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The Planters' Advocate.

By THOMAS J. TURNER. "TRUTH ALONE IS KNOWLEDGE—KNOWLEDGE IS POWER." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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Selected Poetry.

THE MOTHER'S FIRST GRIEF.

There is no bereaved mother, says the *Washington Globe*, who can read the ensuing lines without tears, both of sorrow and of hope. They are from the pen of Mr. ROBERT S. CHILTON, of Washington, and reflect honor upon his heart, and upon his poetical "gift divine." Our friend DEMPSTER has married them to the most appropriately touching music, and sings them with all his accustomed feeling and effect. Mr. DITSON, of Boston, the popular vocalist's popular publisher, has the music nearly ready for the press.

The Mother's First Grief.

She sits beside the cradle,
And her tears are streaming fast,
For she sees the present only,
While she thinks of all the past:
Of the days so full of gladness,
When her first-born's answering kiss
Filled her soul with such a rapture
That it knew no other bliss.
Oh, those happy, happy moments!
They but deepen her despair,
For she bends above the cradle,
And her baby is not there!

There are words of comfort spoken,
And the leaden clouds of grief
Wear the smiling bow of promise,
And she feels a sad relief:
But her wavering thoughts will wander
Till they settle on the scene
Of the dark and silent chamber,
And of all that might have been!
For a little vacant garment,
Or a shining tress of hair,
Tells her heart, in tones of anguish,
That her baby is not there!

She sits beside the cradle,
But her tears no longer flow,
For she sees blessed vision,
And forgets all earthly woe;
Saintly eyes look down upon her,
And the voice that hushed the sea
Stills her spirit with the whisper,
"Suffer them to come to Me."
And while her soul is lifted
On the soaring wings of prayer,
Heaven's crystal gates swing inward,
And she sees her baby there!

An Amusing Sketch.

From Porter's Spirit of the Times.

Jemmy Owen's Fifty Dollar Note,

OR

"MOIND WHAT YE SAY."

BY OMEGA.

BROWN vs. OWEN.

The plaintiff in the above entitled cause, which came on to be heard at an extra-special of the Mayor's Court, for the city of Tuscaloosa, State of Alabama, on the first day of April, in the year of Grace, 1850, was as quaint and curious a specimen as ever "did steer humanity;" a native of the North of Ireland, whose genealogical tree formed root in the "land o' cakes," he combined Irish sprightliness of intellect and love of humor with the shrewd cunning and wariness of a Scotchman, endowments that rendered him an ingenious contriver as he unquestionably was an adroit conductor of a practical joke; in fine he was

"A fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancy."

The defendant,—the aforesaid JEMMY OWEN, of "*Door-Keeper*" memory—had likewise unquestioned claims to foreign birth, for though not positively *web-footed*, there were about him other and unmistakable signs that the "bogs of auld Ireland" had been to him "familiar as household words." With the mercurial temperament and vivaciousness of a genuine Jean Crapeau, coupled with Munchausen abilities of a high order, boundlessness of invention without the needful safeguard of retentive memory, he had a marvellous facility in getting into scrapes without the least fertility of resource in extricating himself therefrom, and perpetrated many a savory joke, *se patiente*, where nothing was further from his intention, and became at last the favorite butt of humor among his acquaintances, a situation rendered less intolerable by his happy obliviousness of the fact. As the famous Joe Miller, the reputed author of all the jests made in his day, was said never to have uttered one, so Jemmy, the real progenitor, as they derived their existence from him, of numberless anecdotes, it is believed, never intentionally originated, or enjoyed or perceived one; and thus might be said to half-way approximate the standard of Falstaff, who pourtraying himself, declares,

"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."

The subject matter of the present controversy, the *res gesta*, as the ancient phraseology runneth, and the issue to be determined by the court, unlike the more imposing suits that lumber up the law reports, are distinctly traceable and susceptible of easy definition, and may be, *briefly*, stated in this wise:

Jemmy was indebted to Dr. H——, to whom he was under many other obligations, and whose friendship he disired to retain, in the sum of fifty dollars, and having delayed payment beyond a reasonable time, conceived that an apology was due for his remissness, and accordingly assured the Doctor, as he handed over the amount in notes of the specie-paying Bank of Mobile, that to meet the debt, not having any money of his own, he had been forced to borrow that identical money from his friend and countryman, John Brown, the shoemaker. Creditable to his honesty as was Jemmy's conduct, his excuse was anything but creditable to his veracity; in fact, he was as well known, being joint proprietor of a bar-room of great resort in that city, to be full-handed, as his friend, the shoemaker, was known at that time to be particularly light of pocket and innocent of *fifties*. Fully aware of Jemmy's incorrigible *penchant* for fiction, and suspecting the untruthfulness of his statement relative to the borrowing, the Doctor, after communicating to Brown his suspicions, suggested to that individual, on finding that his suspicions were correct, to call upon Jemmy, at an early day, and make a demand for payment of the alleged borrowed money. The *opening* for amusement was apparent, and the suggestion could not have been made to a more willing soul.

Accordingly, the same morning after the occurrence above related, at that "witching hour" of the day when in Jemmy's bar-room, the long-suffering and heavy-laden did not congregate,—technically speaking, first drink-time,—Brown, the plaintiff in this suit, with some anxiety in his countenance, approached the counter, and in the blandest manner, commenced.

"Friend Jemmy, the top o' the bright morning to ye! And is'nt this the beautiful weather for the growing vegetables? Be me soul, as I passed forouenst yer garden yesterday, it was meself that was made deaf at the cracking and popping o' yer vegetables, bursting through the airth, a growing so rapidly. Out of ould Ireland, the likes of such a garden was niver seen. But, friend Jemmy, wud ye be afther handing me fifty dollars out of the full o' yer drawer? Its meself that's much needing that same."

"A long life to ye, friend John!" saluted Jemmy, overcome by the compliment to his horticultural skill, "me garden has not the great variety of vegetables, like Mat. Duffle's, but for forwardniss, I'll stake it agin the likes o' Duffle and the whole ship's crew on them, and risk me salvation in the balance. Mat. Duffle had his seed in the airth before I got my ground broke up, and, be jabers, it was Jemmy Owen that had the green pass and praties, whilst divil the pea or pratie had gone down Mat's throat. But stop, now! Yer asked for the loan of fifty dollars, and that same had gone clane out o' me mind as I thought o' me garden. Be sure an' yer shall have it. There's the shrino."

Suiting the action to the word, Jemmy opened his money-drawer, and launched ostentatiously on the counter, a fifty dollar note, State bank issue, which though current, was nevertheless much under par.

"Friend Jemmy," exclaimed Brown, in well-affected surprise and mortification, as taking in his hand and inspecting the character of the note. "Is this the way yer thrate an ould north of Ireland friend! Do ye mind it was mesilf let yer have the "specy-paying" Mobile bank money, to pay yer indebtedness to Dr. H——, and shame on ye, to thry to put on me the money of the bad *character!* Och, Jemmy, belikes its yer ould thricks ye wud be afther playing?"

"Friend Brown! an' what do ye *mane?*" ejaculated Jemmy, completely puzzled and lost in bewilderment.

"O, botherashun to my soul," cried out the shoemaker, seemingly much annoyed, "have ye lost yer recollection entirely! Don't ye mind it was the purty money I lint ye the loan of to pay Dr. H——, an' now ye wud be afther paying me back in the dirty, blackguard stuff that dhraws only ninety cents in the dollar. I did not balave it ov yer mother's son, God bless her!"

"John Brown," sternly said Jemmy, dropping the endearing epithet heretofore used, "have ye taken lave o' yer sinses intirely, that ye till me this rigmarole? Have a care, John Brown, or its a bad ind yit, ye'll be afther coming to aplaying yer anties!"

"Antics, did yer say?" indignantly chimed in Brown, warming as he proceeded. "Arrah, Jemmy Owen, its the thafe's antics yer are cutting at this prisint. Have the highwayman assurince to till me to me face that I'll come to the bad ind o-playing antics, when I ask you civilly to pay me the good *currency*, in yer soul ye know ye owe me? Yer dacaived me this onest, but, be the powers, its yersilf that will not dacaive me agin, I till ye."

Thus delivering himself, and still keeping possession of the money, Brown abruptly and angrily left the room and made his way across the street to the office of Dr. H——, where a mirth-loving company were anxiously awaiting his report.

For a few moments after being left alone, the bewildered Jemmy stood, with hands resting on the counter, and watched the direction taken by the receding figure of the shoemaker, to all appearances completely lost in astonishment and stupefaction. Roused from his lethargy at length, as if by a sudden blow, he threw himself back, and elavating both hands for an instant in an attitude of prayer, while his lips moved not, he then pressed his forehead convulsively, as if he sought to "raze out the troubles of his brain," uttering meanwhile a piteous howl of lamentation. Finally recovering himself to a degree, he bounded, in frantic manner over the counter, and rushed, hatless and coatless into the street, making his way at the top of his speed towards John Brown aforesaid, who, in the centre of an excited and hilarious crowd, in front of Dr. H——'s office, seemed to be detailing information of a most mirth-provoking character. The discourse ceased abruptly, on the arrival of Jemmy, breathless and in extreme agitation, each member of the crowd making a violent effort to regain self-possession in order to attend with proper decency to the tale which was hanging on Jemmy's lips. Nor was the precaution unnecessary; for an object better calculated to excite risibility and promote laughter, even among the gravest and most sober-sided, than poor Jemmy, rarely presents itself. Laboring under a perturbation of mind little short of positive insanity, an evidence of the earnestness of his emotions and the deep sincerity of his excitement, all originating in causes which he now began to comprehend, and pointing to a catastrophe by which he would either lose his money and save his reputation for veracity, or save his money and lose his integrity, and what he prized above both, the friendship of Dr. H——, it was not surprising, that after coming up with the crowd, he should have remained for some time violently gestulating, whilst language refused to come to his relief. At length, incoherently and almost unintelligibly, he broke out with—

"Give me my money. John Brown, give me my money."

"Is the man mad?" inquired Brown with imperturable coolness; "what money? Divil the bit ov money I've got that belongs till ye."

"Holy mother of the swate Jasus!" exclaimed Jemmy, now perfectly beside himself; "John Brown, man, its yersilf that's crazy. Till me, did ye not bring the money away wid ye that I gave ye in me house over the way?"

"To be sure I did," quietly responded Brown; "and what shud I do wid the money that's mine, if I do not take it wid me?"

"Do ye hear that, Dr. H——?" cried out Jemmy, wildly and triumphantly appealing to the company,—"do ye hear that, Squire Wheat?—Do ye hear that, Mr. Blar—yer honor's worship, I mane? Then give back me money, yer *Judas-chariot!*"

"Yer money?" vociferated Brown, waxing indignant,—"yer money! This is a purty way to thrate a jintliman: ye don't deny you got the loan ov fifty dollars from me, to pay yer indebtedness to Dr. H——in the good currency, and that ye paid me back in bad money, bad luck to ye."

"O, howly Sint Pathrick!" exclaimed the irate Jemmy. "It's the father of liars ye are! Ye niver loaned me a cint in yer sowl, ye know ye nivir did."

"Arrah, Jemmy," said Brown, cooling down and coaxingly: "don't be afther making a fool ov yersilf. I appale to Dr. H——if ye did not tell him it was the good Mobile money I loan't ye?"

"Certainly," said the Doctor, with perfect composure. "Jemmy paid me a fifty dollar note of the Bank of Mobile, which he assured me he had borrowed from you."

"John Brown!" excitedly continued Jemmy, paying no attention to the statement of the Doctor, "would ye sware on the howly cross of Christ ye loan't me the fifty dollars?"

"Divil the sware will I take about it," calmly responded Brown. "And what for shud I? Is it thrying that ye are to make out that Dr. H——, the rale jintilman, wud spake an untruth? Out upon ye, ye drunken loon, for yer bad manners! Take me advice, Jemmy, and go home and go to bed, and don't be afther disgracing yersilf in prisince of his honor's worship, Squire Wheat, and yer friend Dr. H——, the illigint jintilman. Away wid ye!"

"O, howly Mary, forgive me!" fervently and wildly ejaculated Jemmy. "O, Dr. H——, on me knaas I ask yer pardon. Fore God, I balave I shall die bafore night. May all the saints preserve me! John Brown, you're a murtherer, and the divil's got a bill o' sale ov ye."

"Jemmy," interrupted Brown, in a soothing and advisory tone, "a little rest and sleep and quiet may perhaps——"

"To the blue blazes wid yer slape and quiet!" furiously yelled Jemmy, in a transport of passion. "John Brown, I call upon ye to spake the truth! As ye have a sowl to be saved, answer me! Look to yer cash-book, and till me! Did yer loan me fifty dollars, Mobile money?"

"Most assuredly," put in Dr. H——, taking it upon himself to relieve Brown, and affecting to misunderstand the point in controversy. "If Brown loaned you Mobile money, you ought by all means to return him the same or its equivalent."

"Return him the *equivalint!*" hastily responded Jemmy, not comprehending the meaning of the term. "Shure, an' I will—I will return him as *many* aquivalints as he wants, if he will give me back me money."

"Well," interposed his honor the Mayor, "I perceive Jemmy is disposed to do what is right. Let Brown return the note that Jemmy gave him, and Jemmy will give him a Mobile bank-note in its place."

"O, be gorra—niver, niver!" cried Jemmy, hastily and emphatically. "I'll not give him money; it's the aquivalints I'll give him—asking yer honor's worship's pardon."

"As the fifty dollar note you gave me," said Brown, addressing Jemmy, is ten per cent below par, if you will give me five dollars more, I shall be satisfied, and will be willing to hush the matter up. I only want me rights."

"Give a man five dollars to rob me ov fifty!" exclaimed Jemmy, flying off at the handle worse than ever. "May the curse ov Cromwill rest on ye, John Brown! To the divil wid such aquivalints. I'd see ye hanged, dhrawn and qurthered be ye git equivalents out ov me!"

"Well, then," said Brown, "if ye can't be brought to yer siven sinsis in any other way, I shall bring a shute in law to purtict me rights; and Squire Wheat, I wish to retane you as me lawyer."

"Very good," replied the legal gentleman referred to, wiping the tears of laughter from his eyes, and making a vigorous effort to assume a gravity of deportment he was far from feeling.—"I will undertake the case; but really it is so plain, that I question very much if Jemmy were to state the facts to an attorney, that he would advise him to defend the suit. As there seems, however, at present no likelihood of a compromise, I will go to my office and take immediate steps towards bringing the action."

"Stay a moment, Mr. Wheat," interposed Dr. H——. "Permit me to make a suggestion.—The Mayor's court has magistrate's jurisdiction, and as this suit must be brought before a magistrate, I would suggest, for the purpose of expediting matters, that the case be tried before the Mayor, who is here present, and who is welcome to the use of my office as a court-room."

This proposition met with favor on all sides, and with the parties contesting particularly, as the Mayor agreed, all the parties being in attendance, to waive the issuance of process and subpœnas, greatly to the diminution of the costs of suit; and it was only necessary to delay entering upon the trial until Jemmy could procure the services of a lawyer, on which mission he had set forth. By the time his honor the Mayor had taken his seat, and properly adjusted his countenance, and lawyer Wheat had returned from his office where he had gone, ostensibly to hunt up authorities, but in truth to give himself an opportunity to put an extra clamp on the muscles of a face not given to immobility, Jemmy rushed in, in company with lawyer M——, followed by the *brashest* witness that ever darkened door of legal sanctuary.

The court was opened, with more than usual imposing formality, and the parties having announced themselves ready for trial, the case of Brown *vs.* Owen was forthwith gone into, amid an assemblage of anxious and excited spectators.

The plaintiff's attorney, rising and depositing on the desk of the Court the fifty dollar note in controversy, proceeded to open the case by stating that the object of the suit was to recover from the defendant the sum of fifty dollars, lawful money, loaned by plaintiff to said defendant, and due whenever called for.

The defendant's attorney, at this moment being engaged in an earnest *tete-a-tete* with his witness, and not responding when the Court called upon defendant for his plea, Jemmy, intensely excited, sprang up and answered (whether at the prompting of some mischievous wag or from ancient habit, doth not appear,) "Not Guilty, plase yer honor." The explosion of merriment that followed thereupon, though happily soon quieted, increased to an alarming degree Jemmy's nervousness and irritability. His counsel coming now to the rescue, the usual plea was put in and the case proceeded.

As tending to throw some light upon the causes of Jemmy's unpovernable excitement, and almost delirium, it may be well to present, in brief, the consequences—clearly foreseen and harrowingly appreciated by Jemmy—ensuing upon a decision of the case, bearing in mind, at the same time, that he was wholly innocent of a shadow of suspicion of a bona, and was quite as much in earnest as if he had been on trial for his life. If the decision went in favor of the plaintiff, Jemmy was mulcted in the sum of fifty dollars, but preserved, intact and inviolate, his reputation as a man of honor; whereas, if the plaintiff was cast in the suit, Jimmy pocketed his own fifty dollars, but lost his character and put in serious jeopardy the highly-prized friendship of Dr. H——. A Sylla and Charybdis on either hand—literally, a choice of evils!

Dr. H——, plaintiff's only witness, taking the stand, testified substantially that he had, on that morning, received from defendant a fifty dollar Mobile bank-note, which defendant assured him, he (defendant) had borrowed the same day from plaintiff. Here the plaintiff's counsel rested.

The defendant's counsel, fully up to the joke, had a witness in tow, who was not a joking man, a witness whom Jemmy had snatched up suddenly in the street, wholly ignorant of the matter in dispute, and who never would have been present had he not been "half-seas over." Mr. Philip, the witness, modest, diffident and retiring when sober, in liquor was the reverse of all this; by trade a tailor, and by birth an Englishman: though past the meridian of life, was as wholly unacquainted with the inside of a court-house as he was with the ornamental fixtures in the Queen's Castle of Windsor, had never heard of the great and glorious King Alfred, and knew next to nothing about his "great and glorious institution," the trial by jury. With an indefinable horror of law-offices and legal proceedings, he had so far in life managed to give the former a wide birth, and had never been entangled in the meshes of the latter. Accident, ignorance and Jemmy's whiskey, were the helpmates that placed him in his present distressing predicament.

The counsel for the defendant being now called upon to offer testimony, if he had any, succeeded, after much coaxing, entreating and threatening, in inducing Philip to come forward and be sworn.

Question.—Mr. Philip, state all you know in reference to the case.

If, instead of witness, Philip of Macedon had been exhumed and placed upon the stand, as pertinent and intelligent a statement relative to the matters in hand might have been expected as fell from the bewildered Englishman.

Answer.—As I was sittin' down at the corner, Jemmy came along passed and asked me to come along with him and be *a* evidence, and I comed along.

Ques.—Well, now that you are here, what do you know about the facts of the case?

Ans.—Ees zur, (his former vacancy of countenance and ediotic stare giving place to an unmeaning leer,) I be sittin' down at the corner, and Jemmy came along past,—didn't you, Jemmy?—and asked me to come along with him and be *a* evidence, and I comed along,—didn't I, Jemmy?

Having accounted satisfactorily for being present, it was evident that Philip had stated pretty much all he knew about the case. Philip was manifestly of the opinion that he had "done his do" by his friend, and was on the point of retiring from the witness stand, when he was chekced by the renewed examination.

Ques.—Do you know Jemmy Owen, the defendant in this suit?

Ans.—Ees zur, I knows Jemmy; don't I, Jemmy?

Ques.—Do you know John Brown, the plaintiff in this suit?

Ans.—No zur, I be a evidence for Jemmy; ain't I, Jemmy?

The fact was, Philip was as well acquainted with Brown as he was with Jemmy, but having peculiar ideas on the duties of "a evidence" to the party summoning, he would have considered himself recreant to the trust reposed in him by Jemmy, if he had admitted he knew anything whatever about his adversary. And *vice versa*, if he had been summoned by Brown, he would have known as little about Jemmy as he did about the Apostle Paul.

Ques.—Do you mean to say that you are not acquainted with John Brown, the shoemaker?

Ans.—Ees zur, I be Jemmy's evidence *entirely;* ain't I, Jemmy?

After a whispered consultation between Jemmy and his counsel, the attack was recommenced upon witness by assaulting him on another quarter.

Ques.—Mr. Philip, do you know whether or not Jemmy has any money on hand, or had any money before he came down into the city this morning?

Ans.—Ees zur, I do; McCurdy, what boards with him, says Jemmy's got a pot full of money buried in the garden; and I believe it; ain't you Jemmy?

Jemmy.—Ye are a liar, ye thafe! McCurdy said it when he had the "delicious triangles," and was as crazy as a loon. Ye nivir heard McCurdy say it when he was sober, ye blockhead!

Philip.—Ees I did, though. McCurdy told me that whilst you was gone to the Legislatur, he digged all over your garden a hunting for your money,—he digged under the crap-apple tree,—he digged under the peach trees,—he digged back of the hen-house,—he digged under the raspberry bushes,—and he digged under the big orange tree that's growing in the box,—he digged——

Jemmy.—The Lord be merciful! I nivir knew till this blessed moment what killed me crab-apple tray, me paich trays, me rasb'ry bushes, and me beautiful orange tray, that I got from Mobile! I shall kill that McCurdy if I ivir set eyes on him, the highway robber!

Ques.—Mr. Philip, had you seen Jemmy Owen this morning, previous to the time he spoke to you and asked you to appear here as a witness?

Ans.—No, zur; I be in Jemmy's right early this morning to get a drink, but Jemmy warn't there.

Ques.—Before *that* time, when did you last see Jemmy?

Ans.—I be with Jemmy last night at 12 o'clock and helped take him whoam. Jemmy say he see a "*guyoscurus*," down at the corner on the way whoam, and run back, and I go with him and I never see any "*guyoscurus*" all the way.

Jemmy.—You are a British liar! I nivir seen the "guyoscurus" since I left the County Dunnigal, in the ould countbry, where they had two of the monsters in a cage at Elnerskillin Fair. Nivir, in Mobile!

At this stage of the investigation, Jemmy's attorney gave up his witness, and turned him over to the tender mercies of Squire Wheat, for cross-examination.

Squire W.—I understood you to say you were well acquainted with Jemmy Owen. Do you ever trade with him?

Philip.—Ees zur, I drinks at Jemmy's bar; don't I Jemmy?

Squire W.—Do you owe Jemmy any money on account? if so, how much?

Philip.—Ees zur, but the Lord knows how much! No man ever knows how much he owes Jemmy until his account's made out.

Jemmy.—Ye lying thafe! its mysilf that kapes the clane rickning and corrict set o' books!

Philip.—Mike Clare says you never kept any *bokes*, and made out your accounts by chalk tallies under the counter, and guess-work.

Jemmy.—Mike Clare, the spalpeen! never spaked the thruth but onest in his life, and that was whin he burnt his boots up a-dryin them in the stove all night, and said he was a *fule!*

Squire W.—The amount is immaterial, Mr. Philip. We desired, simply, to ascertain the fact that you are indebted to Jemmy, as we intend as soon as we get a judgment, to *guarnishee* you to defray the costs of this suit.

As the word "guarnishee" fell upon the ear of witness, his countenance and bearing underwent an unaccountable transformation. Hitherto, with head erect, a half-contemptuous, half-incredulous smirk on his face, and a general demeanor of dogged sullenness and impertinence, he had faced the music. But now a change came over him, and such a change! sudden, mysterious, and unexpected as a clap of thunder in a clear sky! With a countenance whose every liniament was marked by furrows of appalling horror and the most direful apprehension, he rushed forward precipitately, and throwing himself at the feet of the plaintiff's attorney, began an entreaty in accents that would have melted a heart of stone.

"Oh! Squire Wheat, for the love of God and all the heavenly hosts, don't, I pray you, *don't* guarnishee me; Jemmy has got a horse in his stable: *guarnishee Jemmy's horse!!*"

There was no resisting this pathetic appeal—unsurpassed by none in earnestness, sincerity and eloquence, save the wonderful appeal of JEANNIE DEANS to the QUEEN! The prayer of the suppliant was granted, amidst the wildest and most vociferous shouts of laughter. Order being restored the case proceeded.

Amid profound silence that reigned throughout the court-room, the plaintiff's counsel arose, and in a grave and dignified manner, began to address the court as follows:

"*If your honor please*:—In the course of a limited, but not unobservant practice of my profession, I have witnessed exhibitions of the depravity of men, which had very much shaken that confidence in the integrity of human nature which a superficial observation, and the more genial views of my youthful days, had permitted me to repose in my species; but never, until now, have I discovered a development of character which forced upon me the conclusion that vice is the prevailing rule, and virtue the exception.

"The course of Mr. Owen on this occasion confounds me. I cannot think of it with calmness or pass upon it with dispassion. In times past I have had many business transactions with him, in all of which he evinced the ardent, generous feelings, and stern regard for truth and duty, so characteristic of the noble sons of Erin. Sir, I had verily thought within myself, if there never be another, there is, at all events and under all circumstances, in the person of Jemmy Owen, one incorruptible Irishman. Whilst I had thought it a part of his nature to assume obligations gratuitously, I had also deemed it impossible for him to repudiate those he had honestly and seriously incurred. Alas and alas! Deeper than ever plummet sounded, he sinks in an abyss of infamy and degradation! And falls,

"Like Lucifer, never to hope again!"

Here the orator was interrupted in his rhetorical flourish by a scene, creative of much noise and confusion, as overpowering as it was unusual within the precints of a court of justice. Philip, the witness, relieved from the frightful contemplation of being *guarnisheed*,—which term, it was clear, he interpreted to mean, *sold*,—had retired to one side of the room, from whence, completely overcome by feelings of maudlin gratitude towards the lawyer for his magnanimity and mercy in releasing him from the distressing dilemma into which his incautious admission had placed him, and by emotions of the liveliest sympathy for the manifest tortures and sufferings of his friend Jemmy, he had continued to watch with redoubled interest the progress of the case.—When he had fully taken in the pathetic announcement, that Jemmy was past hope, so distracted was he by the direful calamity engulphing his friend, depicted by the speaker in a most eloquent and masterly manner, that forgetful of time, place and propriety, he burst into a flood of tears, threw his arms wildly about the amazed Jemmy's neck, and, in a paroxysm of grief, gave vent to his pent-up emotions, by exclaiming, "Oh! Jemmy! you are ruinated!"

"Take him off! take him off!" loudly yelled Jemmy, struggling manfully to free himself from the affectionate embrace of his sympathising witness, amid shouts of the wildest and most uproarious laughter from all sides. "Bafore God, I balave the man's mad as a March hare!"

The cry for assistance eliciting none whatever, Jemmy took it upon him vigorously to release himself from the impersonation friendship, that now clung convulsively about his neck and soldered profusely on his face and shoulders, by pinning *it* against the wall and nervously holding it in that position.

The court, recovering breath and here interfering, ordered the abatement of witness, which, though summarily executed, did not prevent that tender-hearted and lachrymose individual from turning around when he reached the door and exclaiming encouragingly to his friend, "Oh! Jemmy, I will be with you till death!!"

Order being once more restored, the argument of counsel on both sides was conducted, without interruption, to a conclusion; Jemmy, meanwhile, taking a deeper and more absorbing interest as the cause progressed, and manifesting that same, by restlessness, frequent change of position, heavily-drawn sighs and forcible contracting of his brows by pressure with his hands.

Jemmy's agitation, excitement and anxiety, becoming, each moment, more and more intolerably ludicrous and grotesque, until they attained the highest point to which human endurance can be strained, when the court, after an elaborate and masterly summing up, concluded in these words:

"I shall therefore cause to be entered up against the defendant, Jemmy Owen, a judgment for fifty dollars, lawful money, together with the costs in this behalf expended."

"I appale! I APPALE!! I APPALE!!!" loudly shouted Jemmy, springing *galvanically* from his seat, and capering, in an agony of passion, about the room, "I'll *sashorare* it! I'll take it up to the Shuprame Court ov the State!! I'll appale to the KINGDOM of HIVIN!!!"

Just then, Jemmy's eye fell upon the bank note which had lain throughout the trial on the desk of the court. Quick as lightning he clutched it, and with one wide bound cleared the room, uttering as he went, a shriek

"So madly shrill, so piercing wild,"

as to check for a moment the pursuit, which was entered into joyfully and tumultuously by the rollicking crowd, headed by the court and the attornies, who plunged recklessly in the van.—On sped Jemmy, with the *posse comitatus*, helter skelter, bawling and screeching, at his heels, and flying past his grocery without taking as much as one fond look at its interior, he pulled not up, until distancing his pursuers, he drew bolt and bar firm behind him with the sacredness of his private residence.

But the court and the attornies—*quæ nota*, as my Lord Coke pungently saith, did *not* pass Jemmy's inviting sanctuary. Unaccustomed to such violent exercise, and feeling a disposition to fall by the wayside, they were content to take comfort and consolation, rest and refreshment in that repository for the *tired* and heavy-laden, satisfied that the authority and the majesty of the law was being fully sustained by the eager crowd in chase.

It was many days after this occurrence before Jemmy made his appearance behind his bar.—Nor does it appear by whom the delicate task was undertaken, of telling him the secret of the hoax; suffice it, that the illusion was dispelled and the whole conspiracy made known—a revelation that was, unquestionably, to him,

"Whispered balm, sunshine spoken!"

And when he did appear—pale, wan and dejected, with the evidence of suffering "caverned in his hollow eye"—it required little stretch of the imagination to believe that he was honest when he said to the crowd, which had assembled on his "first appearance,"

"——, before God! I balave it has shortined the lingth ov me daays!"

OMEGA.

TUSKALOOSA, *Alabama.*

The Electoral Vote.

For the convenience and at the request of many of our readers, we again subjoin the table of the electoral votes to be cast by the several States at the approaching Presidential election:

SIXTEEN FREE STATES.	
Maine	8
New Hampshire	5
Vermont	5
Massachusetts	13
Rhode Island	4
Connecticut	6
New York	35
New Jersey	7
Pennsylvania	27
Ohio	23
Indiana	13
Illinois	11
Michigan	6
Wisconsin	5
Iowa	4
California	4
Total free States	176
FIFTEEN SLAVE STATES.	
Delaware	3
Maryland	8
Virginia	15
North Carolina	10
South Carolina	8
Georgia	10
Florida	3
Alabama	9
Mississippi	7
Louisiana	6
Texas	4
Tennessee	12
Kentucky	12
Missouri	9
Arkansas	4
Total slave States	120

DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL.—We learn from a private letter written by an officer of the British army, who covered himself with glory at Balaklava, that General Sir William Eyre has arrived in this country, and is now making a tour thro' the States. It will be recollected that General Eyre led the 3d Division of the English Army to the gates of Sebastopol on the 18th June, 1855. He was called upon by the commander of the troops to give his reasons in writing for having lost so many men on that disastrous day. His answer was briefly and bravely this:

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and in reply beg to state, that you ordered me to take the Cemetery, and I took it.

WILLIAM EYRE.

His arrival in this city will stir up a good deal of enthusiasm among our hero-worshipping citizens.—*New York Mirror.*

A DANGER.—The death of Lorenzo B. Shepard in his bath tub should be a renewed caution to abstain at night from the powerful stimulus of cold water upon an exhausted system. More than one fatal result has recently followed this violation of hygienic law, within the circle of widely known New Yorkers. Mr. S. had made an exhaustidg political speech in the evening in New Jersey, reached his home about one o'clock in the morning, and went into a bath. He was found dead in it.—*Albany Journal.*

Beecher (Rev. Rifle B.) is represented to have said in a stump speech at Hudson, N. Y., the other day, that if Fremont could not be elected, he preferred the dissolution of the Union. As Beecher despises one who fires a rifle without hitting his man, it is presumed he will take care to hit the mark, when he sets about the dissolution of the Union.

There is a physician in Troy who now and then deals in a little sharp practice. Whenever business is dull, he gives a juvenile party, and so crams the rising generation with pastry and warm lemonades, that in less than twenty-four hours a cholera morbus gets in among "his young friends," that keeps him profitably employed for the next three months."

"Humble as I am," said a bullying spouter to a mass meeting of the unterrified, "I still remember that I am a fraction of this magnificent republic."

"You are, indeed," said a bystander, "and a vulgar one at that."

Miss Tulip, in speaking of an old bachelor, says that they are frozen out of old gardens in the flower and bed of love. As they are useless as weeds, they should be served in the same manner—choked!

Selected Miscellany.

An Upset to an Enterprising Widow with a Pretty Daughter.

The New Orleans Crescent relates a good story of a widow in that city who had fixed her heart upon a thriving merchant who kept a family grocery store on the corner. She maneuvered to have him attend her daughter to all the balls and soirees of the season to which she had access, and managed to take him to the theater in their party on several occasions; at church on Sunday our friend was found occupying a place in her pew as regularly as one of the family; and, more than this, she opened an account at his store, and two or three times daily in fine weather Miss E. was sent to purchase some indispensable nothing that "nobody could select but herself!" But all this must have an end, an unfortunate one it was, too.

Her plans worked admirably for about three months. Tom's attention had been generally remarked, and gossips of his acquaintance had long settled it among themselves that he was "in for it," and the good mother daily expected and was constantly on the *qui vive* for a proposal.—This was the posture of affairs when Tom called one morning about eleven. He was shown into the parlor and was soon joined by the young lady. After a few moments of small talk, he requested her to be so good as to send her mother to him, as he wished to have a moment's conversation with her on business. We acknowledge that there was a slight trembling of the hands visible as Mrs. L. smoothed her hair to obey the summons. She had been successful!—Yes, notwithstanding the sarcasms of the widow M. and the innuendoes of the whole street, she had triumphed! These, and other thoughts of the like complexion, caused her cheeks to glow, and there was considerable elation in her step as she entered the room, and affectionately greeted her future son-in-law.

We have intimated that Tom is honest and straightforward, and so without the least circumlocution or embarrassment approached the delicate matter.

"As I intend," opened our friend, "leaving for the North the latter part of this week, I thought I had better have a word with you, Mrs. L., and come to an understanding about matters."

"You are perfectly right," replied the lady, "it is always best to settle such matters as soon as possible. But have you spoken to my daughter?"

"Really, madam," answered Ton "I have not. True, Miss E. is principally concerned in this matter, but then she is so very young that I thought it would rest wholly with you."

"Far from it," exclaimed the cunning mother. "The matter is left entirely to her, and whatever she says I will agree to."

"In that case," said Tom, rising and putting his hand to his pocket, "I have only to leave the the bill."

"Bill! bill! sir?" screeched the widow.

"Yes, ma'am; just $50 50—for articles purchased by Miss E. Why, you are surprised"

"Because, sir—because I thought you—I thought it had—been paid, sir," making an effort, but chooking with rage. And rising, she made a dignified inclination, after telling him she would send a servant with the money in the evening, and swept out the room.

"I wonder," soliloquized Tom, on his return from New York, "what can be the matter with the L's? Miss E. was as cold as an icicle when I called on her the other evening, and to-day the old lady gave me the cut direct. Somebody must have been telling lies about me while I was gone. I am grad, though, *she paid her bill;*" and he resumed his pen, and scratched away at his books.

"God be with You."

How sweet the sound thrills your ear, and subdues almost to tears. You scarce think it a shame to your manhood for the warm drops to gush thus from the fountain of sadness, for it was your mother's voice that uttered the farewell. You see through the tears that fill her eyes, as she fondly gazes after the retreating carriage and you throw yourself back upon the cushions, and dream waking dreams, yet full of the sober realities of life.

You have turned from the light of home, are going forth into the world—you have left boyhood's joys and sorrows, and, alas!—much of its light-heartedness in the old homestead where they will miss you much—for you are man now and must work your own way through the world. Not even the restraints of a mother's glance will be upon you, and for a moment you smile triumphantly and draw up your collar with a new dignity, but it is only for a moment. True, you will be free from restraint, yet who in the vast multitude with whom you must mingle will there be to care for you? You feel for the first time that you will be alone, and your heart grows heavier, and you almost wish you had claimed the shelter of home a little longer, and been content with humble pleasures.

But shall you be alone? Not so! How can you forget so soon the parting blessing, "God be with you!" And so he will, if you carry with you the teachings of your childhood, follow the precepts that dear mother gave—you will be in this world but not of it—and yet you will not be alone: for He who promises to be a Father to the fatherless, will go with you always.

Should the way seem dark, Himself will be your light; should you grow weary of life's battle, His own arm will strengthen and support you; should your heart faint, through manifold temptations, be not dismayed, for He who is stronger than the tempter will be your deliverer; through life He will guide you, and when your feet are near the shorer of Jordan, "God be with you" to the end!

Is it so?

It is a popular belief that the age of trees can be determined by the "rings" or grains that overlie each other in their trunks. Mr. Joshua Howard, of Maryland, disputes the fact. He says that these rings counted on the section of the tree, are not of annual growth, but are formed one at every full moon in the growing season, and in the latitude of Maryland five in a year.—This he has frequently proved by felling young trees, the age of which he knew. The extraordinary age given to trees by the popular rule, has made many persons doubt whether it is true.

An odd genius, having stepped into a mill, was looking with apparent astonishment at the movement of the machinery, when the miller, thinking to quiz him, asked him if he had heard the news?

"Not's I know on," says he, "what is it?"

"Why," replied the miller, "they say the devil's dead."

"By jingo!" said Jonathan, "is he? who tends the mill, then?"

"Thanks!" muttered our bachelor friend, "no more women in Heaven—they can't get in. Their hoops are so broad, they have to go the *broad road*—none of these fashionables can ever go through the narrow gate." Something in that.

One of the Eastern cotton mills is manufacturing "Fremont and Dayton calicoes." After the 4th of November these calicoes may be more extensively known as *worsted* goods.

"O, my friend," said a doctor to an Irish patient, "be composed, we must all die once."

"An' it's that vexes me," replied Pat. "If I could die a half a dozen times I'd not care a half pen