# Lancaster

# DEVOTED TO LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AGRICULTURAL, GENERAL AND LOCAL INELLIGENCE.

### VOLUME I.

CRUMPIC CRUMPIC

## LANCASTER, C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 10, 1852.

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THE

#### R. S. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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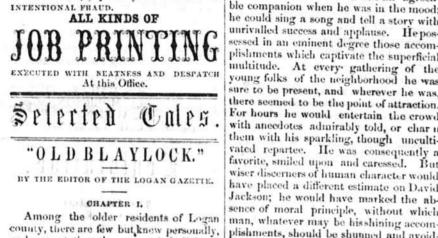
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county, there are few but knew personally, plishments, should be shunned and avoidor by reputation, the eccentric individual known as "Old Blaylock." The last time great school of the world, he was deeply he was seen by the writer of this article versed in the dangerous art of dissimulahe was seen by the writer of this article was different was on a chilly, rainy day in the fall of tion: he possessed the faculty of conceal-1833. He was then a man perhaps six-ing the most bitter hatred, and had a heart capable of devising and a hand dar-

"Spare your vituperation! rather thank God that he has placed you in a position where the strength of your virtue was never tried!" For the following facts I am indebted

ebe

lihood.

lieve or disbelieve, as he chooses. I publish them in justice to the memory of a mented; but who might have lived and

died under other auspices, had not the streams of his sympathies and impulses

"Blaylock" was the assumed name of Everard Blakeslev, the son of a farmer in one of the Eastern States. At the time of which I write, his father was dead, and he resided with his widowed mother. They were in comfortable circumstances, but not rich; a small farm, assiduously cultivated, afforded them a live-The little house on the hill side where they dwelt, was the admiration of the whole neighborhood, and the traveller fleeted it back to earth.

who passed that unfrequented way paused long to contemplate its beauty. Not that it was a' model of arthitecture, not that wealth had been lavished in its contructaught the vines to climb by the windows, and had planted the lilac and honevsuckle

by the door. There the locust spread its shade, there the rose exhaled its fragrance, and there the birds sang sweetly through the long summer day. Within sight of the dwelling of the

Blakesleys lived their nearest neighbors, old Joseph Jackson and Thomas Winstar. They were both wealthier than the Widow Blakesley, but all three of the families had lived on those intimate and friendly terms so generally existent among the farming class of our people. Everard Blakesly and David Jackson,

the son of old Joseph, were both about twenty two years of age. They had been on intimate terms; not because of con-

geniality of disposition, but because in the absence of other male companions they were, in a manner, compelled to associate with each other. David was an agreea-ble companion when he was in the mood;

he could sing a song and tell a story with unrivalled success and applause. He pos-sessed in an eminent degree those accomguilt dishments which captivate the superficial multitude. At every gathering of the young folks of the neighborhood he was sure to be present, and wherever he was, there seemed to be the point of attraction. For hours he would entertain the crowd with anecdotes admirably told, or char n them with his sparkling, though unculti-

vated repartee. He was consequently a favorite, smiled upon and caressed. But wiser discerners of human character would have placed a different estimate on David Jackson; he would have marked the ab-

sence of moral principle, without which ed. For one so far removed from the

hand, and assure you of my friendship.---Our separation has been to me a source of -no matter to whom. The reader may take them for what they are worth; be-lieve or disbelieve as hey are worth; be-

A reconciliation having been effected, the two young men conversed together man who had many faults, who had few friends, who lived unloved, and died unla-testations of regard, they separated. Everard returned to his home, and was already beginning the narration of his in-

terview with David, when his mother, with a voice of alarm, interrupted him-"What light is that Everard? As I live, the house of Mr. Jackson is on file!" Everard rushed to the door, and then, without pausing a moment, ran as swiftly as he could go to the scene of the fire, a distance of a quarter of a mile; but ere he arrived, the great barn of farmer Jackson, filled with grain, was in a conflagration which nothing could counteract! How it hissed, and roared, and flamed far up in the heavens! And the September sky re-David Jackson was contemplating the

cene as Everard approach. "How did it occur, David?,' said Blakes-David, without a word of reply, turned

sullenly away. Everard returned sadly to his home.

Morning came, bright and beautiful .-The dew lay in spangles on the grass; the to Deity. Happy, indeed, were the in-mates of the little cot on the hill side .--The mother was engaged in household

Rudely and without ceremony the door | ly known, and at a period of time when

was opened, and the sheriff of the county entered, bearing in his hand a State war-rant, and grasping Everard roughly by the arm, he said, in a gruff voice: "You are my prisoner!" "For what?" was the agonizing interro-

gatory of Everard. "You will know for what, sir. I never

yet arrested a villain, but he effected ig-norance of the cause. You are charged, my fine fellow, with arson, and, what is more, there is abundant proof of your

son! Canst thou survive this blow! Pale as a corpse, she had sunk into a chair .---Speechle s in her terrible agony, her eyes to be on fire.

she arose, ran wildly out, and cried in accents that would have awakened compassion in any breast-

injured a human being! He is too kind,

### name. CHAPTER III.

Already, far and wide, had spread the umor of Everard's guilt. I have often remarked-and who notf-that rumor bears intelligence where no tangible messenger has gone. Let a great crime be committed, and in twenty-four hours, at a distance of fifty miles, there will be a vague and exaggerated report thereof; but how was transmitted thither, none can tell.

Public opinion, as a usual thing, where the question of guilt or innocence is in-volved, flows at first in a broad, deep channal. There is a universal conviction of guilt or of innocence. Anon, however, ou will see, without any perceptible cause, little branches spreading out in many di-verse directions from the parent stream.-The case of Everard was no exception to the general rule: everybody at first behim guilty. Ah, how vain were all lieved words of commisseration to that mother,

while the innocence of her son was doubted! Time sped; the term of court at length

arrived at which the prisoner was to be tried. He was led from his cell, and as vid Jackson. But who supposes that he was happy? Who imagines that the vulhe passed through the assembled crowd, arm in arm with the sheriff, pale and hagture conscience ever ceased to inflict its torment? But retribution awaited him. gard with grief, many a sigh was heaved by generous hearts, and many a doubt of David was at work on his farm one summer day, when a storm suddenly a rose of such violence as to induce him to his guilt expressed. But there were those whom he had treated kindly, who came

birds were singing their morning hymns and looked scornfully upon his wo, and was at hand! A vivid flash of lightning, sneered at him as he passed. a terrific and simultaneous peal of thunder Never had the court-room held so large

an audience before. The crime was comdoties, while Everard was making prepar-ation for his day of work. mitted in one of those quiet, law-abiding communities where such offences are rareghastly corpse.

> A Dog. Horse. And Fish Story. Two friends of ours, staying a week or

so at one of the watering-places on the Gulf, were accustomed daily to rise at an oner asked for his plea. early hour, and walk, fishing implements "Nor guilty," rang through the court-

oorr, in a clear, full voice. The witnesses for the Sate were called.

pert anglers, they committed much de-They were but few; David Jackson being vastation among the ranks of the finny the first. tribe. The walk through the pincy woods to

David testified that on the 5th of September, the defendant, at the request of witness, met witness at Mr. Jackson,s barn. in the morning, but the return trip on foot,

by eight or ten o'clock, was acknowledged

guilt." "It is false! false as God liveth! I can prove by David Jackson, when I left the barn......" "None of your protestation, my lad!... Come with me! Get ready! I will see that you burn no more barns, for a time, at least!" Poor mother of Everard Blakesley!... Doting parent of a guiltless but ill-fated son! Canst thou survive this blow! Pala and left defendant standing by the barn. Within half an hour the barn was seen

only revealed her suffering. But as the sheriff hurried Everard away, ed, but without any benefit to the accus-

Two or three persons were then called vehicle and rattled off for the fishing to establish the good character of the de-"O, sir, my boy is innocent! He never fendant. This was effected satisfactorily. ground in high spirits. Knowing that they would be able to bring back much more fish than usual, they took with them

"There is none on my part," said Eve-rard; "most gladly do I take you by the she lived, was branded with a felon's entered, his mother caught sight of his the horse's head with a design of cutting the rope and setting the pony free. In order to divert the dog's attention, he beloved features, and with the sudden expointed to the brush-inadvertently in ercise of strength sometimes witnessed in the precise direction where his companion dying persons, she arose, ran to him threw had disappeared-and "shood !" on the her aims about his neck and expired.

rival from his path?

dog to attach an invisible enemy. The What now had the world in store for Everard Blakesley?. Had he a friend?dog rushed in the direction pointed out; Not one in all the wide world! He was the other man just then emerged from the bush; the dog caught him not exactly alone; scoffed at, sneered at, shunned and despised. What wonder that curses, ofin the small part of the back, or the middle tener than blessings, emanated from his lips? What wonder that, brooding over of the thigh either. A desperate, but brief struggle ensued, and in an instant the nnfortunate fisherman exclamed-but his wrong, he became partially insane?-That he chose to be a wanderer and an we will not say what he exclaimed. It was well for him, however, that he had outcast? That he left his native country? a coat, the tailors of which were not over That he changed his name? That he lived a hermit, and died a misanthrope? shot.

Reader, should you ever pass the grave Strange as it may seem, this ludicrous affair ended in our friends being obliged of "Old Blaylock," be forgetful of his to give up all hope of going home in the faults, and drop a tear for his misfortunes. cart, and to return on foot through the But what became of the miscreant who deep sand and broiling sun, burthened swore away his soul in order to remove a with all the fishingtackle, and the cham-He married Effie Winstar, engaged in pagne basket filled with fish. The dog remained master of the field, and his farming, and for a time all things seemed to prosper. There was no farmer had bet-

the cart. possessed a more capacious barn than Da-

#### Fatal Ascident.

WE regret to learn that a likely negro fellow, belonging to Mr. John E. Brown, take shelter in his barn. The avenger was instantly killed on the 27th instant, while engaged in packing cotton, at his screw, at his plantation some few miles -the great barn was on fire, and David from our Town. It appears, that in arranging the bagging, on the lower part of the platform, while the screw was ascending, his head had inadvertently ad-vanced a few inches under the box—the lay stretched on the floor a livid and follower becoming suddenly and accidentally detached from the screw pin, fell, and caused instant death. by strik ng his head. It is true that accidents cannot be always avoided, but this melancholy incident in hand, to a bayou, about a mile in the may serve to put planters more on their guard in this important particular. Black River Watchman. rear of the hotel. Once there, benig ex-

#### Flowers of Truth.

the trout and perch-stored stream was MONEY is a useful servant but a tyranicool and pleasant enough at five o'clock cal master.

Profanity and politeness never associate together.

The most abandoned, respect and admire to be less agreeable, as it was warmer and more fatiguing. It will easily be imagined, then, that at the last fishing virtue.

The contemplation of great ends expanexpedition our friends made, which took ds the soul.

place a few days since, the suggestion proffered by one of them that they should Folly-For girls to expect to be happy without marainge. If you would take a peep at sunshine, look iu the face of a borrow the one-horse cart of a carpenter, who lived near by, and who was an young mother.

acquaintance of theirs, was speedily ac-cepted and put in execution. The carpen-Uneasy and ambitious gentility is always spurious. The garment which one has long worn never sits uncomfortably. ter had no objections; the cart was prepared, the little Creole mustang was har-

Passions act as wind to propel our yesnessed, and our friends jumped into the sel, and our reason is the pilot that steers her. Without the wind we could not move, without the pilot we should be lost. One of the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to woman insinuation and

a large, stout champagne basket, which they designed filling to the brim with the persuasion in order to be imperious, it did ENUMBER 40.

## Sunday Reading

From the Star Spangled Banner. Oh, No! It is not Sad to Die

BY ROBBERT G. STAPLES. "Tis sad to die? Oh, say not so! Let earth be ere so bright, The triune God-can quickly change Its brightness into night; Although the world be bright and free, It is not like eternity.

Though in the grave our bodies lie, Our ransomed souls shall rise To life divine-transplanted be, Beyond the beaming skies; There we may dwell beneath the throne,

Tis sad to die ? oh, no, no, no, Though faiends may mourn our loss,

The joys of earth are fading, few,

For some weeks past, a lone Indian tent has been standing on the western slope of Fox Hill, Hoboken, the inmates of which were an old Indian, his squaw, and a son. They are wanderers, we believe, from some Canadian tribe, and came to that neighbohood about two months ago. On Sunday last, the chief of the wigwam, who had been ailing for some time past, was gathered to the land of his fathers. A few days previously, the squaw had set out for the State of Maine, to bring two children she had on the frontier to the tent, to see the old man before the Great Spirit called him home: but her errand, alas! it turned out, was undertaken too late. The scene at the tent, as soon as it was known that the Indian was dead, was curious and affecting. The son sat mutely and moodily on the ground, with his arms folded, and his dark, piercing eye sorrowfully fixed upon the corpse of his dead sire. It seemed strange to him that they should put the body into a coffin, instead of interring it after the maner of his own people. As soon as the coffin was carried away by the undertaker, the tent was ruthlessly rifled of most of its contents-beads, baskets, and other triakets which the Indians had been making for a livelihood, by some pale-faced vagabonds in the vicinity, spite of the remonstrances of some kind-hearted women, who, with those tender and humane impulses native to the sex, had all along been attentive to the wants of the dying otranger. The tent itself was even carried away, leaving the surviving Indian to make his bed on the cold, damp earth, with only the sky above for a covering. And there he was sitting, last night, wating in silent sorrow the return of his absent relative from her pilgrimage to the east. It was a sad,

master, the carpenter, had to go after him in order to bring back the mustang and ter stock; none had heavier crops, none Reader, singular as it may seem, this

queer story is a true tale.

Tedaer,

Where Jesus raigns, and reigns alone

Tis sweet to know they too shall die, And Jourdan's billows cross.

When Heavenly bliss is kept in view.

An Incident with a Moral.

firm. His hair was quite gray, his face ing enough to execute the darkest scheme was flushed, as if by intemperance; and his of revenge. eye had a strange, restless glare, bespeaking a perturbed spirit. For many years, if I am correctly informed, he had lived remarkably quiet and amiable cast of mind. alone in a hut somewhere in the vicinity of Of a delicate organization, and of shrink-Lake Spencer. He died soon after the time designated, a childless, friendless, desolate old man.

His reputation among his neighbors was far from being enviable. Many believed that he was engaged in coining, and circumstances rendered the suspicion plau sible. He had been known to promise his creditors money at a specified time, and when they would call for it he would pay them Spanish dollars, hot, as if fresh from the dies. He was several times arrested and examined; but he was either guiltless, or so expert in the manufacture of money, that he could never be detected. When his dollars were offered in evidence, none would swear that they were spurious. Others, equally uncharitable, attributed to Old Blaylock the diabolical arts of the sorcerer. Believing that he had

league and companionship with the Evil one, his presence was shunned by many with superstitious dread.

But there were circumstances, unknown to the multitude, connected with the early history of Blaylock, amply sufficient to account for all his eccentricities. A crushed and broken heart throbbed in the busom of that strange old man. And often when shut up in his hovel, the uncharitable imagined him practising the counterfeiter's art, or in unholy communion with the Spirit of Darkness, he was in truth brooding over the memory of a burning wrong, of which, in youth, he had been the victim.

O, that there was more charity in this world of ours! that we were less ready and willing to impute sin to our fellow men! For often do we thus wrong those who are guiltless as ourselves. We have, indeed, too little charity for the actual transgressor. I believe that man is the creature of circumstances. I do not so far arraign the besoficence of the good God who created us, as to believe that he God who created us, as to believe that he sends some men into the world totally de-praved, mentally and morally fitted for crime. I believe no such thing. I do be-lieve that he who to-day preaches the gos-pel from the pulpit, and he who for mur-der suffers death on the scaffold, might,

innocence!"

Everard, on the other hand, was frank and open as the day, and possessed of a ing sensibilities, he very rarchy mingled with the crowd. He loved rather the reried away. tirement of the fireside, and the compan-

ionship of books. Such means as the country afforded he improved, and he consequently possessed far more intelligence than his companion.

The family of Thomas Winstar consisted of himself, his wife and an only daughter. Effie Winstar was a blue-eyed, fairhaird girl, now at the carming stage of life when the form assumes the shape of woman, while yet the heart retains the simplicity of the child. All unconscious was shoof the admiration she excited, but the rustic youth for many a mile around, felt a strange thrill in the bosom when they heard pronounced the name of Effic Winstar. What wonder that Everard Blakesley

and David Jackson were rivals for her affection? What wonder that when they met at the quilting party, or the "apple paring," they strove which should have the bliss of holding her little arm, of walking in the quiet moonlight by her side, of listening to the melody of her weet voice? For months this rivaling had continued

and vain were the many attempts of the gossips of the neighborhood to predict the

The neighbor boys became estranged David and Everard were never seen in each other's company, unless when they met at some of the country gatherings.

CHAPTER II. One bright September evening, while Everard sat with his mother in their vineembowered home on the hill side, he was

surprised by the appearance of a little brother of David Jackson, who brought a message from the latter requesting an interview. "Come down," said the boy, "to fath-

er's barn; David will be there. Really glad of an opportunity to be come reconciled to his old playmate, Everard proceeded to the appointed place,

us now?" instanted default ofT .

out a day, an hour, and we will, prove h

"Alas, my good woman," said the of David Jackson renders certain the perpetrator of the crime." And the sheriff, with his prisoner. hur-

Heart only can conceive the agony of that mother. She was alone! The pride and glory of her old age was reft from he:

side. He who spoke to her so kindly, whose smile was ever ready to greet her, whose every look beamed with affection for her, was torn away. Her boy, her cherished one was the inmate of a prison;

his name damned with the infamy of crime! Can she endure all this? Can she remain at the dear home that Everard loved so well? Can she ever more take delight in the flowers that he planted, in the vines that were trained by his hand?

She returned, broken-hearted! The agony of one moment overwhelmed her, and she sank on the floor.

A change came o'ver her mind, and she forgot the present. Was she crazed! She was again a child, happy and joyous in her childhood's home. Her father came near her and patted her kindly on the head. Her mother smiled tenderly upon

her, and spoke gently, as was her wont. She rushed to the old shade-iree on the lawn; she ran to the hill-top that looked down upon her home; she sought the brook-side, and saw the tiny shells in its crystal depths. There was no room for

sorrow in her heart! The vision changed. She stood, a hap-

py bride, at the altar, and by herside stood the father of Everard Blakesley. The hopes of that joyous hour were reproduc-ed in all their freshness in her heart. Once more the vision changed. She

sat by the bedside of her dying husband. She took his clammy hand in her's. The tears ran scalding their pathway down his cheek. His last words fell mournfully on her ear.

"Be careful of our boy! Rear him in the ways of virtue; teach him to shun crime more studiously than he would shun death! Bid him remember that God ever

sees him, knows every act, reads every secret thought of the heart. Then, when

scaly victims of the book and line. Away And where was the mother of Everard they rattled, then, as we said before, and

Blakesley? Overwhelmed by her deep sorrow, she was prostrated by illness.quietly but ploddingly followed them a sheriff, my duty is peremptory. I may not delay; but it were cruel to conceal from you the guilt of your son. The oath fever and delirium. But Everard was huge mongrel dog, belonging to the car-penter. By that dog hangs a tale! Arrived near the bayou, the fishermer umped out, tied the mustang to a sapling, ever uppermost in her thoughts. At times gathered together their fishing-rods, lines, she fancied him at home, as was his wont, engaged in the labors of the farm. Anon

bait, champagne basket, spiriatual and other refreshments, and adjourned to would burst upon her mind the reality of the banks for piscatorial operations. The his situation, and she would shriek with dog curled himself up under the cart and very agony of soul. Then, again, she would fancy it all a horrid dream, and went to sleep; the mustang slept without would call his rame, and bid him come to curling himself up. After a couple of hours of pleasant and

task.

movement towards the cart, or the horse

The other expeditionis er tied a hunting-knife to a fishing-rod and approached

her bedside. Hour after hour passed by, and the jury diligent labor, the champagne basket was came not down. There was terrible sus-pense in the audience. Public sentiment filled, and the two confederates prepared to decamp. Smiling and anticipating an agreeable drive home, they packed up was undergoing a revul ion, and you might hear among the people sentiments like their booty and marched towards the cart. "You untie the horse while I put the

"Poor Everard," said one, "he was a elever, good-hearted fellow; always ready o do acts of kindness to his neighbors." Another said, "This is the first charge

that was ever made against him." A third said, "I didn't like the way

David Jackson testified. He told me a tory very different, and I wish I had so nformed Everard's attorney."

The broad channel had diverged in a nultitude of little streams. But still the nass believed him guilty.

the dog flew at him like a fury, and com-pelled him to a precipitate retreat. Coax-ing, threats, pebbles and sticks thrown, were of no use-they only made the ani-The jury came in. Multitudes in eager and breathless haste rushed in to hear the mal more ferocious. He was evidently accustomed to act as guardain to his verdict. The jury had not agreed, and the prisoner was remanded to jail. I have said there was a change in pubmaster's cart when the master was absent, and the fellow (the dog, we mean) was as lic sentiment, and it was visible on every obstinately bent on the preserving the

hand. A few believed him innocent: maproperty from all invasion. ny reflected that the evidence was but cir-To depict the embarrassment of our friends at this ludicrous coup d'etat of mstantial, and they doubted. Others, again, who believed him guilty, felt comcanine invention, would be impossible. passion for his mother, and thus it was evident that the majority of persons de-There was no use in trying to outwit the dog; his movements were so rapid, and sired the prosecution to cease. he so planly had the advantage of position.

Old farmer Jackson was a good-heartthat no sudden dash at the horse or cart ed man. After the first transport of exwould be successful, without a total abancitement caused by his loss was passed, he donment of all the baggage, equipment, and booty. One of the two adventures proposed to do away with the dog by

almost regretted that proceedings had been instituted. He had known Everard from his infancy; he had known and re-spected the father and mother of the aced. What could be done?

He saw the counsel of the State; a consultation was had; a nolle prosequi was entered, and Everard was set at liberty. erty. No, not Everard! The shadow, reck of Everard. He whom the multigive up his head than his fish.

ade met and looked at coldly and shy; he who walked slowly with a heavy frown upon his brow, was not the same light-hearted and generous youth, who had once been the favorite of the community where he resided.

not give them a sweet voice to be employed in scolding.

A recent writer asserts that the less a man knows, the wider he carries his mouth open. He says-' It is as imposisble for an ignoramus to keep his jaws closed as it is for a sick oyster to keep his shell shut.'

#### Mercantile Questions and Answers.

Q. What is double entry ? A. Charging the same thing twice.

Q. What is single entry ?

- A. Charging a man with goods, but
- not crediting the cash he pays for them.
- Q. What is book-keeping ?
  - A. Forgetting to return borrowed vol
- umes
- Q. Weat is a blotter ?
- basket in," said tho chief fisherman to A. An Editor.
- his comrade, and each proceeded to his Q. What is a Ledger ?
  - A. A counting house companion upon

"Bow, wow, wow!" and the big dog which people often spend their entire forsprang out, and took his stand by the cart, growling, showing a formdable array of teeth, and braking in a terrible manner. tunes, also, a paper which every man should have one of his own, and not bor-As soon as either fisherman made a row his neighbor's.

- Q. What is a Banker ?
- A. The man that has the deal.
- What is the business of a banker. Q.
- A. Catching suckers.
- Q. What is an inland draft ?
- A. An easterly wind.

one.

- Q. What is a foreign draft ?
- A. A glass of cognac.
- Q. What is a promissory note ?
- A. Acceptance of an invitation.
- Q. What is a negotiable note ?
- A. Don't know-never could make

A ROMANTIC Sentimental young gentleman, whose light colored moustache was somewhat ostentatiously "hung out," as a sign of "apartments to let in the upsummary measures, but that plan was speedily abandoned. The other finally per story," while promenading Broad St., the other afternoon picked up a thimble. suggested that the basket of fish should be left behind, and that they should make He stood a while meditating upon the "a hop, skip, and a jump" for the cart, where once established, they could easily defend themselves from the canine enemy. probable beauty of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips, saying, "Oh, that it were the check of the wearer." Just as

But the other man swore he would rather he had finished, a big negro wench looked out at the window, and said-" Boss, At length this last named individual jist please trow dat timble of mine up in went into the bushes to cut a long pole, wherewith to stir up the ferocious animal. de entry, I jist now drap it." The gallant

shutter. ber and solt to resimum add.

accreative incident—the death of the lone Indian on the hill. His epitaph is the epitaph of a race, in this region o the country, once all his own.

" Alas, for them, their day is o'er, Their fires are out from shore to shore : No more for them the wild deer bounds-The plow is on their hunting grounds-The pale man's axe rings thro' their woods--The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods,

Their pleasant springs are dry ; Their children look by power oppressed, Beyond the mountains of the west-Their children go to die !"

N. Y. Express.

#### Triumph of intellect.

LIKE the immortality, of the soul, it will survive long after the gold of the miser has become dross. It is as lasting as eiernity itself. Ages after ages may roll a-way, and yet intellect will exist in all her beauty and splendor, moving on in unparalleled swiftness, in that upward flight, until it has conquered the mysterious and unthought of things of earth; in its ascent towards perfection. And what is intellect, that it should thus thrive and prosper, coming off victorious in the encounter of energy, difficulty, coming very near to mighty wisdom i It is the mind of man. And what has mind accomplished, what is it yet to accomplish ? It was mind that caused Roger Sherman to throw down the last and hammar for the pen and book, and exchange the bench for one of the loftiest seats among the champions of freedom. It was the intellect of Hastings that gave to America her conspicuous stand among the nations of the earth, It was the wisdom of Jefferson that penned for the Republic the most luced document on record. America would never have been discovered, but for the stupendous mind of Christopher Columbus.

Thus it is, we might enumerate incilents without number, where triumphant intellect has held her sway, where the mind of man has accomplished things that have been of that benefit to mortal man, which language cannot express, nor mind hardly realize.

Language is inadequate to deleniate in all its beauty and sublimity. Behold with what facilty the learned advocate expounds the law of the land, and by rapid flashes of eloquence, restores to the captive his liberty.

God speed the man of talent, that his youth fainted, and was carried home on a Weine as the give the gloshow prize of the generally, that, at the aspire