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The Planters' Advocate.

"TRUTH ALONE IS KNOWLEDGE—KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

By THOMAS J. TURNER. TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Vol. 6. UPPER MARLBOROUGH, MARYLAND, WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 4, 1857. No. 24.

Original Poetry.

For the Planters' Advocate.

REGRETS.

BY HELEN ST. CLYDE.

To ——.

To-day—to-morrow—yet to-morrow—
Each, as it passeth down the vale of years,
Hath its meed of happiness and sorrow,
Of joyous sunshine, and of bitter tears.

Each hath its tender memory and true,
On which the lone heart loves sometimes to dwell,—
And every moment in the Past we view,
Hath its own tale of joy or woe to tell.

There are some memories that haunt us still
When pleasant recollection all is past;
And sad remembrances too often will
The light of joy and love outlast.

Had I but *known* thee, ere a cloud of doubt
Had lent its hateful shadow to my brow,
Thy heart, perchance, had cast suspicion out,
And mine had been a happier one than now.

Oh, is it but for this that we have met,
And plucked together one of life's sweet flowers?
This leaf of beauty, must we then forget,
And still the memory of those pleasant hours?

And yet, I know, *regrets* avail me not,
Else were I free from every sinful stain;
For *tears*, the past may not be *all* forgot,
Or purchase sweet *unconsciousness* again.

A smile, a glance, perchance a single tone,
From out thy heart might send a joy to mine,
And, dearly prizing that so dearly won,
My soul should prove its earnest truth to thine.

OAK GROVE, *Jan.* 17, 1857.

Interesting Story.

From Peterson's Magazine.

"In Love or not in Love?"

THAT IS THE QUESTION.

BY E. W. DEWESS.

"The amount of it is," said handsome Henry Harvey to his friend Tom B——, at the end of a long and confidential conversation—"the amount of it is, I'm in a confounded scrape. I've gone a little too far, perhaps, in my attentions; the girl's over head and ears in love with me, and I don't see how I'm to get out of it with honor.—I don't like the idea of broken hearts, and all that sort of thing—but what is a fellow to do? I've no more thought of marrying than I have of turning preacher. Come, give me you advice, old fellow?"

Tom eyed his friend with a merry twinkle in his eye. A sagacious and mischievous smile played round the corner of his mouth.

"Nothing easier in life than to get out of the 'scrape,' as you call it, if you want to."

"How? how?" asked Harvey, eagerly.

"You say she's handsome, witty, amiable and accomplished?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," knocking the ashes from his cigar, "she's just the wife I want, and I'll take her off your hands."

"Absurd!" cried Harvey, trying to turn into a pleasant smile the frown which suddenly darkened his face. "Impossible Tom," he continued, amiably, "it would never do. In the first place, you would not suit each other in the least—there would be no congeniality of disposition, intellect," &c.

"Is she, then, so decidedly my inferior?" asked Tom.

"Inferior?" cried Harvey, firing up with sudden indignation. "I don't know the man she is inferior to. She's a glorious creature, I tell you."

"Well, where's your objection, then?"

"Well, I meant—perhaps I'm not very civil to say so, Tom, but the fact is, though you're the best fellow in the world, you're sometimes a little rough, and she's so sensitive and refined that—that—besides, as I told you, Tom—confound it—so I told you, she's in love with me, there's the rub—there's the rub," and he rubbed his hands together with returning spirit, as if he had hit the idea he had been vainly seeking, at last.

"Thank you, Harvey, for your complimentary hints," said Tom, as he watched the ascending smoke of his cigar; "but on the whole, notwithstanding my extreme diffidence, I believe I don't take quite so low an estimate of my character as you do. And as regards the being so desperately in love, and all that, I know how much that means. Trust me for that. Nothing for curing a girl of a fancy for one lover like the appearance of another. Why, if the odds were equal in other respects, the novelty gives the last comer such an inculculable advantage, that there is no doubt of his success. Besides, in this case, we will have the advantage of playing into each other's hands. You have only to hold off a little at first to give me a chance. You play cold, while I play warm, and I bet you a box of cigars I win the day 'as easy as kissing,' as the ladies say."

"I think you are entirely mistaken," said Harvey stiffly, in a tone of pique and annoyance.

"Well, shall I try, aye or no?" asked Tom.

"Oh, certainly, certainly, I should be much obliged of course," replied Harvey, whose manner presented the greatest contrast to his air of boastful security at the beginning of the conversation.

That same evening Tom accompanied Harvey to Miss Northwood's house.

He found her all, and more than all, Harvey had described. He was indeed charmed with her grace and beauty.

The conversation, after the first preliminary common places, fell on the works of art and the wondrous galleries of Europe. Tom had been an extensive traveler, and was in his element on this subject. He had much of interest to say, and found much pleasure in answering Miss Northwood's discriminating questions.

Harvey, who had never traveled, was of necessity silent, and thrown quite into the shade.

From this subject the transition was easy and natural to music; and here Tom was at home.—In fact, music was his strong point. He was an accomplished musician, with all a musician's enthusiasm for the art. Soon he and Miss Northwood were settled at the piano, singing, humming snatches of airs, admiring, comparing tastes, and ecstasizing as enthusiastic lovers of music will.

"Do you know this air?" asked Tom. "I learned it in Venice, and it is, I think, peculiarly beautiful. It seems to carry with it a perfume of Italian flowers, and the sound of rippling, moonlight waters."

"Fudge!" muttered Harvey, from the distant sofa, to which he had retired, from behind the book he was pretending to read.

Then followed the air referred to, sung in the most exquisite taste, with the richest of manly voices.

Miss Northwood admired warmly, and expressed what she felt.

"Coquette!" sneered Harvey, in an accent of concentrated rage.

But all unconscious of these muttered comments, the musicians lingered over their music. One favorite air suggested another, and there were scores to be looked over, and duetts to be sung, and Tom had so many anecdotes to tell of such and such musicians, and such delightful little histories of how such and such pieces of music came to be written, that time flew on swift and noiseless pinions.

Miss Northwood's eyes occasionally went in search of Harvey, but whenever she addressed a remark to him, with a view of drawing him into the conversation, he replied with such uncourteous brevity that she was repelled from further advances.

"Well!" cried Tom, as they emerged from the house late in the evening, "pretty well for a beginning, Harvey. So far so good. I consider the affair in most hopeful train. Miss Northwood more than satisfies my expectations, and I flatter myself I made an impression. Hey, Harvey?"

An unintelligible growl from Harvey was the only reply.

"I say, Harvey," continued Tom, in the highest spirits, "I don't see those unmistakeable symptoms of being in love, in your fair lady, which I expected. May you not be deceived yourself on this point?"

Another growl, omnious this time, from Harvey.

Tom proceeded.

"You did very well to-night, Harvey. I commend you. Keep your distance; that's right; no poaching on my grounds you know."

"Your grounds! you rascal!" burst forth Harvey, in a fit of ungovernable rage. "I've a great mind to knock you down for your insufferable assurance, you—you—you puppy. And there, sir, is my card, if you want the satisfaction of a gentleman!"

Tom raised the card Harvey flung at him, as he left him, bursting with laughter as he did so.

"Tom, my good fellow!" cried Harvey, as he burst into Tom's room the next day, with the most beaming of smiles on his face; "Tom, I've got something pleasant to say to you. Wish me joy, my fine fellow! It's all settled. We're to be married this day three months. It's all fixed, and I am the luckiest dog! Why don't you congratulate me, old boy?"

"Because you take my breath away. I can't believe you. Why, you told me yesterday you wanted me to take her off your hands——"

"Nonsense!"

"And that you considered yourself in quite a fix, from which I good-humoredly consented to help you."

"Fudge!" cried Harvey, a blush of vexation and shame coming into his face.

"And that Miss Northwood, poor thing, was likely to die of a broken heart——"

"Come, come, Tom, no more of that, as thou lovest me! The fact is, Tom—and I may as well own it—a man does not know whether he is in love or not, sometimes, till a little jealousy, or something else, opens his eyes for him. But it's all right now."

"Oh! aye!" said Tom, with affected gravity, "you may think it's all right, but here is something yet to be settled which may stand in the way of your true love running very smooth."—As he spoke he gravely drew forth Harvey's card from his pocket. "I have ordered coffee and pistols for to-morrow morning, and who knows—I may stand a chance for Miss Northwood's hand yet."

Harvey snatched the card and sent it spinning in the air, as he burst into a merry laugh. Tom joined him heartily. Their hands met in a cordial grip, as they exclaimed:—the one, "You may thank me, Harvey, for teaching you your own mind"—and the other, "I understand you, Tom, you're the best friend I ever had. See if I don't prove my gratitude, some of these days, by flirting with the lady you're in love with."

"You're welcome," cried Tom; "by the time I'm in love you'll be like the lion, sans teeth and claws—a married man, and no longer dangerous."

"Saturday Night."

What blessed things Saturday nights are, and what would the world do without them! Those breathing moments in the trampling march of life; those little twilights in the broad and garish glare of noon, when pale yesterdays looked beautiful through the shadows, and faces "changed" long ago, smile sweetly again in the hush when one remembers the "old folks at home," and the old fashioned fire, and the old armchair, and the little brother that died, and the little sister that was "translated."

Saturday nights make people human; set their hearts to beating softly as they used to do before the world turned them into war drums, and jarred them to pieces with tattoes.

The ledger closes with a clash; the iron doored vaults come to with a bang; up go the shutters with a will; click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and business breathes free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all the week gently closes behind him, the world is shut out. Shut out? Shut in, the rather. Here are his treasures after all, and not in the vault, and not in the book—save the record in the old family Bible—and not in the Bank.

May be you are a Bachelor, frosty and forty. Then, poor fellow! Saturday night's nothing to you, just as you are nothing to anybody. Get a wife, blue-eyed or black-eyed, but above all true-eyed—get a little home, no matter how little, and a little sofa, just to hold two, or two and a half, and then get the two or the two and a half in it, on a Saturday night, and then read this paragraph by the light of your wife's eyes, and thank God and take courage.

The dim and dusty shops are swept up; the hammer is thrown down, the apron is doffed, and Labor hastens with a light step homeward bound.

"Saturday night," feebly murmurs the languishing, as she turns wearily upon her couch; "and is there another to come?"

"Saturday night, at last!" whispers the weeper above the dying, "and it is Sunday to-morrow and to-morrow!"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Darkey and the Deer.

The good steamer "Ia" was coming down the beautiful St. Clair, when a noble buck was seen swimming across ahead of her. To lower away a boat and give chase was only the work of a moment, and with a stout line he was taken by the antlers and safely brought upon the steamer's deck. A good deal of admiration was excited by his fine proportions, and among his admirers was the cook, a goodly specimen of "Afric's clime," who imagined that from the docile appearance of the animal, he was quiet as a sheep. He therefore undertook to caress him, and to lay his had upon his haunch, when he was astonished by a vigorous kick, that laid him sprawling upon the deck. Nothing daunted, however, Cuffey thought he might succeed better by the head, but the deer, liking this no better, made a butt that laid the poor darkey out again, and opened an ugly gash on his woolley head. This was too much of a good thing; so Cuffey, when he recovered himself, stood at a respectable distance, and, eyeing the old buck, said, "Now, look a here, Mister Dee', I do'no whose dee' you is, or who you b'long to; but if you do dat agin, dar'll be wenzon board dis boat, sure's you live!"

A CLERGYMAN IN DISGUISE.—A stout man of red complexion, strong presence, and bearing an immense moustache, accosted Amassa, the Page, in the Representatives' lobby at the State House, yesterday, and asked the boy where he should hang his coat. Amassa replied that the firemen usually pegged their extra toggery in the basement, and added: "If you are a fireman or a watchman, you had better go below." "I am the chaplain of the House," responded the stranger; whereat Amassa bowed meekly, and conducted his reverence to an anti-chamber.—*Boston Courier.*

An intinerant quack doctor in Texas was applied to by one of Col. Hays's Rangers to extract the iron point of an Indian arrow from his head, where it had been lodged for some time. "I cannot 'stract this, stranger," said the doctor, "because I do it would go nigh killing you; but I can give you a pill that will melt it jn your head."

Selected Poetry.

TACT.—BY R. W. EMERSON.

What boots it, thy virtue,
What profit thy parts,
While one thing thou lackest—
The art of all arts.

The only credentials,
Passport to success;
Opens castle and parlor—
Address, man, Address.

The maiden in danger
Was saved by the swain;
His stout arm restored her
To Broadway again.

The maid would reward him,—
Gay company come,—
They laugh, she laughs with them;
He is moonstruck and dumb.

This clinches the bargain;
Sails out of the bay;
Gets the vote in the senate,
Spite of Webster or Clay.

Has for genius no mercy,
For speeches no heed;
It lurks in the eyebeam,
It leaps to its deed.

Church, market, and tavern,
Bed and board it will sway;
It has no to-morrow—
It ends with to-day.

Selected Miscellany.

From the Boston Traveler.

Death of Hugh Miller.

[We have been favored by a kind friend with a copy of the *Edinburgh Witness*, of December 26, containing a full account of the cause and the manner of Hugh Miller's death, so far as is now known. It is but too true that he died by his own hands, though in a fit of mental aberration which his excessive labors had induced. His name has become in America so fully a "household word," that we are sure our readers will be glad to read the account in full, which we give below.]

It is with feelings of deep and painful regret that we announce to our readers the death of Mr. Hugh Miller, of the *Witness*. This melancholy event took place during the night of Tuesday, and was occasioned by a shot fired by himself when walking in his sleep, in a nightmare occasioned by ill health. The following is the statement communicated to the Edinburg press from the *Witness* office:

"Mr. Miller had been ill for some time—working hard, and late at night, in completing his new work on Geology. He had become, in consequence, subject to aggravated attacks of nightmare, which partook of the nature of somnambulism. Some time ago attempts had been made to break into his museum; and he, in consequence, had always slept with a loaded revolver on the table by his side. On Tuesday, on account of the headache and unrefreshing sleep, he had seen his medical advisers, who had warned him of overwork, and prescribed suitably. At night, according to their request, he had taken a warm sponge bath, and retired early to rest. After having slept some considerable time, he had apparently awakened in a fit of nightmare, and, taking up the pistol, had reached the bed room, as far as the bath, which had been left, after use, in the adjoining apartment. There the pistol had exploded, the bullet passing through the chest, and death must have been instantaneous. The sound not having been heard at this hour of the night by any of the household, Mr. Miller's body was not discovered till the morning."

In his youth, as appears from his Autobiography, Mr. Miller was liable to somnambulism when in ill health, and it was doubtless in one of those fits that he met his death. Indeed we learn that, when at the *Witness* office on Monday, he mentioned that when he awoke that morning he had found himself as cold as a stone, and surmised that he must have been walking during his sleep.

A cotemporary, proceeding upon "information gathered from those among whom he lived," comes to the conclusion that Mr. Miller's mind has of late been disordered; but we suspect the following statement, is considerably exaggerated, and colored by impressions which have arisen since Mr. Miller's strange and sad death:—"On several occasions of late," says our cotemporary, "the deceased has entered the shops of his neighbors in Portabilo, and asked if any of 'those ruffians' had disturbed them in the night, adding that attempts had been made to break into his house, but that he had risen from his bed and threatened the burglars with his revolver, upon which they had decamped. Besides this pistol, he carried a small dagger about with him, and, in addition to these, a stout broadsword was secreted in his bed. The variety and nature of these weapons suggest that they were obtained really for defence, though the danger may have been a delusion. An examination of the brain has revealed the presence of disease sufficient to account for the pains he latterly so frequently complained of. It has revealed, too, sufficient evidence of unhealthfulness to account for all his delusions."

The work, over-labor at which was the immediate cause of his death, was doubtless his long projected work on the Geology of Scotland—which he intended to be his *magnum opus* and corner stone of his reputation as a man of science. We hope and expect to hear that this work, though not finished as its fastidious author would have desired, has yet been left by him in a state of such advancement as will allow of its being given to the world. It is a national work, and its author was pre-eminently a national character. The name of Hugh Miller was known and cherished throughout Scotland with a feeling such as is only accorded to a compatriot. And he was a man of whom Scotland might be proud. Though without the high genius of Scott and Burns, the name of Hugh Miller will probably be classed along with theirs and Chalmers', as four of the most essentially national of the literary *men* (we do not say writers) of Scotland. He will have a niche for himself. His career of life was marked by an individuality extremely rare in these times, when the great desire in society seems to be for each one to round himself off into a homogeneous monotony. And that individuality was of an honest and manly kind; it was the instinctive effort of his simple and earnest nature to be always, and in all circumstances, himself.

The leading points of Hugh Miller's life are well known; and for details we can refer to the pages of his most instructive Autobiography, where both old and young will find many a good lesson of life told in a manner at once simple and effective. Born of humble parents, on the shores of the Pentland Firth, and bred to the life of an ordinary stone-mason, Hugh Miller gradually raised himself to the eminent and remunerative position which for the last dozen years he has held amongst us. Steadily and contentedly he applied himself to whatever task in life he was called. At first an excellent mason, he next became an excellent banker's clerk, then an excellent journalist, lecturer, and author. The publication of a small volume of poetry at Inverness attracted the attention of a few individuals of local influence, and was the means of removing him from the mason's shed to a clerkship in a country bank; and the subsequent publication of a pamphlet on the Non-Intrusion question marked him out to the leaders of the Secession of 1843 as the best man to conduct the journal which they started to advocate their views in the Scottish metropolis. At first editor, he subsequently became principal proprietor of the *Witness*—repaying every shilling of the money which had been subscribed to start that newspaper, although many of the subscribers had meant their advances rather as a gift than as a loan.

We have noticed the particular efforts or incidents which produced Hugh Miller's various steps of advancement in life; but the lesson of his life is ill understood if it be thought that for his success he was indebted to what is commonly called "accident." It was no chance leap that led Hugh Miller to competence and distinction. His whole life was a progress, a constant preparation for something better. Perfectly free from that eager haste to be successful, (the mark either of a weak or of an ill-regulated mind,) he was ever ready, when the door of fortune opened, to step in. This is the true secret of success. Providence gives to every man chances of advancement; but too often these chances pass by unimproved, because the individual is not ready to avail himself of them. With Hugh Miller the case was far otherwise. We do not say that the work of self-improvement was carried on by him chiefly for the sake of worldly advancement. On the contrary, we believe that with him, as with all high and worthy characters, an irresistible instinct impels them onward in the cultivation of their nature, and would do so though worldly success formed no part of the rich reward. He knew that there was but one thing he could carry out of this world—namely, himself—the nature which God had given him; and so, by God's grace, he sought to cultivate it, to his true profit here and lasting enjoyment hereafter.

Hugh Miller was the true type of a Scottish Protestant, and exercised "the right of private judgment" in many other things besides religion. His appearance indexed the man. The coarse plaid ever across his shoulders, the homely attire, the rough but manly appearance, never changed; but there was a gentleness in manner and voice which not less truly attested the character of his heart. To duke or peasant Hugh Miller was the same. Little given to conviviality, and turning with honest dislike and contempt from the idle banquetings and ceremonious frivolities of fashion, he preferred to live the life of a student in the bosom of his family; and now, like many other distinguished men of this brain-destroying age, he has fallen a victim to his over-great devotion to the work which he felt it was his province to perform. His death has been felt as a shock by the whole community of our city. It was so sudden, so strange, so appalling. It was the last form of death which we should have anticipated for Hugh Miller,—for that firm, self-poised man, who trusted in God, and never shrank from a duty in life. It is a lesson for humanity to lay to heart; and while we thus hasten to pay an honest tribute to his memory, the thought comes to us, as it must to all, that truly "we know not what a day or an hour may bring forth."

Brains for Sale or Hire.

We see by a *bona fide* advertisement in a Philadelphia paper, that a new business been started in the "city of brotherly love." An experienced editor and a successful author, and a thoroughly educated literary man, nearly, as he says, of twenty-five years drudgery of daily journalism, offers to hire out or sell his brains by retail. He has established a bureau for the sale and disposal of this novel kind of ware. His terms he naively states as cash on delivery. We fear if brains ever come to be admitted as a legitimate commodity in the market, the quotations will be either marked "dull" or "no demand." This adventurer in a new line of business offers to the public a multiplicity of productions, and addresses himself to merchants, business men, and inventors, as prepared to supply them with advertisements, &c. of every sort, off-hand. To politicians he proposes to supply on demand, always for the ready cash, speeches, reports, resolutions, letters, toasts, pamphlets, editorials, and any other sort of brain work. To artists, managers and actors he also offers his services; while to ladies and gentlemen whom he appears not to include in any of the former categories, he tenders the use of his brains in writing letters, poetry, acrostics, notes, *billet doux*, and compositions of the most delicate and confidential character. We have our misgivings as to the success of this literary bureau. There are plenty of people who would like to have the use of some one else's brains, but few willing to pay adequately for the accommodation.—*Baltimore Dispatch.*

MAJOR GEORGE PETER.—The Washington correspondent of the Charleston *News* speaks in the following terms of this distinguished citizen of Montgomery County:

On the floor of the House the other day an aged but vigorous and healthy looking old gentleman, about six feet three inches in height, of majestic form, attracted great attention. It was Major George Peter, of Montgomery county, Md., an ex-member of Congress. He entered the House in 1805, fifty-two years ago. Not a man who was in that body then has been in his lives. He retired in 1807 to private life; but returned to Congress again in 1819, and finally left it in 1825. He told me that there is but one man in the public councils now who was here when he left in 1825, and that man is Sam Houston, who was then a Congressman from Tennessee.—Major Peter received an appointment in the army from General Washington in his early life, and performed gallant services. He is now an active politician in Maryland, having been elected a year ago a member of the board of public works. I heard him speak during his canvass for this office, and he has all the vigor and force of youth about his oratory. He looks as if he would live a half century longer.

IMPORTANT TO BREWERS AND LIQUOR DEALERS.—A case has just been decided in New York, in which an extensive brewer sued one of his customers who refused to pay full price for 146 hogsheads of ale on the ground that the hogsheads were, to a certain extent, short of legal measure. The judge charged the jury that the defendant was entitled to receive sixty-three gallons in each hogshead, and could only be called upon to pay in proportion at that rate. It was for them to say whether the examination made by the defendant was a fair sample of the hogshead sent out by the plaintiff. It was contended by the plaintiff that the short measure, if any, occurred from the fact that those beer hogsheads had to be coopered at least once or twice a year. That was no excuse. If they agreed to send sixty-three gallons, and received the money, they were bound to do so. The jury deducted six gallons from each hogshead, making 876 gallons, and found a verdict for plaintiff for the balance, with interest.

PRIZE MONEY.—In 1815 $254,000 was voted as prize money to Commodore O. H. Perry and the officers and seamen of the Lake Erie fleet, for their gallantry in the victory over the British. In 1815 $200,000 was voted Com. McDonough, his officers and seamen. In 1816 $100,000 was voted Decatur's squadron. In 1825 $20,000 was voted to Commodore M. C. Perry for eminent services in negotiating the treaty with Japan. Congress voted to Gen. Lafayette, at different times, $236,000 and 35,000 acres of land, for his sacrifices in the Revolutionary war.

ACCIDENT.—During the play of "Lear," on Monday night, at the Broadway (New York) Theatre, Mr. Daly, who performed Edgar, had the middle finger of his right hand nearly cut off in the combat scene with Edmond.

There was once a man so intensely polite, that, as he passed a hen on her nest, he said, "Don't rise ma'am."

From the New York Spirit of the Times.

How Jim Donnellan Out-traded Uncle Billy Snow.

Old Uncle Billy was, and is the keenest trader in the country. He was never known to make a bad bargain. Many a trap has been laid to catch him, but his operation always turned out so as to add something to his pile, and still more to his reputation. Some time since a party of young men, talking of Uncle Billy's great luck in this way, various instances were mentioned of his extraordinary trades and his uniform success. Jim Donnellon at length offered to bet that he would catch him before two days. Of course that was taken as soon as proposed, and soon after Jim left them to make his preparations to win. The next day was court day, and Jim and Mr. Snow met at the Court House.

"Good morning, Uncle Billy," said Jim; "all well to-day?"

"Pretty well, I thank you Jeemes, my son."

"Any trading on hand this morning?" enquired Donnellan.

"Nothing in particular, Jeemes; times rather dull just now; people don't trade as they used to do."

"That's a fact, Uncle Billy," responded Jim. "Well, since nothing better offers, spose you and I make a trade?"

"No objection in the world," Jeemes. Go ahead and let's hear from you.

"Well, Uncle Billy, I have a mare yonder, that I want to trade for that mule of yours—how will you trade?"

"I don't know exactly," responded Mr. Snow, "but as mules are generally considered worth more than horses, and your mare is getting along in years, I spose ten dollars wouldn't be too much, would it? Give me ten dollars and your mare, and you may take the mule."

"Done!" exclaimed Jim, perfectly delighted.

The money was paid over, and the critters were handed over to their new masters. Jim took the mule home, and that night the beast lay down and died. This was a sore blow to our hero, but he had one more day left, and determined to save himself. The next morning found him and Snow at the same place, and in conversation as follows:

"Uncle Billy," says Jim, I think you come the strong game over me yesterday, in that mule of yours. I don't like him so much this morning as I did yesterday—I don't think he improves on acquaintance—what'll you take to rue?"—(swap back.)

"Now, Jeemes, my son," answered Uncle Billy, "I don't want to be hard on you, but you took me up on the first hop, and you know a trade's a trade. But if you are anxious to rue, I don't care much. Give me ten dollars more and you may have your mare back."

"Uncle Billy, I'll do it!" exclaimed Jim in great delight. "But only on one condition—each man must come after and take away his own beast. I didn't bring my mule along today, and I see you didn't ride the mare, so it is as long as it is broad. I'll give ten dollars now, and I'll go home with you first and get the mare, and afterwards you can send, or can come for the mule at any time."

"Any way, Jeemes," replied Mr. Snow.

The money was paid, and Jim and the old man started. The next day when the crowd had met to decide the bet, Jim was there giving his experience as follows:

"The old man and I went along very cosily together, talking about everything in the world except our trade. This question I dodged. I was afraid to open my lips until I got my mare safe. At last we reached the old fellow's house. He said to me, as we entered the yard—

"'Jeemes, my son, there is your mare—you can take her away with you.'

"And, boys, if there wan't the old mare layin' in the yard, as dead as a door nail. *The infernal cuss died the same night with the mule.*"

HOW A BACON THIEF GOT CLEAR.—The Montgomery *Advertiser* states:

A man out West somewhere, being indicted for stealing bacon, went to a lawyer and told him his case. The lawyer was strange to say, advised him to settle—but the man said no, he had a right to be tried by a jury and a lawyer to defend him. The case came up, and the witness swore up to the hub against the man. It was a clear case to all, even to the attorney who argued for the bacon-stealer. The jury went out, and soon returned with a verdict, "not guilty." The man thrust his thumb into his vest pocket and went out of the court-house whistling "Yankee Doodle."—The next day his lawyer met him and asked him how under heaven he got clear of that case.—"Now, squire," said the client, "I'll tell you how the thing was done, but you needn't say anything about it. Eleven of the jury had some of the bacon!"

A CASE BEYOND MEDICAL SKILL.—Readers may remember the curious account of a man who died suddenly in this city, over whose face as his body was exposed at the grave, a sudden shade and light passed so strangely that the friends removed it back to the house, and kept up frictions all night trying to restore it to life. We learn since that some of the anxious friends of the deceased visited New York at the time, and tried to induce the physician who attended the dead man in his last illness to go up and try his skill towards his restoration. Dr. S. listened awhile incredulously, but at last seemed to believe the story of his informant. "But," said he, "I hope that you won't be able to restore him—I really hope you won't." "Why?" asked his visitor, in amazement. "Well," said the doctor, "I don't see how he would be able to get along, it would be very awkward for him—for his liver and heart are in that jar on the shelf."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

AN ASSEMBLYMAN IN A TIGHT PLACE.—When the accident occurred on the N. Y. Central Railroad Monday evening Mr. Barker, Assemblyman from Montgomery county, made a leap for life and succeeded in burying himself ostrich fashion. He struck head foremost into a snow drift, and such was the force with which he went that nothing was to be seen of him but a small portion of his legs and his feet, the violent kicking of which attracted the attention of those who had left the train for the purpose of affording relief, and they succeeded in rescuing him. But for their timely succor Mr. Baker would have been smothered to death.

CHARCOAL AND SAUSAGES.—A youthful Frenchman received from his love the following letter:

"Isadore, you have abandoned me; that is the recompense for my virtue. My landlord will wait no longer; come to night, or I shall sleep in the room with a charcoal furnace. NANCHIE."

Isadore was in no hurry. He went the next day to see her corpse. The furnace was burning, and his own Nanchie was—frying sausages!

EDITING A PAPER OUT WEST.—The editor of a paper published at Lake Superior, after having been without a mail three weeks, says:

Should the mail not arrive this week, we shall make our regular issue next Tuesday; for this number was made up from an old magazine and a religious almanac of last year, and so long as this material holds out we shall be independent of the mails.

CHAOS.—A little girl, a few days since, addressing her sister, asked, "What was the chaos pa was reading about to-day?" To which the latter replied, "'Twas a great pile of nothing and no place to put it in!"

When is charity like a top? When it begins to hum.

If a woman would have the world respect her husband, she must set the example.

No dust affects the eyes like gold dust, and no glasses like brandy glases.

From "Porter's Spirit of the Times."

Moral Suasion.

There is nothing like "moral suasion." It has grown to be a great and controlling institution. The best example of the same occurred in San Francisco recently.

You well know—if not, I can inform you thereon—that the chief city of California is frequently, if not oftener, infested by Chinamen.

An acquaintance of ours was junior partner and occasional salesman, in a firm whose business it was to sell fish-hooks, and cod lines, rope's-ends, and other odds and ends. One day, a John Chinaman, followed by a train of about ten of his countrymen, ranged tandem fashion, entered the establishment, and after peering around a few seconds, exclaimed:

"Cotton seine twine—got him?"

"Yes!" was the answer.

"How much takee?"

"One dollar a pound."

"Um! give fifty cents!"

"Get out!" said the junior partner, with a menacing gesture, and John Chinaman departed, followed by his tail, and his countrymen.

The train passed and repassed the door several times, and at length re-entered. John, looking around as though he had never been there before, again inquired:

"Cotton seine twine—got him?"

"*Yes!*"

"How much takee?"

"*One dollar a pound!*"

"Um! give seventee-five cents."

"Get out!" cried the excited partner, and the Chinese population departed as before.

The wild-goose procession paraded past a few times and then re-entered. The spokes man, after gazing around some time, lifted up his voice a third time, and thus he spoke:

"Cotton seine twine—got him?"

"Yes!!!"

"How much takee?"

The salesman whispered to Patrick, the porter, to hand him a cleaver. This had, he grasped the astonished John Chinaman with his left hand, and raising his cleaver with the right, exclaimed:

"ONE DOLLAR A POUND!!!"

John gave one look at the cleaver, another at the face of the salesman, and yelled out:

"I takee one hundred pound!"

The bargain was thereon closed. So much for moral suasion.

"I'll Call Around and Pay."

What a world of woe is contained in these few words to the poor artizan and mechanic! and in fact upon all who depend upon their labor for a sustenance for themselves and families!!!

"*I'll call around and pay,*" says the rich man, to avoid the trouble of going to his desk to get the necessay funds, and the poor mechanic is obliged to go home to disappoint his workmen and all who depend upon him for their due. It is an easy matter to work: the only glory in this life is an independent idea of being able to sustain yourself by the labor of your own hands, and it may be easily imagined what crushing force there is in "*I'll call round and pay,*" to the laboring man, who depends upon that pay for subsistence. *If those who could pay would only pay at once, it would place hundreds and thousands in a condition to do likewise, and would prevent much misery and distress.*

DOING A PRINTER.—A financier in embryo, but who, up to the present moment, has reaped nothing from his various speculations except a crowd of creditors, lately hit upon the expedient, when hard pressed, of asking for a brief extension of time. He wrote and sent to a printer a circular letter, of which the following is a copy:

"SIR—At the present moment, I am unable to meet my pecuniary obligations. As soon as possible, I shall be most happy to satisfy your claim.

I am very truly yours, &c.,

_____."

(Signed)

Of this circular five hundred copies were ordered. The Printer, having done the work, brought it in person to our financier, and politely presented his "little bill." The debtor, without being it the least disconcerted, went to his desk, in which he had just locked the circulars, took out one of them, sat down, signed his name with a beautiful caligraphic flourish, and gracefully handed it to the astonished typo. We know that it is sometimes difficult for the editors to make their subscribers "pay up," but this is carrying jokes upon printers rather too far.

THE FORCE OF POLITENESS.—The following pleasing anecdote is told by M. Casimir Bonjour, in the course of an essay on politeness:

The Marchioness de Coislin one day solicited an audience of Fouche, then minister of police. The audience was granted, but Fouche, who was resolved to refuse whatever the marchioness might ask for, received her standing, with his elbow resting on the chimney-piece, and did not invite her to a seat.

"Citizen minister," said the marchioness, "I come to ask what crime my sister, Madame d'Avaray, has committed, that she should be exiled?" "She is an enemy of the government," replied Fouche, "and has the audacity to exist in defiance." "She audacious," retorted the marchioness, "she defy the First Consul? How little do you know her. She is so timid that she would not even venture to say, 'Citizen minister, have the goodness to hand me a chair.'"—At these words Fouche was so disconcerted that his courage to be hostile. Mad. de Coislin had a chair, and Mad. d'Avaray received permission to return to Paris.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.—All who have read the life of this great man will remember the great importance he attached to correct pronunciation. His biographer, Mr. Garland, records the fact of his correcting Dr. Parish twice in his manner of pronouncing words, while the doctor was reading him a short article the day before his death; and that when the doctor hesitated about adopting Mr. Randolph's mode of pronunciation, the dying man exclaimed, in his usual impatient and absolute manner: "Pass on, sir, pass on; there can be no doubt about it." This had seemed to me to be slightly colored by the biographer, but the accompanying incident convinced me that it was but the ruling passion strong in death. When Tazewell was at the zenith of his fame, on one occasion he made a speech at the bar, surpassing even himself in eloquence. On finishing, Randolph approached him and complained bitterly, with an oath, that it was fated that nothing human should be perfect. Tazewell, who was receiving impassioned congratulations from his friends, asked Randolph what he meant. His questioner, with his usual acerbity, indignantly demanded: "Why did you not say 'hor i zon instead of *hor* izon?" Were it not for that d——d barbarism, there would have been one perfect human production."

THE PARDONING GOVERNOR.—An exchange says that Gov. Clark, of New York, was being shaved the other day, when the barber accidentally tweaked his nose a little too hard: "Pardon me," said he, very naturally, "Put your hand in my coat pocket and pull one out," said the kind hearted Governor. "I'll fill it for you when you're done."

THE COLD TERM.—E. Meriam, the New York meteorologist, commonly known as "Clerk of the weather," says that in a period of sixty nine consecutive years, the temperature, but in one December, was lower than in this, and that was in the year 1796.

Money-mania is what the lawyers mean, and not mono-mania, in their defence of wholesale rascality; it is a sly joke of theirs.

If we crave the love of others we must love them.

John Phœnix upon George Washington.

From an oration reputed to have been delivered at Fort Vacouver, W. T., on the Fourth of July, 1856, by "John Phœnix, £ s. D., Sergeant Major 83d Regiment Oregon Territory Light Mules," we extract the following:

"Although, for the time in which he lived, a very distinguished man, the ignorunce of Washington is something perfectly incredible. He never traveled on a steamboat, never saw a railroad or a locomotive engine; was perfectly ignorant of the principles of the magnetic telegraph; never had a daguerreotype, Colt's pistol, Sharp's rifle, or used a friction match. He eat his meals with an iron fork, never used postage stamps on his letters, and knew nothing of the application of chloroform to alleviate suffering, or the use of gas for illumination. Such a man as this could hardly be elected President of the United States in these times, although it must be confessed, we occasionally have a candidate who proves not much better informed about matters in general.

Washington died from exposure on the summit of Mount Vernon, in the year 1786, leaving behind him a name that will endure forever, if posterity persist in calling their children after him to the same extent that has been fashionable.

A portrait by Gilbert Stuart, of this great soldier and statesman may be seen, very badly engraved, on the "History of the United States;" but as it was taken when the General was in the act of chewing tobacco, the left cheek is distended out of proportion, and the likeness rendered very unsatisfactory. Upon the whole, General George Washington was a very excellent man; though unfamiliar with "Scott's Infantry Tactics" he was a tolerable officer; though he married a widow, he was a fond husband; and though he did not know the Beecher family, he was a sincere christian.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

A monument has been commenced in the city of Washington to his memory, which is to be five hundred feet in height; and it should be the wish of every true-hearted American that his virtues and services may not be forgotten before it is completed; in which case, their remembrance will probably endure forever."

HOW TO PROTECT THE BODY AGAINST COLD.—E. Meriam, who riots in a storm, closes a notice of his thermometrical observations during the nights of Saturday and Sunday, the 18th and 19th inst., as follows:

There is majesty in such cold, attended by such a storm of wind and snow.

Notwithstanding the intensity of the cold, and the great and refrigerating power of the wind, I continued my observations hourly, throughout the nights, clad in my thin cotton night dress, with bare feet except loose slippers, and was at times, five minutes in the open air, without feeling the least sensation of cold. I mention this to show that bundling up to protect the body and the limbs from cold, is the very way to feel cold.

PERCIVAL THE POET.—Mr. S. G. Goodrich, gives the following explanation of Percival's unhappy career:

I think he had been deeply injured—nay, ruined, by the reading of Byron's works at that precise age when his soul was in all the sensitive bloom of spring, and its killing frost of atheism, of misanthropy, of pride and scorn, fell upon it and converted it into a scene of desolation. The want of a general appreciation, of love and friendship, around his early life, caused its malignant influence to deepen his natural shyness into a positive and habitual self-banishment from his fellow-men. Such is the sad interpretation I put upon his career.

EPIGRAMS.—This kind of poetry is not so much in fashion as it was in the time of Piron and Voltaire, when they fought their biggest personal battles with epigrams, as they did somewhat later with pamphlets and such like stupid instruments of hostility; but the epigram is undoubtedly the best possible form of wit