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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 Thrilling Narrative.

From the Report of a Prussian Engineer.

THE CRAZY ENGINEER.

My train left Dantzic in the morning generally about eight o'clock; but once a week we had to wait for the arrival of the steamer from Stockholm. It was the morning of the steamer's arrival that I came down from the hotel and found that my engineer had been so seriously injured that he could not run. A railway carriage had run over him and broken one of his legs. I went immediately to the engine house to procure another engineer, for I knew there were three or four in reserve there, but I was disappointed. I inquired for Westphal, but was informed that he had gone to Steegen to see his mother. Gondolpho had been sent to Konisburg, on the road. But where was Mayne? He had leave of absence for two days, and had gone no one knew whither.

Here was a fix. I heard the puffing of the steamer in the Neufahrwasser, and the passengers would be on hand in fifteen minutes. I ran to the guards and asked them if they knew where there was an engineer, but they did not. I then went to the fireman and asked them if any one of them felt competent to run the engine to Bromberg. No one dared to attempt it. The distance was nearly one hundred miles. What was to be done?

The steamer stopped at the wharf and those who were going on by rail came flocking up to the station. They had eaten breakfast on board the boat, and were all ready for a fresh start.—The baggage was checked and registered, the tickets bought, the different carriages pointed to the various classes of passengers, and the passengers themselves seated. The train was in readiness in the long station-house, and the engine was steaming and puffing away impatiently in the distant firing-house. It was past nine o'clock.

"Come! why don't we start?" growled an old fat Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes.

And upon this there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled to downright murmuring. At this juncture some one touched me on the elbow. I turned and saw a stranger by my side. I expected that he was going to remonstrate with me for my backwardness. In fact, I began to have strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for every anxious eye was fixed upon the glaring badges which marked me as the chief officer of the train.

However, this stranger was a middle-aged man, tall and stout, with a face of great energy and intelligence. His eye was black and brilliant—so brilliant that I could not for the life of me gaze steadily into it; and his lips, which were very thin, seemed more like polished marble than human flesh. His dress was black throughout, and not only set with exact nicety, but was scrupulously clean and neat.

"You want an engineer, I understand," he said, in a low, cautious tone, at the same time gazing quietly about him as though he wanted no one to hear what he said.

"I do," I replied. "My train is all ready, and we have no engineer within twenty miles of this place."

"Well, sir, I am going to Bromberg—I must go, and I will run the engine for you!"

"Ha!" I uttered, "are you an engineer?"

"I am, sir—one of the oldest in the country; and am now on my way to make arrangements for a great improvement I have invented for the application of steam to a locomotive. My name is Martin Kroller. If you wish, I will run as far as Bromberg; and I will show you running that is running."

Was I not fortunate? I determined to accept the man's offer, at once, and so I told him. He received my answer with a nod and a smile. I went with him to the house, where we found the iron horse in the charge of the fireman, and all ready for the start. Kroller got upon the platform, and I followed him. I had never seen a man betray such peculiar aptness amid the machinery that he did. He let on the steam in an instant, but yet with care and judgment, and he backed up to the baggage-car with the most exact nicety. I had seen enough to assure me that he was thouroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt composed once more. I gave my engine up to a new man, and then hastened away to the office. Word was passed for all the passengers to take their seats, and soon afterwards I waved my hand to the engineer. There was a puff—a groaning of the heavy axletrees—a trembling of the building—and the train was in motion. I leaped upon the platform of the guard-carriage, and in a few minutes more the station-house was far behind us.

In less than an hour we reached Dirsham, where we took up the passengers that had come on the Konigsberg railway. Here I went forward, and asked Kroller how he liked the engine. He replied that he liked it very much.

"But," he added, with a strange sparkling of the eye, "wait until I get my improvement, and then you will see traveling. By the soul of the Virgin Mother, sir, I could run an engine of my construction to the moon in four and twenty hours!"

I smiled at what I thought his faint enthusiasm, and then went back to my station. As soon as the Konigsberg passengers were all on board, and their baggage-carriage attached, we started on again.

As soon as all matters had been attended to connected with the new accession of passengers, I went into the guard-carriage, and sat down.—An early train from Konigsberg had been through two hours before reaching Bromberg, and that was at Little Oscue, where we took on board the western mail.

"How we go!" uttered one of the guard, some fifteen minutes after we had left Dirsham.

"The new engineer is trying the speed," I replied, not yet holding any fear.

But ere long I began to be fearful he was running a little too fast. The carriages began to sway to and fro, and I could hear exclamations of fear from the passengers.

"Good heavens!" cried one of the guard, coming in at that moment, "what is that fellow doing? Look, sir, and see how we are going."

I looked out of the window and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before traveled on that road. Posts, fences, rocks and trees flew by in one undistinguished mass, and the carriages now swayed fearfully. I started to my feet, and met a passenger on the platform.—He was one of the chief owners of our road, and was just on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited.

"Sir," he gasped, "is Martin Kroller on the engine?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Holy Virgin! didn't you know him?"

"Know him?" I repeated, somewhat puzzled. "What do you mean? He told me that his name was Kroller, and that he was an engineer. We had no one to run on the engine, and——"

"You took *him!*" interrupted the man. "Good heavens, sir, he is as crazy as a man can be!—He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station, but did not recognize him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of your passengers told me that your engineers were all gone this morning, and that you found one that was a stranger to you. Then I knew that the man whom I had seen was Martin Kroller. He had escaped from the hospital at Stettin. You must get him off somehow."

The whole fearful truth was now open to me. The speed of the train was increasing every moment, and I knew that a few more miles per hour would launch us all into destruction. I called to the guard and then made my way forward as quick as possible. I reached the after platform of the after tender, and there stood Kroller upon the engine-board, his hat and coat off, his long black hair floating wildly in the wind, his shirt unbuttoned at the throat, his sleeves rolled up, with a pistol in his teeth, and thus glaring upon the fireman, who lay motionless upon the fuel. The furnace was stuffed till the very latch of the door was red hot, and the whole engine was quivering and swaying as though it would shiver in pieces.

"Kroller! Kroller!" I cried at the top of my voice.

The crazy engineer started and caught the pistol in his hand. Oh! how those great black eyes glared, and how ghastly and frightful the face looked.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he yelled demoniacally, glaring upon me like a roused lion.

"They swore that I could not make it! But see! see! See my new power! See my new engine! I made it, and they are jealous of me!—I made it, and when it was done they stole it from me. But I have found it! For years I have been wandering in search of my great engine, and they swore it was not made. But I have found it! I knew it this morning when I saw it at Dantzic, and I was determined to have it. And I've got it! Ho! ho! ho!—we're on the moon, I say! By the Virgin Mother, we'll be in the moon in four and twenty hours.—Down, down villian! If you move I'll shoot you!"

This was spoken to the poor fireman, who at that moment attempted to rise; and the frightened man sank back again.

"Here's Little Oscue right at hand!" cried out one of the guard. But even as he spoke the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart, for I supposed that we were gone now. The houses flew by like lightning. I knew if the officers here had turned the switch, as usual, we should be hurled into eternity in one fearful crash. I saw a flash—it was another engine—I closed my eyes; but still we thundered on! The officers had seen our speed, and knowing that we would not head up at that distance, they had changed the switch, so that we went on.

But, there was sure death ahead if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles ahead was the town of Schwartz, on the Vistula, and at the rate we were going we should be there in a few minutes, for each minute carried us over a mile. The shrieks of the passengers now arose above the crash of the rails, and more terrific than all else arose the demoniac yells of the mad engineer.

"Merciful heavens!" gasped the guardsman, "there's not a moment of time to lose; Schwartz is close by. But hold," he added, "let's shoot him!"

At that moment a tall, stout German student came over the platform where we stood, and we saw that the mad man had his heavy pistol aimed at us. He grasped a heavy stick of wood, and, with a steadiness of nerve which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such force and precision, that he knocked the pistol from the maniac's hand. I saw the moment, and on the instant that the pistol fell, I sprang forward, and the German followed me. I grasped the man by the arm, but I should have been nothing in his mad power had I been alone. He would have hurled me from the platform, had not the student at that moment struck him upon the head with a stick of wood which he caught as he came over the tender.

Kroller settled down like a dead man, and on the next instant I shut off the steam and opened the valve. As the freed steam shrieked and howled in its escape, the speed began to decrease, and in a few minutes more the danger was passed. As I settled back entirely, I felt the wild emotions that had raged within me, we began to turn the river; and before I was fairly recovered, the fireman had stopped the train in the station-house at Schwartz.

Martin Kroller, still insensible, was taken from the platform; and, as we carried him to the guard-room, one of the guard recognized him, and told us that he had been there about two weeks before.

"He came," said the guard, "and swore that an engine which stood near here was his. He said it was one he had made to go to the moon in, and that it had been stolen from him. We sent for help to arrest him, and he fled."

"Well," I replied with a shudder, "I wish he had approached me in the same way; but he was more cautious at Dantzic."

At Schwartz we found an engineer to run the engine to Bromberg; and having taken out the western mail for the next nothern train to take along, we saw that Kroller would be properly attended to, and then started on.

The rest of the trip was run in safety, though I could see that the passengers were not wholly at ease, and would not be until they were entirely clear of the railway. A heavy purse was made up by them for the German student, and he accepted it with much gratitude, and I was glad of it; for the current of gratitude to him may have prevented a far different current, which might have poured upon my head, for having engaged a madmad to run a railroad train.

But this is not the end. Martin Kroller remained insensible from the effects of that blow upon the head nearly two weeks, and when he recovered from that he was sound again—his insanity was all gone. I saw him about three weeks afterwards, but he had no recollection of me. He remembered nothing of the past year, not even his mad freak on my engine.

But I remembered it, and I remember it still; and the people need never fear that I shall be imposed upon again by a *crazy engineer*.

An Eloquent Passage.

THOMAS F. MEAGHER, the Irish Orator, lately delivered an address in New York, entitled "Contrast between Royalty and Republicanism." After describing the terrible scenes which Napoleon III. passed on his way to the throne of France, the speaker drew a contrast between the crowning of Napoleon, and the inauguration of Mr. BUCHANAN, in the course of which he used the following language:

"Enough to say, that having from his earliest manhood served his country faithfully—having honestly worked out his apprenticeship to her; now in the solid maturity of his years, she rewards him with the largest share in the concern. Enough to say, that having with diligence, spotless rectitude, and the steadfast ability, labored for years to consolidate her interests, augment her fortune and domain, extend her salutary influence and establish her good name; never having as that Prince of Darkness now ruling France had done, disturbed the public peace to aggrandize himself; never having steamed up the Potomac, with a starved eagle under his arm, to pounce upon the Treasury; never having sought to corrupt the army, the clergy, or the magistracy; breaking no law, oath or covenant; sturdily devoted to republicanism here, elsewhere and every where, in London as well as in Lancaster, without resorting to the least intrigue, treachery, or violence; without a speck of blood upon his hand or the shadow of a falsehood upon his soul—he is declared the First Citizen of America.

"On the fourth day of March he will proceed to the Capitol, and there, in the presence of the Senate, the Messengers of the Electoral College, the House of Representatives, Ambassadors of Foreign Courts, Delegations from every State, Officers of the brave and enlightened Army, to whose custody is committed the ensign of the Republic, Officers of the Navy, whose wooden walls bear through the storm the thunderbolts of Freedom—standing on the steps of the Capitol, in presence of this great audience, with head uncovered, he will call upon God—as God will be Judge—to the witness of the truth, with which he consecrates himself to the high ministry of the Commonwealth. In his modesty, pure decorum, sublime significance—with liberty to illuminate, the Spirits of the Revolutionary Fathers to sanctify, and Providence to bless it—it was a scene which would infinitely transcend the baptism of the child of France, the obsequies of Wellington, the installation of the Eagles in the Camp de Mars, the masquerades of Windsor, where a duchess studs herself with a million worth of diamonds, or the coronation of the Muscovite."

Selected Poetry.

From the Home Journal.

BALLAD OF NANTUCKET.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

"Where go you, pretty Maggie,
Where go you in the rain?"
"I go to ask the sailors
Who sailed the Spanish Main,

"If they have seen my Willie,
If he'll come back to me—
'Tis sad to have my darling
A-sailing on the sea!"

O Maggie, pretty Maggie,
Turn back to yonder town;
Your Willie's in the Ocean,
An hundred fathoms down!

His hair has turned to sea-pelt,
His eyes have changed to stones,
And twice two years have knitted
The coral round his bones!

The blossoms and the clover
Shall bloom and bloom again,
For never shall your lover
Come o'er the Spanish Main!

But Maggie never heeded,
And mournfully said she:
"'Tis sad to have my darling
A-sailing on the sea!"

She left me in the darkness;
I heard the sea-gull's screech,
And burly winds were growling
With breakers on the beech!

The blythe bells of Nantucket,
What touching things they said,
When Maggie lay a-sleeping
With lilies round her head!

The parson preached a sermon,
And prayed and preached again—
But Maggie'd gone to Willie
Across the Spanish Main!

Selected Miscellany.

THE PIGEON EXPRESS MAN.

In nearly all yarns or plays in which Yankees figure, they are supposed to be "a leetle too darn'd cute" for almost anybody else, creating a heap of fun, and coming out clean ahead; but that every Connecticut Yankee—the cutest and all firdest *right* critters on the face of the *yearth*, when money or trade's in question—are "*done*" now and then, upon the most scientific principles, we are going to prove.

It is generally known, in the newspaper world, that two or three Eastern men, a few years ago, started a paper in Philadelphia, upon the penny principle, and have since been rewarded as they deserved. They were, and are, men of great enterprise and liberality, as far as their business is concerned, and thereby got ahead of all competition, and made their *pile*. The proprietors were always "dis" for any new dodge by which they could keep the lead of things, and monopolize the *news* market. The Telegraph had not "turned up" in the day of which we write—the *mails*, and, now and then, express horse lines, were the media through which *Great Excitements! Alarming Events!! Great Fires and Awful Calamities!!* were come at. One morning, as one of these gentlemen was sitting in his office, a long, lank genius, with a visage as hatched-faced and keen as any Connecticut Yankee's on record, came in, and inquired of one of the clerks for the proprietors of that institution. Being pointed out, the thin man made a *lean* towards him. After getting close up, and twisting and screwing around his head to see that nobody was listening or looking, the lean man sat down very gingerly upon the extreme verge of a chair, and leaning forward until his razor-made nose almost touched that of the publisher, in a low, nasal, anxious tone, says he:

"Air yeou one of the publishers of this paper?"

"I am, sir."

"Oh, yeou, sir!" said the visitor, again looking suspiciously around and about him.

"Did you ever hear tell of the *Pigeon Express?*" he continued.

"The Pigeon Express?" echoed the publisher.

"Ya-a-s. Carrier pigeons—letters to their legs and newspapers under their wings—trained to fly any where you warnt 'em."

"Carrier Pigeons," mused the publisher—"Carrier—pigeons trained to carry billets—bulletins and—"

"Go from fifty to a hundred miles an hour!" chimed in the stranger.

"True, so they say, very true," continued the publisher, musingly.

"Elegant things for gettin' or sendin' noos head of everybody else."

"Precisely: that's a fact, that's a fact," the other responded, rising from his chair and pacing the floor, as though rather decidedly *taken* by the novelty and feasibility of the operation.

"You'd have 'em all, Mister, dead as mutton, by a Pigeon Express."

"I like the idea; good, first rate!"

"Can't be beat, noheow!" said the stranger.

"But what would it cost?"

"Two hundred dollars, and a small wagon, to begin on."

"A small wagon?"

"Ya-a-s. Yeou see, Mister, the birds haff to be trained to fly from one *pint* to another!"

"Yes; well?"

"Wa-a-ll, yeou see the birds are put in a box, on the top of the bildin', for a spell, teu git the *hang* of things, and so on!"

"Yes, very well; go on."

"Then the birds are put in a cage, the trainer takes 'em into his wagon—ten miles at first—throws 'em up, and the birds go to the bildin'. Next day fifteen miles, and so forth; yeou see?"

"Perfectly; I understand; now, where can these birds be had?"

Putting his thin lips close to the publisher's opening ears, in a low, long way, says the stranger—

"*I've got 'em!* R-a-l-e Persian birds—be-e-utis!"

"You understand training them?" says the anxious publisher.

"*Like a book,*" the stranger responded.

"Where are the birds?" the publisher inquired.

"I've got 'em down to the tavern, where I'm stoppin'."

"Bring them up; let me see them; let me see them!"

"Certainly, Mister, of course," responded the Pigeon Express man, leaving the presence of the tickled-to-death publisher, who paced his office as full of effervescence as a jimmyjohn of spruce beer in dog days.

About this time pigeons were being trained, and in a few cases, now and then, really did carry messages for lottery ticket venders in Jersey City, to Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore; but these exploits rarely paid first cost, and did not amount to much, although some noise was made about the wonderful performance of certain Carrier Pigeons. But the *paper* was to have a new impulse—astonish all creation and the rest of mankind, by Pigeon Express. The publisher's partner was in new York, fishing for novelties, and he determined to astonish him, on his return home, by the *bird business!* A coop was fixed on the top of the "bildin'," as the great inventor of the express had suggested. The wagon was bought, and, with two hundred dollars in for funds, passed over to the Pigeon Express man, who, in the course of a few days, takes the birds into his wagon, to take them out some few miles, throw them up, and the publisher and a confidential friend were to be on top of the "bildin'," looking out for them.

They kept looking!—they saw something werry like a whale, but a good deal like a first-rate bad "*Sell!*" The lapse of a few days was quite sufficient to convince the publisher that he had been taken in and done for—regularly *picked up* and done for,—upon the most approved and scientific principles. Rather than let the cat out of the bag, he made up his mind to pocket the *shave* and keep shady, not even "letting on to his partner," who in the course of the following week returned from Gotham, evidently feeling as fine as silk, about something or other.

"Well, what's new in New York—got hold of anything rich?" was the first interrogatory.

"Hi-i-i-sh! close the door!" was the reply, indicating something very important on the *tapis*.

"So: my dear fellow, I'v got a concern, now, that will put the sixpennies to sleep as sound as rocks!"

"No. What have you started in Gotham?"

"Exactly. If you don't own up the corn, that the idea is grand—immense—I'll knock under."

"Good! I'm glad—particularly glad you've found something new and startling," responded the other. "Well, what is it?"

"Great!—wonderful!—*Carrier Pigeons!*"

"What! Pigeons?"

"*Pigeons!*"

"You don't pretend to say that—"

"Yes, sir, all arranged—luckiest fellows alive, we are—"

"Well, but—"

"Oh, don't be uneasy—I fixed it."

"Well, I'm hanged if this isn't rich!" muttered his partner, sticking his digets into his trowserloons—biting his lips and stamping around.

"Rich! *elegant!* In two weeks we'll be flying our birds and—"

"Flying! Why, do you—"

"Ha! ha! I knew I'd astonish you; Tom insisted on my keeping perfectly *mum*, until things were in regular working order; he then set the boys to work—we have large cages on top of the building—"

"Come up on top of this building," said the partner, solemnly. "There, do you see that bundle of lattis and stuff?"

"Why—why, you don't pretend to say that—"

"I do exactly; a scamp came along here a week ago—talked nothing but Carrier Pigeons—Pigeon Expresses—I thought I'd surprise you, and—"

"Well, well—go on."

"Afid by thunder I was green enough to give the fellow $200—a horse and wagon—"

"Done! *done!*" roared the other, without waiting for further particulars—"$200 and a horse and wagon—just what Tom and I gave the scamp! ha! ha! ha!"

"Haw! haw! haw!" and the publishers roared under the force of the *joke*.

Whatever became of the pigeon express man is not distinctly known; but he is supposed to have given up the bird business, and gone into the manufacture of woolly horses and cod-liver oil.—*Humors of Falconbridge.*

"The Small Tail Movement."

During the Harrison campaign of 1840, an eloquent orator in the western part of Virginia was holding forth to an immense assemblage in favor of the Hero of Tippecanoe, and Tyler too. Especially the speaker was expatiating upon Gen. Harrison's courage, tact and success as a military commander. While in the midst of his discourse, a tall, gaunt man, probably a schoolmaster in those parts, arose from the crowd, and said, in a voice which penetrated the whole assembly:

"Mister—mister, I want to ax you a question?"

The speaker paused, and begged him to propound.

"We are told," the man went on, "fellow-citizens, that Gineral Harrison is a mighty great gineral; but I say he is one of the very meanest sort of gineral. We are told here to-night that he defended himself bravely at Fort Meigs; but I tell you that on that occasion he was guilty of the *Small Tail Movement*, and I challenge the orator here present to deny it."

The orator declared his utter ignorance of what the man meant by the "Small Tail Movement," and asked him to explain himself.

"I'll tell you, I reckon," said the man. "I've got it here, in black and white. Here is Grimshaw's History of the United States"—holding up the book—"and I'll read what it says. This is it: "*At this critical moment General Harrison executed a* NOVEL *movement.*" Does the gentleman deny that?"

"No, no—go on."

"Well, he executed a *novel* movement. Now, here's Johnson's Dictionary"—taking the book out of his pocket and holding it up—"and here it says 'NOVEL, *a small tale.*' And this was the kind of movement Gineral Harrison was guilty of. Now, I'm no soger, and I don't know much of milentary tictacks, but this I do say: a man who, in the face of an eneny, is guilty of a 'Small Tail Movement,' is not fit to be President of the United States, and he shan't have my vote."

The orator of the evening could make no headway against such an argument, and gave it up in despair.

"Killed his Man."

A letter in *Porter's Spirit of the Times*, from La Grange, Georgia, says:

You have doubtless heard of Dr. Thompson, the waggish proprietor of the Atlanta Hotel, in Atlanta, in this State. Well, once upon a time, two gentlemen (the one decidedly under the influence of a spiritual presence, and the other approximating the same condition) stopped at the Doctor's Hotel. In consequence of some extraordinary manifestation on the part on the "tightest" gent, he soon found himself "nigh unto a muss" with the Doctor. His friend, however, carried him off before matters reached a crisis.—After stowing him away, the friend returned, and accosting the proprietor, said very emphatically:

"Sir, you have been treading upon dangerous ground, sir; that man is not to be tampered with, sir; do you know, sir, that he has killed his man, sir?"

"Killed his man!" says Thompson, with a voice like a thunder clap and a most intense expression of contempt upon his phiz: "By Jove! sir, let me inform you that I have practiced medicine for twenty years, and you mustn't attempt to frighten me with a chap that has only killed his man. Bah! sir, it wont begin to do."

The fellow "*collapsed*," and forthwith settled his bill.

SMART BOY.—When Lieutenant Governor Patterson was Speaker of the Legislature of one of our States, some dozen boys presented themselves for the place of messenger, as is usual at the opening of the house. He inquired their names and into their condition, in order that he might make the best selection; he came in course of his examination to a small boy about ten years old, a bright looking lad.

"Well sir," said he, "what is your name?"

"John Hancock, sir," replied the boy.

"What?" said the speaker, "you are not the one that signed the Declaration of Independence, are you?"

"No sir," replied the lad stretching himself to his utmost proportions, "but I would if I had been there."

SINGULAR FACT, VERY.—"Warrington" writes to the Springfield Republican a singular statement. He says that the directors of a bank in the vicinity of Boston, held a meeting within six moths, and chose a committee of their number to burn a lot of old and mutilated bills to the amount of $60,000. *Of course* the bills were burned, for that was the vote. Yet it is remarkable that, since the conflagrtion, $14,000 *of the same bills have been redeemed at the bank.* If the "mystery of godliness" is great, does not that of banking pass understanding!—*Worcester Bay State.*

Perseverence Rewarded.

"In the bright lexicon of youth,
There is no such word as fail."

The Springfield *Republican* says the following is a most remarkable and praiseworthy instance of what perseverence and industry, rightly directed, are able to effect:

Among the graduating class at the last commencement at Williams College, was one by the name of Condit, from New Jersey. The gentleman is a shoemaker, married and has a family of four children. Six years ago, becoming sensible of the blessings of an education, he commenced learning the simple branches, such as are taught in our primary schools one by one. As he sat on his shoemaker's bench, he mastered grammar, arithmetic, geography, &c., with some occasional assistance from his fellow-workmen. At this time he determined to obtain a collegiate education. Without means, and a large family depending on him for support, he commenced and learned Latin and Greek in the evenings, after his day's labor was over, under the direction of a friend; and after the lapse of a year and a half prepared himself and entered the sophomore class of Williams College.

He brought his bench and tools as well as his books with him. The students supplied him with work; the faculty assisted him; and with the fund for indigent students and some occasional assistance from other sources, he was enabled to go through the college course, and at the same time support his family. He graduated on his birth day, aged thirty-two. He stood high in his class, and received a part at commencement, but declined. At the farewell meeting of his class, in consideration of his perseverance, talent and Chistrian character, they presented him with an elegant set of silver spoons, tea and table, each handsomely engraved with an appropriate inscription.

Mr. Condit will now enter the theological seminary at New York, and will no doubt make a faithful and popular minister.

What young man in this country will ever, after such an example as this, despair of obtaining an education?

"Kiss or Fight."

An exchange tells a story of a country party thus:

A stalwart young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a "free fight," had just married a blooming and beautiful country girl, only sixteen years of age, and the twain were at a party where a number of young folks of both sexes were enjoying themselves in the good old-fashioned pawn-playing style. Every girl in the room was called out and kissed except Mrs. B., the beautiful young bride aforesaid, and although there was not a youngster present who was not dying to taste her lips, they were restrained by the presence of her husband, who stood regarding the party with a look of sullen dissatisfaction. They mistook the cause of his anger, however, for suddenly rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and, in a tone of voice that at once secured marked attention, said:

"Gentlemen, I have been noticing how things have been working here for some time, and I ain't half satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss, but—"

"What's the matter, Mike?" inquired half a dozen voices. "What do you mean? Have we done anything to hurt your feelings?"

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A Discomfitted Diplomatist.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Post* relates the following characteristic anecdote of Mr. MARCY:

I do not think I shall violate any confidence in giving an anecdote of Mr. Marcy current in society, though I believe it has never been in print. It is known that during the enlistment controversy, and consequent difficulty with the English minister, Mr. Crampton, the French Minister, M. de Sartiges, exerted all his influence with Mr. Marcy for the retention of Crampton. On one occasion M. de Sartiges was arguing before the secretary against the dismissal of Crampton, presenting the disadvantages of such an act in the strongest colors, representing the desire of his government to prevent a rupture, &c., &c., in quite a lengthy oration, during the delivery of which Mr. Marcy sat perfectly silent, dangling his watch seals, as if in profound reflection upon the French minister's eloquence. At length, when Sartiges had quite exhausted his discourse and paused for a reply, the secretary merely raised his shaggy eyebrows a little and quietly inquired:

"Mousier Sartiges, how is madame this morning?"

The story goes no further in that direction, except as deponent believes, that M. de Sartiges took his hat and never approached the subject again, while, as the world knows, Mr. Crampton was dismissed, Lord Palmerston fumed and fretted, and finally has appointed Lord Napier to come here in Crampton's place.

Kingsley tells a very good story about Deacon Havens: It appears that, at last harvest time, the deacon had a "mowing bee," and among the party were two interesting "sons of Belial," who were more inclined to cut capers than clover.—One of their tricks on the old man consisted in filling the tin horn with soap, and then slightly stopping the orifice with cotton. When 12 o'clock came, our venerable friend seized the loaded instrument, and gave a blast which scattered the contents far and near. To say that the deacon was displeased, would but slightly describe his feelings. He was enraged; for the first time in his life, he swore! Says he, "Gentlemen, I am an old man—I am the head of the Sunday School, and I have preached the gospel for five and thirty long years—but *cuss* me, if I can't lick any man who soft-soaped that trumpet!"

A mess of boys were talking about scarecrows; "Scarecrows? he! he!" says one of the party—an overgrown, slabsided, spoony-looking youth—"he!" says he, evidently in reply to some remarks that had preceded his. "You don't know anything about scarecrows. If you'd seen one that Uncle Ben made, I guess you'd think so too.—Why Uncle Ben made one and set it up in daddy's corn field, and nearly frightened the feathers off of every crow that looked at it; and, by golly! one crow that had been pecking around the field for two or three days, after he had seen it, actually flew away and brought back all the corn he had stolen in that time—fact!"

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power who have never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy.

PATRICK HENRY.

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Patrick Henry was originally a barkeeper.—He married very young, and going into the same business, on his own account, was a bankrupt before the year was out. When I was about the age of fifteen, I left the school here, to go to the College at Williamsburg. I stopped a few days at a friend's in the county of Louisa. There I first saw and became acquainted with Patrick Henry. Having spent the Christmas holidays there, I proceeded to Williamsburg. Some question arose about my admission, as my preparatory studies had not been pursued at the school connected with that institution. This delayed my admission about a fortnight at which time Henry appeared in Williamsburg, and applied for a license to practice law, having commenced the study of it at or subsequent to the time of my meeting him in Louisa. There were four examiners, Wythe, Pendleton, Peyton Randolph and John Randolph. Wythe and Pendelton at once rejected his application. The two Randolphs, by his importunity, were prevailed upon to sign the license; and having obtained their signatures, he applied again to Pendleton, and after much entreaty and many promises of future study, succeeded in obtaining his. He then turned out for a practicing lawyer. The first case which brought him into notice was a contested election, in which he appeared as counsel before a Committee of the House of Burgesses. His second was the Parsons cause, already well known.—These and similar efforts soon obtained for him so much reputation, that he was elected a Member of the Legislature. He was as well suited to the times as any man ever was, and it is not now easy to say what we should have done without Patrick Henry. He was far before all in maintaining the spirit of the Revolution. His influence was most extensive with the members from the upper counties, and his boldness and their votes overawed the more cool of the more timid aristocratic gentlemen of the lower part of the state. His eloquence was peculiar, if indeed it should be called eloquence; for it was impressive and sublime, beyond what can be imagined. Although it was difficult when he had spoken, to tell what he had said, yet while he was speaking, it always seemed directly to the point. When he had spoken in opposition to my opinion, had produced a great effect, and I myself been highly delighted and moved, I have asked myself when he ceased: "What the devil has he said?" I could never answer the inquiry. His person was of full size, and his manner and voice free and manly. His utterance neither very fast nor very slow. His speeches generally short, from a quarter to a half an hour. His pronunciation was vulgar and vicious, but it was forgotten while he was speaking.

He was a man of very little knowledge of any sort; he read nothing, and had no books. Newton and Locke were present when we was not dying to taste her lips, they were restrained by the presence of her husband, who stood regarding the party with a look of sullen dissatisfaction. They mistook the cause of his anger, however, for suddenly rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and, in a tone of voice that at once secured marked attention, said:

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Over the Left.

The following good story is told on Gen. Harney, by one of the officers who was with him at the battle of Ash Hollow, and afterwards at Fort Pierre:

At the treaty held at the late place, at which the General had a great talk with the chiefs of all the tribes, he stood a few steps in advance of his staff, and dictating to the interpreter what to say, in his usual gruff and authoritative manner: "Tell them," said he, "that their great father at Washington has sent me here to make them respect the treaties they have made with the whites."

"Tell them that I am furnished with a great number of braves, horses and cannon, and that I shall make war upon them as long as an Indian can be found on these prairies if they don't."

"Tell them that they must not kill or rob any more emigrant trains that are crossing the plains, or steal anything from the whites in any manner."

"Ask them if they remember the fight at Ash-Hollow."

[It will be remembered that a great number of the Indians made their escape through a pass in the hills that the General knew nothing of until too late.]

"Tell them that I left a place for them to escape through then, to prevent my braves from killing every one of them," and he continued, turning his eyes over his shoulder to his staff, "it's lucky for them that didn't I know where it was, or I'd have killed every d——d redskin in the hollow."

Pending a famous "water suit" somewhere in Vermont, Saxe, the poet, amused the court with the following impromptu:

"My wonder is really boundless,
That among the queer cases we try,
A land case should often be groundless,
And a "water case" always be dry."

At a late public meeting, the following "dry" *toast* was given. The author will get "buttered" when he reaches home:

"The Press—the Pulpit—and Petticoats: the three ruling Powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second morals, and the last spreads—considerably."

EXPENSIVE FURS.—The Russian sable, the scarcest, and consequently the dearest fur, is said to be smuggled into this country, its exportation being forbidden by the Russian government. A small muff of this fur costs $400, and the entire set, consisting of cape and cuffs, is worth $1,400 and $1,500. Next in importance comes the Hudson's Bay sable; its prices ranges from $200 to $700 the set, its value increasing as the color darkens.

Hints to Horticulturists.

From the American Farmer.

Work in the Garden.---February.

It is gratifying to us know that, within the last few years, the taste for gradening has greatly increased among landed proprietors, and we rejoice that such is the case; for, of a truth, there is no portion of an estate,