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Biographical Sketch.

The Greenville Patriot proposes to give biographical sketches of the distinguished men who were members of the late Convention in Columbia. The following is a sketch of

Judge Cheves.

He was, perhaps the oldest man in the Convention, and by far the most distinguished. In genius and ability America has produced few such men. Having commenced the world without an education, and been actively employed professionally, politically, and in the latter part of his life with his planting interests, he was able to rise to the highest and most honorable positions. In honesty of purpose and purity of character, we have never heard of Judge Cheves. Some twenty years ago, while riding the circuit and rambling over the Districts of Greenville, Laurens and Abbeville, with Judge Huger, he gave us the following biographical sketch of Langdon Cheves with whom he had been very intimate, and whom he decried, at that time, to see filling, at some future day, the Presidency of the United States. Judge Cheves was then residing in Pennsylvania. He was born, said Judge Huger, in Abbeville District. His father was a Scotchman and a trader. During the Revolutionary struggle he moved to Charleston, and there commenced business first on Sullivan's Island then in the city. Langdon was a lad in his shop or store. He was named after the friend and companion of his father, who was also a Scotchman, and for some time a citizen of Abbeville District. On passing by the Court House in Charleston, young Langdon Cheves heard Judge Marshall of South Carolina, then a member of the Bar, making a speech, perhaps, in some criminal case. The Judge had a fine stentorian voice, and young Langdon was attracted by it to enter the Court House and listen to the argument. Immediately he formed the design of reading law, and the next morning waited on Mr. Marshall and asked to read in his office. He told him who he was, and what his education had been. For many years he remained at the Bar, without much practice, but ultimately had the most profitable business that any lawyer ever had in South Carolina. When he left the Bar his practice was worth twenty thousand dollars a year! This he gave up to Gen. Robert Y. Hayne, who had read law with him, and was always a great favorite.

While at the Bar, Judge Cheves was several times elected a member of the Legislature, and no man in that body ever enjoyed a more commanding influence. It was, however, the influence alone of talent and ability. He never, said Judge Huger, associated with any of the members. He and some other member from Charleston boarded together, and kept aloof from society. In those days a session of the Legislature was a continued frolic for most of the members. It was one of the rules of a mess that some member of it should go to bed drunk every night, and this rule, said Judge Huger, was most sacredly kept and never violated. Judge Cheves devoted himself to the business of the session, was prepared on every question, and hence his influence. While a member of the Legislature, Judge Cheves was elected Attorney General of the State. He was elected a member of Congress some years before the declaration of war against Great Britain. He moved with Clay, Calhoun and Lowndes, and they were termed the war mess. True it is, that the great mess, in the sense of our national honor and national rights, was mainly owing to their industry, eloquence and ability. They carried through the House the declaration of war. It is said that when they heard of the capture of the first British vessel, the news of which reached them while at the dinner table, they were so much elated that they proposed and adjourned in a dance! Much

convivial enjoyment these gentlemen had in their mess, and Calhoun was always the first to leave the table and retire to his room.

We think there has always been on the part of Judge Cheves for Mr. Clay a high personal regard. Many years ago we remember hearing a distinguished gentleman speak against Mr. Clay at the supper table where Judge Cheves was sitting. South Carolina was then in the midst of the Tariff and nullification excitement, and Henry Clay was charged with having formed a coalition with Adams, for his own personal aggrandizement, and that he was cowed under the scorn of his country. "No," said Judge Cheves, "give the Devil his due, Clay possesses a spirit not likely to cover under abuse." "I boarded with Clay several months, and never heard him speak a harmful word of any one."

While in Congress, Judge Cheves was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, which shows his standing and position in that body. His speeches were always able and well prepared. He thoroughly investigated every subject on which he spoke. After serving in Congress for several years he was elected a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in South Carolina. His opinions as reported in our books, are all written with great ability and clearness, and had he continued on the Bench he would have made one of the ablest Judges in the United States. We have heard an accomplished lawyer say, however, that Cheves was not profoundly read in his profession, and that his time at the Bar was too much taken up with ordinary business for him to devote much of it to reading and study.

Judge Cheves is now one of the first writers we have in the State or the United States, and there is an eloquence in his style which is rarely met with. But for many years, owing to his defective education, the Judge never ventured to write anything. He has been heard to say that when called on to write an obituary notice of a Scotch clergyman of distinction (we believe the Rev. Mr. Bunt), who died in Charleston, he doubted whether he was able to perform, creditably, so small a task! Let any one now read his Nashville speech, and he will be surprised that a man who can write as Judge Cheves does should ever have doubted his ability to write.

While on the Bench he was selected by Mr. Monroe to preside over the United States Bank, and never was a Bank manager with more honest firmness and ability. But the honest country was pouring out vials of wrath on his head for his wise, judicious and honest management of that institution. Judge Cheves made no reply, and took no notice of the abuse that was heaped on him, and many believed he was insensible to it. "I knew better," said Judge Huger, "for although Mr. Cheves is the most independent and self-willed man I ever knew, yet he is, at the same time, one of the most sensitive men I ever met with."

After receding the old United States Bank from bankruptcy, and placing its affairs on a prosperous basis, Judge Cheves resigned the Presidency of it, and resumed the practice of the law in the city of Philadelphia. He was not successful and soon retired from the Bar. Some years after he returned to his native State, and devoted himself to his planting interest. He has now five hundred acres in rice on the Savannah river, which a few years since were all in woods and swamp. As a planter he has been pre-eminently successful. Judge Cheves has always been, ever since his return from the North, a disunionist. He thinks, and so said to us, twenty years ago, that it would be greatly to the interest of the Southern States to separate from the North. But although a disunionist, he never gave the slightest countenance to nullification, or separate secession. He has no idea of "going to sea in a jolly boat," as was said by Professor Henry in our late controversy.

Judge Cheves is now about seventy-eight years old, and looks remarkably well. He has a stout, erect person, and is above the ordinary height of men. We should suppose he would weigh two hundred and twenty or thirty pounds. His appearance is fine and commanding, and in crowd a stranger would be apt to ask who he was. He has the largest head we ever seen. In manners and deportment he is plain, unaffected, and yet dignified. There are few men more interesting in conversation, because he always converses with wisdom, and his views are striking. He has no ambition for office and place, and never had. If he had been otherwise constituted he might have filled a much greater space in his country's history. We will make the little district of Abbeville be proud of her sons, for she has given to the American Republic, Calhoun, Cheves and Pettigrew, and a home and education to McDuffie, any one of whom, as we once said in our Address before the Literary Societies of Erskine College, would have characterized an age or a nation.

In the late Convention Judge Cheves was Chairman of the Committee of Twenty-one, and presided over it with great dignity and propriety. He made no speech or proposition himself in the Committee. In the Convention he spoke some fifteen or twenty minutes on his motion to lay all propositions on the table except the report of the Committee. His manner of speaking was calm and self-possessed, holding in his hand a large walking-stick, he gesticulated with it at the point of breaking into atoms the massive chandelier which hung over his head. This was, no doubt, the last speech which Judge Cheves will ever make in a deliberative assembly. He declined the appointment of United States Senator, tendered to him by Governor Seabrook, on account of his age. We

once heard him say that no man was fit for anything after he was fifty, and it would seem that he had acted on this belief, in retiring from public life. The Judge has amassed an immense fortune, and his pride is to give each one of his children a rice plantation. This, we have understood, he has already accomplished, except his youngest, Robert Y. Hayne, named after his much lamented friend and student. On the birth of this son, Judge Cheves wrote to Gen. Hayne that he should name him for him, whereupon the General replied he was very sorry it was not in his power to return the compliment.

Selected Articles.

Tobacco.

Knowing that your columns are thrown open to a wide range of subjects, I would offer a few remarks on the mastication, puffing, and snuffing of tobacco. I can sympathize with those that are accustomed to its use, having once been a chewer myself, and must be excused if I aim a blow at a long and cherished practice, that I know from experience to be extremely pernicious. The effect of tobacco upon the human system are so nearly allied to the inebriate's cups, that there can be no impropriety in classing it in the same category with intoxicating drinks. I do not say it has precisely the same effect upon those who use it, but that it is highly exhilarating, while it is at the same time a narcotic, none will deny. It is also an absolute poison: a very moderate quantity introduced into the system, even a few leaves applied to the stomach, often produces convulsions and death. It must then be obvious to every thinking mind, that the constant use of tobacco, mixed with the saliva, finds its way into the stomach, impairs the functions of that important organ; hence, most if not all of those who are accustomed to the use of tobacco labor under dyspeptic symptoms. They experience at intervals a want of appetite, nausea, indigestion, thirst, pains, and distensions of the stomach, dizziness, and sensation of fullness in the head, tremors of the limbs, disturbed sleep and incontinence, and more or less emaciated. Every person who uses tobacco in considerable quantities, and for any length of time, will tell you that some of the above consequences will follow its use just as certain as effects follow causes.

It is a well known fact, that the use of tobacco, in any quantity, is a habit forming. No person, I believe, will undertake to say that the first piece he ever used was pleasant to his taste, and that he could "roll it as a sweet morsel under his tongue." No, every man will tell you that its first use was nauseous and offensive, but by perseverance he soon felt its exhilarating effects, and by degrees came to love that which was at first so disagreeable. At this point he is prepared to form an alliance with, and he does not keep himself aloof from such alliance, must stand strong in the temperance faith, or he will founder on the breakers where many have perished! So strong a connection exists between tobacco and alcoholic drinks, that he who uses the former is seldom unacquainted with the latter. This fact should admonish us not to make too free use of that which is a fit companion of strong drink. But aside from all this, just look at the chequer as he is with his lethal brand, meeting you with his sirocco blasts every time you happen to be in the wake of the wind!—see the disgusting fluid coming out at each corner of his mouth, with a few drops, perhaps, scattered in your face, if he attempts to speak to you! His cud is his god; he will toil by day, will compass both sea and land to obtain it, make himself more disgusting to his wife, if he has one, knowing that her puny arms must be his scavenger! Whatever is said of the chewer may be said of the smoker; the one nauseates your stomach by believing forth streams of disgusting lava, the other rendering the air pestiferous to our nasal organs, both the smoker and the chewer's mouth being filled with the quintessence of nastiness.—Green Mountain Farmer.

To show the injurious effects of Tobacco, we will mention a circumstance related to us a few days ago. A gentleman of this village, who is about forty-two years of age, and who has been using the weed for the last twenty or twenty-five years, suddenly dispensed with the use of it about two weeks since, and he informs us, he has gained in weight eleven pounds in that time.

We acknowledge we should practice that which we preach.—Ed. of Ledger.

Too Good to be Lost.

A young friend, writing us from—, says: "I could tell you a good story, had I space, of a young man addressing a lady, who during one of his visits solicited his subscription (she is a subscriber) for the Telescope. He excused himself, on the ground that he could not afford it. Afterwards, when he presented his case, she rejected him; and when called upon by her disappointed friends for the reason of her course, she replied: 'He is too poor a man for me, (although he had five times as much as she had) for he said he could not afford to take the T.'"

Really we beg every body's pardon, for publishing the above, from a private letter of a clerical friend, except the poor young man's wit, for he has lost in the young lady a boon of priceless value, doubtless, for she must be a woman of the right stamp. If we can find out her name, she shall be put on our free list for life; or at least until she gets a rich husband, one that is worthy of her.—Duc West Telescope.

The Marriage of the Emperor Alexis.

We copy the following from one of those agreeably written letters of the Paris correspondent of the St. Louis Republican:

Of course the gaieties are over for the present, though the different fashionable saloons are still opened one evening in the week for a select circle. One of the houses the most frequented, and where even the President goes, *incoy*, is that of a Russian Countess, who only arrived six weeks ago from her native snows, and who is turning the heads of all the eligible and ineligible in Paris, by her great black eyes, and her enormous diamonds. If she were only a Princess, it is said that the President would offer, but a Countess would not sufficiently, to use a State phrase, consolidate his power, and ally a Bonaparte has no right to ally himself to anything beneath the dignity or noice of a crowned head. The lady in question, delighted with Paris, and finding the President not disagreeable, would willingly accept him, and has—now, mind I don't affirm this, it is the Court gossip—had placed in his hands the papers relating to the history of an actress, which might induce him to believe that the alliance would not be so unequal after all. Somehow or other, this history has got into the papers, and as my note-book is rather blank to-day, I cannot perhaps do better than give you what, if not true, is, at any rate, a pretty story.

The genius of Peter the Great exercised such an influence on the intellectual movements of Russia, that he is regarded as the founder of that vast empire, while the names of the monarchs who preceded him are scarcely remembered. However, Waldimer, Ivan and Alexis were great encouragers of letters and arts and Alexis is said to have given the first impulse to the musical taste of the people.

One of the customs of the Empire was, that when the Czar wanted to marry, the great Lords of the Court were sent out to search for together the most beautiful girls of the empire. They were usually chosen among the higher families, and their number amounted to sixty or a hundred. They were brought to the Kremlin, and were kept there in the strictest retirement until the day fixed by the Prince for the public declaration of his choice. Nobody was allowed to visit these young ladies, and to be admitted to the young ladies. The Czar always went to their apartment disguised, and often the Court fool was ordered to dress himself before them. The beautiful girls, deceived by the dress, sometimes betrayed their ambitious desires, and tried in every way to attract the notice of the false monarch, while they disclaimed that of the true one.

Alexis, the son of Michel, father of Peter the Great represented his custom.—He dearly loved to disguise himself, and wander about the city and judge of things with his own eyes. Sometimes, in his walks, he stopped at the house of some of his favorites, and put the family all at their ease by joining in their pastimes or partaking familiarly of their meals. Above all he loved to visit in this way Matwell, one of the chief Councilors of the Crown. One day he arrived at Matwell's country house, at a moment when Matwell was not the one most surprised. In traversing the ante-chamber, Alexis had heard a pure, sonorous voice of remarkable sweetness, which ceased as soon as he entered the saloon. The Czar was dazzled at the sight of the musician—a young lady of ravishing beauty—who brushed deeply at his unexpected appearance.

In conformity with the Czar's order, Matwell received him as a simple officer, and invited him to sit down to his table. When the Czar was seated, and addressed the young lady, he was charmed with her wit and intelligence. After the repast he asked her to sing some of her favorite songs, which she did with amiability, and then left the room.

"Who is that lady?" asked Alexis. "Sire," it is Marielkin, daughter of a poor man, whose poverty obliges him to live in a neighboring village; he asked me to take charge of his only child; and I have done so with the greatest possible care. I may say that the seed has not fallen upon an ungrateful soil; to great intelligence and a passionate taste for the arts, Marielkin adds a sweetness of temper, and a good sense above all praise, and I love her as if she were my own daughter."

"Very well," replied the Czar, "continue to take care of her. I undertake to furnish her with a dowry and a husband.—Does she know who I am?" "No, sire; she never goes out, and has never seen your Majesty before."

"Then take care not to tell her"—and Alexis left the house in a very pensive mood. The second time he saw Marielkin he found her more interesting even than before; his visits became more and more frequent; often he passed whole evenings near her, his heart palpating before this enchantress whose dreamy eyes, poetical imagination, and sweet voice, exercised an irresistible influence over him. Endowed with an ardent and impassioned soul, an artist by nature, Alexis loved music to adoration and tried in every way to cultivate a taste for it throughout his kingdom. Sometimes he had a re-union of all the most skillful performers of Moscow, who executed for him the national airs and songs of Russia. But he had never heard a voice so sweet, so flexible, so clear and pure as that of Marielkin,

and often daylight surprised him, ravished in ecstasies before the siren, who so well understood giving the proper expression to her native songs. During these intercourses, Alexis always preserved his incognito, and consequently Marielkin treated him familiarly and as the friend of her old tutor. But Matwell found himself in a different position. He did not dare to interrupt the intimacy of the Czar with Marielkin, and yet he felt his duty to protect his friend's daughter against a snare which she neither guessed nor understood.

The day of the great ceremony of the Czar's coronation. The Lords had returned from their tour, and already the walls of the Kremlin enclosed sixty of the most beautiful flowers of Russia.—The great ladies of Moscow prepared their finest dresses. The whole city was alive; the army was concentrated about the palace; the bells rang and bonfires blazed; the Czar alone changed none of his habits, he was at Marielkin's side. Matwell, sad and anxious, was thinking how this unfortunate passion was to end, when the Czar appeared before him gayly than usual.

The booming cannon the next day announced to the inhabitants of Moscow, that the moment for the Czar's choice had arrived. The great Hall of the Kremlin was magnificently decorated; the Lords were dressed in most brilliant uniforms, the Ladies in the richest toilettes, while masks were wandering every where about. Every eye was turned towards the group of young girls among whom the great Alexis was to choose his consort. The Princess Barbarykin fixed the attention above all the rest, and tried to suppress her ravel; proud of her birth, she hopes to be Queen by her beauty.

A mask, in a more brilliant costume than the others, surrounded by courtiers, enters the room. Everybody takes him for the Czar, and the Princess Barbarykin cannot contain herself for joy when he comes up and talks to her.

Marielkin, in a simple dress, remained in a corner of the hall, seated beside Matwell. As the latter was examining the mask who was talking to the Princess, he recognized the Czar, who, in a plain military costume, and his face half hid by a mask, approached Marielkin. Marielkin recognized her friend, and asked him with her usual simplicity if the Czar had made his choice.

"I am very well here," continued Marielkin—"who knows," continued Alexis, "when the Czar sees you perhaps—" "I am not ambitious of the crown." "You are too modest." "You annoy me!"—and she signed, and the tears came to her eyes. Alexis understood that he was beloved, and his heart swelled with joy.

"Let every one unmask!" he cried. In an instant a profound silence pervaded the hall, and every heart beat; the subjects awaited the decree of the master to know where to carry their homage.—The rage of the Princess Barbarykin may be imagined, when she discovered that the pretended Czar who had said so many amiable things to her, was no other than the Court Fool; but what was this to her astonishment when she saw the crown placed on Marielkin's head and heard these words:

"Bavards of Moscow! behold your Czarina!"

The Musical superiority of Marielkin, as well as her beauty, was the cause of her fortune, and she did not neglect it. With the Czar's permission and aid, she encouraged arts and artists; and her favors fixed in Russia several Italian, German and French musicians. In short, it was during her reign that the first attempts at National Operas were made in Russia.

It is from this Marielkin that the Russian Countess pretends to descend, and upon this descent she founds her right to the Presidential consideration.

SINGULAR.—The Wilmington Herald of Saturday states that a small negro boy, probably not over ten years of age, living in this city, being desirous of paying Wilmington a visit, got under the guard of the steamer Gladiator, just aft the wheel, and placing his feet on the spondee of the boat, (a large beam near the water line, designed to keep the craft upright and steady) and clasping a brace which stood conveniently near, came over safely. The Herald says:

"When discovered, he was endeavoring to reach the shore at the Depot, and looked bright, although decidedly in a moist condition. His escape from death was almost miraculous, for from his position, he must have necessarily experienced a succession of immersions in the briny wave. The distance from Charleston to this town is a boat 170 miles; the night was dark, although not tempestuous. He said when the boat got out to sea, he was terribly alarmed, and screamed lustily, but nobody came to his assistance, and he succeeded, by clinging to the brace as high up as he could, in keeping his head out of water. On being asked whether he slept during the night, he replied that he didn't have time.—Having obtained but a partial glimpse of our town, and not being particularly struck with its appearance, he offered no resistance when Col. Miller, the steamer's agent, placed him on board the return boat for Charleston. His was a flying visit, and a bold venture, and if the incidents detailed above by him with every appearance of sincerity and truth, are not fabrications, it affords an instance of daring and good fortune not often chronicled."

ALBERT AND ELLEN.

A FRAGMENT.

The storm had ceased; not a cloud stained the ether; the sun, eclipsed for many hours by dense masses of sulphurous vapor, was setting in crimson majesty behind the lofty mountains of—, in North Wales; when the venerable Albert, leaning on the arm of his grand-daughter, quitted his little cottage to enjoy the beauties of the evening from his favorite seat. It was situated some few paces from his humble dwelling, on the brow of a rock, covered with moss and wild flowers, and terminated a rugged, and somewhat ascending path, near the base of a hill isolated by its neighbors; and whose sides, covered with the most verdant verdure, strongly contrasted it with them. On the right of it being to swell in wild and bare magnificence, the romantic chain of mountains which distinguished that district, and which, though a few short hours before, they trembled to the long and awful peals, that seemed to shake the foundations of the globe, now in softened grandeur repose in the parting rays that yet streamed refulgent in the west. Immediately in front was a rich, though not extensive valley, terminated in the distance by the ocean, whose silvery bosom faintly tinged with purple, extended itself like a summer cloud along the horizon. On the left, a narrow little grassy rivulet, whose waters issued from the rock, and which, swelling as they flowed, were heard some hundred paces distant to roar as they hurried through the caverns of Cwlyr.

Either the young and innocent Ellen had been accustomed to lead the only parent, the only relative she now possessed; and here had the morning and evening often witnessed her with the sacred volume on her knees, pouring into his soul the hallowed consolations it affords to departing virtue; while the smile, triumphant and serene, shone upon his benignant features, declared the fervent gratitude and heavenly hope that animated his heart.

The raindrops still glistened on the wood-paneled which encircled his door, when the venerable old man, tottering beneath the weight of years and of misfortune, quitted for the last time. The long but progressive infirmity which frequently attends the decline of life, had recently occasioned a confinement of some days to his bed, and thence, ere he reached the destined spot, the weakness of his age had nearly overpowered him. At length, faint and weary, he gained the rock; and taking of his hat, while the locks of age fell in dazzling curls over his shoulders, and seemed to inhale new life from the refreshing breath of evening. Ellen, who, as the morn, seated herself beside him, her dark and glossy ringlets that she threw back from her polished temples, that she might be seen in dazzling white, over his shoulders, and seemed to breathe new life from the penetrating sunbeams that fixed, though half in stealth, upon his countenance, catching his every turn and variation, saw when it cast a look—sweet but full of sorrow, towards the distant ocean. One hand rested upon his knee, and confined the coat that unfolded his aged limbs; the other, almost unconsciously, around her little Fido, who had placed himself upon her gown, and seemed to look in a sort of thoughtful enderess up to his face. For some moments they were silent; at length, Albert exclaimed, "How strong is the similitude between the events of my life and the varying atmosphere of today! The sun arose in splendor, not a cloud obscured its brilliancy;—yet, ere noon, the black tempests rolled around—the thunders roared, and earth seemed threatened with destruction; all now again is clear; oh! may my aged soul be as calm as the sky, and my heart as true as the sun, even as the sun is now reposing on the Western wave."

As he uttered these words a heavenly radiance beamed upon his countenance; and that moment, so pure, so sublime was his expression, that it might have been supposed that body and soul, beautified together, had already passed to the land of spirits. After a silence of some minutes, he turned to Ellen, and looking at her with parental solicitude, said, in an impressive tone, "Often, my daughter, have I urged the necessity of arming thy soul against the hour of suffering with the confidence and the hope of a Christian; that in that hour thou mightest act his part, and submit without a murmuring thought to the dispensations of infinite mercy. May I not have urged in vain! The shades of death, sooner or later, lies with the year of our falling aim; and surely then the man of years and of his last days, whose feeble frame already bends towards its native earth, should prepare himself every hour for the blow. But remember, my child, that there is one who hath called Himself the Friend of the fatherless, One who can, who will protect thee. Oh! but for this to leave thee, the dear, dear image of my long-lost Agnes, in all the inexperience, and all the loveliness of youth, to leave thee thus to stem the boisterous stream of life; oh! it were indeed an agony of the soul!"

The violent emotions of grief which had for some time struggled in the bosom of Ellen could no longer be suppressed; sighs of anguish burst from her lips, and clasping the knees of Albert, she hid her face upon his arm.

"My child!" cried the old man, in a voice scarcely audible, and gazing at her with a look of the most compassionate tenderness—"my darling child, be not thus distressed; I may yet be spared; and although," he continued, looking towards the ocean, and endeavoring to revive her drooping spirits, "Divine Providence may have thought fit to deprive us for a time of him who was the chosen son of my heart, and whom I fondly regarded as the virtuous and affectionate companion of thy future life; still, I trust it is but for a time, and that Edgar, thy faithful Edgar, may yet return to be unto thee as a father."

"Oh no!" faintly articulated the hapless Ellen; ten long months have elapsed since we received his last letter; in which he promised to be with us in three weeks.—We have heard nothing since; he is gone, gone forever. And wouldst thou—Oh! my father, wouldst thou too desert thy Ellen? What would become of her? She too must die!"

"Poor hapless maiden! The last word which trembled from her lips penetrated not the cold ear of death; the stroke which befall her of every earthly hope, and cast her destitute upon an unfeeling world. What was the frenzy, the madness of despair, that froze the current of her blood, that laughed in the wild and haggard features of her love-courtesans, when, lifting up her eyes from the ground, she beheld her only par-

ent, her only earthly friend, stiffening in death!

The last breath of Albert passed unconsciously across the cheek of Ellen, as, with her head cast downwards, she hid her face in her handkerchief, and endeavored to stem the torrent of her grief.

So intently, yet so gentle was the stroke; that the semblance of life was still fresh; his eye was turned towards his Ellen, and seemed still to lean upon her with ineffable tenderness; his hand was half stretched out, as if he would have reached hers; and the smile that yet lingered on his countenance, declared that he had seen and joy with which his God. Although, in that first moment, conviction of the dreadful truth flashed upon the soul of Ellen, yet her impatient spirit quickly rejected it, and she grasped at the delusive hope that Albert might still be living; and that the cordial which had so frequently been serviceable in strengthening his feeble frame might now be renewed with success. She started up, and flew with renovated steps to the cottage; the last drop was gone! no assistance was procurable within the distance of three long miles; her limbs could scarcely sustain her for hours; she lay cold and senseless on the floor, and retracted her steps as quickly to the scene of misery. Within ten paces of it, she stopped; the corpse was yet concealed by a turn in the path; she paused, she listened, not a breath disturbed the stillness of the air; the blood ran cold through every vein; her knees shook violently. The night was now fast approaching; huge black clouds were gathering in the east; the moon arose enveloped in mist, and shed a dim light upon the mountains; the air was thick and oppressive, and every thing announced an early storm; but Ellen regarded it not: "He is dead!—he must be dead!" she cried in accents of wretchedness. Then tottering a few paces forward, she raised her head against her forehead, she raised herself on tiptoe, drawing moan after moan, she cast her first glance would confirm all her fears.—His lifeless form was just discernible through the gloom; Fido had climbed up to his shoulders, and lay beside him licking his cheek; on seeing his mistress, he bounded forward, and catching hold of her gown, moaned piteously.

"Poor Fido!" the wretched sufferer half-articulated; then, springing forwards, exclaimed—"Merciful God! does he move?" she reeled and fell upon the cold bosom of Albert. It was but the wind that had agitated his clothes.

The night became terrific; immense clouds rolling over each other like vast volumes of smoke, hung suspended on the mountain peaks; the livid flashes of lightning which burst from their summits, every instant seemed to thunder again re-echoed among the mountains; and dark, during the hour of the moon, winds his every now, with hurried pauses, he listens, and now, with hurried and anxious step, proceeds till he reaches the cottage of Albert. A white handkerchief lay just within the door; he snatched it up, and darted through each little apartment in breathless precipitation.

"Absent on such a night as this!" he exclaimed, as he left the house, and followed the sound which appalled the soul. "Good God! how my heart grieves me!" As he drew near the fatal spot, the wind reaches Fido had heard the approaching step; Fido only had heard it; and, as if resenting his intrusion upon this dark and solemn scene of death, began to howl and bark most furiously at the stranger. The white figure of a female stretched upon the ground, and conspicuous through the gloom, was the first object that met the eyes of the unfortunate Edgar; chilled with horror, he rushed forward, and raising her in his arms, perceived at the same instant the lifeless body of Albert.

"Father of mercies!" he cried, in the phrenzy of despair, "for what have I been preserved?"

"He is gone!" uttered Ellen, in a faint and wild tone, "he is dead! I die, too; I am dying. Do not disturb a poor creature in her last moments!"

"The distress which I believed her indeed dying, and sick, with intensions of misery, exclaimed, 'Oh God! is it for this I have escaped the perils of the wreck,—the ravages of the pestilence? But, Ellen, my beloved Ellen!' he continued, pressing her cold lips to his; 'we will not be separated in death, no! we will die together! Yet, oh! couldst thou—were it but for a moment, couldst thou recognize thy Edgar, and breathe into his soul thy parting blessing, it were bliss!'"

Ellen at that moment raised her head with a bewildered air, gazed upon him. A ray of hope flashed upon the mourner's gloomy soul, and with a faltering voice, he cried, "Speak to me, my love, my Ellen! oh, speak to me again! remember thy faithful, thy long-lost Edgar; he is returned to live for thee, and thee only,—to supply the place of a father,—to love thee,—to clasp thee in his bosom,—to shelter thee from every danger;—but shouldst thou die, he must die too!"

"Edgar!" she exclaimed, "Where am I? Edgar returned?" then hiding her face in her hand, "Oh God! my heart will burst!"

Edgar gently raised her up; and, supporting with his arm her weak and trembling frame, led her towards the cottage. Thither he soon afterwards, bore the remains of the venerable Albert, and with filial solicitude and tenderness, laid them decently on the little straw bed which had formerly so often afforded rest to his aged limbs. "Let us offer up our prayers to the throne of mercy; let us offer our thanks that we have yet been spared to each other," said Edgar, as he took the hand of Ellen, and led her towards the bed-side, on which lay the corpse of Albert. They knelt down to pray, and their rose up with a holy determination to live for each other and for God.

Let the young men remember, there is nothing derogatory in any employment which ministers to the well being of the race. It is the spirit that is carried into an employment, that elevates or degrades it.

A young man without money is like a steam-boat without fuel. He can go ahead. Among the ladies he is like the moon on a cloudy night. He can't shine.

Polite.—To think that you can make pork out of pig iron, or that you can become a shoemaker by just drinking sherry colblers.