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## THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

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## POETRY.

### REMEMBER ME.

There is a charm of magic power,  
Friendship's voice by Heaven designed  
To light affection's darkest hour,  
And cheer the sorrow, sunken mind—  
And still thro' many a rolling year,  
When doom'd the stranger's claim to see,  
By distance made more sweet we hear  
That holy sound—Remember me.

Remember me! at evening hour,  
When memory's sacred spell prevails,  
With pensive step we seek the bower,  
Where last we heard affection's tale;  
And still we trace the glistening tear—  
The form, tho' lost, yet loved, we see;  
In every whispering breeze we hear  
That parting prayer—Remember me.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### From the Natchez Galaxy.

#### THE GENTLEMAN IN GREY.

[CONCLUDED.]

#### CHAPTER VI.

Traveller—This is a romantic country—I  
wonder it has never been described.  
Citizen—You see nothing; go a little way  
further, and you will wonder instead.

Early the following morning every thing  
was in readiness, and our friends together  
set out for the springs. What occurred on  
their passage, I presume, is what very few  
know. At least, I am in possession of but  
few facts that would be interesting to my  
readers, and must therefore transport them  
to that salubrious and romantic section of  
country to be found in the neighborhood of  
the Madison Springs, and the more North-  
ern parts of the State of Georgia.

Within a few years, this has become a fashionable  
tour for persons of leisure and fortune, dur-  
ing the summer and fall months. And the  
fashionables of South Carolina and Georgia  
may be found wandering in small companies  
among the mountains, and along the track  
of the beautiful and pellucid streams that  
course the verdant valleys between them,  
encountering much fatigue, and enjoying as  
an amusement, that which, under other cir-  
cumstances, would be considered, and just-  
ly too, the most arduous labor. The coun-  
try is new, and its mountainous character  
forbids more than a very sparse population,  
and the most of these are poor, and subsist  
mainly upon the game of the mountain forest,  
or the fish of the mountain streams; yet they  
are a hardy, hospitable and independent  
people; and all upon that perfect equality,  
as regards pecuniary matters, which creates  
a mutual dependence upon each other—a  
bond which binds more closely the mem-  
bers of society, than any other known.  
They see and know but little of the luxu-  
ries of a more wealthy and refined society;  
consequently they are free from the wants,  
the follies, and the vices of such. Their  
means being limited, their wants are circumscribed;  
and their frugal and simple meals are always eaten with a cheerfulness  
that is not often found at the tables of the  
wealthy, where is spread the viands of every  
kind and clime.

After a residence of some weeks at the  
springs, during which time every source of  
amusement was exhausted, and the variety  
and humor of Jack Peters even was begin-  
ning to grow dull and tiresome, it was pro-  
posed that the young people of the party  
should take an excursion to the Falls of Ta-  
bula, on horseback. This was soon settled  
and on the morning of the first of August,  
18—, in high spirits, our party left the  
springs. Peters was so exact in the divi-  
sion of his time and attention between Miss  
Morton and Miss Munsell, that it was diffi-  
cult to determine which of the two was his  
favorite, if either. His friends knew that if  
he had any pretensions to either of the young  
ladies, that he was a dangerous rival, and  
determined not to enter the list as a  
declared lover, to either lady, until the  
preference of Jack should be known; for,  
we wish it understood that Porter and Car-  
gill, were both in search of a helpmate, and  
either would have been well contented with  
either Caroline or Julia. They had win-  
dered several days along the winding route  
which leads to the falls, and which, to avoid  
the impassable mountains, and find out the  
difficult and passes between their projecting  
crags, describes a thousand sensations.

When Peters informed his friends, (for this  
was no new trip to him,) that they were ap-  
proaching a most picturesque and romantic  
country—

I thought as much, said Miss Julia. The  
scene has been growing more and more in-  
teresting for many miles. Really, sir, this  
route seems to have been selected original-  
ly by a lover of the romantic; it has a thou-  
sand turns, and every turn presents a thou-  
sand new and interesting views.

Yes, answered Peters—it was originally  
selected by old Providence, and he is ac-  
knowledged a true lover of the romantic—  
for the course which this route pursues, and  
the route over which it passes, is the only  
one by which access is to be had into these  
mountains. Just look; suppose that rock  
above you was to fancy the bed over which  
we ride, for a more comfortable residence  
or resting place than the one it has, and  
should fall, it would shut up this gap—and  
how then, should the curiosity of such as  
we are, ever be gratified by a view of Ta-  
bula Falls?

Julia raised her eyes to the overhanging  
rock as it jutted out from the mountain's  
side, some hundreds of feet above her, and  
seemed suspended almost in air, and scream-  
ed aloud.

No danger, said Peters. I have been  
all over it. It is the finest place for rattlesnakes  
in all the country round.

How can you frighten me so? At this  
instant, Peters reached out his hand and  
took hold of the bridle of Miss Munsell's  
horse. Stay! said he—what is that which  
looks so much like a snow bank glittering  
along the sun's rays in the dim distance before  
you?

Julia paused a moment, in admiration of  
what she saw; mercy Mr. Peters, what can  
that be?

What does it resemble, Miss Munsell?  
said Peters.

I cannot describe it, replied the astonish-  
ed Julia. There seems suspended above it,  
a brilliant canopy, as changeable in its form  
as its colours, and threads of silver ap-  
pear continually rising up to unite with it.  
What can it be, Mr. Peters?

Look on, said Peters, until Caroline  
comes up; in one moment, notwithstanding  
the apparent impossibility of the thing, the  
truth will flush upon her mind—

Let us get out from under this frightful  
rock, which frowns upon us like a dark and  
angry cloud said Miss Munsell.

You must remain exactly where you are,  
said Peters—look here upon the left, do  
you not see that aspiring peak, and on the  
right, one equally high; if you move back-  
ward, or forward, only two rods, you can see  
nothing but their beetling brows; between  
them the truth is revealed. By this time,  
Caroline, with her brother and gallants,  
had come up; when she saw the direction  
in which Julia was looking, she turned her  
eyes, and exclaimed, Tabula Falls.

I knew it, said Peters—notwithstanding  
we are now twenty miles from the falls she  
sees the water as it rolls from the awful  
height down into the abyss below.

Is it possible, said Julia, that that can  
be the falls?—it seems to me, to be upon  
the summit of the highest mountain around.

And indeed it is, said Peters; there is  
where the waters of the Savannah break  
through the blue ridge; and this is the only  
stream which rises west of the Alleghanies,  
that finds its way into the Atlantic, without  
mingling with the waters of the Mississippi.

Just here the mountain seems to have been  
ripened by some volcanic convulsions—and  
the humid waters steal quietly along be-  
tween the divided rocks, until it approaches  
this awful precipice; when, with one bound,  
it leaps two hundred and thirty feet, into  
the morning, convulsed and hissing gulf below.

The rainbow coloured canopy you see above  
is the spray arising from the gulf, which  
you can almost see; for you now see the  
whole extent of the falls—you will not  
see them again until you look down upon  
them from the mountain through which Ta-  
bula flows. Caroline and her brother were  
looking with almost painful interest at the  
sublime spectacle before them—and  
Cargill, Foster and Porter were but little  
less interested; when Peters, patting spurs  
to his horse, exclaimed as he fled, or rather  
overhead! we are all lost! all lost! Every eye  
was turned to heaven, and in an instant Al-  
ick, Cargill, and Porter, were in full speed  
gaining at every jump, upon Peters, for not  
until he spoke had either of them discovered  
the dark impending rock above them. Car-  
oline and Foster, had seen it before, and to  
them it was fine sport to witness the flight,  
and flight of their friends.

What are you laughing at, Peters said  
Cargill, as he passed him.

Well done, said Peters—what is the blood  
of that horse, Cargill? he has the heels of  
a steed.

Yes, said Peters' boy, and the spurs too,  
master. Look how he is bleeding.

At this moment they regained up, and long  
and loud the laugh went round at the  
expense of their gallantry.

Well, I am safe, Mr. Porter, said Car-  
oline, as she rode up.

I am glad to hear it, Miss—upon my word  
I am—though I must confess I did not stay  
to see you so.

You did not, and from the impetus you  
appeared to have acquired, I was fearful I  
should never see you again to tell you so.

I say, Cargill, what is the blood of your  
horse? I want him for the next sweep-  
stake. What a rider you would make if a  
body could only keep a rock over your head!  
said Peters.

Mum, Allick, remember your promise—  
keep dark on that subject. Now, Miss Julia,  
follow me; we have rather a difficult path  
to ascend just ahead, which I think will  
try the steadiness of your nerves.

I follow, said Julia—and onward rode  
the party, slowly ascending a narrow path,  
cut circuitously round the mountain's side.  
Peters had rode next to the edge of the precipice  
until they reached its highest elevation,  
when he stopped his horse, and request-  
ed Julia to look behind her; she was within  
four feet of the edge of a perpendicular  
height of three hundred feet, at the foot  
of which Tabula was frowning and roaring  
along with all the restless anxiety of a mountain  
stream. Steady, said Peters—ride on.  
Julia's tongue clove to her mouth; she  
grasped the horns of her saddle, and with-  
out daring to breathe, urged her horse for-  
ward. At that moment, a rock broke loose  
from the mountain's side above her, some  
hundred of feet, and came rolling and  
bounding with incalculable velocity down  
the rugged steep, tearing and uprooting the  
obstacles opposing its progress, and spread-  
ing devastation before it. Mercy, said Pe-  
ters, it is upon her! At that instant, it  
struck a projecting rock of mighty mag-  
nitude, some ten feet immediately above the  
head of Julia—then leaping like a thing of  
life, it passed above her head, just touching,  
as she leaned forward, her tall black plumes,  
clearing the road, and with a hissing noise,  
whirled through the air down into the stream  
below. Julia's horse was out of mettle and  
fright, and dashed with all speed up the  
path, which still continued its windings  
along the mountain's side. Peters encour-  
aged to follow, but his horse refused to pur-  
sue with speed, the flying Julia; and almost  
before he could speak she was out of sight.  
Still he was struggling forward, and in a  
moment more he could not hear the clatter-  
ing of her horse's feet—nevertheless he  
made every exertion possible to gain upon  
her, but in vain; and to his astonishment  
he now found that his horse absolutely re-  
fused to go at all. In this dilemma he was  
overtaken by the balance of the company—  
Overtake her! said Peters to Cargill; and  
away went this young man in pursuit  
The company followed slowly after. Car-  
gill had not rode more than a mile when he  
reached the summit of the mountain, but  
not finding Julia, he pursued eagerly down  
the little path, and after making several  
turns, he came suddenly upon Julia, seated  
on her horse, which was held by an elderly  
gentleman, a native of the State, and in-  
habitant of one of the neighboring valleys.  
In a little time those in the rear came up,  
and to their no small gratification, found Ju-  
lia unhurt. The old settler accompanied  
them on their route, walking equally as fast  
as they could ride.

What wild goose chase, young gentle-  
men and ladies, are you upon, said the  
old man, and trusting that young crea-  
ture too, on that wild head-strong horse?

Looking at the mountains, old gentleman,  
and I expect you want to see the fall-  
too, don't you? There are a good many  
persons in the mountains now looking at  
them; there was an old man with his son,  
and his son's wife, at my house last night,  
and have gone out to-day. They will be  
back to-night.

Do you know them, old man? asked Pe-  
ters.

I do not, sir; but they are from Carolina.  
If you will turn through this new road, said  
the mountaineer, you may reach the falls  
much sooner than by the old route.

The company turned into the road, Julia  
and Peters ahead; they did not separate  
from the company as before, and in a few  
hours the whole party were at the Falls of  
Tabula. The incessant roar of the tum-  
bling waters, with the deep and hollow  
echoes from the surrounding mountains, and  
the occasional scream of a vulture eagle  
that were soaring above in the spray, were  
all the sounds to be heard. The party had  
alighted from their horses, and were ap-  
proaching the edge of the chasm, which  
had been worn by the waters, or rent by  
some powerful convulsion, and lay over the  
very summit of which is termed the Blue  
Ridge, when a gun was discharged in the  
forest near them, and a herd of deer in  
rapid flight passed them. In another moment  
emerged from the thick under-bush, a tall  
young man equipped as a hunter, with a  
shot pouch and powder horn, carrying his  
gun in his hand. Did you kill him? said  
the voice of a family, just off to the left  
of our party, and when they instantly discov-  
ered sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree,  
with an aged and very respectable looking  
gentleman.

No, said the youth, I made a bad shot,  
or else the old man's gun is bad.

At the sound of his voice, Caroline stop-  
ped and listened for a moment, and turned  
pale. Our party was now passing them,  
and in the act of saluting the strangers. It  
was not until now that Peters and the young  
hunter had got a glimpse of each other;  
the youth, with his gun, bit his lip as he  
bowed, evidently embarrassed; Peters re-  
turned the salute with respectful dignity,  
and passed him; Foster would not recog-  
nize him; and Caroline, as she hung upon  
his arm, was ready to faint.

Is not that Mr. Worthington? said Foster  
to Caroline.

It is, replied Caroline.

Why did you not speak to him, then?  
said Foster.

I cannot, replied Caroline. Walk on,  
Mr. Foster, let us join our friends.

At this time the company were collecting  
near the edge of the river as it was pro-  
ceeding to advance, and Worthington, with  
the arm of the lady who had addressed him,  
in his, was slowly advancing. Caroline  
discovered considerable emotion, particu-  
larly when she remarked the cool collected-  
ness of Worthington. He is married,

thought she—yes, these are the persons of  
whom the mountaineer spoke—the father,  
the son and his wife. O! is it possible that  
he could so soon have forgotten me? Now  
his conduct is perfectly explained; he had  
sought an excuse to abandon me, and my  
remarks in relation to Foster afforded it—  
and now he is united to another, and to me  
is forever lost. O, the duplicity of man! I  
could have lost him—but I cannot remain  
in the presence of her who has been my  
successful rival in the affections of the man,  
of all others, the dearest to me. By the  
time these reflections had passed through  
the mind of Caroline, Worthington was  
within a few paces of Foster and herself.

He paused a moment, as if doubting with  
regard to the propriety of the course he  
was about to pursue, but it was only a mo-  
ment. A modest and respectful bow signi-  
fied his notice of Caroline and Foster—his  
lips moved, but no sound proceeded thence  
—and Caroline almost fancied that he  
smiled as he passed her, with a slow, firm,  
and dignified step.

O, said the lady, leaning on his arm, as  
they approached the very verge of the cliff,  
and looked down upon the trembling waters  
below, this is awful sublimity, indeed! I  
never saw any thing in nature to equal it;  
how deeply mournful is the sound which  
rises up from the awful depths below, and  
is continually echoing along these wild and  
romantic mountains.

No fool that, said Peters, whispering in  
the ear of Caroline, who had been all at-  
tention to the remarks of the lady she sup-  
posed the wife of Worthington.

I presume not, she replied.

Ask him, Miss Morton, what has become  
of his grey cat? said Peters.

Mr. Peters, asked Caroline, are you my  
friend? If you regard my esteem and re-  
spect, forbear this familiarity on a subject  
which you know must of necessity be pain-  
ful to me; but if you do not regard these,  
remember, I am a female, and must submit  
to your taunts, your insults.

By Heaven, you do me injustice, Car-  
oline; I would sooner leap this precipice than  
wantonly offend your feelings. I am your  
friend, I love you as dearly as though you  
were my sister; believe me your friend,  
Caroline, and forgive my thoughtless im-  
pudence!

Caroline's eye was full; she looked him  
forgiveness, but could not speak. Peters  
pressed her hand, and drawing her arm un-  
der his, gently disengaged her from Foster,  
and walked along the mountain's brow di-  
rectly from the company.

I believe, sir, said Allick Morton, stepping  
up to Worthington, you are the gentleman  
who recently relieved me when my carriage  
was well nigh upsetting, in the county of  
Hancock, in this State—my name is Morton.

I relieved you, sir, said Worthington; it  
was but a duty I owed to a fellow being  
in distress—good morning, said he, and  
walked with the lady in a different direc-  
tion to that taken by Peters and Caroline.

Do you love him, Caroline? said Peters  
to Miss Morton. Make me your friend—  
it is not often I solicit so much from any  
one; but really I feel at this moment so  
much for your happiness, that I cannot for-  
bear to solicit you to put the means in my  
power to do you some service.

He is married, Mr. Peters, said Caroline,  
—how can I continue to love him?—and  
too woman whose air and carriage convince  
me that she is vastly my superior. If he is  
happy, she continued, after a pause, I am  
contented.

That woman, replied Peters, is his sister.  
Why do you think so? asked Caroline,  
with trembling anxiety.

There is so striking a resemblance in  
her manners to his, said Peters, and then  
she is the fac simile of that old man, who is  
doubtless her father.

Do you not remember, impatiently en-  
quired Caroline, the words of the old man-  
tainer—"the father, the son and his wife?"

That was only a guess, said Peters, of the  
old guide. He only supposed from their  
familiarity, that they were man and wife.

Who do you call our old guide? said Car-  
oline.

Why that is the famous General M—  
of Rabun, whom you have often heard me  
speak of, and at whose house we propose  
this evening to lodge. He is a man of some  
pretensions, member of the Legislature,  
General of the Militia, and tavern keeper;  
and has the only decent house in the moun-  
tains. He has a rough exterior, but the  
spirit of a prince; and there, Caroline, we  
shall find Worthington and friends, with  
all the company that left the springs some  
days before us.

Julia and friends, (or I should say gal-  
lants) now joined them, and after wander-  
ing for some time among the mountain tops,  
and gazing on the splendid scenery on every  
side of them, it was proposed that the  
company set out on their return. We must  
go to-night to Gen. M—'s, and to-morrow  
resume our route to the springs.

Allick Morton and his sister Caroline, in  
passing through a dell in the mountain,  
after some half hour's ride, were thrown to-  
gether, some distance in the rear of the bal-  
ance of the company.

Brother, said Caroline, during your schol-  
arship at Yale, do you remember ever to  
have heard the name of a young man, dis-  
tinguished at Harvard about two or three  
years ago, as the first in his class, from  
South Carolina?

Yes, two years but commencement, Ed-  
ward Rutledge was considered in that  
university, superior to any man who has grad-  
uated there since Everett.

This young man's name was Worthing-  
ton, said Caroline.

I do not remember such a one, said  
Allick.

Were you acquainted with many of the  
students of that institution at that time  
brother? said Caroline.

Not many—was the reply.

Did you know young Rutledge of whom  
you spoke? said Caroline.

I saw him at New Haven once only,  
when he was on his return to Cambridge,  
after a trip to New York and Philadelphia.

Do you think, asked Caroline, that he re-  
sembled the young man you spoke to at the  
falls to-day?

It has been so long since, sister, and I  
saw him for so short a time, that I have no  
recollection of his appearance; he had not  
then become so distinguished, as since—  
but what are you making all these en-  
quiries after this young man for, Carry? said  
Allick rather playfully.

My dear brother said Caroline, I am go-  
ing to communicate something to you very  
near my heart. When I was at Trenton,  
I became acquainted with a young man  
then in College, at Cambridge, whose  
name is Worthington, from South Caroli-  
na; after a very short acquaintance, he  
solicited and received my consent, at a  
proper time to become his wife. I was  
perhaps hasty—but he was so noble in his  
appearance, so dignified in his manners,  
and so persuasive in his conversation, that I  
found it impossible to resist the inclination  
I found in my bosom to love him—besides  
he was from the South; his early education  
his principles, feelings, opinions and prej-  
udices were the same with mine, and then  
he was so candid, so full of honorable and  
exalted feelings, and with all, a man fair  
to look upon, that I loved him for himself  
and freely told him so. He told me he was  
poor, but scarcely the means of completing  
his collegiate course, and was to depend  
for success in his future career, upon his  
personal exertion alone.

My dear Caroline, have you seen him  
since? Caroline bit her lip, and faltering-  
ly said, that was Worthington we met on  
the mountain to-day with that old gentle-  
man and young lady.

Now it strikes me, said Jack Peters, who  
was stopped in the road but a little a-head,  
that you two, by one who did not know you,  
would pass for true lovers. Allick, where  
the devil did you learn to ride so slow?  
My dear fellow, said Allick, where is the  
necessity of riding like a post-boy? we have  
several hours of light yet, and you said we  
had but a few miles to go.

We are near the Genl's, but there is fast  
approaching one of these mountain rains,  
and before you know it, you will be  
wet to the skin—ride like you did from  
under the rock and all safe.

Where is the rest of our company,  
Peters, asked Allick.

Foster and Porter are at the tavern long  
since—that fellow Foster is always in time  
to save his bacon.

Ride on Jack, we will follow said Allick.  
Peters understood and dashed off at full  
gallop.

I am glad, said Allick, my dear sister, that  
you will not marry that fellow Foster—  
Often times, on reading my father's letters,  
when your marriage has been hinted at,  
with that man, that I have trembled for the  
happiness of my sister. He is trying in the  
world by the close adherence to what I  
would term a rigid yankee system of econ-  
omy—this is well, as he is poor, if he would  
pursue it no longer, but these are the spon-  
taneous sentiments, or principles if you  
will, of his heart, and will, instead of relax-  
ing with age, grow more gripping; he never  
experienced an exalted chivalric feeling in  
his life. All his emotions are from the  
brain, cold calculation; and but for the dis-  
charge of these functions necessary to the  
continuance of life, he would be the same  
man, were his bosom as heartless, as his  
heart is senseless.

Brother, are you not too severe on Mr.  
Foster? said Caroline.

No, Caroline, said her brother; I know  
him well, his soul is as dead, and inanimate  
as the rusty books from which he draws his  
maxims. I do not know this man Wor-  
thington, but there is something in his man-  
ner and appearance that strikes and pleas-  
es me. I am told we shall see him to-night,  
and then—but ride on, Carry, look how it  
thickens. In a few minutes they were  
alighting at the door of the tavern, and to  
their astonishment one company found a  
crowd of visitors at Gen. M—'s; but no  
where among the crowd could be seen Wor-  
thington and his friends. After adjusting  
themselves with a cup of tea, Peters led  
Miss Morton and Miss Julia Munsell into  
the sitting room of the hotel, for truly the  
General's mission deserves the name.

There were some twenty or thirty gen-  
tlemen and ladies present, and the gentlemen  
in grey was standing in conversation with  
a richly dressed and highly beautiful young  
lady. Caroline was seated immediately by  
the side of the very lady that was seen that  
day at the Falls.

My brother, said the lady, informed me  
to-day, that your name was Morton. I am  
happy to see one of whom I have heard so  
much. The right strangers, let us be friends.

Is the gentleman with whom I saw you  
to-day, your brother? asked Caroline.

He is, indeed, replied the lady.

I am happy, said Caroline, to meet you.  
I have known your brother a long time, and  
confirmed with a faltering voice, a little  
did I suppose that William Worthington  
would refuse to recognize Caroline Morton  
wherever he might meet her.

Worthington crossed the room, to his  
sister by the hand, and led her to the lady  
with whom he had been conversing. Car-  
oline collected all her dignity, for she  
passed this intended as an insult, and with  
the true spirit of woman, determined, how-  
ever her feelings were affected that he would  
wound them, should not discover it from her  
conduct. In a moment more, he led the

two ladies forward, and pointed, though  
formally bowing, introduced his sister and  
Miss Gillerson to Miss Morton. The two  
ladies soon entered into conversation with  
Caroline, but her feelings were too much  
depressed to maintain a spirited and inter-  
esting conversation. In a few moments  
the merry dance was commenced, and al-  
though in a rare and uncultivated country,  
yet all the fashion of the city was in the  
crowd. Worthington was the partner of  
Miss Gillerson, and in the same coalition  
with Caroline. At the commencement  
of the dance, there was nothing remarkable  
in the carriage and appearance of Miss  
Morton; but in the interchange of partners  
her hand unconsciously fell into that of  
Worthington's; he gently pressed it, and  
whispered like a breathing spirit—O, Car-  
oline! Her eyes met his, and that com-  
menced with soul, as she leaped elastic from  
the floor, and seemed scarcely to touch the  
sprung plank beneath her "high fantastic  
toe." All eyes were turned upon Miss  
Morton, and the enquiry ran through the  
room in audible whispers, who is she?  
where is she from? an angel, by Heaven,  
said a gray old bachelor, whose very soul  
appeared to live in the words.

Gentlemen, said Jack Peters, at least  
himself to Porter and Cargill, that is the  
bloody rag of whom I spoke. The gentle-  
man in grey is my substitute—look at him;  
more than either of you can bear.

At the close of the dance, Worthington  
proffered his arm to Caroline, and together  
in the moonlight they promenade the long  
gallery in front of the mansion for some  
hour or two. What Worthington said, or Car-  
oline replied, I do not know, nor would I  
tell if I did, holding him not guiltless, that  
fully exposes the tender and foolish swing-  
ings and sighings of two young and faithful  
lovers.

Peters pointed them out to Cargill and his  
friend, and shrugging his shoulders, said  
your cake is dough, I rather think, gentle-  
men.

As soon as Caroline was returned to her  
seat by Worthington, Allick Morton re-  
quested a word in private with him. The  
lady, sir, said Allick, with whom you have  
been promulating, I presume you know  
to be my sister—in the absence of my  
brother, I consider it my duty to extend my  
advice and protection to her. She had this  
day informed me, that you had at Trenton  
proffered her your hand, and that there  
was an understanding between you, that  
she would at a proper time become your  
wife. Are your intentions honorable?

They are, sir, said Worthington bowing  
low—and this evening there has an under-  
standing taken place between your sister  
and myself, that we will, provided your  
parents consent, appoint a day at no distant  
period for our union.

Permit me to salute you, said Mr. Morton;  
you are a stranger to Mr. Worthington, but I  
cannot be mistaken in your manner and  
general appearance; besides, sir, your com-  
pany vouches for your character. Worthington  
vouches for his, and I, Mr. Morton, I have  
imposed upon your sister, but it was for a  
noble purpose, and I will confess to none;  
unless she be present; will you conduct  
your sister to my father's sitting-room, with  
her female friend? My sister will be there;  
this is rather strange conduct, thought  
Allick, but he led his sister and cousin into  
the little parlour. This, sir, said Worthington,  
as he took hold of Caroline's hand, is the  
lady of whom I spoke to you to-day—have  
you consented?

You have, said his father, a tall digni-  
fied man, about five feet high.

Now, said Worthington, Miss Morton, let  
me introduce to your acquaintance, my  
father, Col. Rutledge of South Carolina—my  
name is Edward Rutledge. I have the  
name of William Worthington, that you  
might love me for myself alone, as I told  
you he was poor.

I will not tell what followed after. I  
only know that I happened some years af-  
ter this in the village of E— Rutledge  
was beloved by