the crowd of well-meaning brush him past without a word. He goes to work and his employer puts him aside at night as he does his ledger, as a tool, not a human being. Would not a word of sympathy, a cordial invitation, a little womanly interest—if our reader is a woman—be of priceless value here? In our circle of acquaintances, in our households, is there no tired woman, no man with whom the world has dealt hardly, to whom we have often felt impelled to hold out our hands with hearty good will, but have not done it? Let us turn over a new leaf in this matter, and befriend the friendless.

How to do it at Home.

"Doctor," said a gentleman to his pastor, "how can I best train up my boy in the way that he should go?"

"By going that way yourself," responded the pastor.

No sounder advice could have been given. Sound instruction is excellent. Education in morals and correct theories of living are not by any means to be neglected. But those families where the quiet influence of pure and noble example is found are most likely to be the ones where childhood is most successfully trained. In nothing is the influence of little things more important than in the family circle. Parents naturally and properly live a free and unrestrained life in the presence of their own families. If they are cross, petulent, fault-finding, it is idle to expect that the children, who are hourly witnesses to this petty ill-temper, will be of sunny disposition or unselfish in life. But if home life be filled with little deeds of kindness, with gentle, loving helpfulness, the "small, sweet courtesies" of hourly intercourse, they will descend from father to son and from mother to daughter. Home will borrow a radiance that is the best foretaste of the blessedness of the heavenly world, and children that are reared in such an atmosphere are likely to fulfill the expectations of those who are interested in their welfare.

It should be pointed out with continual earnestness, says Ruskin, that the essence of lying is in deception, not in words. A lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence and all these kinds of lies are worse and baser by many degrees than a lie plainly worded; so that no form of blinded conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself as to having deceived, because the deception was by gesture and silence instead of utterance; and, finally, according to Tennyson's trenchant line, "a lie which is half a truth is ever the worst of lies."

A Miner's Daring.

Mr. Kellogg would not allow Mr. Deidshimer to incure the risks of the explorations, and set about preparing to go alone. He saturated a woolen shirt with ice-water and bound it on and over his head, leaving but a single eye exposed. He then muffled both hands, and thus prepared, entered the drift leaving with the Superintendent a request that if he did not return in fifteen minutes, the drift should be closed behind him, to be opened no more. This could well be done, as the Savage had bulkheaded that level, the air had been shut out and the workings there practically abandoned. After enduring that terrible heat for twenty minutes Mr. Kellogg came back and reported nothing amiss. The extra water was but an unusually large intermittent flow from the old north drift in Savage. When stripped of his mufflings Mr. Kellogg found that in some way one of his hands had become bared while he was in the dritt, and the back of it had been burned to a solid blister by the dry hot air to which he had been exposed. Water boils on the Comstock at one hundred and ninety-eight degrees and he had sustained for twelve minutes a temperature only forty degrees below that of boiling water, and sufficient to have roasted him in a very short time.

One of the greatest evils known in the family circle is the disrespect so frequently shown between members, one to another, in speech action and dress. The gruff "Yes" or "No" of husband to wife, in answer to a pleasant query leads to unpleasant consequences and begets a cold, calculating style of address on either side, which sooner or later is adopted by the younger members, and the love and affection which should dwell within are dispelled as the dew before the morning sun

The man who lives right and is right has more power in his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched accidently, even resound with sweet music.

Why is paper money more valuable than gold? When you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out you find it still in creases.

Honest eyes are the mirror of a pure soul, and a rough exterior often conceals the magnificence of an intellectual mind, and a noble heart; thus we may judge by action and not appearance; the strongest evidence of a woman's worth lies in the lustre of her conduct, not in the beautiful form or cooing words.