Home Ruins.

A cold November's gloomy day
Locked out from earth and sky;
We went to see the lovod old spot,
My sister dear and I
Where once our father's house had stood,
When bite seemed brighter than the flowers
Upon the verdant sod.

A black North-eastern wind swept-on A black North-eastern wind swept-on
From out its icy cave,
As chilly as the winter's frost
At mid-night on a grave;
It cut me to the very heart,
Through marrow and through bone,
And found within, an atmosphere
As sunless as its own.

For years had passed since I had stood With her, there side by side;
My gentle sister! when alone
We met misfortune's tide;
And watched with loving hearts above
A head with silvered hair,
That lay in helpless feebleness
Beneath our grandian care Beneath our guardian care.

Oht sad the change! the frost had left
Its impress all around;
The frost of seasons, life, and time,
On head, and heart, and ground!
That silvered head had sunk to rest,
Oar own were whitened now;
Twas autumn in our memories,
And autumn on each brow.

The stranger's foot had followed ours. The stranger's hand our own,
The things we loved were there no more,
The path with weeds o'ergrown;
And from the acorns planted there By our young ardent hands, ne sturdy oak alone remained, Of all the stately bands.

The willows we had planted, too, The willows we had planted, too,
From hedge were cut away;
Wild juniper usurped the fields,
Of once sweet-scented hay.
And where our father we had seen
Through his fresh clover pass,
The llungry cattle sought for food
Among the withered grass.

The fences all had disappeared Weeds o'er the mantle waved; Beneath the cellar's crumbling walls The hearth-stone lay in graved:
The cold winds whistled where had stood
The hall, and swung the door,
And dreary desolation frowned Where home was found no more!

The bucket with its mossy mail, That hung above the well,

Had passed like some sweet memory
Before Time's blighting spell:

The curb was gone; the pearly draught
Was changed to ooze at last, And frogs were croaking from its slime A requiem for the past.

A little mound of cobble-stones, And sticks of rotting wood,
Marked where the grove of choke-cherries
In rustling beauty stood.
All, all had passed! youth, friends, and
home,
Trees, shrubbery and flowers:

No souveni: of love remained To answer back to ours!

Old Tiger's voice had long been dumb,
There were no songs of birds:
We, too, were silent, for our hearts
Wer far too full for words.
Tears from my sister's azure eves
I saw unbidden start'
They answered to the hidden ones
Which lay upon my heart.

We turned as from an ocean beach, We turned as from an ocean beach,
Trod by our youth before,
Whence every track the waves of life
Had banished from the shore.
We saw the changing sand, and heard
The ocean's voice sublime,
And stood amid the crumbling wrecks
Of Youth, and Love, and Time!

WILD MR. WILL,

A Story that was Hushed Up.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

A Christmas party was gathered round a fire—a leaping, roaring, jovial. coal fire-and indulging in the orthodox amusement of story-telling. We had an ancient housekeeper among us, who had known some of us ever since we were born, and the papas and mammas of many others of us a long time before we were born.

"Ah!" remarked this ancient dame. when one of our stories-I think it was a ghost story—had come to a con-clusion—"it's all very easy to talk, but I suppose there are other persons who have seen strange things-aye, and can tell stronge things about 'em,

"No doubt, ma'am," one of us answered: "there was the old woman who went up to the moon; she must have had some uncommonly strange things to tell."

in a shoe," another took occasion to

"To say nothing of the old woman who fell asleep by the king's highway," a third observed, "and was so badly treated by Mr. Stout, the tinker."

"Ah, yes, I dare say!" the housekeeper rejoined, bridling up, adjusting her many-bowed cap, and evidently in that state of temporary irritation known to young ladies at a boarding-school as a 'pet.' "That's right. Tesse and mock a poor lonely old body, do! It's very generous and manly, isn't it? It wasn't so when I lived with the quality."

'With whom, ma'am?" I made bold

to inquire.

"With gentlefolks!" the housekeeper retorted snappishly. "With the very first families! With none of denubbishing county squires; my,

shouldn't-"Indeed, ma'am!" I interposed in

as respectful a tone as I could com-mand, wishing to conciliate the worthy but somewhat irascible old lady.

"Yes, indeed," pursued the house-keeper. "It isn't for nothing, pert and flippant as you are, that I lived seven years and three months in the service of my Lord Millamant.'

"I knew his lordship well," I observed gravely; "that is, I have seen his portrait in the print shops and read of his achievements in the newspapers when I was a boy. He ran away with and married Miss Jaghire, the great Indian heiress, didn't he?"
"Yes, sir, he did."

"He killed Sir Hargreaves Grimwood, the West country baronet, in a duel about Lady Grimwood, didn't he I remember his trial and acquittal as though they had occurred yesterday.

"Yes, sir, he did; but he was badly provoked. Sir Hargreaves was a sad man—lived at the Brimstone Coffee House, and always drank a pint of Schiedam before breakfast. He wasn't the first tall gentleman who had been shot about Lady Grimwood.

"And he died ambassador at Madrid, did he?"

"Yes, sir; but that was long after I left his service. It is full forty years ago that I was housekeeper to the Right Honorable the Earl of Millamant, Lord Lieutenant of Darkshire, and Colonel of the Darkshire Yeomanry Cavalry, at Cartfoil House, Hay Hill, Berkeley Square."
"And was it there you became ac-

quainted with any strange tale?" The housekeeper nodded signifi-

"What may it have been about, now, love?"

"Not a bit of it," replied the housekeeper. "I could never abide love, and wouldn't trouble my head about such nonsense. No, it was least in the world about love." "Murder, now," I hinted. "Worse!" said the house wasn't the

said the housekeeper,

emphatically.
"Worse!" I repeated. "What can
be worse?" I might have suggested fire, thieves, suicide, elopement; but I thought murder would cover a multi-tude of crimes. "Now what was it,

my dear, good soul?" my dear, good sour.

"There," resumed the housekeeper, now thoroughly appeased, "I see you're all dying of curiosity to know about it, and I won't keep you any longer in suspense. Besides, the story's a very short one. It was hushed up at the time, and it would have been much more than my place worth to breathe a word of itte resumed the housekeeper, oughly appeased, "I see was worth to breathe a word of it to a living soul. But the chief people concerned in it are all dead. The very dog was poisoned with two ounces of poisoned paunch by the butcher the day afterwards, as if, poor dumb creature, he could have wagged a tail to compromise anybody."

"But we haven't heard who the dog was, or the butcher either," I broke in, I am afraid, somewhat impatiently. Pray begin at the beginning, my dear madam, we're all impatience to

"Well then," commenced the house keeper, settling herself comfortably in her arm-chair. "You shall hear all Just draw your chairs about it. closer round me, for I'm not very long of breath."

We did as the old lady desired, and she went on thus:

"In the year eighteeh hundred and nineteen, I was, as I have told you. housekeeper to my Lord Millamant. The story I am telling you has to do with the winter of that same year. A bitter winter it was. Frosts three weeks long, and a deluge of mud whenever there was a thaw. Coals, bread and meat frightfully dear. The poor crying out fit to make your heart break, and the taxes as heavy as Our taxes were paid hard dumplings Likewise the old woman who lived for us, thank goodness, even to that on the hair-powder with which the footmen plastered their heads. We were all well-fed and well-cared for, for my Lord Millamant was far too proud and rich a nobleman to put us on board wages when he went out of town, and always said that he liked to see his servants plump and rosy. It didn't matter to him how much the butcher's and baker's bills came to. He had immense estates in Darkshire, and two or three comfortable things they used to call sinecures in those days; besides, wasn't there his wife, the late Miss Jaghire's, rich Indian fortune?

"My Lord Millamant had been sway from London during the hunting season. He had a pack of hounds at Cartfoil Hall, (the family name was Cartfoil,) Darkshire, and had been entertaining all the gentry of the country side, with many of the nobility

nor with knight nor barrow-knight from London, in the true style of eld neither; but with born lords and ladies. With the very first nobility in the land, though I say it, that had been covered up since September, shouldn't—" when his lordship and her ladyship. when his lordship and her ladyship went out of town. The carpets in the grand saloons were rolled up, the chandeliers wrapped in yellow gauze; the pictures the same—dreadful grim old pictures there were, of noblemen in curly wigs, and ladies in hoop petticeats and shockingly low dresses— and the rich silver and parcel gilt plate of which my Lord Millamant, being so great a nobleman, had a vast quantity, was safe and sound in four oak chests, clamped with iron, at Messrs. Doublon & Moydor's, the bankers in Fleet street; it was a good plan to send one's silver to the bankers, for there were plenty of housebreakers about in those days, and no police except the wheezy old constables, and the Bow street red waistcoats.

"It was on the 21st of December. 1819, that your humble servant received a post letter, franked by Mr. Tubwell. one of the county members for Darkshire, for my Lord Millamant was always too generous with his franks, and never had any to spare for himself. The letter was from his lord-ship, and, in his usual kind style, though to my very great surprise, told me that he and the countess were coming up to spend Christmas in London. All the time I had been in their Christmas day, they had kept it at Cartfoil Hall. However, there was no mistaking my lord's directions. He always gave them himself, for her ladyship, saving her memory, was one of the laziest creatures living, and never did anything much beyond lying on a sofa, and talking to her gray and her green parrot. . I was to have the carpets laid down, the furniture thoroughly dusted, all the beds well aired; for my lord was to bring company with him from Darkshire; and I was to get the plate from the bankers. and have it all well cleaned for a grand banquet my lord intended to give on Christmas day. Enclosed in the letter was a slip of paper, containing an order to the bankers to deliver the plate to me, or to Mr. Beeswing, the butler; and which, as far as I can recollect, ran thus:

CARTFOIL HALL, Dec. 19, 1819. MESSRS. DOUBLON & MOYDOR: Please deliver the four boxes marked A, B, C, D, containing the plate left in your care, to Mrs. —, or Samuel Beeswing, my servants, bearers of this.
(Signed) MILLAMANT.

"There was his lordship's signature, certainly; but somehow the name seemed written in a larger and more tremulous hand than usual. The i's weren't dotted, nor the t's crossed, in his lordship's general style, but still the remainder of the letter was like enough to him, and the cover bore the Cartfoll post-mark. I showed it to Mr. Beeswing, who laughed at my doubts, could swear the hand-writing was my lord's throughout, and said it was very likely that there had been merry doings at Cartfoil Hall during the week, that my lord had taken t'other bottle overnight, and that his hand was rather shoky the next morning.

"'And you may be sure,' added Beeswing, 'that his lordship punished the small beer, if he did have t'other The quality drank small beer then, the morning after. Soda-water was invented, but was thought bad for the stomach, and wasn't at all the fashion.

"However, notwithstanding Beeswing's confidence in the letter, I wasn't quite satisfied. 'I daresay it's very nervous and silly of me, Beeswing,' I said, 'but it behooves us all to be careful. I shall take this letter to Wild Mr. Will. He knows my lord's hand well enough, and I shall see what he

says to it."
"Now Wild Mr. Will, as we servants, many of whom had known him since he was a baby in long clothes, tne woria ii eral no other than the Honorable William Cartfoil, my lord's youger brother. He was a dreadfully wild young man, Mr. Will. He was fond of wine and women, and dice, and all sorts of wickedness. He had been a captain in the Horse Guards, but had sold out. He had fought scores of duels, and killed two or three people; rest their souls, and be merciful to his; but he was one of the merriest, best tempered fellows you ever knew or saw. My lord was very fond of him, and had paid his debts and set him up again, time out of number; but you could do nothing with Wild Mr. Will, He was always getting into scrapes; and when nis lordship had got him out again, getting into new ones. People said he lived mostly now by playing at cards and dice, and that his carryingson with the actresses at the playhouse—the wicked, painted hussies!were dreadful. I knew he had bor-

rowed money of Beeswing more than once, and had, at least, two-thirds of his sister-in-law's pin-money, every quarter; but still no one could help liking him, and he was almost adored by the servants.

"I took the letter to Wild Mr. Will at his lodgings in Great Ryder street, St. James'. He was drinking hock with a captain of dragoons and a low wretch of a fellow that got his living by prize-fighting, but he came out on the landing to speak to me. I showed him the letter, and hinted at my doubts..

"'Stuff and nonsense,' he cried, when he had read the letter twice through and held it to the light. 'It's Jack Cartfoil's fist for five hundred guineas.' (My lord's name was John.) 'Newmarket to the knocker of Newnewmarket to the knocker of Newgate, that it's my brother's hand. Nobody makes blots like these except the Earl of Millamant. Besides, don't you see that he spells 'swept' 'swep,' without the 't.' Jack never could spell. That you want to 'the could spell. Trot you away to the banker's, my worthy soul, and get the plate, and polish it all up nice and bright, for you know how particular my Lord Millamant is, and what a pother there will be if the coronet doesn't come well out on the spoons and forks. There, get along with you, and there's a guinea to drink my health. Stop—mind, for safety, you lock the plate up in my

lady's boudoir.'
"Of course, after the Honorable William Cartfoil had given his opinion, hesitation was no longer to be thought of. Beeswing and I took a hackney coach to Fleet street, and the head cashier, when he ordered one of the porters to carry the four plate chests to the carriage, aid, 'My lord's hand-writing was as plain as a pike-staff, and he should like to cash a check for ten thousand with such a Millamant signed to, it.' He gave me—such a nice gentleman as he was, too-a guinea to drink the health of the firm. Ah, how liberal people were forty years ago!

"We looked over the plate that evening, counted everything; found all in accordance with the lists, and, with the assistance of the three house-I had everything cleaned and polished up by supper time. But still I felt uneasy; I could not repress a dreadful feeling of terror at thing-I knew not what. The plate was all locked up again and deposited, according to Mr. Will's instructions, in my lady's boudoir, which was at the end of a grand suit of apartments on the first floor. There was no door to this room, only heavy hangings to the doorway; but every window in the house was bolted and barred.

"Still I felt uneasy, and, towards 10 o'clock, I slipped up, and going to our sutcher, Mr. Chubbychop, in Mount street, Grosvenor Square, I borrowed his well known and fierce bull-dog, Towler, from him, to keep guard in the house all night. One of the butcher's boys brought the dog muzzled to our house, for he was dreadfully savage, and just before we went to bed, Beeswing unmuzzled him and let him loose in the hall.

(I) I had been been been seen and find the butcher's policy of Insurance exceed half a million of dollars; making a security in the aggregate of three million dollars. Mount street, Grosvenor Square, I borrowed his well known and fierce

"I had dreadful dreams that night. I dreamed of a procession of men carrying coffins, one after another, in a long procession that never ended. The morning came at last; the youngest house-maid awoke me, and I came down to breakfast in the still-room, when in came Mr. Beeswing, trembling all over, and with a face as white as chalk.

"For the Lord Almighty's sake, come this way!" he cried.

"He led or rather dragged me to the boudoir on the first floor, and there I saw a sight I shall never to my dying day forget. The rich carpet was dabbled in blood, and on it there lay his length along the body of a man-stark, stiff and dead. His throat had been literally torn out by the dog, which crouched by his side, uttering a low growl now and then, and licking

"In one of the dead man's hands was a bunch of skeleton keys. One of the plate chests had been opened, and a portion of the contents were on the floor. The men-servants bent over the body to raise it, when there was a cry of horror and astonishment.
"God forgive him and us all! We re-

cognized the body of the Honorable William Cartfoil.

"It was discovered afterwards that the letter from the country was a forgery, executed, probably, by the unfortunate and guilty man who had died in this miserable manner. was found that he had made his entry by a back door leading into the meys, of which he must have had a key, and creeping up a back staircase, had en-tered the boudoir by a side door he knew well, had been heard by the dog, and so perished.

"The story was hushed up, and it

was reported and believed that young Mr. Will had gone abroad and died

"The Millamant title is extinct."

In view of the importance of the approaching Convention, it is of vital consequence to us that we should be represented by men, not only of patriotism and experience, butof legal acquirements. I beg, therefore, to of legal acquirements. I beg, therefore, to present to the voters of Richland the names of the following gentlemen, who are similarly fitted for the responsible post for which they are nominated:

CHANCELLOR CARROL.

HON. WM. F. DESAUSSURE,
COL. WM. WALLACE,
COL. F. W. McMASTER.

August 3

THE following gentlemen are respectfully suggested as candidates for the Convention

to be held in September next:
WADE HAMPTON,
A. R. TAYLOR,
W. A. HARRIS,
J. G. GIBBES.

July 31 *

For the Convention.

The friends of the Union and of their State, desiring to bring into her councils practical knowledge, sound patriotism and devotion to her best interests, respectfully nominate the following gentlemen as delegates to the Cate Convention from the District of Richland:

JOHN CALDWELL,
WADE HAMPTON,
A. R. TAYLOR,
W. A. HARRIS.

Brass Foundry.

THE subscriber, thankful for past patronage, would inform his friends and the public that he is still prepared to furnish all kinds of BRASS CASTING in a workmanlike manner and with despatch.

ROBERT McDOUGAL,

July 31 m Gadsden, near Washington st.

Card.

S. JENKINS has just opened an assorted stock of GROCERIES, Liquors, Segara, Gent's Straw and Felt Hats, Ladies's Hats, Shoes and Ribbons, at his store on Assembly street, third door from Pendleton, to which he invites the attention of the public.

INSURANCE. GERMANIA, HANOVER,

THE UNDERWRITERS' POLICY of insurance IS ISSUED BY

H. E. NICHOLS, Lent.

ONE policy of Insurance, issued by four companies, which is made to meet the necessities of the business community, by securing, with despatch, large lines of Insurance with reliable Companies, upon uniform, plain and simple conditions, thereby obviating the necessity of applying to various separate Offices for Insurance to the amount they are severally able to accept; and of holding numerous separate Policies, the conditions and written portions of which rarely agree, rendering it difficult for the assured to become familiar with and harmonia, their various conflicting condi-

Agent for the Hartford, Æina, Home, Phoenix, International, Metropolitan, Con-tine Mal, Merchants, Croton, New England, City, Washington, North American and tine wal, Merchants, Croton, New England, City, Washington, North American and other first class fire insurance companies, and will, in a few days, resume the Life Insurance Branch for several of the largest life insurance companies in the United

States.

ALSO,
Agent for the New York Accidental Insurance Company, insuring Travelers, Railroad Conductors, Expressmen, Mechanics and others, against all accidents. The amount premium being so small and the benefit so great this Company presents inducements for all to take out a policy. No medical examination required.

For cards, hand bills and more full explanation, call at our office, at present at Bryce's old stant, next to Muller & Senn's and Kenneth & Gibson's stores.

July 29 2* H. E. NICHOLS, Agent.

School Notice.

MRS. E. R. LAURENS has opened a DAY SCHOOL for boys and girls. Applicants are requested to call at the West tenement of Theological Seminary, in Blanding street. Aug 4 2*

The Broad River

HAVING secured two fine DRY BOATS, and two crews of the most experienced Boatmen on the river, offers its services to the public for transporting. FREIGHT between Columbia and Alston. The following rates have been adopted: rates have been adopted: