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IN ADVANCE.

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### An Original Story.

[Written Expressly for the Lancaster Ledger.]

THE

## SENATOR AND SON;

OR,

# THE BELLE OF THE HUDSON.

BY W. M. CONNORS.

### CHAPTER I.

Perhaps there is no scenery of North America, more interesting and picturesque, than that which the traveller surveys as he stands upon the deck of one of those beautiful steamers that ply between the cities of New York and Albany. The bold and majestic Hudson, that has been justly compared to the Rhine of the old world, presents such varied and romantic scenery, with so many historical and classic associations connected with its banks, that the pleasure seeker is unconscious of the lapse of time as he glides swiftly over its smooth and crystal waters, and gazes with admiration upon the jutting turrets and towering cliffs on either hand; interspersed as they are with beautiful plains that are covered with a brilliant and intense verdure. Now and then the charm of nature is interrupted by a magnificent work of art, and the high and towering front of a splendid mansion is seen looming proudly above the dazzling waters below.

A noble steamer of the first class was nearing one of these handsome Villas.—The intense heat of a summer's day had passed; the last lingering rays of the setting sun were glimmering in the distance, and all on board seemed imbued with new life from the uncommon beauty of the evening, and the unsurpassed charms of surrounding nature. Some were promading the decks; others collected in groups, engaged in lively conversation, and all seemingly lost to every care save that of the passing moment.

Perhaps there was a single exception. Standing a little apart from the others, with his arms folded across his breast, was a young man of pleasing exterior, whom you would judge to be about twenty-one years of age. He was about the middle height; of rather slight, but graceful proportions, and being richly and neatly dressed, his figure may have passed as unexceptionable, even by the most fastidious in such matters. His face was handsome and fair, perhaps to a fault; but the smooth and regular features—the fine and classic brow, and his peculiar bearing, which plainly denoted aristocratic birth and intellectual superiority, would forever exclude the idea of effeminacy.

His gaze was intently fixed upon the Villa, to which every motion of the boat brought him nearer, and with seemingly a pleasing reverie; incited perhaps by recollections of the past, when in childhood's happy days he roamed over those beautiful hills and valleys of the Hudson, with no care of life to disturb his frivolous fancies. While in this musing attitude, a young man approached him from the opposite side of the deck, and laying his hand familiarly upon his shoulder, thus addressed him:

"What are you dreaming of Ned? Is there any thing in the objects around you to induce such melancholy musings; or are you contrasting the beauties of nature with that matchless piece of art in front of us, which I almost envy the possessor his right to?"

"Not exactly," replied the other, "and yet I was thinking of the dwelling to which you allude, but in connection with its inmates. Is it my father's?"

"Indeed! and that is Senator Malcolm's residence?"

"Yes, and you perceive that our journey will soon terminate."

"It is a princely establishment. I do not wonder now at your dreamy attitude; you have a bright future to contemplate."

"I was not thinking of the future, but of the past, whose reminiscences are infinitely more pleasant than the contemplation of a doubtful and precarious future."

"Scarcely doubtful, or precarious in your case; and as lord of that Aladdin-like palace, you can set fortune at defiance."

"In a pecuniary point, yes; but the heart and affections, though shielded with an armour of gold, are still vulnerable to the shafts of misfortune."

"Certainly; to take a gloomy view of the matter; but my motto is 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,' and I venture that did not pronounce my philosophy better than yours."

"Well, perhaps you are right; but we are nearing the landing; let us see to our baggage."

"The two friends, for such they appeared to be, now prepared to leave the boat,

which was about to touch at the landing alluded to by Edward Malcolm, the young man whom we have endeavored to describe to the reader. The two young men had for several years been inmates of the time honored university of Harvard, and whilst there they had contracted a friendship for each other, which perhaps may be as lasting as at this time it is real.

The companion of Edward Malcolm, was in personal appearance, and many other attributes, exactly the opposite of himself. A Southerly by birth, he had all the fiery spirit—the noble and chivalric impulses inherited by the youths of the sunny Santee. He was full six feet in stature, with a form strongly indicative of physical power and activity; at the same time it was by no means bereft of many of the elegancies of manly grace. Being the heir of a wealthy planter in the South, he could well indulge in the liberal and extravagant propensities common to Southern aristocracy, and as it is in such instances, but too common that the youth who has both the ability and inclination to bestow pecuniary favors, is never at a loss for friends, so was Albert Ashley the most popular student of his class. But no such mercenary motives prompted the friendship of Edward Malcolm. Perhaps it could only be accounted for by that strange phenomena of human nature, when it sometimes happens that persons, by their very dissimilarity of character, are drawn together by a friendship the most lasting and sincere. The one was delicate, quiet and melancholy; the other was robust, jovial and humorous.

The two friends at the close of their college life, decided that before taking perhaps a final adieu, they would each spend with the other, a short time at their respective homes.

Edward Malcolm had nearly reached his, accompanied by his friend. The boat touched at the pier, and soon they were on terra firma, where the young men found a handsome carriage waiting to convey them to their destination. They were driven rapidly along the gravelled walks belonging to the Villa, and soon drew up alongside the marble steps of the family mansion. They were met on the threshold by Edward Malcolm, senior, who advancing with a brightened countenance exclaimed:

"I am indeed glad to see you Edward, and to find that you have arrived so early. Young men in general are not so eager to leave the gayeties of a college life for the quiet of home."

"I hope sir," said his son, "you will not include me in that category. But let me present to you, my friend, Mr. Ashley of South Carolina, who will be kind enough to spend some time with us."

"Mr. Ashley," said the elder Mr. Malcolm, "I am happy in having the honor to welcome you to Malcolmvilla; and I trust that our rugged Hudson home may possess sufficient charms to enable you to spend some time with us pleasantly."

"I am already convinced of that, sir," answered young Ashley, "one could scarcely be troubled with ennui in a country like this, which is certainly the most delightful I have ever seen."

"A strong contrast to your climate and scenery on the Santee, but in many respects yours is more pleasant than ours; but come in," added the host; "no doubt some refreshment will be acceptable to both of you after the fatigues of the day."

As Edward Malcolm, senior, is destined to occupy a conspicuous position in our narrative, he merits a more particular introduction. He was of medium height, with a figure slightly tending to corpulence; a round face and ruddy complexion, strongly indicating high life and plethoric habit. He was but fifty years of age, though the hairs on his head were scanty and perfectly white; combed far back, displaying to great advantage his forehead, which was broad and massive. He possessed great talent and energy, but naturally rather impulsive, than deep and mature in his reflections. His deportment was dignified and haughty—freezing and sarcastic. He evidently felt and enjoyed his high position. His affections, when called out were strong and vehement.—His son was the idol of his heart—he doted upon him from a double motive, each strong and powerful in its way—the one instigated by true paternal affection, and the other from the high hopes and ambitious aspirations that were centered in that

future that he has pictured for you; it is not probable that with all these he will consent to your forming a quiet and unknown connection."

"Sad would be the day, and bitter the task, did I feel called upon to break his commands, or act contrary to his wishes. More than once the phantom of a father's curse has haunted me with its warning and blighting presence, and I have constantly shut out the dreaded apparition as an object too horrible to contemplate.—But Ellen you know the origin and progress of our love—you know that the passion has grown with my youth and is strengthened with my manhood—you know that mine is no common love, and will not live without its object. I have said that the terrible and ghastly spectre of a parent's anathema has shown me its horrid visage, but I feel that the fiat has already sounded its decree. Our hearts are blended together as one; and though the cords that bind them may be severed by a stern and cruel expediency; yet there is a protecting barrier more potent and sacred than any expediency. It is the solemn pledge of our hands.—You know they have long been pledged—rashly perhaps, but still irrevocably, and as well may all human efforts attempt to hurl yonder bright star from its proud position, as to attempt to induce me to desert that young heart, that I have sworn to protect forever. I have as you have done Ellen, reflected well and maturely upon this matter, and although I do not give up all hope of an agreeable and happy termination, still should it be otherwise, and our worst fears are realized, then may God help me, for I cannot desert Josephine, no never!"

After a pause of a few moments duration Edward resumed:

"You do not speak Ellen—you disapprove of my words?"

"I cannot say that Edward, but if you have resolved to do that which you have intimated to me, then I must say that I tremble for the consequences."

"You think that I am wrong Ellen and the expressions I have used are not in accordance with the duty that I owe to my relative?"

"I have no right to judge your words Edward, but I would have you to reflect and ponder well, now before the crisis arrives, of the effect your actions may have upon father. You know his affection for you, and that in you rests the hope, the joy and the ambition of his declining years; his whole life has been one of uninterrupted success, and if you thwart him now in perhaps the highest object of his life, and one that he has probably nursed from your cradle, fear you not Edward that it will kill him!"

"Why should I thwart him or why should not my career in life be the same with Josephine Edwards as with any one else? Will she not adorn the path in life for which you think I am fitted?"

"She would adorn any station, and I trust that whatever you do will terminate for the best, but should it unfortunately be in opposition to the will of others, then I beg you to let the evil day be deferred as long as possible."

As Ellen pronounced these last words, she kissed her brother's cheek and left him alone to contemplate the future, which to him, doubtless appeared gloomy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Miscellany.

### From the Providence Journal.

#### JOHN BURNYEAT, THE QUAKER MISSIONARY.

John Burnyeat was a distinguished missionary and preacher of the Society of Friends, and spent some time in Rhode Island. "He received the truth, in 1653, and died in the Lord in Ireland in 1690." Prefixed to his history is the testimony of George Fox, who states that Burnyeat "travelled and preached in Ireland, Scotland, Barbadoes, Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, Long Island, Rhode Island, and up and down in New England and had many disputes with many priests and professors that opposed the truth; but the Lord gave him dominion over all, to stop the mouths of gainsayers, and he was a peace-maker." Fox accompanied him in his travels from Maryland "through the wilderness, and through many rivers and desperate bogs, where they said never Englishman or horse had travelled before." They often lay out in the woods at night, and sometimes found shelter in Indian wigwags, and "many times were hard put to it for provisions." Following the testimony of several Friends relative to Burnyeat is an account of his "convincement," and a journal of his travels.

It appears that John Burnyeat, like many other sinners of his time, "discovered the right path of life" through the preaching of George Fox. He labored several years in England, Scotland and Ireland, disputing with "the hiring priests that fed themselves and not the people." He seems to have been quite zealous and fanatical of his sect at the time he lived, seeking every opportunity to dispute with the "priests in their bell-houses," showing less charity for all other Christian sects than the fanatics of our

day do for the Romanists, Mormons, and Mohammedans. The place of worship he invariably calls "bell-houses," "steeple-houses," "worship-houses," and the clergy "hiringlings and priests." Twice he was thrown into prison in England; the first time he remained nearly six months, the second time three months. In 1664, he was moved by the spirit to come to America, and, embarking at Galloway, in Ireland, he reached Barbadoes in seven weeks, where he labored several months. He next went to Virginia, and visited Maryland and New York. At the latter place, in the year 1666, he "took shipping for Rhode Island." He says nothing of his visit here, except that he "went some time in visiting Friends and their meetings, and had a comfortable service."

From Rhode Island he went to Boston, Plymouth, Salem, and many other places, where he remained part of the winter. He next sailed for Barbadoes, which seems to have been an important field for the Friends, and after a few months' labor returned to England. In 1670, he again sailed for America, taking Barbadoes in his tour for Rhode Island. He was in Maryland he was joined by George Fox, who had arrived from Jamaica, when they, with several other Friends, set out through the woods, overland, for New England." They crossed the various rivers in canoes and swam their horses alongside.

For days they met no Europeans, but generally found shelter in the Indian wigwags, though they were often compelled to lie in the woods. The Indians always treated them kindly and furnished them guides. After attending many meetings, they came to Rhode Island and waited for the yearly meeting, which lasted eight days, "settling affairs," and keeping things "sweet, clean and well."

After this, he went to Salem, Boston, &c. George Fox, in the meanwhile, visited Long Island and the Jerseys. Afterwards, he says:

"John Stubbs and I went up to Providence, had a meeting, and, as we returned, we had a meeting at Warwick, where none had been before; and several were convinced and did our own truth. And there we had to do with one Gordon, and his company, who were by other people called Gortonians, but they called themselves Generalists. They were of opinion that all should be saved; but they were in reality fanatics."

"So from thence we came down again to Rhode Island, and there we spent some time, and had a long dispute with one Roger Williams, that sent us a challenge from Providence, with fourteen propositions, as he called them, but they were charges; and he engaged to maintain them against all comers; the first seven to be disputed on at Rhode Island, and the latter seven at Providence. We spent three days with him at Rhode Island; but he could not make any proof of his charges to the satisfaction of the auditory, for there was a great congregation every day. There is a book, in manuscript, of what was taken in short hand of the discourse at that present; besides there is a book in print entitled 'New England Fire Brand Quenched,' and which is an answer to a book of the said Roger Williams, which gives some relation of some part of the dispute, to which I refer the reader."

The narrative of Burnyeat is exceedingly uninteresting, as it is simply a record of the places he visited, of the meetings he attended, and of the disputes he had had with "hiring priests," and those who worshipped in the steeple-houses. For these useless controversies he seems to have had a great passion. His plan was to attend worship at the churches, and, when the service was over, to rise and call upon the congregation to wait and "hear a word of exhortation" from him. At Hartford he states that, desiring to speak, he went to the meeting house, and stayed till the priest had done, "when he stood up and called to the people to hear."

"But immediately," he continues, "the sexton came to me to interrupt me, but when he saw that he could not stop me, he drove the people away. And when I saw the people most of them gone, I stepped down, and thought to have gone after them; but he got to the door, and shut the door to keep me in. I then went round an alley to get to a second door, but he got over the seats and shut that. Then I made for a third door; he also got to that before me, and shut that, and so made their meeting house a prison, and kept us in till the people was gone, and then let us forth."

The second part of this memorial is entitled "The Innocency of the Christian Quaker manifested; the truth of their principles and doctrine cleared and defended from the loud but false clamours, base insinuations, and wicked slanders of James Barry," and contains many relations of the persecutions of the Quakers in New England.

Knowledge is Power.

### DR. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD'S DIVORCE.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 14.

A case about to be brought before our Court of Common Pleas promises rich developments interesting to the literary world. It appears that Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, editor of the Poets of America, &c. &c., married his second wife, a South Carolina, some ten or twelve years since and went to reside in Charleston, S. C., where her property lay. After six or seven years of as much felicity as usually falls to the lot of married men, he wearied of the yoke, and informed the lady that he intended having a divorce by the easy laws of Pennsylvania, and it was his pleasure she should make no opposition. Not succeeding in his first application, he sent to Mrs. Griswold, then at Schooley's Mountain, N. J., a paper prepared to answer his purpose;—a statement on her part that she "wiffully, maliciously, and without cause," abandoned and deserted her husband, and refused to live with him, requiring her signature to this document. The lady refused to sign—asserting that the statement was unqualifiedly false—and she would not be necessary to the disruption of her marriage tie on false pretences. It should be mentioned that Mrs. Griswold had, since her marriage, under her charge the youngest daughter of the Doctor, to whom she had paid \$5,000 for his own and child's benefit—and that she had been constituted the child's legal guardian by the Chancellor, without opposition by the father. On her way to New York with this little girl, Dr. Griswold laid in wait for her, and as the boat reached the wharf he seized the child and ran off with her, followed by his terrified wife and one of the boatmen, who tore off the skirt of his coat in the scuffle. Placing the child in a carriage the Dr. drove off, but prevented himself the same day at the house where his wife was staying, offering to restore the child to her, and give a paper confirming her perpetual guardianship beyond the power of molestation on condition of her signing the important document which was to secure him a divorce, and enable him to marry one of two, or three ladies whom he said he had in view. The child, miserable in the separation from her guardian, and ill from the shock and terror of her forcible abduction, wrote imploring letters beseeching her "darling mother" to yield to her father's wishes; friends and legal counsel represented that her forced signature could avail nothing; the Dr. walked up and down the street—called every few minutes to inquire if the paper was signed, threatening eternal separation from the child if they were not; and in a half distracted state—with protest against its falsehood to the document, and had the little girl immediately restored to her; the promised paper securing her guardianship being withheld—the Dr. said—till he should be sure of its efficacy in procuring the divorce. The promised paper was never given.

Mrs. Griswold thought proper to caution the lady to whom her husband was paying his addresses—and wrote to inform her that he had neither a divorce nor any right to one. After her return to Charleston, she was surprised one day to see an announcement of the marriage of Rev. Rufus W. Griswold to Miss M. Crelis, of Maine. Having received no notification of action for divorce, she directed her counsel in Philadelphia to investigate the matter, and if a divorce really had been granted, to enter her appeal against the decree. The court records gave no evidence; all the papers on the subject having been mysteriously abstracted, the Supreme Court could not therefore act on the Appeal. It was evident there was some fraud; as the judge of the Court of the Common Pleas before whom the case had been tried, informed Mrs. Griswold's counsel that the decree had been granted by the (supposed) voluntary statement of the lady—and a point has been stretched to oblige her in the matter. The disappearance of the records, which the prothonotary had lent to Dr. Griswold's counsel, of course destroyed all chance for the Appeal, as the Supreme Court could not decide on a case, the papers of which they had never seen. The lady's counsel, David Paul Brown, then procured in the Court of Common Pleas, a rule to show cause why the decree of divorce should not be rescinded or annulled, on the ground that it had been obtained by fraud and imposition on the Court. So stands the case. Several authors, we understand have been subpoenaed and constrained to give evidence bearing very hard upon the Rev. (f) Doctor's character—especially for truth and veracity. When the testimony is made public in full, as we understand it will be, strange practices will be brought to light, shaming the invention of a French novelist. The third, Mrs. Griswold, it is said, has retreated from the coming storm to the shelter of her brother's house in Bangor. The Doctor is still flourishing in New York society, frequenting literary soirees and gallanting ladies here and there, who are totally ignorant of the game he has been playing, or wholly regardless of their reputation.—*Alb. Reg. Journal.*

The press, the press, the mighty press.

GOSSIP.

A curious idea prevails pretty generally that it is not altogether right for people to indulge in a little quiet gossip about the character, the actions, or even the business of their acquaintances or neighbors, as though we are not all fully entitled to enjoy the right of free speech. The monotony of such an idea is so great as to excite contempt, so strong that language cannot be found to express the virtuous indignation that swells so many bosoms.

A pretty idea, truly! And yet it is a singular fact that such an idea has always prevailed; but the belief has not been of any great moment, inasmuch as it is so rarely reduced to practice. Occasionally some one will be so strangely eccentric as even to rebuke the indulgence of a little cozy gossip about the private character and affairs of people.

It is refreshing to know that such rebukes do not have a lasting effect, and generally cause a further unimbering of the tongue, as a practical manifestation of the most absolute independence. The anti-gossip theory sounds very nice, but the idea is simply preposterous that such a plan could be practically carried into effect. Why, the wheels of society would at once be "scotched," tea-parties would be deprived of their cream, club-rooms of their soothing cigars, and stores of their attractive pop-corn; women would sink into their family circle, and men would find themselves forced to be content to spend their evenings at home. Not gossip, indeed! What an absurdity is this enlightened and independent age!

Mrs. A. appears in costly garments; certainly Mrs. B. has a right to whisper to her neighbor that she is rationally extravagant, and that her husband owes for them and cannot pay his debts, though probably she only surmises such to be the fact. Mrs. C. gives a large party; of course Mrs. D. did not wish to be invited, and she declines against such entertainments from a sense of duty, and not because she was neglected; and certainly Mrs. E. is privileged in circulating the fact that his great-grandfather worked for his daily bread.—Mrs. I. has moved into a new house, thoughtless of the fact that Mrs. J. is confiding to others a startling narration of the days when her needle was her only support. Mrs. K. wears that old-fashioned bonnet, which Mrs. L. is confident is caused by measles. Mrs. M. has got that cloak, which Mrs. N. is sure her grandmother wore. But Mrs. O. made the discovery of the season; Mrs. P. and her husband quarrel like cats and dogs; she passed their house and heard them, not knowing that the wife was in the best of humor at the time, trying to get a favorite book from her husband.

But we will not continue the record of these little eccentricities of society; enough is here stated for illustration. We feel bound to say that the men are not in the slightest degree exempt from the same peculiarities of the other sex. There is often, this difference; the ready words of men sometimes directly undermine the credit of neighbors, and weaken what otherwise would stand firm, and weather a business storm.

Probably there are those who would consider the above nothing better than slander on the part of persons indulging in such remarks. They are mistaken; it is only a skeleton of ordinary gossip, frequently uttered to while away time, and not always with a deliberate intention to do serious injury to others. Perhaps at times a spice of envy may be at the bottom of some of the remarks. But then it is so natural to gossip, that any attempt to restrain the custom might be treated as an infringement upon the "manners and customs" of society.

AN OLD PRINTER.

We have in our employ, an old printer seventy-six years of age, who commenced his apprenticeship of seven years in the King's Printing Office, London, in 1784—64 years ago. He was a soldier under Sir John Moore, at Corunna, in Spain, in 1808, when he received a ball in the right arm. He was present at the burial of Sir John Moore, and remembers the minutest particulars of the scene. He was also with the Duke of Wellington through his whole campaign, and lost an ankle bone by a grape shot in the battle of Waterloo. This old man, after all his hard service, is still one of the swiftest and best compositors we have ever known, and though lame from his wounds is still able at "early morn and dewy eve" while younger men are wasting the golden hours in sensual pleasure or snoring them away in bed, to ramble over the fields and through the woods in search of wild flowers, with which he forms tempting bouquets for the balls of the village, or gratify the wishes of some favorite little girl. It speaks well for the heart of the soldier that all the children love him.—*Blackstone Chronicle.*

In olden times, unmarried women used to wear a scarlet petticoat during leap year. If they showed the edge of this garment to any man, he was bound to marry them, but could buy himself off by presenting the lady with a new gown—a cheap alternative.