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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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A Story with a Moral.

Love Struck by Lightning.

Society finds no term sufficiently envenomed to express its abhorrence of that most detestable of all characters, a male flirt. I agree with society. I abominate a male flirt as probable no other man on earth abominates them; have always abominated them; intend always to abominate them; and if a law were passed to-morrow to hang, draw, and quarter them, to deny them the rites of Christian interment, and to bury them at the crossing of the road, with a stake through the heart, I should turn Jack Ketch and grave-digger in less than twenty-four hours. But, if society be always right in its decisions, and the law should reach all offenders, I would myself become the first victim, and, before another revolution of the earth upon its axis, be buried with a stake through *my* heart. Little would I care. A stake, never so big and never so sharp, could give me no more agony than I now feel and have felt for many weary months.

Am I, then, a male flirt?

Most unquestionably. Society says so, and society can't be wrong. Can't it? Does society understand perfectly the nature of that curious thing called love? Does it believe, with Shakspeare, that

> Love's feelings are more soft and sensible
> Than are the tender horns of cockled snails?

that, of all mundane things, love is the most vulnerable and liable to sudden death? Does it doubt for a moment that Parthenia fibbed most egregiously when she asserted

> —a spirit bright,
> Love never dies at all?

Smart Parthenia! Smart society! Poor Ingomar! Poor fool! Poor me!

Verily, there are ten thousand little things, any one of which may kill love, occurring in the history of every courtship, about which society can never know anything, and concerning which no man or woman dare give society the slightest hint. A wink of the eye, a curve of the lip, a wrinkle of the forehead, a dilation of the nostril, a gesture, an attitude, a step forward or a step backward, will destroy love instantly, and beyond all hope of resuscitation.

Can society comprehend the terrible results which may follow the extinction of love by causes so trivial as these? Will it believe that an honorable and affectionate gentleman may have his character impeached, his reputation destroyed, his happiness blasted, by a trifle which no one but himself has had an opportunity of observing, and the nature of which he is in honor bound forever to conceal, or only to whisper in sacred confidence to a bosom friend? No, it can neither comprehend, nor will it believe. Therefore I will not attempt to enlighten it. But the public I will enlighten.

Do I, then, make a distinction between society and the public?

Certainly. Society is a conceited, stupid, dunderhead. The public is large-hearted, magnanimous, forgiving. Having no bosom friend, I will pour my griefs into the vast and friendly ear of the public. I appear here for that purpose. Being a living illustration of a reputation blasted by a trifle—or what might have been a trifle to persons less sensitive than myself—I come forward to defend myself and my fellow-sufferers (of whom there are many more than the public suppose) against the cruel mandates of the unthinking, uncaring, credulous, and tyrannical monster, Society. The line of my defense will involve the recital of a painful fact in female affairs, which, however true and undeniable it may be, will harrow up the souls of womankind as they have never been harrowed up before, and, as I trust, (after reading this,) they may never be harrowed up again. It grieves me sorely to pain the dear creatures, but I do it for their good. I am, moreover, a blighted and a ruined man, and can be as little harmed by their bad opinion as benefitted by their esteem.

My proposition is this: Many a man gets, and every man is liable to get, the reputation of being a male flirt, in spite of himself, and without in the least deserving it. And my argument is the following literally true history:

I was born, and grew to man's estate, in a country whose unbounded plains, adorned with the richest treasures of natural and of cultivated growth, whose cloudless skies and temperate seasons impart to its inhabitants a generous vigor of intellect and an evenness of disposition which enables them to meet with composure the shocks and vexations, and to discharge with satisfaction the complicated duties and requirements of the married life. Indeed, it is not too much to assert that the land of my nativity produces husbands of an amiability more thoroughly model, and of a meekness more submissive, than any other portion of the terraqueous globe, Thibet and the Typee Valley (where the women are double husbanded) not excepted. Strange, that in such a locality a male flirt should ever have come into being! Ay, not only strange, but, so far as the writer of this history is concerned, untrue!

My father's farm adjoined the globe lands formerly attached to the church in the village of Mudgully; and in that village, at the age of fifteen, I commenced my career as a store-boy. My employer was a man of austere but not unkind habits, given to the acquisition of money, and disposed to regard life from a stand-point of pure coin. His name was Ganders, and he was married to a good-natured, busy-bodyish, little woman, whose tongue, for velocity and endurance, was unsurpassed by any other organ or machine in nature. The fly-wheel of a chronometer was an inert fixture compared to it. It went, and it went. I may appear to be hard upon Mrs. Ganders; but, as John Randolph of Roanoke would say, she was the "Iliad of all my woes." Ganders had no child, and would adopt none; and that may account for the singular advice he gave me soon after I entered his store.

"Fillison"—my name is Robert Fillison—"Fillison," said he, "if you keep on as you have begun, if you remain attentive to business as you have heretofore been, you'll make money; but if you make money, you will be like all the rest of the young Mudgullians—in a hurry to get married. Don't do it. Wait awhile. Don't get married until you are worth at least twenty thousand dollars. A man with a growing crop of children can't get along with less. Children are expensive."

This oracular address was the longest he ever uttered in my presence during the five years I lived with him; and so much condescension from a middle-aged man, and a strict man of business, produced a profound impression upon me. I treasured his words as carefully and exactly as if they had been howled at me in awful Greek from the "navel of the earth" at Delphi, or extracted for my especial behoof from the mysterious leaves of the Cumean Sibyl. On the other hand, Mrs. Ganders rushed upon me from the opposite tack. She wanted to marry me off before I had a sprig of beard to my chin. To tell the truth, Mrs. Ganders was a match-maker of the avowed, and, therefore, the worst and most indefatigable species. A female seminary in Mudgully, celebrated for the beauty of its scholars, was the arsenal from which she drew her weapons; and, armed in the full panoply of twenty odd "dear Emmas" and "sweet Julias," she would penetrate the thickest phalanx of bachelors, dealing love and matrimony upon all sides, as Ajax Telamon dealt blows, or as an ordinary person would cards.

"Now Mr. Fillison"—the first time I was ever *Mistered* in my life was by Mrs. Ganders—"now Mr. Fillison, you do treat the girls shamefully. They all think you are handsome, and are dying to make your acquaintance. There is little Molly Taylor, or Annie Ludlow, or Lucy Todd, any of them would suit you exactly. I do think Molly is the *sweetest* thing, and I know she likes you—she told me so. And then she is your third or fourth cousin, you know. You ought to pay some attention to *her*. Come, don't take your hat, some of the girls will be here presently, and—"

Before Mrs. Ganders's fly-wheel stopped itself, I would be half way to the store, oblivious of the "sweetest thing," and intent upon twenty thousand dollars. Of my two advisers I preferred the husband. Mrs. Ganders was not a man, and I believed in Ganders because he was a man, and talked about money and business.—Therefore I clave to him, keeping Mrs. Ganders at bay, and discomfitting her for many years.—But in process of time Ganders slipped from his stand-point of pure coin into the grave, leaving me his stock in trade, and a parting injunction of these words, "Wait a while." I waited a while, and my parents died. Their estate, divided among three legatees, afforded each of us something quite handsome. Thus in my twenty-first year, counting goods, real estate, and money, at fair valuation, I possessed a snug twelve thousand. This was by no means a disheartening situation. Eight thousand more, and I would be justified in getting married. I began to think very seriously of a subject which at fifteen had never occupied my mind for a moment. But I remembered the advice of my employer, and toiled on, looking neither to the right nor to the left, defying Mrs. Ganders, who speedily resumed her assaults, and dismissind every dream of love. I hoped to make up the deficiency in my capital in two, or at the farthest, three years. But the ways of trade are hard and greviously uncertain. I made and lost, lost and made. I was twenty-five years old before my possessions, according to a liberal estimate, reached the sum of fifteen thousand dollars. Many men would have been satisfied with this, but my purpose was fixed.—During all these years of toil, I kept my heart unsported from the female world. I was polite to the ladies, but never visited them.

Mrs. Ganders was furious, in a good-humored way. "She had married off every other young man in Mudgully. I was the only one remaining. It was a shame, a sin and a shame, a libel upon the character of the Mudgullians. I was no Mudgullian; she would not own me as such. I was getting old and ulgy, had gray hairs in my head, was wrinkled and round-shouldered. Nobody but an old maid would have me; I was wedded to money; was a miser; a wretch; good for nothing; ought to be drowned; might have married anybody I chose; might have been the father of a family; too late now," etc.

Not a day passed without a harangue of this sort, delivered at me over the counter, and oftentimes when the store was filled with customers. I bore her attacks with great equinimity, but the shots began to tell. I felt old; had seen crop after crop of lovely maidens blooming in the Mudgully Seminary only to be plucked and borne in triumph away, frequently by men of most limited means; all of my contemporaries had married and married happily; I was left "solitary and alone," as Benton never was. Began to dread a "Thirty Years' View," not of the Senate, but of celibacy.

These particulars, seemingly impertinent to the gist of my narrative, show what sort of a man I was, and am. Not idle, not dissolute, not sociable, not a ladies' man, in no sense a man likely to become a professional lady-killer, a male flirt.

Years rolled on. I beheld the light of my twenty-eighth birth day, to the horror of Mrs. Ganders, and to my own despair. Yet the goal of my expectations was nigh. In July I entered my twenty-ninth year, and in the following September took my annual inventory. The result astonished even more than it delighted me. I could not believe it. It was too good to be true. My books, after deducting bad and doubtful debts, showed a clear balance in my favor of twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars! Not satisfied with repeated calculations of my own, I called to my assistance the best accountant in the village. Our balance-sheets tallied to a cent. The figures had not lied. Still unsatisfied, I had my property appraised. The appraisers valued it at a price beyond my own.—There was no room for doubt. I was worth fully twenty thousand dollars. I might now marry, and I determined to do so without delay.

Words cannot describe my first rapture. The earth, the air, the human race, the brute creation, wore a new and sudden glory to my eyes. The waters of affection, long damned up by the immovable barrier of my will, burst forth with joyous energy, rolling a delicious vigor through every vein. Wrinkles and round shoulders disappeared. In five days I fattened ten pounds. It was then that I succumbed to Mrs. Ganders; even begged her to adjust the matrimonial noose as soon as possible. The creature went mad with joy; declared she could die of sheer content. She wrote twenty-six letters, containing two hundred and twenty-six transparent hints to twenty-six different young ladies, inviting them to her house.

Only one came; and it is but justice to say that she was *en route* to Mudgulla before the letter reached her. She was proudly beautiful.—A glowing brunette, tall in person, graceful in manner, charming, ay, fascinating in conversation, of gentel birth, accomplished, rich. From her eyes of brilliant jet coruscated a light that permeated and intoxicated the soul. Her teeth, even, firm, and whiter than the driven snow, filled me with delight; for I did value teeth.—Ah! what murmurous honey warbled in clear affluence from her coral lips! What magnetic thrillings obeyed the lightest touch of her dimpled hand! And then her name! sweet, expressive! It was Imogene Barling.

I entered Mrs. Ganders's parlor at four o'clock, P. M.; I left it, as I would have left Paradise, reluctantly, at one, A. M. Next morning, before I had fairly swept out my store, Mrs. Ganders had traversed the entire village, imparting the mighty secret. All Mudgully knew that Bob Fillison was at length smitten. Mudgully marveled, doubted, watched, waited. I prosecuted my suit with the energy, if not the tact of a man of business, leaving my store in charge of my clerks, and spending day and night in the parlor of Mrs. Ganders. And when, after the expiration of the most blissful fortnight of my life, Miss Barling returned to her father's house, I was left not as one without hope in the world. I had good reason to believe that the lovely Imogene regarded me, to say the very least, with favor. Mrs. Ganders said so; and at the instance of Mrs. Ganders, I wrote the divine Barling a letter. She replied; we became regular correspondents. By public conveyance, I visited her thrice within the space of sixty days. She lived in elegant style, at the almost regal country seat of her father, an educated and refined gentleman, who had represented his district in Congress, and was spoken of as a candidate for the next Governorship, and who received me with unconceaded *impressment*.

Returning home after my third visit, I consulted Mrs. Ganders as to the proper duration of a courtship, and the time of popping the question. She recommended instantaneous action, and her advisement coincided with the burning eagerness of my wishes. Upon reflection, however, I considered that Mrs. Ganders was not a man; whereas Ganders had been not only a man, but a man of business, and, if alive, would have urged me to "wait a while," and not to imperil my happiness by imprudent and ungenteel haste. I determined, therefore, to put off the unconditional surrender of my heart and hand until the following spring.

This delay may have been fatal to me. If so, I scarcely know whom to blame the most—Mrs. Ganders, Ganders, or myself. But what boots it now, which of us was most to blame?

Meanwhile, I avowed my passion to the dark-eyed Imogene on paper, in a bold, commercial hand, and in a style at once eloquent, ardent and manly. Her replies breathed forth the most delicate, lady-like, non-committal encouragement. They enraptured me. In the language of Mr. Talford,

> "My raised spirit walked in glory,"

and I began to set my house in order, in order to get married. I made every needful preparation, and some that were not needful, to the great delight and approbation of all Mudgully, including the widow Ganders, who superintended and palavered over every individual thing. All Mudgully knew that Fillison was about to be married. Hadn't he bought his furniture?

May came. Upon the tenth morning of that month of blossoms I departed, not in a public conveyance as before, but in a style becoming a man worth twenty thousand dollars, and a suitor of the daughter of an ex-Congressman. I sat in a superb phaeton, drawn by a span of blooded bays equipped in splendid harness; in my rear, and mounted upon a tall iron-gray charger, appeared my servant, a gorgeous negro, fat and glossy, and black as sealing-wax, and of the aristocratic name of Dabney. This was the proudest moment of my life. I felt infinitely happy. Not a doubt darkened the smiling vista of my hopes. My success was certain. Above me was the blue and lofty welkin, around me were verdurous fields and woods full of young leaves, and following hard upon my wake came the faint echoes of Mudgullian cheers and blessings.

At even-song I reached the enchanted domain of the fair Imogene, and passed onward to a neighboring inn. It would not do, Mrs. Ganders said, for a gentleman to spend the night at the residence of a lady whom he had just courted. Leaving my servant in charge of my phaeton and luggage, I rode to the gate of Barling Lawn, dismounted, entered the broad graveled walk, and upon that classic portico beheld Miss Barling, sitting pensively in a wicker chair. My reception was most gracious; my arrival most propitious. A number of ladies and gentlemen, visitors at Barling Lawn, had just taken their leave; the ex-Congressman was indisposed; Miss Barling was alone, and "delighted to see a friend."

Tea was served in the classic portico, and at its conclusion we passed into the parlor. There, while the rosy flush of twilight deepened the blushes on her velvet cheek, Imogene heard and accepted my suit. A sweet and prolonged silence followed. Two sighs of bliss from two enraptured souls, wreathing upward through the parlor gloom, met, and in the moment of their embrace, dissolved the charmed pause. With one accord, but without a word, we rose and wandered into the garden.

I know not how it was; the drowsy, newly-risen moon, the roguish stars, the voluptuous perfume, the twitter of dreaming birds, disposed the heart to softness and to love. A lilac hedge, dense and high, towered between us and the house. Her little hand rested tremblingly on my arm; my arm usurped the office of her slender belt; her beauteous head drooped to my shoulder: I bowed to imprint the first, the best, the sweetest * * * * * * * *

In less than ten minutes I was back at the inn; fifteen minutes afterward I drove off in a whirlwind of dust. My man, of the aristocratic name of Dabney, rode after me, as fast and nearly as scared as Tam O'Shanter. Crushed into a despairful and inanimate lump, I rushed onward, I knew not, cared not, whither. A week, a fortnight, of Cain-like travail and vagabondage succeeded.

Once more I stood behind my counter, but not as I had stood before. Shocked by my pale and lengthened visage, Mrs. Ganders begged to know the cause. I was dumb. All Mudgully joined in her entreaty. I was deaf. It was noised abroad that Robert Fillison had been kicked. I received the condolence of many kind friends.—But I opened not my lips. Miss Barling was roundly abused by the Mudgullians. "She had given me every encouragement," it was said, "and put me to not a little expense in the way of phaetons, horses, negroes and household chattles, only to trifle with me. Fillison was as upright a gentleman and as good a fellow as ever lived, you might see how intensely he suffered." The tables soon turned. Mrs. Ganders received letters from Barling Lawn, beseeching to know "if I had recovered from my sudden attack; what had happened? what had the writer done to displease me that I did not write?"—These questions Mrs. Ganders put to no one with unctuous delight. My face as a friend expunged her. I myself received letters, asking, and at length demanding, an explanation. I would give no explanation. The blood of Mrs. Ganders boiled with anxious curiosity; she was bent upon knowing all about it, and ordered her carriage to Barling Lawn.

Returning to Mudgully, she threw herself upon me in the rôle of an cubless tigress; she rained abuse upon me; she exasperated the whole village against me. Her tongue foamed with velocity; it outstripped the swiftest of the ghosts of Faust—faster than "fast as possible," faster than "the change from good to evil," it went. It murdered me.

When the model husbands of Mudgully knew that I was "a cold-blooded, inhuman, remorseless, male flirt," they turned from me with loathing and contempt. Some asked the reason of my singular, my ungentlemanly, my outrageous conduct. I peremptorily refused to give any reason. Mrs. Ganders's version of the affair, coming to the ears of ex-Congressman Barling, he denounced me. The ex-Congressman's influence was great. Between Mrs. Ganders and himself, I was speedily undone. My business, my property, my health, my all, vanished like a dream.

Against the hue and cry which brought me to distinction, I raised not my voice either in entreaty, in anger, or in expostulation. I acted as an honorable, high-minded, broken-hearted gentleman. Tabooed on every side, insulted, cursed, I fled from Mudgully, to return no more forever. * * * * *

Oh! generous and compassionate Public! you who have been placed in every situation, who can therefore understand and make allowances for all predicaments, receive into your loving and capacious heart the confidence I would not and could not repose in Society.

I shrink from the confession, as I would not shrink from all the tortures of the Inquisition; but if I make it not, I shall die in infamy. Hear me, in my own behalf, and for the sake of those who suffer with me.

Know, then, that when Imogene and I stood behind the lilac hedge, and when I stooped to imprint the first, the best, the sweetest kiss of love upon her coral lips—know that then my love was struck by lightning—by a thunderbolt that pierced and searched the minutest channels of my system, blasting and eradicating every vestige, every semblance of affection!

Did that lightning fall from the cloudless and jeweled canopy of heaven? How could it? Did it burst from out the moon, whose silver shield hung whitening in the East? It did not. Did it issue from the pebbled walk beneath our feet? or dart from the ambrageous boughs above our heads? Nay. It had a nearer and a deadlier source. It came, alas! it came out of her very mouth.

Why did not the dentist fasten those upper teeth more securely?

ACTING.—The New York *Mirror* thus refers to Miss Heron's dying scene in Camille:

'The spectator *sees* the symptoms of dissolution creeping from the limbs to the lips, the last flicker of life stealing like a shade over the colorless features, and settling at last in the glazed and staring eye-ball. In an instant of time the rigidity of death takes possession of that noble and mobile face: but in that instant what a revelation! The Greek painter tortured his poor "subject" to death that he might re-produce on canvass the prolonged agonies of "Prometheus Vinctur;" Miss Heron, more humanely, probably sought her model in the hospitals of Paris, and the artist and the psychologist will both recognize the truth of her picture."

KNOW THYSELF.—Every man is a volume, if you but know how to read him.

A felon generally appears at the end of a finger, and sometimes at the end of a rope.

Selected Poetry.

THE THREE SISTERS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

'Twas a rich night in June. The air was all
Fragrance and balma, and the wet leaves were stirred
By the soft fingers of the Southern wind,
And caught the light capriciously, like winds
Haunting the greenwood with a silvery sheen.
The stars might not be numbered and the moon
Exceeding beautiful, went up in heaven,
And took her place in silence, and a hush,
Like the deep Sabbath of the night, came down
And rested upon nature. I was out
With three sweet Sisters wandering, and my thoughts
Took color of the moonlight, and of them.
And I was calm and happy. Their deep tones,
Low in the stillness, and by that soft air
Melted to restfulness, bore out, like song,
The language of high feelings, and I felt,
How excellent is woman when she gives
To the fine pulses of her spirit way.
One was a noble being, with a brow
Ample and pure, and on it her black hair
Was parted, like a raven's wing on snow:
Her tone was low and sweet, and in her smile
You read intense affection. Her moist eye
Had a most rare benignity; her mouth,
Blend and unshowed sweetness: and her face
Was full of that mild dignity that gives
A holiness to woman. She was one
Whose virtues blossom daily and throw
A fragrance upon all, who in her path,
Have a blessed fellowship.
I longed to be her brother, that her hand
Might rest upon my forehead, and her gentle voice allay
The fervor that is at my heart sometimes.

There was a second sister who might witch
An angel from his hymn. I cannot tell
The secret of her beauty. It is more
Than her slight pencilled lip and her arch eye
Laughing beneath its lashes, as if life
Were nothing but a merry mask: 'tis more
Than motion though she moveth like a fay,
Or music, though her voice is like a reed
Blown by a low south wind: or cunning grace,
Though all she does is beautiful; or thought,
Or fancy, or a delicate sense, though mind
Is her best gift, and poetry her world,
And she will see strange beauty in a flower
As by a subtile vision: 'tis enough
For me that I can listen to her voice
And dream rare dreams of music, and converse
Upon unwrit philosophy, till I
Am wildered beneath thoughts I cannot bound
And the red lip that breathes them.

On my arm
Leaned an unshadowed girl, who scarcely yet
Had numbered fourteen summers. I know not
How I shall draw her picture—the young heart
Has such a restlessness of change, and each
Of its wild moods so lovely! I can see
Her figure in its rounded beauty now
With her half flying step and clustering hair
Bathing a neck like Hebe's, and a face
By a glad heart made radiant.
She was full of the romance of girlhood,
The fair world was like an unmarred Eden
To her eye, every sound was music, and the tint
Of every cloud a silent poetry.
Light to thy path bright creature. I would
Charm thy being if I could, that it might
Ever be as now thou dreamest, and be
Thus innocent and beautiful to heaven!
We walked beneath the full and mellow moon
Till the late stars had risen. It was not
In silence, though we did not seem to break
The hush with our low voices; but our thoughts
Stirred deeply at their sources; and when night
Divided us, I slumbered with a peace
Floating about my heart, which only comes
From high communion. I shall never see
That silvery moon again without a crowd
Of gentle memories, and a silent prayer
That when the night of life shall overspread
Your sky, ye lovely sisters! them may be
A light as beautiful to lead you on.

Selected Miscellany.

PUSH!

Riding the other day in a stage coach all alone with an Irish gentleman, we became quite sociable, and he gave me this account of his life:

"When twenty years of age, I was at school learning surveying and navigation." "And do you mean to travel?" said the master. "What think you of America?" said I; for we were then in Dungannon, county Tyrone, Ireland. "America," repeated he; 'America is a growing country—go, John, and behave yourself so becomes a true Irishman, and you may eat white bread in your old age."

At a little more than twenty one, I sailed from Cork, in the good ship Queen Dido, and landed in 57 days at New Castle. I hied me up the city in a trice, and wandered through the streets a stranger for a day or two, when on the third, who should I happen to meet but Ned McCloskey, an old townsman.

"Hallo!" said he, "if there isn't our old friend, John Varnham! When did you come? In what ship, honey? How were all at home? Why your cheeks look as red as a potatoe man. You'll grow white in this country, boy, but (running on without waiting for an answer,) what's your motto?"

"What's my motto?" enquired I, "what is that?"

"A short bit of sentence to direct you in life. You'll have to take one. See," continued he, touching a flask which he carried and pointing to a buxom looking husband that was just passing—"A short life and a merry one," is my motto. "Good bye, John, I'll see you again," and away he flew, half-seas over, bound for a short life methought, whether for a merry or sad one was a matter of doubt.

Going up Chesnut street—thinks I, does every one take a motto on setting out in life? What shall I choose? A motto! Let me see—when up on an inner door, I saw in large letters—PUSH.—"That shall be my motto," said I—and on the impulse of the moment, my right hand was on the door, my foot over the threshold. I found myself in the middle of an office of some sort. After pausing a moment, a genteel man stepped up and inquired my business. "To tell the honest truth," said I, "none special with any mortal man in particular, but I am an Irish lad, a perfect stranger, just come to America to seek my fortune."

"Have you money?" said the gentlman.

"Nothing but five guineas, the gift of my angel mother," said I, "common learning, Irish honor, and a greatful heart to any one that will put me in a way to be useful."

"Why," said the man, smiling, "I like your frankness, and really will venture to trust something to that face. You can write very well—then copy that paper."

I did so, and found myself in a snug birth, with plenty to do for an industious man, plenty to eat and drink for a temperate man, and satisfactory compensation for a reasonable man.

My employer was a scrivener, and sometimes dealt in the purchase of real estate, on speculation. Hearing him deliberating one day, doubtfully, about a purchase, "*Push*," whispered my good genius.

"It will not fail, sir," said I, "and if I might be permitted, I would gladly take half the bargain."

"On your luck and judgment, John," said my employer.

We bought the property, aided by a loan, and in ninety days realized a thousand pounds. I was two and twenty; the bloom of my cheek had the freshness of youth and health—a pit or two of the small pox did not mar my good looks—my hair twisted about my forehead in clusters of curls which though I seemed careless about them, were matters of a little vanity, and I did not like to part with them; my skin under my sleeves was as white as snow, and except that I was a little bowkneed, (I had that from my grandfather, Sir Phelim,) you would not find a properer person in a summer's day.

Did you ever know an Irishman that had not a warm heart to the ladies? "Not often," said I. "My good fortune," continued he, "in several bargains began to be rumored around, and as I went constantly to church with my master, several damsels looked kindly on me; one more especially, the daughter of a wealthy merchant over the way, and her brow it seemed to me relaxed from the prudish severity of an heiress, when her eyes met mine. "*Push*," said my good genius. "And blessings on you, my sweet damsel," said I, half whispering, as I took an opportunity to pass by her side, half a square on her way home from meeting, one afternoon. "And church is doubly pleasant when you and the like of you attend morning and evening. No offence in saying so, I hope, charming lady."

"Me, sir?" replied she, but not uninvitingly or very angrily. *Push*, said my good genius, for my heart faltered a litte.

"Who else but your bonny self, miss," continued I, "for that speaking eye and tell tale lip say that it is your mother's daughter who has a kind heart and gentle affection—and"—

"Fie, Mr. Varnham," said she, for it seems she knew my name—"I'm sorry if there's anything in my countenance so communicative as to warrant a gentleman, who is almost a stranger, to address me in such a manner, and such a place. No young woman should listen to that sort of address, certainly, without a mother's leave."

And metho't that she half lingered instead of quickening her pace, to hear if I had anything to reply. *Push*, said my good genius. "In Ireland, dearest," said I, "our fathers often make love going home from church, and if you would give me leave to ask your mother's approbation"—here I stammered in spite of my motto.

"O, as to that," said the smiling girl, "you may say anything to mother you please."

The same evening, returning from bathing in the Delaware, for the day had been sultry, a sudden bustle and cry of distress arrested my attention, at that hour, in an unfrequented place. The cry of a fellow man in trouble is always, you know, a command to a true Irishman to *Push*. My cane was my shellalah; one villain reeled in an instant with a broken head, and the other, though twice my size, sunk beneath an arm that was nerved by humanity and duty. Assistance soon gathered, and on placing my prisoners in the hands of an officer, who should lie wounded and bleeding before me but the honored father of——? "Hah your sweet heart—the pretty damsel you had half courted coming from meeting?"

"The very same. I took him home, when he introduced me as the saviour of his life from robbers and murderers. In less time than a ship could sail to Cork and home again, I was junior partner in a wholesale store; and the loveliest girl that has lived for a thousand years blessed me with her heart and hand. Thank God, I have been prosperous in my basket and my store.—Our children are a blessing to us, as I hope they will be an honor to their country, and we have enough for them and ourselves and somewhat for the poor.

> The stars that guide the wanderer right,
> Are virtue fair and honor bright,
> Be temperate, steady, just and kind,
> Then Push, and fortune you shall find.

Reasons for Divorce.

An Eastern Lawyer, (says the *Knickerbocker*, for February,) writes us as follows:

An Italian gentleman called at my office a short time since and inquired if he could get divorced from his wife. Now a divorce is not to be considered hastily, and I gravely said that I regretted that our laws *favored* divorces, and added that if he would inform me particularly in relation to the nature and extent of his grievances, I would advise him:

"In what particular has your wife disregarded her marriage vows?"

Italian—"Well, 'squire, to tell the truth, my wife don't know not ing about cook'n."

I waited to learn what was coming next, and hearing nothing, ventured to ask if that was all?

Italian—"Yes, 'squire; bating that she is the nicest little 'omrn you ever see in your life."

I suggested to my distressed client that a divorce would cost forty dollars, and that he could teach his wife to cook for half the money.

"Bless you," rejoined the Italian, "I don't know not ing about cook'n' *myself*."

"Then hire a cook to teach your wife."

Italian becomes silent and thoughtful. In a few minutes I asked:

"How do you like my advice?"

Hearing no response, I looked round and discovered that he had "quietly stolen away."

There is a good *moral* to this, but I dare not suggest it, for fear of wounding the feelings of some of your 'lady' subscribers."

I related the foregoing to one of the justices of the supreme court of an adjoining state, and he told me that he was once consulted upon a Sabbath morning, by a rich merchant, concerning a divorce. The judge, who was then a practitioner, objected to doing any business upon the Sabbath; but so urgent were the appeals of his friend, and so profuse his tears, that the judge consented to hear the history of his trials and the particulars of his afflictions.

Client—"You know very well, Mr. S....., that I was upward of forty years of age when I married Miss B.....; from which time I have not seen one day of real happiness! Perhaps I am somewhat to blame myself. Possibly the discrepancy of our ages may have had something to do with it; but Mr. S....., if you can only procure for me a divorce, I am willing that you should have the half of my estate, and my wife may have the remainder."

Judge—"Well, what is the particular 'mode' by which you expect to procure a divorce?"

Client—"Well, Mr. S....., if you come to that, I suppose it must be told. You know my habits of life before marriage? Yes. Well, whenever *now* I go home and carry my papers into the library, and by the time I am fairly seated in my chair, in comes my—my wife—and—and sits right down in my lap! Augh!" And then as if to tip her out of his lap, he stood up nearly erect with hands extended, as if fearing she would get back into his lap again before he heard the opinion of this learned counsellor on this point of law.

Col. Benton Cornered.

This redoubtable hero of many a hard fought battle has at length, like Samson, and several other warriors, been trapped by interfering with "ladies."

In his letter to the National Intelligencer, correcting certain errors in the printed report of his speech delivered at the New England dinner at the Astor House, he says he never used the word *lady*, that "it is not in any Greek or Roman Book, *is not in the Bible*," and is not used in his "Thirty Years in the Senate."

But the New York Express, thoroughly drilled in Biblical lore, by its thelogical fight with the son-in-law of the Col. sticks the following at the great Missourian.

Col. Benton would seem to be a good deal out of his reckoning, so far as the use of the word LADY in the Bible, as shown by the following extracts:

Judges 5, 29: Here wise *ladies* answered her.

Esther 1, 18: Likewise shall the *ladies* of Persia and Medea say this day unto all the King's Princes which have heard of the deed of the Queen.

Isaiah 47, 5: Sit thou silent, and get the into darkness, O daughter of the Chaldean; for thou shalt no more be called the *lady* of the kingdom.

Isaiah 47, 7: And thou saidst I shall be a *lady* forever.

2 John 1: The elder unto the elect *lady*, and her children, whom I love in the truth.

2 John, 5: And now I beseech thee, *lady*, not as though I write a new commandment unto thee.

The only chance for the Colonel, we think is to stand by the original text an dispute the translation.

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.—Avoid entering into an argument with a deaf man in a railway carriage, as it is sure to lead to high words.

An English writer classified old maids and bachelors as "solitary mature men and women who have nothing happening to them."

The Alpine Horn.

This horn is an instrument formed of the bark of the wild cherry that grows among the Alps. It is of great importance to the Alpine shepherd, as it is used as a kind of speaking trumpet, and can be heard to a very great distance. Just about the time when the sun gilds with his last ray the everlasting snow on the cliffs of the mountains, the adventurous shepherd, who has built his little chalet highest on the dizzy crags, blows a shrill blast, and repeats through his horn, "*Praised be the Lord!*" And the hunters who dwell around utter it again, and it is caught up and prolonged by the little valleys below. The huge piles of snow send back the solemn echo, until all who hear it pause in awe. How simple, yet sublime! The hunter, when he returns at eve, wearied with the chase, repeats those loving, worshiping words: "Praised be the Lord!" When fairy-footed Spring treads on those wintry heights and melts the snow-wreaths from their brow, then, thankful for the light-eyed visitant, the Alpine horn rings clear and loud: "Praised be the Lord!" And when merry, vine-clad Summer follows, breathing beauty upon those wild summits, and causing the hardy flower to blossom so sweetly in its mountain home, then, in calm peacefulness, the Alpine horn is heard. Winter, too, may rear his fairy palaces of cold, bright, transparent crystal, and prison the gushing streams in magic boundaries, and spread a veil of mist and snow over the crushed and withered flowers; then the hunter follows the free, wild chamois and, re-turning successful, repeats in gladness: "Praised be the Lord!"

The following lines were suggested by this beautiful custom:

THE ALPINE HORN.

> When varying hues of parting day
> O'er evening's mantle faintly play,
> The Alpine horn calls far away:
> Praised be the Lord!
>
> And every hill and rock around,
> As though they loved the grateful sound,
> Send back 'midst solitudes profound:
> Praised be the Lord!
>
> Just Heaven, has man so thankless grown
> He brings no anthems to thy throne,
> When voiceless things have found a tone
> To praise the Lord?
>
> Ah, no! for see, the shepherds come,
> Though scarcely heard the "welcome home!"
> From toil of day they quickly come,
> To worship God.
>
> Kneeling the starry vault beneath,
> With spirits free as air they breathe,
> O! pure should be their adoring wreath,
> Of praise to God.
>
> How lovely such a scene must be,
> When prayer and praise ascend to thee,
> In one glad voice of melody,
> Eternal Lord!
>
> All space thy temple, and the air
> A viewless messenger to bear
> Creation's universal prayer
> On wing to heaven.
>
> Oh, that for one, some Alpine horn,
> Both closing eve and waking morn,
> Would sound, and bid my bosom scorn
> The world's vain joys.
>
> Its treasured idols all resign,
> That when life's cheating hues decline,
> The one undying thought be mine
> To praise the Lord!

General Jackson's Latest Days.

The following is an extract from the letter of J. George Harris, Esq., in reply to the Tammany invitation to be present and "help commemorate" on the 8th instant:

"Residing within an hour's ride of the Hermitage, it was my good fortune to enjoy the friendship and confidence of General Jackson during the last five or six years of his earthly career; and the most grateful recollection of him as a beloved neighbor and devoted friend, renders your invitation still more acceptable.

"The quiet evening of his life was as serene and happy as its active morning had been eventful and glorious. When he gladly retired from the second term of the Presidency to his beautiful country-seat on the banks of the Cumberland, he seemed to devote himself almost entirely to preparation for the world beyond the grave. His greatest delight was in visiting the sick, and sending provisions to the poor. He had erected a neat church edifice on the grounds of the Hermitage plantation, where he was accustomed to meet his neighbors every Sabbath, and unite with them in public worship. He had even prepared his own tomb in the flower-garden adjacent to his dwelling-house; and he frequently said that having closed the business of life, he only awaited marching orders from his Great Commander on high. Yet, to the last, he continued to take a deep and lively interest in all the great questions then agitating the country, often manifesting the most anxious solicitude, and always declaring his abiding confidence in the political virtue and intelligence of his countrymen.

"Some six months before the summer's day on which he went to final rest in his garden of full-blooming flowers, a committee of the State of Louisiana waited on him with an invitation to visit once more the scenes of his early and brilliant military achievements, and once more accept the homage of the city he had saved. His mental faculties were yet unimpaired, but his physical infirmities compelled him to decline the invitation; and he wrote them that since the election, which had just closed, had resulted in another triumph of the Democracy, by the elevation of Mr. Polk to the Presidency, he was quite ready to say, as said Simeon of old: 'Now, Lord, let thou thy servant depart in peace.'"

A Large Bet.

The following story, so well told in *Porter's Spirit of the Times*, shows of what stuff some of the real "F. F. V.'s" of the olden times, were made. Col. BYRD lived long before the Revolution, and, like WASHINGTON and many others, was the descendant of an ancient aristocratic family:

Of Col. Byrd the anecdote is told, that, when quite a young man, at a club house in London, he met the Duke of Bolton, whose offer to bet £10,000 on a card, not being taken up by the noblemen and others of his set, was modestly accepted by Mr. Byrd. The cards were turned, and Mr. Byrd was the winner. Not a word was said; and the play went on till the adjournment of sup per. After which the Duke approached the young Virginian, with the remark:—"I owe you, sir, £10,000; but, as you are a stranger to me, I must inform you of a rule here, that we must know the winner is able to pay, in case of his loss."

"A very proper rule," replied Mr. Byrd, "and I will refer your Grace to my banker."

He handed a note for him to the Duke, with the single inquiry:

"Would you honor my check in favor of the Duke of Bolton for £10,000?"

The banker promptly replied:—"Not only for £10,000, but for ten times the amount."

The Duke, of course, paid the money; and it is said Mr. Byrd shortly thereafter left England for a tour on the Continent, and never again touched a card while in Europe.

TALL PISTOL SHOOTING.—Col. Hay, of the British Army, recently tried his hand with the Volcanic Repeating pistol, a Yankee invention. The pistol used on the occasion was an eight inch barrel, which discharges nine balls in rapid succession. The Colonel fired the arms twenty-seven times, making a number of shots which would do credit to a rifleman. He fired at an eight inch diameter target at 100 yards, putting nine balls inside the ring. He then moved back a distance of 200 yards, and fired nine balls more, hitting the target seven times. He then moved back 100 yards further, a distance of 300 yards from the mark, and placed