

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, devoted to Southern Rights, News, Politics, General Intelligence, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, &c.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will perish amidst the Ruins."

W. F. DURISOE, Proprietor.

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Original Sketch.

WRITTEN FOR THE ADVERTISER.
MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN SINNING,
OR
ONE GROOM FOR TWO BRIDALS.

"Often like the evening sun, comes the memory of former times o'er my soul, Ossian."

"I cannot tell how the tale may be,
But will give it you, as 'twas given to me."

"When fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye."
SHAKESPEARE.

Courteous Reader! When a few weeks ago I made my debut before you in the somewhat critical light of a story teller, and when that story lay before me filling a conspicuous place in our district papers in veritable print, the consciousness of its tameness, stupidity and want of point in its details, caused me involuntarily to exclaim, "I never will be guilty of the like folly again!" But within the last few days, a narrative which I came in possession of through the kindness of an esteemed and venerable relative several years ago, has stolen atom by atom upon my mind, like the indistinct chimera of an almost forgotten dream, and has propelled my rather meagre imagination toward putting it in some sort of form; not that I consider myself able either to give an amusing, an instructive, or a deeply interesting sketch, but that it may possibly serve as a beacon light to warn the unwary from the consequences of youthful rashness.

Before commencing my narrative allow me to introduce you to my great Aunt, Mrs. Patty Jarvis. My first recollections of her, date from the period when I was a little child; she was my father's Aunt and held in high estimation by him. I remember now how kindly she would come to us, when in sickness and distress we needed such a friend, how she waited on our mother and petted her little ones, and how deeply we were all afflicted when she left us for a home in her far West.

Aunt Jarvis had but two children. Her only daughter, Elizabeth, married several years before her visit to us (of which I will soon speak) an eminent lawyer named Hildreth, who practiced in a small town not many miles from the Mississippi river called Lingua-ville. Her son James, who was but a few years old at the time of his father's death, was the pride of the old lady's existence. He, like his brother-in-law, was a lawyer—had been but lately admitted to the bar and they were practicing in co-partnership.

Aunt Jarvis had an interest in a landed estate in our part of the country, which had been brought in suit, and had come on with the double purpose of visiting her old acquaintances and overlooking the progress of the law suit. When I heard of her arrival in our neighborhood, my gratification and delight were unbounded; and I sent my carriage for her forthwith. It was near the close of the day when she arrived and I sprang to the gate to meet her—and there she was, the same kind smile illumining her faded features—the same sweet, musical voice greeting my ear as in days of old, with "Why dear is this you? Can this be Angelina—this grown up woman with all these children about her?"

My heart was too full to speak for a moment. After the kissing round of self and children, the enquiries as to health &c., I escorted her to the house and into the chamber which I had reserved for several hours endeavoring to render comfortable for her accommodation. "How snug you look, dear, and how grateful that glowing face, and so many children! Let me see, one, two, is it possible you have four children! Why I expected to see you almost as small as when I left here!"

"You have forgotten, Aunt, that time flies as fast on the Atlantic as near your Western waters."

After disencumbering herself of hood, cloak, and India-ribbons we proceeded to the parlor, where a commodious rocking chair and foot stool awaited my guest. And really, when seated, the countenance, dress and attitude of Aunt Patty, made up a picture comfortable to a degree. Her dress, as in days of yore, was a rich black silk, with the same black muslin kerchief crossed in ample and snowy folds across her bosom, her neat cap and white ribbons contrasting beautifully with the (as yet) raven blackness of her hair, whilst her mild, benevolent eye carried gladness to the heart, as the glowing sunshine in the bright summer of life. After all were settled quietly round the fire, one of my "responsibilities" set up an incessant cough, which having lasted for several minutes Aunt Patty observed, "why don't you cure that child, dear? Let me give you Dr. Lartigue's remedy, and I warrant you it will prove infallible. Tallow her breast and the soles of her feet well before putting her to bed and give her a cup of red pepper tea sweetened with honey."

The words had scarce escaped her lips, when in rushed my oldest hope with the blood streaming in a torrent from his hand.

"Dear me," I exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"Almost cut my hand off, mother—I was peeling a potato and the old knife slipped."

"Don't be frightened dear," said Aunt Patty coming forward, "just give me a bit of cotton and some laudanum—that is Dr. Lartigue's advice and I never knew it fail!"

Through Aunt Patty's efforts the blood was soon staunch and we were again seated when I raised my hand to my head.

"Have you the headache, dear?" enquired my Aunt?

"Only a temporary throb—I suffer with it occasionally and the fright has brought it about slightly."

"Let me prescribe for you, child. Dr. Lartigue's practice is a cup of hot coffee, a warm bath for the feet and a comfortable nap."

Surely thought I to myself this Dr. Lartigue of Aunt Patty's, must have great success in practice—at least, I don't think he can kill many, if his prescriptions are all as harmless as those advised by her.

During supper the old lady took occasion to mention her Doctor's name several times again, and I came to the conclusion that, sensible as I knew her to be, she certainly had a hobby and that hobby was Dr. Lartigue. So after a while I enquired of her, "Aunt, do tell me who this Dr. Lartigue is, of whom you speak so often?"

Aunt Patty almost bounced out of her chair, frightening old Ponto and two or three cats who darted from the room.

"Dr. Lartigue! Angelina, did you never hear of Dr. Lartigue? Why, child, where have you lived all your life? I thought every body had heard of him. But if you don't know, I'll tell you. In the first place, he immortalized himself when young by a certain love scrape that he got into, and more than that for miles upon miles around Lingua-ville he does a great deal of the Doctoring—he writes all the Wills, draws up all the Land Titles—sets as umpire in settling disputes—goes to all the weddings—kisses the girls—prescribes for the old ladies—cracks jokes at the servants—spoils his wife and pets his children. In fact, he is the active principle in everything pertaining to Lingua-ville, and Lingua-ville could no more exist without Dr. Lartigue than Dr. Lartigue could without eating and drinking."

"Well, Aunt, what about the love scrape?"

"Why, did you never hear of his coming within an ace of marrying ever so many girls at one time?"

"Merely on me, Aunt Patty? you certainly need such a friend, how she waited on our mother and petted her little ones, and how deeply we were all afflicted when she left us for a home in her far West."

"Aunt Jarvis had but two children. Her only daughter, Elizabeth, married several years before her visit to us (of which I will soon speak) an eminent lawyer named Hildreth, who practiced in a small town not many miles from the Mississippi river called Lingua-ville. Her son James, who was but a few years old at the time of his father's death, was the pride of the old lady's existence. He, like his brother-in-law, was a lawyer—had been but lately admitted to the bar and they were practicing in co-partnership."

"Please, that's a good Aunt, tell me all about it," said I, my organ of idealty having become excited to its utmost tension. "But first tell me, is he handsome? He certainly must be a perfect Adonis."

"Dr. Lartigue handsome! What an idea! Why child, he is just the roughest looking fellow you ever laid your eyes upon, and not only so in person but in dress and manners."

"What then made the girls all fall in love with him, Aunt?"

"I did not say the girls all fell in love with him—I said he was going to marry several at the same time."

"Do Aunt tell me about it?"

"Well, that's what I can't do dear, and to tell the truth I have always thought that it must have been exaggerated, let it have been what it might, for Dr. L. is not the man to do a dishonorable thing—he must have been the victim of circumstances. Though I never heard the particulars (for you know I have not lived many years in Lingua-ville), I have it in my power to satisfy you on the subject. Just before I left home, James came near getting himself into a love scrape, and as he happens to be a great favorite with the Doctor, he related his history to my son as a warning. James was so much interested that he scribbled it off, something like a regular story, and gave it to me to read; but, as I was busy for some time before I left, I put it away among some land papers that I had to bring with me, and so if you will get the children to bed and every thing quiet, I will get it out of my trunk and read it to you."

"These instructions having been obeyed, Aunt Patty requested a servant to take a candle and go with her to her room, from whence she soon returned with a small red trunk in one hand and a bundle of papers in the other. "The manuscript is in this bundle, I think, and I shall have to look it over to find it."

So saying she seated herself near the lamp, put the trunk on the table and commenced untying the broad red tape bound round the papers. She first took off a newspaper wrapper, then a colored paper one, and lastly an envelope of parchment, and began to look over the documents. "Let me see if this is it," said she peering scrutinizingly through her glasses, "Deed of conveyance—oh no! this is old John Smith's deed, drawn in 1809, for that land in suit," and she placed it carefully down. "Grant of land from his Britannic Majesty, George the—oh, no, this is not it." "Plot of land taken by—Here, dear, do believe me, she handed me the bundle."

"I do believe my poor eyes are giving out—but you'll know it when you come to it; I got James to label it for me."

The first paper I looked at was another Deed, the second a codicil to somebody's Will, and I began to think that Aunt Patty must be somewhat of a lawyer herself. At last my eye lighted on a paper, on the back of which was written in a bold copy plate hand "Veritable History of Dr. Joseph Lartigue, as related by himself."

"This is it Aunt, I suppose," said I reading the title.

"Yes, dear, and as I can't see well to-night, I'll get you to read it out, so we can both enjoy it. If there is any one's handwriting that I can read easily, it is my dear James's. It is almost as plain to me as the print of my large Polyglott Bible or my new Watts & Rippon that he sent me, when he was at Yale. He knew, dear fellow, that nothing would please his old mother more than a new hymn book."

After getting through with some further in-

stances of James's kindness, she settled herself and I commenced

"THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF DR. JOSEPH LARTIGUE."

Anno Domini 183—, or thereabouts, two young ladies were sitting at some fancy work in a parlor, in the respectable town of Lingua-ville. A click at the gate caused them to look up, when a sprightly girl of seventeen sprang up the steps, "Good morning Caroline; how do you do Maria. Have you heard the news?"

"News! no, what is it?"

"Dr. Lartigue and Magdalene Winters are to be married next Wednesday three weeks."

"Is it possible? Well, well, well!"

"Yes—going to be married, and so soon too! would you have believed it?"

"Never in the world."

"Why not believe it," said the third young lady looking up quickly.

"For very good reasons, Miss Carey—Magdalene Winters is very pretty, very rich, and a belle; Dr. Lartigue is neither handsome nor very rich, and not much of a beau, and therefore it surprises me."

"Perhaps if you were as well acquainted with Magdalene as I am, Miss Myers, you would not be so much astonished after all. I acknowledge that she is both pretty, rich and a belle—she also is in possession of a fund of good sense, which will prompt her to choose for herself a husband who possesses an honest heart and integrity of purpose, rather than a handsome face, and who will allow strict principles of morality and virtue to preponderate in the scale in which its opposite is only a lengthy purse."

"That sounds very well, and I must acknowledge to you, Miss Carey, that if Dr. Lartigue is all you insinuate, it is not so very surprising after all. Good morning, girls," and away ran the voluble but good hearted Eugenia Myers to call on another friend, who lived at the extreme end of the town. "How do you do, Matilda? What! sick as usual?" said she to Miss Brent who was always sick, without a little bit of gossip to enliven her. "Have you heard the news?"

"What news?" exclaimed the victim of ennui, springing up from the sofa.

"Why, nothing less than that Dr. Lartigue is to be married to Magdalene Winters, next Wednesday three weeks."

"I beg your pardon, it is a mistake," put in a sour looking dame, who had entered by an opposite door.

"Dr. Lartigue is to be married next Wednesday three weeks, not to Miss Winters but to Adelaide Garlington."

"Why, that can't be so—I got it from Dora Freeman, and she is to be Miss Winters' bridesmaid."

"And I got it from Julia Whiteslay, who is to be Miss Garlington's bridesmaid," retorted the other lady.

"Well, we won't quarrel about it," said Miss Myers, who saw the color rising to the cross dame's brow.

"He surely can't be going to marry both," almost screamed Matilda Brent quite recovered from her indisposition.

"Merely on me! perhaps he is!" said Eugenia, and away she darted for home. "Clarkey, what do you think," said she as she entered the house, "Dr. Lartigue is to be married next Wednesday three weeks to Magdalene Winters and Adelaide Garlington."

"Hurrah! by the Sultan, that will do," said Charles Myers. "Going to marry two girls at one time? Well! by the beard of the Prophet and all the three tailed Bashes between the Gulf of Venice and the Bosphorus, the fellow should be tied up in a sack and thrown to the fishes."

"Rather have a bowstring round his neck," grumbled the father of Eugenia—"I hope you will have nothing to say to him Johnny."

"No indeed, pa—he can't catch me. I think he will find his hands full with two wives to manage—I guess he would be put to it, with three."

The news flew like wild-fire and in a few days it was reported all over the country that Dr. Lartigue was to be married to two, some said to five or six girls the same night.

"Aunt," said I stopping short, "it has just occurred to me why your town is called Lingua-ville. I guess from what I have read that it must have been formerly a great place for gossip."

"Formerly! yes dear, not only formerly, but to this day—and I am afraid that a more appropriate name for it will never be found, for James tells me "Lingua" stands for tongue. It is nothing but title-tattle from Monday—yes, from Sunday morning till Saturday night. The Lingua-villians have so much business to attend to for other people, that they don't find much time to attend to their own concerns, and if it was not for Dr. Lartigue—but do, dear, go on; I want to know if he really was going to marry two girls at once?"

"Now, patient reader, that I have given you the quintessence of the gossip upon the subject, I will proceed, with cousin James, to enlighten you as to the truth of the matter, as given by the slandered Doctor to him, but reported in cousin James's own language, as nearly as I now remember it."

Dr. Lartigue, after combating manfully with the obstacles which orphan boys frequently meet with, had acquired a respectable education, and commenced the study of medicine with a highly respectable physician. He was a young student and susceptible, and his preceptor was rich in the possession of a very lovely daughter, his only child, the pride and glory of his old age. Day after day, as young Lartigue met the sweet winning beams of Magdalene's violet eyes, he felt the fascination of their guileless influence, and bowed to its thralldom, and before he left her presence, for the regions of a Northern

winter, and for the mental struggles which were to enable him to pass creditably through the first Medical University in the United States, he had determined, if the coveted goal was attained, and the name of his hopes substantiated, to lay his heart and diploma together at her feet; but if he was rejected he would throw the parchment in the Mississippi, and himself fly to the moon, if he could—anywhere, so he never heard of her again.

The race was run—the victory achieved, and after having stood invulnerable the battering forces of scores of Yankee dancels, he returned to his home and his first love. They met—he trusted she loved him for the crimson tide of life suffused her face with innumerable blushes, which his captive heart interpreted most favorably, and he determined that he would soon know his fate. A few days after their first meeting a picnic was to come off in Lingua-ville. The young Doctor, after spending full five minutes at the glass (a thing which he had never been known to do until before in his life), humming all the while from Burns's spirited "Bruce's address at Bannochnabruich," started full tilt down stairs, was soon out of the door, and on the street with a white silk glove on one hand, a black woollen one on the other—his pocket handkerchief, (a flaming bandanna) on his neck, his cravat in his hand—one boot fairly glistening in its coat of "Day & Martin's best," the other looking as if it had never felt a brush.

His laundry saved him from exposing himself, for just having returned from market, she met him a short distance from the door, and in her horror and astonishment let fall her basket, his efforts to collect the scattered contents of which brought them both to their senses.

"In the name of gracious, Dr. Lartigue, you are not going to the picnic in that trim are you?"

The mesmerized son of Esculapian looked first at his hands, then at his feet, and rushed back to the house at the rate of ten knots an hour. He soon adjusted his toilette to his full satisfaction, and made another move toward the scene of festivity.

Before gaining the grove he met with a friend of his, a ward of Dr. Winters, and consequently very intimate with the family. After the usual salutations were gone through with, Wayne, with a knowing wink began to banter the Doctor as to his affaire de coeur. "Have you popped the question yet, Lartigue?"

"No, Wayne, but to be candid with you I must know my fate to-day!"

"Too late, Lartigue; what do you think of this?" and he drew from his vest pocket a delicately perfumed paper, from which he took a tiny bouquet, a simple bay leaf and sprig of rose geranium.

The poor Doctor staggered back as if stricken by an invisible hand, but after making a powerful effort to compose he replied quickly, "Very good, Wayne—I wish you all happiness, and turned away, calling every feeling of pride and resentment to his bosom to enable him to meet the day-star of his existence, without betraying how deeply he felt himself injured.

But two days before, he had seen those same aromatic leaves confined together by the delicate azure ribbon, (the emblem of constancy)—had heard from her own sweet lips, how that the lay signified "Preference"—the geranium "I change but in dying," and oh! how he had coveted those simple emblems of God's love to his dependent and erring children, that he might bind them to his heart as a talisman to guard him from every evil—and they given to another! and that at the very time when his heart bounded at the prospect of hearing from her own sweet voice the confirmation of his boyish dreams—poor Dr. Lartigue! Alas! unfortunate Cupid! how often hast thou sprung thy bow in very thoughtlessness, verifying the sentiment heedlessly engraven on thy quiver—"Full many a heart is caught in the rebound."

The Doctor, in common with all the rest of the sons and daughters of our frail mother, had his weaknesses—very trivial indeed, but still they were weaknesses. He was rather impulsive and sometimes acted ungenerally.

On gaining the grove, chance first led him to the group in which was Magdalene Winters, chatting familiarly with Wayne who had preceded him. With an icy bow, which sent the blood from the fair cheek of the poor girl in a burning torrent to her heart, he passed on to another in which a very sprightly, intelligent young lady was the centre of attraction. In a very few moments Dr. Lartigue was in their midst, carrying on an interesting conversation with Miss Garlington. Pleased with her attractive manners and charmed by her vivacity, he began to feel indeed that he might find another who would compensate him for the loss of his first love, and as the conviction would force itself upon him, that she had indirectly at least pledged herself to another, he determined that he would forget her—that she should be shut out from his heart forever.

The day passed on, the Doctor showing unremitting attentions to Miss Garlington, whilst Wayne paid his devoirs to Miss Winter. "Tis true that once or twice the Doctor caught a rather reproachful glance from the latter, which he construed into looks of contempt or disgust. The more assiduous Wayne was to Magdalene, the more did his rival endeavor to forget her, and transmit his affections to Adelaide—Every thing must have an end and so had the picnic. The weather being beautiful and the streets in fine order for walking, a great many returned home on foot. The Doctor, gave Miss Garlington his arm and they proceeded to the residence of her Aunt, with whom she resided. Old Mrs.

Garlington had a sort of a liking for the young Doctor and kept at a respectful distance behind. Every thing seemed propitious and the Doctor commenced—"Do you believe in love at first sight, Miss Garlington?"

"I do sir—there is nothing to me half so romantic!"

"Do you think that one could love as ardently the man whom she had just become acquainted with, as if she had known him for years?"

"Certainly; I should think that one could love more devotedly when unaware of the weaknesses and failings of which every one must be more or less the victim whilst young."

"Miss Garlington, I never had the pleasure of an acquaintance with you before to-day, need I declare to you that the impression you have made on my heart can never be effaced? Could you return the love of one so utterly unworthy?"

The young lady, flattered perhaps by the conquest of the newly dubbed M. D., gave a favorable answer, and ere they gained the house they had pledged their vows to love.

For several days Mrs. Garlington's servant was kept busy opening the door for the newly affianced worshiper of Hippocrates, or rubbing his finger marks from off the bright brass knocker.

About a week after the picnic, on his homeward-way the Doctor met his friend Wayne, by whom he was accosted thus—"I say Lartigue, why do you go so often to Mrs. Garlington's?"

"I did not know, Mr. Wayne, that I was accountable to you for my actions."

"I know that, Lartigue, but I am anxious to know why you go there?"

"I do not acknowledge your right to act as a former confessor to me, sir," said the Doctor laughingly.

"Lartigue I know that you are angry. I beseech you to be cool. I am afraid that I have wronged you, my friend. Magdalene Winters did not give me those leaves I showed you—I took them from her when I almost knew she intended them for you. I acted the rascal toward you—you can forgive me?" almost screamed the repentant Wayne, as he sprang forward to catch the horror stricken victim of his fun. "I heard you speaking to Magdalene about the bouquet—heard her interpret the language, and when you left, I saw her place them in a book which you gave her long ago. A malicious man took possession of my brain. I took them before her—she entrusted with tears in her eyes that I should give them back, but I, too intent on worrying you, would not do it."

"You have made me a villain by that Satanic trick. I have promised to wed another woman, before my God, I thought I loved. In my indignation at what I believed the most heartless coquetry, I determined to forget Magdalene, but now that I know that I was deceived, my love for the idol of my youth has returned in full power."

And the strong man wept. Woman may weep for her nature is gentle, and her sympathies easily excited, but when man weeps, then God help him! Then there is occasion for tears—then surely a demon would compassionate.

"Lartigue, by all that is holy I only intended to worry you—say, can you forgive me? I feel that I can never forgive myself."

"Your indiscretion is nothing to mine, Wayne. I have involuntarily deceived one whom I believe to be a paragon among her sex. To marry her would be to perjure myself in the sight of God—would make me unutterably wretched. What shall I do?"

"Lartigue, it may be presumption in me to advise after acting the part that I have—but, let me entreat you, go to Miss Garlington, explain things to her as they really are, and if she is the woman I take her to be, she will release you unhesitatingly and without a single deviation from self respect."

Without a word Dr. Lartigue turned back and in ten minutes was with Miss Garlington. Without any preface and with all humility, he gave a strict explanation and begged her not to despise him. With the dignity which would have become a princess, she answered him. "Dr. Lartigue, so far from despising you, I honor and admire the magnanimity with which you have explained away your conduct. You have a full and unconditional release, and may Heaven smile on you and her, who is the chosen of your heart! My vanity was excited at the idea of being loved at first sight. I feel now that we have both acted precipitately."

The Doctor with a fervent out-pouring of thanks and a load of adamant removed from his bosom, left her. Miss Garlington had been reborn precipitate, for the day before she had in a spirit of pleasantry asked a friend to act as bridesmaid. The friend, from recent circumstances, guessed who was to be the groom—hence the report.

The Doctor proceeded from Mrs. Garlington's directly to Dr. Winters'. He met Magdalene in the flower garden, invited her to a seat in an arbour, and there with the beams of Heaven shining benignly upon them, poured into her an unwilling ear, vows of love honorable as ever glowing in the breast of man. They were engaged. Gossip with her Argus eyes, her ten thousand tongues and ten times ten thousand unenvied stings was abroad. Things were magnified and misconstrued, until Lingua-ville was in a perfect fever of excitement. But of this the doomed Doctor was ignorant. At last one morning about a week before the intended marriage, a note was brought in by a servant requesting his immediate attendance at Dr. Winters'.

With a sickening presentiment of evil, he hastened to obey the summons. A servant ushered him into the parlour in which he found Magdalene alone, her face pale as death. She

looked very coldly and requested him to be seated. Scarcely knowing what he did, he placed his hat on the piano and seated himself on the sofa at her side—"Magdalene," he said endeavouring to take her hand, "tell me what is the matter?"

She moved farther off and with as much severity as her sweet nature could assume, answered, "Dr. Lartigue, a few moments ago, I heard from undoubted authority that but a few days before you addressed me, you engaged yourself to Miss Garlington. Your engagement with me from this moment ceases. I both pity and forgive you."

"So spoke the cherub and the grave rebuke Severe in youthful beauty adieu Invisible."

She rose to leave the room. Pride, that bane of man's happiness, took possession of our hero's bosom—he made no explanation, but rose to and offered his hand. "Let us at least part as friends, Miss Winters, for we part forever. May you find one who will prove to you far more than I could ever hope to be. God bless you!" and he rushed from the room.

And now did the hydra, scandal, spit forth her most virulent poison. Some said that Dr. Lartigue had promised to marry every girl in Lingua-ville. Others said he was engaged to two or three dozen at the North who were anxiously awaiting him. The young ladies frowned and tossed their heads at him as he passed. The old ones avoided him as they would have done the plague. The streets of Lingua-ville were thronged from morning until night. Groups collected in the stores, at the Post Office, near the doors of the Churches. The ladies had conversations and tea parties—received their sewing society—the temperance society had a meeting—all to discuss Dr. Lartigue. The odd-fellows—"No! Heaven bless the odd-fellows! they had nothing to do with it. Their motto is "Truth, Love, Charity,"—they could not so far forget them. They could never descend to slander a man to death. But such another stew as Lingua-ville worked itself into, never was, and never will be known again through all time.

Two old ladies died, actually died of gossip. One talked herself into an inflammatory fever, her organ of wonder being astonishingly well developed—the other from inaction after the excitement, went into a melancholy. Both fell

time to their devotion to that demon of darkness, gossip. Dr. Lartigue's friends soon became like angels visits, "few and far between." A few tried and true stood by him nobly.

As for the Doctor's patients, the very few that were willing to trust their lives in the hands of such a monopolizing monster, come near paying dearly for their recklessness. Now the Doctor was more of a Homeopathist than anything else, and bread pills, starch powders, and lavender flavored water made up the sum total of the contents of his medicine chest. It is true, for the name of the thing, he had laid in a small quantity of calomel and tartar emetic, but the above mentioned harmless aperients, absorbents, or whatever else he intended them to be were his favorite medicines—always excepting quinine for chills, and opium for aches and pains.

Such was the state of mind of the poor fellow, that on being called in to see an old lady who was troubled with the heart burn, and for which he intended giving a table-spoon full of powder of starch, he mistook the paper and gave her calomel instead. As good luck would have it, he found out his mistake time enough to save her by an emetic. To another he gave an over dose of opium for neuralgia, which caused the patient to sleep for several days, and it was a wonder the poor creature ever got over it; she looked sleepy for weeks and months after.

Time with his never-tiring wing moved onward, and things finally became more quiet. The Doctor got so that he could look up once more. The ladies began to smile on him again, but he proved to be as the invulnerable. He met his old loves with great composure of manner and with his hand on his heart could truthfully exclaim:

"The conflict is over, the struggle is past, I have looked, I have loved, I have worshipped my last. Now back to the world and let fate do her worst. On the heart, that for these such devotion hath nursed."

In due course of time, one of the young ladies married a man of high standing, and the other, who was reported to be in a decline, went with her friends to Europe. Friends again began to gather, from sheer admiration at the manner with which he bore his vicissitude. He bought a farm in the environs of Lingua-ville, had a cottage built and removed thither. The girls hoped that his heart was not quite shattered to pieces; but though he showed respect to all, waited on them when it came in his power, he never ventured to pay particular attention to any.

About three years after these memorable events, whilst visiting some friends twenty or thirty miles from home, he stumbled across the path of an "unwec wed thing, just free from her mummy," as wild and almost as unlettered as a Pattawatomy Princess. True, she had been a few years at a boarding school—spent a few winters in a city—but what of that? She knew about as much as many others who enjoy the like advantages, comparatively nothing. The Doctor was pleased with her, gave her a history of his former loves, and courted her. She was ardent, impulsive, and in "maiden meditation fancy free!" and in sheer gratitude that one should love such a frail, faulty mortal as herself returned to him the full measure of his love, and Dr. Lartigue and Emma Mellinary were married.

Here the manuscript closed—and in a short time every eye was closed about the house; for the hour of rest had fully arrived.

Aunt Patty continued with us for several weeks. Her law-suit was at length gained, and she returned to Lingua-ville, her "dear James" and scarcely less dear Dr. Lartigue. By a letter received from her shortly thereafter, we learned that said Doctor and his lady were very patterns of married life—that the once scandalized man had made one of the best and noblest of husbands—that his little wife was as entirely devoted to him as he was to her—and that, in short, they were enjoying the very essence of conjugal bliss. And, we doubt not, they are enjoying the same on this very 6th of February, 1852.

From the Charleston Mercury, 6th inst.

The South Carolina Railroad and the Augusta Bridge.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the Agent of the South Carolina Railroad Company in this day's paper, in reference to the delivery of goods at Augusta. It will be perceived that there is no change of rates in consequence of recent events.

The circumstances which called forth this announcement ought to be explained. In the year 1850 the Legislature of South Carolina conferred on Henry Shultz of Hamburg, the right to levy tolls on the passage across the Savannah river—the charter before granted under which the city of Augusta claimed that right, having expired. No attempt was ever made to enforce this right till recently, when Gen. Jones and J. J. Kennedy, the assignees and administrators of Mr. Shultz, revived the right and have erected a toll gate near the bridge and established a tariff of tolls, with the consent of the Town Council of Hamburg. This proceeding has produced much excitement in Augusta, and at a called Meeting of Council the following proceedings took place:

FEBRUARY 3d, 1852.—Mr. Harper introduced the following Preamble and Resolutions, which were passed.

"The City Council of Augusta have been informed, on credible authority, that certain individuals have, with the consent of the Town Council of Hamburg, erected a Toll house and put up a gate in one of the streets of that town, near the Augusta Bridge, for the purpose of enforcing, under the provision of a charter granted by the State of South Carolina to Henry Shultz, the collection of what is called Toll, for passing said Bridge, which is not the property of the parties about to attempt to collect said contribution, but belong to the city of Augusta. Therefore,