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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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Original Poetry.

For the Planters' Advocate.

FLING TO THE BREEZE THY BANNER.

BY HELEN ST. CLYDE.

Fling to the breeze thy banner, man,
With star and stripe unfurled,
Enlist thee in the mighty van,
And show thy truth the world;
Gird thee up with an armor strong,
An armor from on high,
They will not dread the battle long,
Who conquer, or who die.

Come forth the *Bold*, who do and dare
All things for a Brother,—
Come forth in strength with fervent prayer,
Resolved to help each other;
Not in the petty feuds that mar
The peace of Church and State;
Not in the triumphs of a war,
Which thirst of blood can sate!

Life hath a contest grand and great,
And needeth warriors true—
Not those who fear for man's estate,
Or ill that man can do;
But fervent soul, and stalwart heart,
And earnest purpose too;
With courage each to bear his part,
Life's solemn journey through.

Fling to the breeze thy banner, man,
With every stripe unrolled,
And show, as but the noble can,
The *truth* in every fold!
Earth shall exulting tell the story
Of what thou dar'st to be,—
Shall sound thy watch word and thy glory,
Our God and Victory!

OAK GROVE, *Jan.* 1857.

Thrilling Sketch.

Confession of an Opium-Eater.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

[The following thrilling sketch, from the last number of *Blackwood*, which is evidently from the pen of DE QUINCEY, the celebrated Opium-Eater, will be read with pleasure by all admirers of fine writing, and will be fully appreciated by those to whom his previous productions are in any degree familiar.]

There is no necessity for telling the reader how I came into the company with which he will find me associated in the ensuing narrative; and there are several reasons why he need not be informed on that point. In the first place, he has no right to inquire; for I hold, and always have held and maintained, both in argument and practice, that a man is responsible only to himself for the company he chooses to keep. 2dly, Supposing he had the right to ask, (which, as already stated, I deny,) still it would be inconvenient for me to tell him. 3dly, Supposing he had the right, and I were willing to acknowledge it, it would nevertheless be useless to the purpose of the story I am about to narrate, and therefore a crime against art. 4thly, Because any consistency and completeness which the narrative might gain by the relation of the circumstances antecedent to the position, at once intensely horrible and highly amusing, whither they conducted me, are sufficiently attained by the mention of the fact that, while enjoying with the full appreciation of a refined and extremely sensitive nature the appliances of luxury and wealth, I have never shrunk from studying the aspect of humanity in the Rembrandt-like chiaroscura of vice and crime. In search of the harmonies which slumber in the soul of man, I have sounded the base string of society. Leaving the splendours and decencies of the upper region of our social atmosphere, I have voluntarily descended into depths filled with fetid and noxious exhalations, and I have ever returned to the light of common day with an intensified sense of the unfathomable mysteries and the unutterable melodies hidden in the profoundest abysses of our nature.

Some of my readers will probably remember that particular epoch in the history of crime when murder became the handmaid of medical and surgical science, whose requirements, at that time greatly extended by the ardor of discovery, were by no means satisfied either by the legal offerings of the bodies of criminals, or the more adventurous, though less legitimate, contributions of surreptitious exhumation. The impulse communicated to that branch of study which deals with the mysteries of our physical nature, by the great anatomists and physicians who stand in conspicuous array on the line which separates dusky empiricism from luminous science, had awakened cravings in the minds of our students which could no longer be stilled by such eleemosynary and desultory aid. To satisfy these cravings, a race of miscreants arose, whose peculiar province in the field of assassination may be denominated enlightened Thuggism. But their atrocities, though serving a more practical purpose than those of the Thug, had their origin in a far less elevated motive. There is too much reason to believe that a mercenary desire to obtain the price of the body predominated, in most instances, over the wish to advance the interests of science; while even the better of these influences is still far inferior to the religious fervor which prompted the tightening of the Oriental noose. Be that as it may, it was at a time when the horrible trade had gained the utmost extent and organization it was destined to attain, before the revealment of its iniquities had caused that outburst of popular execration which extinguished it utterly, instantaneously, and forever, as with the blast of a hurricane, that the incidents occurred to which I am about to draw the reader's attention.

The scene, then, is a squalid and dingy chamber in the topmost flat of one of the many-storied and ancient dwellings which still give individuality to the Old Town of Edinburgh. The sole furniture of the apartment was a battered and time-defaced table, stained with grease and liquor, having a bench of similar character on each side. In a bottle on the table was stuck a long candle of the commonest description, whose flaring and drooping wick shed a dull light on the faces of the company. How I came to be in such a scene, and among such persons as I am about to describe, is, as I have already intimated, no business of the reader's. Suffice it that I was there, the occupant of one of the benches, while opposite me sat three individuals, two men and a woman. Long-nosed Bill, the central person of the three, possessed a remarkably villainous physiognomy, which, the index as it was to mental features equally singular and truculent, rendered him a highly interesting subject of philosophical contemplation. His nose was, as his name indicated, very long, and overhung so as almost to conceal a mouth so small, thin, and compressed, as to appear to have been made with a knife after the rest of his countenance was designed; while on each side of the main feature sparkled an eye, deep-set, small, grey, and inexorable. His head, phrenologically speaking, was not bad, being of sufficient height, though the forehead was concealed by straight black locks; the countenance, widest at the forehead and narrowing almost to a point at the chin, was of a pale clay-color; and the sole expression was one of truculent vigilance and resolution. On William's right was seated a more commonplace miscreant, whose coarseness of expression and conversation betokened atrocity unredeemed by refinement, and whose name of Squabby (by which his companions addressed him) was not without a certain philological fitness. One of those external indications of character which garments often convey, appeared in the contrast afforded by the dress of these men; for while Bill's shabby, scanty, and close-buttoned black coat rather exaggerated the unfavorable impression made by his thin angular form and cadaverous countenance, and seemed to show that he despised those little ameliorations in costume which are within reach of the humblest, Squabby's gaudy waistcoat, and gorgeous jewelry of glass and copper, showed all the inclination without the power to be what in these latter days is denominated "a swell." The word dandy, which at the time I speak of, was the generic term for all who cultivated ostentatiously, with whatever degree of success, the art of costume, fails to convey the idea of exuberance and floridity expressed in the newer appellation. Squabby, therefore, was a vulgar swell.

Their female companion—faded, though still young—possessed, nevertheless, a face whose expression frequently drew my gaze. This was owing not so much to her beauty, which could never have been of a striking character, as to the likeness she bore to a young girl with whom I had some years before been curiously, intimately, and most romantically connected. Ah Catherine! even now, when I summon from the dim past thy angel face, with the mild imploring look I last beheld there—imploring a speedy return, where fate was even then writing, with iron pen, the stern decree that for me to thee there should be no return—even now, as those eyes so beseechingly beam on me through the distance of many lustres, my heart owns that there are sympathies over which time has no control. That likeness, faint as it was, perhaps altogether fanciful, awoke feelings which, as they arose, brought with them a crowd of memories—and hence the charm which a face, to others, perhaps, commonplace, had for me, though there was nothing in the manner, appearance, or conversation of this young woman which distinguished her as in any way very superior to the scene and the society in which the reader finds her.

It must not be imagined that we had no other occupation in this dreary and ill-lighted apartment than that of looking at each other. Another bottle, besides that which officiated as candlestick, stood on the table; or I should rather say, paced round it, for it seldom halted much longer than was necessary for the filling of the cracked glass which stood before each of us. Our liquor was port, a choice made at my suggestion, and Long-nosed Bill had coincided with a hearty cordiality which his appearance did not certainly promise, but the motive of which I afterwards divined. He had sent the girl out for a dozen bottles; and though almost abstaining himself, and restraining also the manifest inclination of Squabby for the generous liquor, he pressed it on me with a hospitality that seemed incapable of being repressed or chilled.

Meanwhile the conversation did not flag.—Squabby, finding in me an interested and attentive auditor, talked much and loudly, but with a certain coarseness which would have disgusted me had not his loquacity perpetually started subjects which the sagacious William turned with a masterly terseness, such as I have seldom heard equalled. But the great charm of his conversation was its mystery. The numerous adventures in which he appeared to have been engaged had neither beginning nor end. Of secret expeditions, of hairbreadth escapes, of rapid flights, there were sufficient to set up a modern novelist for several seasons—but the spring and motive of all these were wanting. Wy these expeditions were planned, what pursuers he had escaped from, and why flight was necessary, were questions which I had to call in my imagination and invention, to respond to, and thus to string on theories of my own the broken links of his narrative. Equally mysterious, though more boisterous, was the conduct of Squabby, who frequently made jesting allusions to their peculiar vocation, which, though to me utterly devoid of meaning, caused a cynical smile to flit across the astute physiognomy of his friend, while the woman responded with a low and musical laugh generally smothered in the corner of her shawl. This mystery veiling the subject of their conversation, without concealing its main outlines, lent to it the interest which awakened and baffled curiosity has always excited in my mind from my earliest days. My part was not, however, merely that of a listener or a guesser. I hesitated not to exchange sentiments and experiences with these humble friends, who granted me the same attention which I in my turn gave to them; and I remember regarding it as a striking proof that no eloquence, if genuine, is beyond the appreciation of the rudest minds, when on one occasion I having delivered a magnificent quotation in a manner (as I flatter myself) to do full justice to its sonorous flow, and having told them the words were those of the great Burke, they heard his name with startled interest, and were silent for some moments after. However, I now conjecture there might be other reasons for the agitation caused by that glorious name.

I had drank probably about two bottles of wine to my own share, Squabby nearly as much, and the abstemious Bill perhaps about a bottle, when I thought I perceived a diminution in the cordiality of this latter entertainer. I am naturally extremely sensitive in such matters—indeed so morbidly alive to the faintest indications of failing hospitality, as sometimes to conceive suspicions regarding the sincerity of my welcome, which I am subsequently satisfied are groundless. However, in the present instance, there could be no doubt that Long-nosed Bill not only ceased to talk himself, but listened to me with manifest impatience, and sometimes exchanged glances with his two companions, while those he cast on me bore rather the character of animosity than cordiality. Under these circumstances I considered it due to myself, as well as to my hosts, to rise and bid them good-night. This sudden move of mine produced an instantaneous change in the manner of Long-nosed Bill, who now insisted that I stay with more than his former hospitality, while, at a wink from him, Squabby placed himself between me and the door, and, with boisterous but good-humored reproaches on my breach of good-fellowship, refused to let me pass. All this, however, would have had small effect in inducing me to remain after the change in Bill's manners towards me; but just then the woman also joined her entreaties to his. In so doing she used a tone and gesture which at once arrested me. They were such as recalled vividly the tone and gesture which a young girl had unconsciously assumed some years before when I was parting from her in anger. Ah Emily! potent indeed was the charm of thy pleading over my offended and recusant spirit. Hard indeed would it have been to turn from those eyes—to repel that offered embrace. Years had passed, Emily, since I had seen thee—many feelings and many memories had crowded in between—but the voice and look of a stranger recalling thine, showed that even the faint and distant echo of thy powerful spell could still enchain me. I need scarcely say I resumed my seat.

Long-nosed Bill now became more agreeable and hospitable even than at first, relating passages in his career still more marvellous, and passing the wine with increased rapidity, insisting at each round of the bottle on filling my glass himself, and calling out pleasantly, "No heeltaps," before doing so. For a time this amused me; and I was also interested in watching a little by-play carried on by Bill's companions. The woman was no doubt united to him in bonds more or less hallowed, and Bill, with the watchful prudence which his countenance betokened, seemed perpetually on his guard to prevent the slightest familiarity between her and Squabby. Notwithstanding all his vigilance, I observed, however, that, whenever his attention was distracted by the friendly office of filling my glass, or whenever he grew so interested in any of his narratives as to relax his watchfulness for a moment, the woman, stealthily passing her hand behind him, clasped that of Squabby extended to meet it. To a philosopher and student of human nature this slight incident was amply sufficient to reveal a tale of passion—a tale which it saddened me to read. I saw in Long-nosed Bill an instance of the insufficiency of the most astute and powerful intellect to restrain the erratic propensities of the female heart. Here was this great man, who had lavished perchance his whole heart, staked his whole faith, on the woman beside him, while she, like the base Judaan throwing this pearl away richer than all her tribe, bestowd in secret her love upon one conspicuously Bill's inferior in every respect, except that his personal appearance was rather less revolting. Miserable mistake! accursed error! yet one to which the feminine nature is peculiarly liable. The remembrance of such an error, of which I was myself the victim, is still as a dagger to my heart. For thee, Augusta! for thee my nights were nights of sleeplessness—my days, days of reverie; to thee I gave the thoughts of my philosophic soul. And how didst thou requite me? With undoubting faith and unfiring constancy?—No! On the night of that ever memorable ball—a ball which still haunts my remembrance as if peopled with spectres and demons—there flitted before thine inconstant eye that gaudy figure, rich indeed in scarlet and embroidery and clanking spurs, but poor, beyond all measure of poverty, in that philosophic refinement which constitutes true wealth. From that moment I was forgotten, and since then a permanent shadow has settled on my soul.

This train of thought naturally made me melancholy; and my spirits were further depressed by a cause which I will now state. At this period I had resolved gradually to wean myself from opium, and, after terrible struggles and enormous sufferings, had succeeded in limiting myself to a pint and a half of laudanum per diem. Now, on this particular day I had taken only a pint, for the following reason: the druggist with whom I generally dealt, had sent me a batch of 144 dozen, in which my experienced palate at once detected adulteration. I had therefore returned it, retaining only a bottle for the day's consumption. With this bottle in my hand I had gone down to the kitchen to speak to my cook-maid, when a family of beggars made their appearance at the door, consisting of a father, mother, and two children. The plaintive tones in which they entreated charity went to my heart. Ye gods! I said, here are people hungry, cold, miserable, craving a morsel of food, while I hold in my hand this bottle, the key of the seventh heaven. Am I justified in withholding the celestial panacea? Shall I not say, drink and be happy? In compliance with this natural impulse, I at once gave each of them a glass of laudanum, which they drank in solemn silence and went away. What became of them I cannot say; but as I never heard of any family being poisoned about that time, I conclude they were all confirmed opium-eaters. However, this liberality on my part reduced my dose for that day to about a pint, and I was now beginning to feel the effects of this unusual abstinence; the chief of which effects was of course depression of spirits—gradually my head sank on my bosom. I ceased to respond to Bill's call of "No heeltaps!" the liquor I craved was not the growth of Oporto. It was then that Bill, seeing my condition, but ascribing it to a wrong cause, used this remarkable expression: "He's pretty near done—let's finish him;" and the woman going to a cupboard returned with a bottle, which Bill uncorked, and filling my glass from it, pressed me to drink. Half-absently I put my lips to it the moment I put my lips to it I started with joy. Could Bill, then, read my heart?—could he pry into my soul? Why, here was the very potion for which I had been thirsting as never Arab thirsted in the desert, and now (here I sipped again)—it was no mirage, but the divine nectar itself. Tossing off my glass, I at once resumed my wonted cheerfulness.

I noticed that, instead of talking as before, Bill and the woman now intently watched me (Squabby was by this time very nearly blind-drank); and my intellect regaining its usual vigorous clearness, I at once perceived that Bill, with what design I knew not, intended to "hoax" me. The sensility of my intellect to render *me* insensible with laudanum presented itself so vividly to my mind, that I had much difficulty in preventing myself from exploding in laughter. However, I managed to preserve my gravity, and entering into the humor of the thing, at once resolved to drink against my entertainer—Laudanum *versus* Port—and thus astonish his weak-headed guests as Jack did the Giant in the matter of the hasty-pudding, only that, instead of merely pretending by a mean subterfuge to consume my share, as Jack did, I would drink glass for glass. What a triumph of opium-eating! How would the great Coleridge scowl in envious bitterness of spirit, when he learned that I had achieved a feat which he well knew he never could hope to surpass!

Now then for it! Bill drinks, and offers to fill my glass. I fill it myself, quaff it off, and continue to converse cheerfully. Bill drinks again—I imitate him—Bill stares and looks astounded, but nevertheless continues to drink; so do I. We each stick to our own bottles, the liquor in which grows rapidly lower. Bill gets confused, and is no longer master of his utterance—I become calmer and calmer, and flow on in a rapt strain of eloquence, which immeasurably delights myself. Presently, however, my attention is arrested by a change in Bill's aspect; he has fixed on me a gaze of unutterable malignity. He mutters to the woman in a thick husky whisper, that "she ain't a goin' to stand this much longer." In a moment I became alive to the situation I was in. I was in the presence of an exasperated ruffian, who saw in me one who had put him to considerable expense in wine (to say nothing of the laudanum), and who not only obstinately refused to part with his faculties, but was rapidly reducing his host to a state of intoxication. Affairs became presently more serious, when Squabby, utterly unable to sit upright any longer, suddenly disappeared under the table—when Bill impatiently started up, glaring fiercely on me. I instantly summoned my exergies to meet the difficulty, and, falling forward with my head on the table, affected to snore heavily. I heard Bill remark that "twas all right at last, but he believed that 'ere cove was the devil;" when the woman, taking up the candle, opened the door of an inner apartment, and entered, followed by Bill with uncertain steps.

It may easily be imagined that I now lifted up my head, and watched them with intense interest. The room they entered was small, and its only furniture were a bed and a sack. The bed was peculiar, consisting of two thick mattresses, without bedclothes, and a complication of ropes, pulleys, and weights. Presently Bill and the woman, each seizing a rope, began pulling, and the upper mattress slowly rose. Heaven and earth! what a thought flashed across my mind! I had heard of such things before—the unhappy being, stupefied by opium, was placed between two mattresses, and smothered so as to produce the appearance of natural death, and his body sold to the surgeons! The *sack* was irresistible evidence—it must be so! I was in the company of body-snatchers, and was about to be murdered!!!

The thrill of horror which now naturally passed through my heart, did not prevent me from seeing the cause in all its philosophic bearings. My natural impulse was, of course, self-preservation; but still, as a philosopher, I was bound to consider also the interest of the public. I had every reason to believe that my organs and functions had become so vitiated by the use of opium, as to insure, to him who should lay bare, with scientific knife and anxious inquiry, this earthly tabernacle, the disclosure of the most remarkable phenomena. Had I then, as a citizen, the right to withhold this perishable frame, which would inevitably be dissolved in a few years, and perhaps under far less important conditions, (for I might leave off opium, and, thus restoring my body to a healthy condition, render it comparatively valueless), when I might, by submitting to the fate designed for me, remain for ages, in spirits of wine, a monument of opium-eating? This was one view of the case; but presently, with that clear view of things which the practised metaphysician inevitably acquires, I perceived an objection. I remembered that my body would probably—nay certainly, be sold to some surgeon totally unacquainted with my person and habits, and who would therefore be wholly incompetent to explain the remarkable appearances which dissection would reveal: and the theories broached to account for them, being thus based on mere supposition, might probably perplex science instead of advancing it. This view of the case, coupled with a desire to live my appointed time, decided me, and I took my measures accordingly.

All this time I have left Bill and the woman standing by the fatal bed, where Death so often took his repose, with the ropes in their hands.—Fastening them so as to allow the upper mattress to remain uplifted, they turned towards me: but before they did so, and while I was still left in almost complete obscurity, I filled from my bottle of laudnum both their glasses. The perplexity of the woman, and the drunken astonishment of Bill, when, on returning for the supposed insensible victim, they found me seated upright and cheerfullly surveying them, have probably never been equalled except in that remarkable passage of the literature of my childhood, when Mother Hubbard, having gone to the undertaker's to buy a coffin for her dog (whom she had every reason to suppose dead,) returns, and finds the presumed corpse in a state of exchimation or laughter.—They were so astonished that, when I desired them to be seated, they mechanically complied, and, addressing them in a little speech, I proposed the health of the lady as a convival toast, and, tossing off my glass, invited them to pledge me.—Totally bewildered they did so, and sat for a time staring at me, while I watched them with calm certainty. Well did I know the train of symptoms by which they who dare to trespass, without due initiation and neophytism, on the imperial domains of opium, approach insensibility. Gradually their muscles relaxed—their heads sank—their inspirations lengthened and deepened—till they sank side by side on the floor, not in the divine dream of the qualified practitioner, but in the dull stagnation of the presumptuous quack.

Having now the field to myself, and my mind being relieved from the sudden strain, I allowed myself to lapse into one of those peculiar and refreshing trances which opium commands. The vision I beheld was no doubt suggested by the events of the evening. Methought that I actually beheld my body laid upon the hateful bed which, uplifted by countless myriads of Squabbies and Longnosed Bills, was borne through the air, while I, seeming to have a separate existence from the body (a species of duality I have often observed in these trances,) was compelled to follow and observe. After floating apparently for centuries through immeasurable regions of space, the bier was laid in a vast hall surrounded by skeletons, who shouted from their deshless jaws, in full chorus, as my body was borne in, "Room for the Opium-eater!"—and all the echoes answered, "Room for the Opium-eater!"—like the people answering the priests in the service of a cathedral. Then flocked in, in endless procession, all the mighty surgeons and phsicians whom the world ever saw, headed by the divine Esculapius in classic robes, and whose ample brows were crowned by a chaplet. Galen followed, and Appocrates,—and Celsus and the wizard-physician Cornelius Agrippa, and Garth and Harvey and Hunter, with all their contemporaries, till Astley Cooper headed the College of Surgeons of our day. Then the doors were closed with a mighty sound—silence was proclaimed by a herald—and the whole procession, filing past the bier, bowed to it as an army to its warrior chief. Again the herald proclaimed silence, and the venerable Esculapius, standing forth before all, said, in purest Attic Greek, in solemn tones, "Let us dissect the Opium-eater!" and all answered, "Let us dissect him."

Then the shadow of the great father of physic, approaching with reverence the bier, laid open the temple of the brain, when lo! there straightway issued forth such a swarm of ideas that the vast hall could not contain them. Upward they floated, bright conceptions, melodious utterances, imperishable images, unuttterable thoughts, and thronged the atmosphere from pavement to roof; while still from that small skull flowed the unending stream, like the mighty and fertilising Nile from its fountain-source. Upward still they pressed, till their accumulation grew irresistible—joist and rafter gave way with a crashing sound (it was the triumph of mind over matter,) and forth floated the joyous liberated thoughts to their kindred sky. And all the multitude bowed down and acknowledged the might and majesty of genius.

I know not how long the vision occupied, but when I ceased to dream, the candle was low in the socket, or rather the bottle. My companions were still prostrate, and showed no sign of existence except their heavy stertorous breathing.—They might, however, shortly recover, and I therefore resolved to go at once, while they were still insensible to my movements. Hastily finishing the laudanum which remained in the bottle, I took up the candle and proceeded down stairs.

I think I had got down about ten stories, when, taking the wrong turn at the foot of the stairs, I opened the door of a room which I found full of lumber and straw. As I turned to leave it, the candle fell from the bottle among the straw, which was instantly in a flame. If I had raised an alarm, the question of *how I happened to be there?* might have arisen, which I have already said it did not suit me to answer; and I if stayed to attempt to extinguish the flames, I might fail to escape, for the fire spread rapidly. Hastily quitting the scene, I ran down to the level of the street, and slipt silently away in the darkness.

As the wind, rising by degrees, first sports with the dead leaves, then rattles at the casements, till tile and roof-tree go down before the hurricane, so arose the alarm of FIRE. First a watchman shouted—a chance passenger joined him; those who lived on the basements and ground floors next issued forth, and the chorus surged and swelled into a mighty diapason. Clattering through the streets came the fire-engines on their errand of salvation; beside them run the firemen, Gallant Phœnix, brave Sun?—well done both brigades! But this night your efforts shall be in vain! For see the flames leap forth at every window! Higher they climb, story after story, with rapid step. They lick the walls—they swallow the rafters—and ever still their progress is upward, like bright thoughts pointing heavenward; while the base mortar and stones and clay, falling inward like low material natures trying to smother the light of genius, raised for a moment a dust, which vanishes, leaving the flames brighter than before. Still upward! till now they have reached the chamber where I passed the night. Bill, my purposed destroyer, where art thou?—where too is thy partner, she who sleeps in thy bosom?—shall she ever again repose there? Ha, Squabby, not all thy gibes and jewellery can avail thee now! See, the fire has encompassed them—see, the shadows, hurrying frantically on the ceiling, show that the floor is in a blaze!—And now they rush to the window. Even at this distance I recognise Bill by the length of his nose: he tears the woman from the window and looks down. Shall he leap? No! sixteen stories is a height to appal the bravest. Destruction in front, destruction in rear! to be roasted or smashed!—dreadful the alternative, William—vain the hope of escape! And now the problem, which he dare not sole for himself, is solved for him.—The woman from behind casts her arms about his neck with frantic gesture, and both fall back into the room. Higher rush the rejoicing and victorious flames, arching their crests and crackling joyously, till the walls crumble and sink, burying in their ruins the ashes of the Body-snatchers.

NEWSPAPER READERS TURN OUT WELL.—We know a respected gentleman in Monroe county, who many years ago, sawed a cord of wood to pay, in advance, his first year's subscription for a newspaper. He is now, in his ripe and vigorous old age, worth a quarter of a million of dollars.—*Albany Journal.*

Selected Poetry.

"NEVER COURT BUT ONE."

I have finished it, the letter,
That will tell him he is free;
From this hour, and forever,
He is nothing more to me!
And my heart feels lighter, gayer,
Since the deed at last is done—
I will teach him that when courting,
He should never court but one!

Everybody in the village
Knows he's been a wooing me,
And this morning he was riding
With that saucy Anna Lee.
They say he smil'd upon her,
As he cantered by her side,
And I'll warrant you he's promis'd
To make her soon his bride.

But I've finished it, the letter,
From this moment he is free—
He may have her if he wants her,
If he loves her more than me.
He may go—it will not kill me—
I would say the same, so there,
If I knew it would, for flirting,
It is more than I can bear.

It is twilight, and the evening
That he said he'd visit me—
But no doubt he's now with Anna,
He may stay there too, for me!
And as true as I'm a living,
If he comes here more,
I'll act as if we never,
Never, never met before.

It is time he should be coming,
And I wonder if he will;
If he does, I'll look so coldly—
What's the shadow on the hill?
I declare, out in the twilight,
There is some one coming near—
Can it be?—yes, 'tis a figure,
Just as true as I am here!

Now, I almost wish I'd written
Not to him that he was free,
For perhaps 'twas but a story
That he rode with Anna Lee.
There, he's coming through the gateway,
I will meet him at the door,
And I'll tell him still I love him,
If he'll court Miss Lee no more!

Selected Miscellany.

An Impressive Scene at a Conference.

The Tuskegee (Ala.) *True Union*, in noticing the closing of the late Methodist Conference, publishes a scene attending the return of Hon. H. W. HILLIARD, for many years member of Congress from that state to the ministry. The *Union* says:

Mr. Hilliard had been alluded to in connection with a proposition which was before the Conference, to establish a Methodist newspaper in the city of Montgomery, as its probable editor, and the prospect of acquiring him as a member of the Conference, was urged as a reason for the establishment of the paper. The argument was responded to by the Rev T. O. Summers, in a seeming spirit of levity. Mr. Hilliard arose and announced to the Bishop of the Conference and the whole audience, a life-long purpose to return to the work of the ministry; and turning to Bishop Pearce, said, with deep emotion, solemn, moving, and pathetic emphasis—

"I give you my hand, my brother, in this great work! Henceforth our paths of life shall not diverge! I come in the maturity of manhood, deliberately to lay my heart, intellect, and whatever of trophies I may have won in other walks of life, professional or political, humbly at the foot of the Cross, with motives which befit the service of my Master.

"Let it be distinctly understood, that no vote which this Conference may take upon the pending proposition can affect my resolution to give myself to this work. At home and abroad—in my solitary journeyings—or standing in the palaces of Kings, I have never forgotten my early vows. I have seen the beginning and the end of earthly greatness.

"Intimately associated with some of the first living statesmen of this age and country, I have seen them pass away from this earth! Sir, I know the vanity of earthly things! I come humbly; but I come preserving that self-respect without which I should not be meet for the Master's service.

"I ask nothing from this Conference on my personal account. Let the vote have no reference to me. No, no sir! I have never lowered my crest when facing political parties in the day of battle. I preserve my self-respect, but I desire to achieve somewhat that shall enable me, when this world burns up, to be recognized by the Great Head of the Church as a friend of Christ, and to take my place, however humble, among the martyrs and saints who loved and served him on earth."

GIN UP ALL IDEA OF WOMEN FOLKS.—A funny correspondent of the Portland (Maine) *Transcript* writes as follows:

"I have recently gin up all idea of women folks and come back to perlitical life. I am more at home in this line than in huntin' the fair sects. Aingills in petticuts an' 'kiss me quicks' is pretty to look at, an' I gin in, but darn 'em they are as slippery as eels, and when you fish for 'em and get a bite, you somehow or other find yourself at the wrong end of the line—they have cotched you! An' when you've stuffed 'em with pea nuts, candy, and doggertypes, they will throw you away as they would a cold tater. Leastwise that's been my experience. But I've done with 'em now. The Queen of Sheber, the sleepin' beauty, Kleopatry's needle, Pompey's pillar, an' Lot's wife, with a steam engine to help 'em, couldn't tempt me. The very sight of a bonnet riles me all over.

The following is a verbatim conversation which lately occurred between two middle-aged men, at the corner of Bank street and Hog alley:

"How do you do, Mr. Brown?"

"Do what?"

"Why, how do you find yourself?"

"I never lost myself."

"Well, how have you been?"

"Been—been where?"

"Pshaw!—how do you feel?"

"Feel of me, and see."

"Good morning, Mr. Brown."

"It isn't a good morning either."

COMING IT STRONG.—Little Gent of fifteen:—"Mother, you must allow me more funds; I can't go among our fellows if you don't." Indulgent Widow—"Why, my child, you have three dollars a week pocket money now. You surely can't spend more than that!" Little Gent—"Yes, that's all well enough; but where's my cigars and smashes to come from? and that Newfoundland dog has such a a devil of a twist, I'm sure he'll eat me out one of these days."

THE ONE HUNDREDTH PSALM.—The long-disputed question whether Purcell or Handel was the author of the grand music of the Old Hundredth has been set at rest by the discovery made a few days since in Lincoln Cathedral library. Purcell died in 1695 and Handel in 1759; but in the cathedral library a French psalter, printed in 1546, contains the music of the Old Hundredth, exactly as it is now sung; so that it could not be the production of either of the great musicians to whom it has been attributed.

Action and Reaction in Farming.

Never keep animals on short allowance—if you starve them, they will surely starve you.

Although in draining land thoroughly, your purse may be drained, yet the full crops that follow will soon fill it again.

Trying to farm without capital, is like trying to run a locomotive without fuel. Money and wood must both be consumed, if they are to move the machine of the farm or of the rail.

Always give the soil the first meal. If this is well fed with manure, it will feed all else; plants, animals, and man.

If you wish to give an energetic movement to all your farm machinery, and keep its hundred wheels in rotation, be sure not to be without a good rotation of crops.

If you allow your animals to shiver, your fortune will be shivered in consequence; that is, the farmer who leaves his cattle to the winds, will find his profits also given to the winds.

Heavy carrot crops for cattle, will soon return carats of gold.

Did you ever hear the musical notes of a starving herd of hogs? Extinguish by food those notes speedily, if you would avoid even more annoying notes after pay-day has passed.

Learn as much as possible the experience of the skillful: the man who depends on teaching himself will be likely to receive very poor lessons,—or as Dr. Franklin has it, he will find "he has a fool for his master."

Fences operate in two ways—if good they are a defence, if poor an offence.

Many a farmer, by too sparingly seeding his new meadows, has had to cede his whole farm.

Every farmer should see daily every animal he has, and inspect its condition. Weekly visits, as with some, soon result in weakly animals.

The man who provides well sheltered cotes for his sheep in winter, will soon find plenty of coats for his own back.

A good housewife should not be a person of "one idea," but should be equally familiar with the flower garden and flour barrel: and though her lesson should be to lessen expense, yet the scent of a fine rose should not be less valued than the cent in the till. She will doubtless prefer a yard of shrubbery, to a yard of satin. If her husband is a skillful sower of grain, she is equally skillful as a sewer of garments; he keeps his hoes bright by use; she keeps the hose of the whole family in order.

"Manure is money," and "short paper" is like a short plant:—a note at bank matures by falling due,—an oat in the field also matures by falling dew—but they will be found in both cases shorter than wanted, unless the fiscal bank and the bank of earth both receive timely deposits.

To abuse animals by starving them, is as base as the hope of gaining by it is baseless.

Mrs. Siddons.

The year of 1812 witnessed the formal leave-taking of Mrs. Siddons, an actress of the most transcendent talents. Mr. Young himself related to Thomas Campbell, the poet of "Hope," the impression which that matchless woman once made upon himself when he was playing with her in the "Gamester," upon the Edinburgh boards. In the fourth scene of the fifth act, when Beverly has swallowed the poison, Bates enters; and Mrs. Beverly, in answer to a change wrought in her husband of having been seen quarreling in the streets with Lewson, exclaims, "'Tis false, old man! They had no quarrel; they had no cause for quarrel." In uttering these words, Mrs. Siddons caught hold of Jarvis, and gave an exclamation with such piercing grief that Young said his throat swelled and his utterance was choked. He stood, unable to speak the sentence which he ought immediately to have uttered. The prompter repeated the line without effect; when the gifted actress walked up to our tragedian, and in a low voice said, "Mr. Young, recollect yourself!"—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

A NOBLE FELLOW.—A short time since four little boys broke through the ice on the lake near their school house, in Waterville, Wisconsin.—The villagers hastened to the spot, but the ice was so thin that none dared venture to their aid. At this moment, just as the boys were giving up in despair, a young man, eighteen years of age, named John Adams, sprang forward, seized a fishing spear, and leaving most of his clothing on the bank, plunged into the lake and saved two of the boys. He then made another dash and saved the third. Adams was now almost exhausted, but the mother of the fourth boy was standing near, in the greatest agony, and Adams said to her, "I will save your boy or die." Tying a rope around his waist, he told those on shore to pull him in if he sank, and cried out, "Stand by the rope, I am going to him." He then plunged in, swam out some ten rods, breaking the ice with his hands, seized the boy, who was sinking for the third time, carried him ashore, and restored him to his mother's arms.

Horse shoes without nails are one of the most useful inventions of the day. The inventor makes the whole in two pieces, employing, in addition, two small screws to aid in screwing the parts together. Both are made of malleable iron—the lower portion, or sole, being very similar to the horse shoe ordinarily employed, but with a groove around its exterior, and without nail holes. The upper portion, or vamp, is thin, and has a flange projecting inward from its lower edge to match the groove in the sole. These parts are so arranged as to secure a tight and firm connexion, and the whole is made additionally secure by the aid of the set of screws at the heel. One practical advantage to be derived from this style of shoes is the facility with which they may at any time be removed or exchanged.

"Look here, Jim!" said a young fellow the other evening to an old soaker who had evidently taken a deep interest in *spiritual* matters, and was still, with the peculiar obstinacy of those in his condition, vociferating for another "smile." "Look-a-here, old fellow! you'll spoil your constitution by this style of thing—better hold up." "Constitution be blowed!" said the old fellow, "I have broken that long ago! Been living on the by-laws this six months!"

A young and pretty girl stepped into a store where a spruce young man who had long been enamored, but dare not speak, stood behind the counter selling dry goods. In order to remain as long as possible, she cheapened everything, and at last said:

"I believe you will think I am cheating you."

"Oh, no," said the youngster, "to me you are always *fair*."

"Well," whispered the lady, blushing as she laid an emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining, if you were not so *dear*."

MATRIMONY MADE EASY.—A bill has been introduced into the North Carolina Legislature, entitled "An act to encourage and promote matrimony." This bill athorizes the Judges of the Supreme and Superior Courts, and all licensed practising attorneys at law, to solemnize the rites of matrimony under the same rules as justices of the peace and ministers of the gospel.

Byron is said to have remarked that "the greatest trial to a woman's beauty is the ungraceful act of eating eggs." Some Yankee remarks that the poet could never have seen a lady hanging on by the teeth to a blazing hot corn cob!

A wag upon visiting a medical museum, was shown some dwarfs and other specimens of mortality, all preserved in alcohol. "Well," said he, "I never thought the dead could be in such spirits."

Four Texas editors are among the recruits enlisted for Walker recently.

Humbly Petitioning for Husbands.

According to the Savannah *Journal*, sixteen maids of Charleston petitioned in this wise for husbands, in the year 1733:

"*To His Excellency Gov. Johnson:*

"The humble petition of all the maids whose names are underwritten:

"Whereas we, the humble petitioners, are at present in a very *melancholy* disposition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are blindly captivated by widows, and our youthful charms thereby neglected; the consequence of this our request is that your Excellency will, for the future, order that no widow shall for the future presume to marry any young man till the maids are *provided for*; or else pay each of them a fine for satisfaction for *invading our liberties*: and likewise a fine to be laid on all such bachelors as shall be married to widows. The great disadvantage it is to us maids is, that the widows by their forward carriages, do *snap up* the young men, and have the vanity to think their merits beyond ours, which is a great imposition on us who ought to have the preference.

"This is humbly recommended to your Excellency's consideration, and hope you will prevent any further insults.

"And we poor maids, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

"P. S.—I being the oldest maid, and thereby most concerned, do think it proper to be the messenger to your Excellency in behalf of my fellow subscribers."

Didn't Think Slave Property Safe.

A negro fisherman, in Norfolk, Virginia, came one day, to his master, and said:

"Massa, I want to buy myself free—I got *tree* hundred dollars, sir: I will pay you *dat* down, and *gib* you *de* rest when I *mek' um.*"

"Very well, Tom," said his master, "you have been a faithful fellow, and I will comply with your wish."

The money was accordingly paid, and the inchoate freedom of Tom commenced. A few days afterwards, Tom went out to fish, in company with a fellow servent; and there came up a blow, which capsized the fishing smack, and drowned Tom's companion. The next day, Tom came to his master and said:

"Massa, I change my mind, sir; I don't want to buy myself any more, sir."

"Why, Tom," said his master, "you have already paid a large portion of your price, and by industry, in