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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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Pleasant Sketch.

From Porter's Spirit.

A TALE OF A DOG.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

"A friend to dogs.
They are honest creatures; he'er betray their masters,
Nor fawn on those they love not."

In common with our departed friend OTWAY, I have a great and abiding predilection for the canine. Perhaps it may be in exemplification of the Shaksperian proverb,

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind,"

for I have never met with a decent dog yet who didn't evince a disposition to be fully acquainted.

In my early youth, I luxuriated in the society of dogdom to a remarkable extent. My maternal uncle, with whom I lived, one of the finest old bucks of his day, I assure you, happened to have an absorbing penchant both for horses and dogs, which he enjoyed to an astonishing extent. I was a youngster then, and it may be readily imagined, passed the principal portion of my time amongst the three invariable boy pets.

Old Billy—what a character he was. Every "sporting blade" that could raise a "prad," or figure in a "pink," at the meets of the neighborhood—that of the county of Meath—knew him well. His comfortable, but not at all extravagant house, was the house of hospitality. Those who are at all acquainted with the propinquity, must remember him and his residence well. The latter was about five miles from the town of Tara, in the immediate vicinity of Donvon Castle, where the Iron Duke was born, and not far from the little village church of Laracor, where Dean Swift often read the services of the Church of England, with his parish clerk as his sole auditory, beginning—

"Dearly beloved Rozer," &c.

Every peculiarity of the place, for miles round, crowds upon my memory at this moment; aye, as freshly and as crisp as though I had been wandering through them yesterday. There was the adjacent assize town of Frua. I am looking at it now, with its gloomy prison. And there is the solitary sentinel pacing along the river side wall. The horror again creeps upon me with which I once beheld four human beings dangling from the hideous gallows in the front. I can scarcely restrain the shriek with which I then rushed from the spot with beating heart. It was the first execution and the last I ever witnessed. The atrocity ofagrarian outrage, as the spasmodic efforts of the people to better their condition was soundingly denominated, was their only crime. No blood had been shed, but the trained Doctors, who formed a part of the system of governing, had first incited these deluded wretches to a weak show of resistance, and when they were ripe for the hangman, betrayed them to the death. It can scarcely be imagined that earthly demons could be found to do such damnable work. But the criminal records of unhappy Ireland can furnish the names of hundreds, together with the amount of blood money received by each.

But let me not dwell on this subject, for it is a most saddening one. Another and a different scene presents itself before my gaze. There, looming in all its majesty of strength, and beauty of proportion, the wondrous old pile of ruin known as King John's Castle rises to view. I am again treading its grass-covered court-yard, again entering its enormous gateway, large enough to shelter a good-sized modern house; once more I make my way through the masses of crumbled stone that cumbers the path, casting my eyes upward with amazement at the prodigious structures of the rubble-filled walls, as the ragged archway frowns overhead. Now I shudder anew at the yawning chasm, perfectly unsheltered, which goes by the startling name of "Murder Hole," at the bottom of which, down deep, deep, you can but just hear the low moaning of the River Boyne, that tradition says—for no one has ever ascertained the certainty—forms a whirlpool, exactly under the terrible opening. Fancy truly paints the while, the many deeds of horror of which this might be, and no doubt was, the fitting scene.

Now I am climbing the narrow and dangerous stone stairway, up the only tower by which an ascent to the top can be made. I hold my breath anxiously at the perilous adventure, for the stones are loose and the way circuitous, without the slightest rail or support of any description to save the climber from sure destruction, should he make a false step; every now and then, also, there are whole pieces of the stairway out, having fallen into the abyss below. After incredible toil, stimulated by the examples of senior boys—for like the winning of spurs by the candidates for knighthood, this was an imperative ordeal of courage through which the Rev. Mr. Hamilton's pupils (bless his venerated memory; bless his ragged academicals and his time-honored trencher cap, with the original paper sticking out of each corner, as valuable as rent and shattered ensigns to the soldier)—had to undergo, or be sent to Coventry indefinitely. I feel that I am getting rather puzzlingly parenthetical, but I write "current columns," and permit time to be methodical; I aspire to be gossippy rather than brilliant. And so, gentle reader, to return to the tower. I find that I have at length reached the summit, from which a glorious panorama stretches full its ever changing features, bounded by the blue horizon only. There beneath my feet winding like the convolutions of an enormous snake, the dark and sluggish "Boyne Water" seems to writhe itself along. In the distance, however, it expands into a glittering lake, spanned by the broken but picturesque bridge of Newtown; while on its velvety border the superb ruins of Newtown Abbey show like a painter's dream. The immediate neighborhood is cultivated to the extreme of human exertion, and so are the far off hills, up to their very tops, dotted here and there with cozy farm-houses, and intersected with the prim black-thorn hedges, which give such finish to the rural landscape in that lovely but ill-fated land. Turning round in the other direction, I behold the singular shaped yellow tower, of which but one side remains, while stones like those used in the structure are to be found scattered about at great distances from the locality, and concerning which a strange legend prevails. I will condense it.

It appears that in the good old times, when supernal power was rife within the land, one of the royal chiefs had two sons, equally handsome in appearance and similar in disposition. The chief being sorely puzzled which of the two to appoint his successor, as the laws would not permit of their reigning jointly, sent for the wisest men in his dominion, and consulted them on the vexed question In the meantime, one of the brothers conceived the unworthy idea of outwitting the other by means of bribing the principal counsellor, who was instructed to advise the chief to leave the matter to chance. It was accordingly so arranged that whichsoever of the sons he first met after the last consultation, should be named as the fortunate heir and successor. The foster-brother, being fore-advised, presented himself at the door of the council-chamber, and was duly proclaimed the monarch's choice, with the assurance that, as soon as a votive tower was built by this son, the father would abdicate in his favor.

Full of glee at the consummation of his hopes and wishes, the treacherous brother commenced building the required tower, but to the astonishment of the people, the work done each day was demolished during the ensuing night, with the exception of one side, which was left unharmed. At first the workmen were afraid to mention the mystery to the chief, but at length the circumstance could no longer be concealed; it became noised abroad. Enraged at the delay, the chief's son demanded an explanation of the masons; but they had none to give except the facts before stated.

Determining to discover the cause of so singular a proceeding, he decided to watch one night, together with one of his intimate friends, and from that watch he never returned. The nobleman who accompanied him could give no coherent account of the matter for some time; but at length having recovered from his terror, he told how, on nearing the tower, they observed the freshly laid stones detach themselves from their places and fly one after the other a vast distance through the air, and that, while gazing, awe-stricken, upon the mysterious sight, one immense slab fell directly upon the prince, his companion, becoming at once his grave and monument.

But, dear me, I think I hear you say, what has all this got to do with the dog tale? I must really entreat your pardon again; at all events, I have descended from the tower. In pity to your patience, I will not indulge in any more retrospective glances, although one clinging memory even now obtrudes itself. My dear, beautiful, gentle cousin!—ah! what a prey relentless Death found in that incarnate loveliness! I dare not look in that direction—the page is blank and black—the mourning that my young heart put on, enshrouds it even now.

My uncle had one or two salient points of character which hovered on the verge of a mild species of insanity: the one was a singular and incorrigible adherence to a lot of old anecdotes, which he told with the gusto of the freshest originality every mortal day after dinner. He being somewhat deaf, I remember one of my juvenile rascalities was to anticipate the strong expressions of each story, with which they were pretty thickly peppered, to the vast amusement of the listeners, the poor, dear old gentleman flattering himself that each fresh burst of laughter was the deserved reward of his everlasting anecdote. The other propensity was to take the most active partizanship in any of the elections which happened to take place in the adjacent town.

On one of these occasions—indeed, I remember the identical one—it was the return of Sir Marcus Somerville to the Imperial Parliament for the County of Meath. My uncle took a more than usual interest even for him. Sir Marcus being a near neighbor and most intimate friend, it was with no very great feelings of solicitude, that we of the family, left at home, found the day decline and the evening set in without the return of its beloved and venerated head. We had a superannuated beagle, poor old "Daisy," who had the uncontrolled run of the establishment. As all was apocryphal, no one knew it about the place. The poor beast was nearly blind, and, singular to say, suffered terribly from rheumatism. This old hound was an especial favorite of my uncle's; never did he pass him without a kind word and caress, and although the whole kennel was tabooed in the house, "Daisy" roved at large wherever he pleased; his usual resting place, however, was on a loose mat in the door-porch, where he dozed his hours away in much more comfort than falls to the lot of dogs generally.

All thoughts of my uncle's returning for the night had been long abandoned, as, on such occasions, it was not unusual for him to sleep in town, when we were suddenly startled by seeing old "Daisy" leap up from the hearth-rug, where he was lying cozily, enjoying the warmth of a bright coal fire, and with a loud wail dash violently against the parlor door. The ladies were greatly terrified, thinking the animal had become rabid, and hastily left the apartment: a visitor, however, opened the door, and, with a wild, impatient yell, the old dog burst forth and flew, howling through the lawn, and out upon the road, the kenneled dogs taking up the moaning howl, until the noise became unbearable. Whatever old "Daisy" had proclaimed to them in his dog language they understood perfectly and responded to vociferously.

Quiet had scarcely been re-established within the household economy, when the distant wail of old "Daisy" was again heard: nearer and nearer it approached, until at length the strangely rejuvenated hound came dashing across the lawn, and finally leaped and tore against the main entrance in a state of the most savage excitement. No one could venture to go near the now dreaded beast; but the doorkeeper, one Jack Milligan, soon knocked at the parlor door and told the affrighted inmates that "Daisy" was by no means mad—"only," as he expressed it, "wondherful throubbled in his mind; and, indeed," he continued, "there must be some good raisin for it, for it isn't often that dogs takes on that way for nothin."

We then resolved to let the dog in and endeavor to find out what ailed him. The front door was accordingly opened, and "Daisy" rushed into the parlor, and, to our great horror, we saw that his mouth was covered with bloody foam. Excitement blazed within his eyes as he mutely looked round the group, and with renewed cries retraced his steps across the lawn.

The faithful old animal had so unmistakably indicated that some accident had occurred, that all were immediately impressed with the same idea, strengthened by the circumstance that the dog did not pursue his way, but turned back, as though to be certain that he was understood; and when at last the visitors and servants were assembled, and with such lights as they could muster, followed on his track, his satisfaction was evident.

The sagacity of the glorious old dog was soon manifested, for about a mile down the road my uncle was found lying on the ground in a state of insensibility: he had fallen from his horse, which, singular to relate, had not left the spot, but was discovered standing shivering beside his prostrate master. On raising up the old gentleman, it was found that he had sustained a severe wound in the temple, which the brave hound had licked, and to the styptic effect of the saliva, which had stopped the effusion of blood, there is scarcely a doubt, but that his life was saved; at all events, he thought so, and so did we all; and did any unfortunate dabbler in pathology venture to insinuate a negative, "you'd better believe" he "caught Jesse" on all sides.

A "Lark."

While working at the Clarendon printing office, a story was current among the men, and generally believed to be authentic to the following effect:

Some of the gay young students of the university, who loved a practical joke, had made themselves sufficiently familiar with the manner in which the types are fixed in certain forms and laid on the press, and with the mode of opening such for corrections when required; and when the sheet containing toe marriage service was about to be worked off, as finally corrected, they unlocked the form, took out a single letter, *v*, and substituted in its place *k*, thus converting the word *live* into *like*. The result was, that when the sheets were painted, that part of the service which rendered the bond irrevocable, was so changed as to make it easily dissolved, as the altered passage now read as follows: The minister asking the bridegroom, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife—to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor her, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall *like*?" To which the man shall answer, "I will." The same change was made in the question put to the bride. It was said the change was not discovered till all the sheets were printed off, and then was detected by the compositor who distributed the types. The whole of the sheets had accordingly to be canceled; but the real culprits were never discovered till they left the university, and then, when they were beyond the authority of the protectors, they voluntarily confessed what they called their "lark."—*Buckingham's Autobiography.*

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—When the judges of the election were counting out the ballots of the Hagerstown box they discovered a love-letter among them, which some devoted swain had deposited instead of his ticket. As there was no such candidate before the people as the one whose name was attached to the letter, the vote was of course lost.—*Hagerstown (Md.) Herald.*

Selected Poetry.

WONDERFUL MOSQUITOES.

A parson, who a colporteur had been,
And hardships and privations oft had seen,
While wandering far on lone and desert strands,
A weary traveler in benighted lands,
Would often picture to his little flock
The terrors of the gibbet and the block;
How martyrs suffered in ancient times,
And what men suffer now in other climes;
And though his words were eloquent and deep,
His hearers oft indulged themselves in sleep.
He marked with sorrow each unsenscious nod,
Within the portals of the house of God,
And once this new expedient thought he'd take,
In his discourse to keep the rogues awake;
Said he, "While traveling in a distant State,
I witnessed scenes which I will here relate;
'Twas in a deep uncultivated wild,
Where noontide glory scarcely ever smiled;
Where wolves in hour of midnight darkness howled,
Where bears frequented, and where panthers prowled;
And, on my word, mosquitoes there found!
Many of which I think, would weigh a pound!
More fierce and ravenous than the hungry shark—
They oft were known to climb the trees and BARK!"
The audience seemed taken by surprise—
All started and rubbed their wondering eyes;
At such a tale they all were much amazed,
Each drooping lid was in an instant raised,
And we must say, in keeping heads erect,
It had its destined and desired effect.
But tails like this credulity appalled;
Next day the deacons on their pastor called,
And begged to know how he could ever tell
The foolish falsehood from his lips that fell.
"Why, sir, said one, "think what a monstrous weight,
Were they as large as you were pleased to state?
You said they'd weigh a pound! It cant be true,
We'll not believe it, though 'tis told by you!"
"Ah, but it is!" the parson quick replied,
"In what I stated you may well confide;
Many, I said sir—and the story's good—
Indeed, I think that many of them would?"
The deacon saw at once that he was caught,
Yet deemed himself relieved, on second thought;
"But the BARKING—think of that good man!
Such monstrous lies! Why, it's enough to vex!"
"Why that, my friend, I can explain with ease—
They climb the bark, sir, when they climb the trees!"

Selected Miscellany.

Patriotism of the Bible.

"The Christian who does for his country all that the Bible requires him to do, will be the very highest style of patriot. His religion requires him to love all men, even including his enemies, and to do good to all men as he has opportunity. He is commanded to love his country, but he is not permitted to hate other countries, and to tear them down that he may build his own up. He should love his whole country, and not simply the particular portion of it in which he resides.

"The patriotism of the Bible is wholly opposed to sectionalism, that feeling which tends to aggrandize one particular section of the country at the expense of the other. It was remarked of other nations that their interests never clash with each other, though there may at times appear to be a conflict. The same remark may be made touching the interests of different sections of one great country like ours. There never can, at times, seem to be a conflict between the interest of the North and the South, and the East and the West, but it is really not so. If one member of the body politic suffers, all the members of the body will sooner or later feel the effects of it. That interest of any section which is promoted by the injury of another section, is only a temporary one. The prosperity promoted in such way will eventually be seen to be not a lasting prosperity, just as no man can be permanently prospered by the ruin of his neighbors. He may appear for a season to prosper, but in the end their injury will be reflected back upon himself.

"It is impossible, therefore, in the very nature of the case, that Christian patriotism can be sectional. It seeks to promote the interests of the whole country, because by so doing it best promotes the welfare of every part of it. It seeks no advantage for its section at the expense of others. Mason and Dixon's line is not the boundaries of its affections. If it breathes in the bosom of a man, South of that line, it makes him rejoice in the prosperity of those of his fellow-citizens whose lots are cast North of it, as much as does the prosperity of his own section. If it is found in a Northern bosom, it is equally as expansive. It embraces the South as well as the North in the arms of its love. The Christian patriot ought to ask himself the question—"how would I regard the measure or policy which I now advocate were I in the place of my fellow-citizen in another section. What influence will my favorite measures or men have upon the whole country, and not simply upon the part of it in which I reside?" He should expand his mind, and take enlarged views of the subject. There is nothing narrow or contracted about Christianity. Those professors of it who have contracted views or feelings have them in spite of their religion, and not in virtue of it. If the enlarged patriotism inculcated in the Bible, could only become thoroughly predominant once more in the hearts of Christian men at the North and at the South, if they could be brought to lay aside reference to their particular sections, and would all look at the greatest good of the whole country, the strife which is now raging with such violence would soon cease. If the North would do to the South, and South do to the North, just what they would each have the other to do to them, were their circumstances reversed, all contention would soon cease, and peace and harmony would soon prevail again. This is precisely the kind of patriotism which the Bible inculcates. Without this no country as large as ours is can hold together and prosper. With it, it may flourish and grow stronger to the end of time."—*Louisville Presbyterian.*

MARSHAL NEY'S DEATH SCENE.—The vengeance of the allied powers demanded some victims, and the intrepid Ney who had well nigh put the crown again on Bonaparte's head at Waterloo, was to be one of them. Condemned to be shot, he was led to the garden of Lexemburg on the morning of the 7th of December, and placed in front of a file of soldiers drawn up to kill him. One of the officers stepped up to bandage his eyes, but he repulsed him saying:

"Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?"

He then lifted his hat above his head, and with the same calm voice that had steadied his columns so frequently in the roar and tumult of battle, said:

"I declare before God and man that I never betrayed my country. May my death render her happy. Vive la France!"

He then turned to the soldiers, and striking his hand on his heart, gave the order, "Soldiers, fire!"

A simultaneous discharge followed, and the "bravest of the brave" sank to rise no more.—"He who had fought five hundred battles for France, not one against her, was shot as a traitor!"

The world-renowned chemist, Liebig says that a single pound of bone dust contains as much phosphoric acid as one hundred pounds of wheat. From this we can easily see that there are bones wasted on every farm in this State sufficient to manure the the whole wheat crop. This to many will doubtless appear strange, but it is nevertheless true.

A Moist Climate.

John Phœnix, poet, philosopher, humorist, and "likewise also," a correspondent of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, has been sojourning in Oregon, and thus gives utterance to his experiences in that climate, in a letter of an August date, from Portland, O. T.

It gives me unfeigned pleasure to inform you that I am about to quit the gloomy and never-to-be-dried-up sky of Oregon, and "repair without unnecessary delay" to D———, on our borders. Yes, sir, I'm off; "services" no longer required on the inclement shores—shores which, when you read of in Irving's "Astoria," naturally wish to behold, and admire old Astor's pluck in making establishments thereon, and which, when you reach, you wish you hadn't, and admire still more old Astor's good sense in breaking his establishments up, and quitting while there was yet time.

Rain is an exceedingly pleasant and gratifying institution in its way, and in moderation; it causes the grass to grow, the blossoms to flourish, and is a positive necessity to the umbrella-maker; but when you get to a country where it rains incessantly twenty-six hours a day, for seventeen months in the year, you cannot resist having the conviction forced upon your mind that the thing is slightly overdone. That's the case in Oregon; it commenced raining pretty heavily the third of last November, and continued up to the fifteenth of May, when it set in for a long storm, which isn't fairly over yet. There's moisture for you.

The consequences of this awful climate are just what might be supposed. The immense quantity of the protoxide squirted about here causes everything, buildings, trees, everything, to present a diluted and wishy washy appearance. The women lose their color, the men their hair, (washed off, sir,) and the animals, by constant exposure, acquire scales and fins, like the natives of the great deep. In fact, all the inhabitants of this Territory have generally a scaly appearance, and require to be treated in the peculiar style you should say, of a fish-ball and a fresh mud-sucker. The rains in Oregon beat everything in that line I ever beheld or conceirhd of. Those that fell on Noah's Ark were not more heavy; those of Nero, Caligula, and I. Neely Johnson, not more terrible; nor those of Lady Suffolk and Moscow humanity, which is, I believe, the right metaphor of a very happy description. So, upon the whole, I'm glad I'm off; yes, I am quite sure of it; and I long to get to D———, where the people enjoy the light of the blessed sun, and where I can enjoy it also, and dry my things, and read Irving's "Astoria."

Hoping that you may find interesting and curious things in Oregon; many odd and entertaining people also therein; and I have seen much that was funny, and laughed thereat, and should have laughed louder and longer, if my mouth had not filled with rain before I had half finished; and I might perhaps regret leaving a country in which I have had so much pleasure enjoyment, were it not that I have chronicled all these amusing things and peculiarities, and shall be glad to get somewhere, where I can have a dry laugh over them. Such a thing as "dry" humor in Oregon is of course a physical impossibility.

Dodging a Dun.

Some can scent a dun at any distance, and can dodge him effectively. It is a knack acquired by long experience. If the dun, however, by his experience, becomes expert, the dunned stands a slim chance of escape.

We had a friend the other day of old Dr. G., of Portsmouth, which is to the point, as regards amateur dunning, for there is a wide difference between the amateur and the professional.

Dr. G. was a man of great integrity and worth, and his business habits were on the square, exacting everything that was his own and paying every man his own. He held a note against a gentleman of Hampton for some considerable amount, and wherever he met him the Doctor was ready, note in hand, for the payment of an installment. It became at last an agonizing dread with the debtor about meeting the Doctor, particularly at the time when troubled with a disease known in financial parlance as "short." But whenever he met him the Doctor's dun would be anticipated by the debtor's movement for his pocket-book, and frequent payments were made without seeing the note at all. He knew that the Doctor was honest and that it would be all right, and several payments were thus blindly made.

A great dearth of funds made him more shy of meeting the Doctor, and as he passed through the town his eyes wandered in all directions to catch a glimpse of his dread and avoid him if possible. He succeeded for a while, and out-generaled the old man several times; but fate does not always favor the brave, and the Doctor from a distant position saw his victim tie his horse to a post and enter a store. He made all the haste he could, and entered the store just as his debtor dodged behind a rise cask.

"Didn't I see Mr.——— come in here?" asked the Doctor.

"He did come in here, sir," said the shopkeeper, "but he has gone somewhere now."

The Doctor said he was not in a hurry, and could wait as well as not; he saw his horse at the door, and thought he would be back before long. The man remained hid, and the old Doctor waited a long time. At last he went out.—Shortly after Mr.——— himself went out, and was just stepping upon his wagon when the Doctor darted at him from a doorway.

"Well, Mr.———," said he, "you needn't dodge me any more. That note has been paid up these six months, and I have been trying to see you that I might pay you back twenty dollars that you over-paid me."

A Bit of Romance.

The following bit of romance occurred at one of the mining villages of the Cumberland Coal and Iron Company. About two years ago a man who had been married for many years, departed for the West, leaving behind him a wife and one child, a boy, perhaps six years of age. About three months since, the wife, who is a Scotchwoman, having received no intelligence of her absent husband, and believing him to have departed to that bourne whence no traveller returns, felt that her lone condition might be ameliorated by taking unto herself another lord, who was then suing for her hand with impassioned eloquence. They were united in the holy bonds of wedlock, and everything moved on between the two as smoothly as a marriage bell. On one day last week, however, as the two were setting cosily together who should step in upon them but the lady's first husband. If the earth had opened beneath them, the pair could not have been more startled. The predicament was an awkward one. The wife was overwhelmed with grief, but at once professed her desire to go with her first husband. To this he demurred, but demanded his boy, some eight years of age. His spouse would not agree to it, and the husband departed, chewing the cud of bitter meditation. He came as far as Cumberland, and reflecting upon the past and its joys, his present loneliness and dreariness of the future, he concluded to return, and once more take his wife and child to his heart. They agreed to go with him, and on Friday the man, wife and child took the cars at the village for the far West, the newly made husband assisting them to depart, and wishing them a long and happy life. They passed through this city rejoicing on their way to the beautiful land of flowers. The husband and wife are past the meridian of their days, and showed much attachment toward each other.—*Cumberland Civilian.*

Ladies who wear hoops are kindly advised by the Bellows Falls Argus "to look to their rigging." A few days ago the editor observed a lady sweeping along with the air of a queen with about two feet of "whalebone stking out behind!

A Trifling Reduction.

On Tuesday last, the door our sanctum opened, and presently our eyes fell upon a pedlar crossing the threshold, whose features and outre costume proclaimed him of the house of Abraham. Opening a large, oblong paper box, he exposed a countless heap of spectacles, and anxiously inquired if we did not want "to buy."

Scarcely glancing at his wares, we replied in the negative, and turned our eyes on a heap of exchanges lying before us, innocently fancying that our reply and manner would serve as a sufficient hint to drive the traveling merchant from our presence. But we were too verdant—the Jew, like all the trafficing tribe, had not the slightest idea of taking no for an answer.

"I offer him you," he said, laying a pair of them before us, "ash low as three dollarsh. I musht shell a pair—I 'av sell notting to-day, and my vife and shild 'av got no pred—you vill take him?"

We shook our head.

"Ah, you vill not take him at three dollarsh? Vell, then, you shall 'av him at two dollarsh an' seventy-five—my family 'av no pred—I musht sacrifice him."

We looked at him, but were silent.

"Vell, then, if I split the difference—"

"It would make no difference. I have no use for them."

"Vell, then, you shall 'av him at two dollarsh—my vife and shild musht not starve—take him at two dollarsh."

"What, when we have no use for them?"

"But they are so sheap—take him for a tollar and a quarter!" he persisted, earnestly; "I cannot let my vife and shild die for want 'o pred!"

We shook our head ominously.

"Vell, then, you shall 'av him at a tollar—but the profit wouldn't pay me the crumbs of a sheese cake! Take him along—you shall 'av him at a tollar!"

"No!"

"Vell, vat you vill gif—say, quick—you shall 'av him at your own price! Seventy-five shents!"

"No! we have already told you we do not want them!"

"Say half a tollar! I cannot let my vife and shild starve, and I 'av not got the first copper to buy them pred. Take them along at half a tollar!"

We looked at the spectacles, which, certainly were got up, not to use, but to sell—and then we bent our eyes upon the Jew.

"Now," said we, taking a fifty-cent piece from our pocket, and laying it temptingly on the table before him, "we'll buy those spectacles of you, if you will tell us truly, what your profit is upon each pair."

"You gif me your vord you vill puy, if I tell you?"

"Yes."

"Then, so help my gort, if I sell him to you at fifty cents, my only profit is, three shillings and ninepence!"—*Picayune.*

The Origin of a Play.

A very good story is told of the manner in which the younger Dumas, famous by his "Dame aux Camelias" and his "Demi-Monde," was lately induced to write another play, he being of rather an indolent disposition by nature. Shortly after Beaufort's assumption of management, he desired a play from Dumas, and went to his hotel to see him. As soon as Dumas perceived him, he knew the object of his visit, and said to him:

"Sorry, my dear fellow, that I can't talk with you, but I'm going out with Z———, to take a long swim."

"Very well," replied the manager, "I'm very fond of swimming myself, and will accompany you if you'll let me."

Hardly were they in the water, when Beaufort placed his hands on Dumas' shoulders, and asked:

"Do you like to be ducked?"

"Like it? No, I hate it."

"Well, I'm stronger than you, and I'll duck you three times, if you don't write me a play."

"Nonsense!"

"Not a bit of it. I'm in earnest."

"You're mad."

"Am I? We'll see. Duck No. 1.

"Stop! I agree."

"A long piece?"

"Yes. On my honor."

"You're a good fellow. Au revoir."

"How? are you not going to take a long swim?"

"What's the good of it? I only wanted to get a promise from you—I only wanted to get a promise from you—I've got it, and I'm going."

And that was the way M. Alexander Dumas came to write the "Prodigal Father."

MORE OF THE SAME SORT COMING!—*The Fashions of the Day, &c.*—A Paris correspondent writes on the 20th of October as follows:

Editor of the Star:—The Champs Elysees were crowded yesterday, and the Emperor, Empress and prince imperial were loudly applauded as they traversed the streets, on their way to the railroad terminus to take the cars to Compeigne. The Empress will soon present a princess or second prince imperial to the French nation. Although this fact is generally known, it is not yet "announced."

There is to be a great hunting party at Compeigne, and there is to be two sets of invitations for a week each. All the ladies are expected to make two toilettes per day, and all the company is to be lodged at the chateau.

The shop windows are filled with everything beautiful in the shape of winter paraphernalia.—Cloth polkas similar to gentlemen's coats, even including the two buttons on the back (at the waist) are all the rage. They are made with wide sleeves and entirely without trimming. The hoops on the increase. This I write for the benefit of your lady friends.

REVOLUTIONARY SURGERY.—The Mobile *Tribune*, in its American Ana, relates the following:

Among the most active and daring of Marion's men, were Robert Simons and William Withers. They had been sent together on some confidential expedition, and while resting at noon for refreshment, Withers, a practical shot, was examining his pistols to see if they were in good order, while Simons sat near him either reading or in a reverie. "Bob," said Withers, "if you had not that bump on the bridge of your nose, you would be a likely young fellow." "Do you think so?" said Simons, listlessly. "Yes," said Withers.—"I think I can shoot off that ugly bump on your nose. Shall I shoot?" "Shoot!" said Simons, and crack went the pistol. The ball could not have been better aimed, it struck the projecting bridge, demolished it forever, and henceforth Simons was not the ugliest man in the army.

A RIGHTEOUS JUDGE.—A young man was sentenced in Pittsburg last Saturday to six months imprisonment to jail for assaulting another with knucklers. His counsel, previous to the passing of the sentence, solicited leniency for his client on the score of good character and gentlemanly conduct generally. The Judge replied that it was fortunate for him that he was not indicted for an attempt to murder, and said when people with gentlemanly culture and good character performed such deeds he should punish them as rowdies and ruffians. "The first gentleman of the land shall fare no better than the poorest man."

SOCIAL STATISTICS.—Thirteen married gentlemen who, within the last week or so, have been convicted of having smoked in their own dining rooms, have been severally fined a new bonnet, and, in default, have been committed to the hard labor of taking out their wives for an afternoon's shopping.—*Punch.*

SENATOR DOUGLAS.

Soon after Gen. Pierce's inauguration I was seated before Wier's grand picture of the Embarkation, in the rotunda of the Capitol, when a clear and decided voice behind me said, in an excited tone:

"I believe in the right of every State and of the people thereof, to regulate their own domestic affairs."

I looked around and saw two men, both rather low of stature, one fair and slender, and other stouter, black haired, and a large, lion-like head, of which the face was partly turned from me. They were engaged in animated conversation. I lost the first part of the fair man's reply, but caught the words:

"Spirit of the Federal compact"—"don't apply to Territories."

"Yes, to Territories—Territories are but States under age," said he with the large head, throwing back his dark locks as a lion tosses his mane when he stops to gaze on his foe.

"States under age? Exactly, and therefore to be governed by their lawful guardian, Uncle Sam," said the fairest man with a low, pleasant laugh, as the short turn of their walk brought them in full face.

"But a guardian must not impair or trammel the future rights of his wards, and—"

I lost the rest of the lion-head's words and most of the reply of the other, but as their walk brought them back in ear-shot I caught something about "non intervention."

There was another defiant toss of the black locks, and then this sentence, of which every word and tone will live forever in my memory:

"Non-intervention is the only law of salvation for the Union. It is the only platform on which all the States can stand together and keep the peace."

"And this rule you would apply to all the territories present and future?" asked his companion in a thoughtful tone.

"To all the territories now and forever," was the emphatic reply, as he stopped short and abruptly faced the other.

"And to the District of Columbia, also?"

"To the District of Columbia, also."

They looked steadily at each other for a moment, and then each with an expressive movement of the head that told beyond the power of words, of a fixed and radical difference of sentiment, bowed an adieu, and disappeared in different directions.

The ladies passed by them as they were leaving, and came towards the picture I was pretending to examine in order to cover the interest which had involuntarily forced me into listening to this conversation.

"Who are those gentlemen?" inquired one of the ladies of the other.

"Think the one who bowed and made way for us is Senator Seward of New York," was the reply.

"Indeed! can that abominable abolitionist have such an intellectual face and such an air of refinement and high breeding?" exclaimed the questioner, in a tone of unqualified astonishment.

"And is the other a disunion abolitionist, too?" continued the dark-eyed maid of the South.

"He a disunionist? No, indeed; that is Douglas of Illinois."

"Douglas of Illinois, is it? Well, he looks like a man to give great good dinners, than one to make that speech on the Monroe Doctrine that your father and mine thought so wonderfully wise and lion-hearted."

The young lady's expression "lion-hearted," chimed in with my fancy that he had the most lion-like head, and it added to stereotype the incident on my memory.

I did not see Washington or Douglas again for more than a year. My next visit to the Capitol was in the midst of the debates on the Kansas-Nebraska bill. As chairman of the Senate Committee on Territories, Douglas had embodied the darling thought which had been struggling for years in his breast, but was simple as it now begins to seem, few understood then, and still fewer considered it possible to establish the principle of non intervention—or, as it is defined, of citizen sovereignty—as a measure of national pacification.

The Kansas Nebraska bill had already passed the Senate, and the House was grappling with it in a storm of wild commotion. The chiefs of the old parties had a resentful though vague intuition that this new issue would bring dismay and ruin upon all their decrepid organizations, and they closed in with it in a struggle for life and death.

In one of those hurricane days I saw Douglas standing on the floor of the House by the side of his dauntless battle companion, Richardson of Illinois. He was leaning lightly on one hand on the desk, in an easy and unconstrained, but singularly defiant attitude. His face steadily turned with a firm unrelaxing gaze on the successive speakers as they rose on both sides. The gallery was a dense mass of eager faces, the floor a surging mass of excited members. The Speaker's hammer rattled down its incessant rebukes, but Douglas looked impassively on the hurricane he had aroused and finally, with one last sweeping glance over the arena, he threw up his lion-head and with a strange expression of unblenching resolution he slowly withdrew.

At last, when argument and invectives were exhausted, the conflict became a mere trial of physical endurance. The daily sittings were protracted indeed into night, and continued on day after day until the vote was taken and the organization of Kansas and Nebraska, on the avowed basis of the principal of popular sovereignty became a law of the land.

The border difficulties that have followed grew out of the abuse and violation of the principle of non-intervention and the principle is no more answerable for the outrages perpetrated in its name than the pure religion of the Prince of Peace is for the persecutions and batcheries with which bigots have bathed the earth in the name of Jesus of Nazareth.—*South Side Democrat.*

LONG WINDED.—A foreign journal states that Rogell, trumpet-major and band master of the Artillery of the Guard, was to celebrate at Berlin his fiftieth year of continual service, and this with uninjured lungs. In honor of the occasion there was to be a monster concert by an orchestra playing upon 490 instruments, most of them brass. This Rogell blew the retreat at Jena, and the advance at Leipsic and Waterloo.—Whatever else may be said of the musical veteran, it is certainly true that he has "blown his own trumpet" longer and with more safety, success and renown than most men who perform a similar operation.

RATHER A DAMPER.—*Bashful Man* (after a long silence).—I—I—rather think the weather is improving. I—I—should say it was—ahem—going to clear away.

Young Lady (who is not the least embarrassed).—Do you really think so? I wish to goodness some visitors would follow the example.

Bashful man is immediately extinguished.

An orator holding forth in favor of woman, concluded thus:

"Oh, my hearers, depend upon it nothing beats a goad wife."

To the above one of the female auditors replied:

"I beg your pardon, a drunken husband does."

"Zounds, fellow," exclaimed a choleric old gentleman to a very phlegmatic, matter-of-fact person, "I shall go out of my wits."

"Well, you won't have far to go," said the phlegmatic man.

The ladies of some parts of South America, during the hot weather of July, wear cabbage leaves for bonnets, trimmed with radishes.

The senior editor of the Pittsburg Dispatch lost his *beard*, a crop of five years' growth, on the recent election!

The Late Senator Clayton, of Delaware.

The following article, from the New York *Express*, although somewhat tinged with political bias, will be found interesting:

The Senate of the United States, which we have seen more or less of since 1832-33, in its then palmiest days, thundering against General Jackson, has now lost another brilliant but rather erratic light, in John M. Clayton. Mr. Clayton first signalized himself in the hot and fiery contest made against the generally usurping and denunciatory spirit of the Jackson Administration; and into this contest he rushed with all the ardor of middle age. The aroused and indignant Clay led off in his tempest of impassioned eloquence—the fiery and sarcastic Poindexter followed; the polished but effective Sprague; the witty and cutting Holmes, both of Maine, and the great, grand and magnificent Webster, with others, brought up a rear of as powerful Parliamentary debaters as the world ever saw. Often Hayne and Calhoun, of South Carolina, worked with them, side by side—while Felix Grundy, of Tennessee, and John Forsyth, of Georgia—both administration swordsmen, parried their thrusts to the best of their ability. All of them are now gone, with Berrien and Dawson, of Georgia, Leigh, of Virginia, and Porter, of Louisiana—all gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns—save Sprague, of Maine, who is now United States District Judge in Massachusetts, in the full maturity of high judicial power.

John M. Clayton was not a great man—but a very remarkable man. Without a high order of eloquence, he yet was eloquent. Without much learning, he yet was ever learned enough for all the places he was called to. Not a great lawyer, yet he had the reputation of being one. He knew a little of almost everything, without knowing anything especially well. He attracted a Senate, and bewitched a mob. The most social man almost in the world, he never yet was in society to any extent. He loved man, and avoided woman—and he would talk all day and all night with his own sex, but always dodge the other, if he could. With extraordinary habits, he shortened a life created to be long. Nature gave him a powerful *physique*, which he crippled, or deprived of muscle, by never developing it, or exercising any part of his frame—if he could help it. His day began about 12, M., and ended at 2 or 3, A. M. He would stay in the Senate assiduous all day, and read nearly all night. Inspiring everybody with an impression of his profound sincerity, it is very doubtful if, as a politician, he was sincere at all. Nevertheless, everybody liked him, whether they accepted all he said or not. Without order in his habits, he, nevertheless, could achive a great amount of work. When he had a thing to do, he went into it with his whole heart and soul, and would out-sit or out-talk, or out-stand anybody and everybody connected with him in his work. Fickle