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The Planters' Advocate.

"TRUTH ALONE IS KNOWLEDGE—KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

By THOMAS J. TURNER. TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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Pleasant Love Story.

Kitty Pleasanton's First Love.

I cannot remember the time when I was not in love with Kitty Pleasanton. I must have been begum when we were both babies. I am sure I loved her as we sat together by the roadside soaking our dandalion stems in the little puddles of water to make them curl. My passion was in no wise abated, when somewhat later I climbed cherry trees at her bidding; nor later yet when at a dancing school I awkwardly made my new-learnt bow, and asked her to be my partner; nor am I sure, was my boyish passion at all damped, when on my return from college I found my sweet little Kitty changed by some undefinable alteration, from a lovely child to a bewitching young woman. She was almost the same as when I parted from her three years before—the woman was very like the child—there were the same rosy cheeks, the same pouting, innocent mouth, the same curling hair, but some charm, grace or sentiment was added, which made my heart thrill with new emotion as I gazed at her.

"Kitty," said I to her one day, after I had been at home a week or two, and I found I could restrain myself no longer, "Kitty, I'm very much in love with you, as you know as well as I do. I've always been in love with you, and I fancy you are in love with me; but now I want you to promise to marry me." I paused, Kitty made no answer, and I said: "You like me, Kitty, don't you?"

"First tell me," said Kitty, blushing, and with an odd mixture of delight and bashfulness in her face, "if you've made me what is called an offer?"

"To be sure I have, my darling," I replied; "an offer which I trust and hope you'll accept."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Kitty, demurely.

"Kitty, you love me?" I exclaimed.

"That's my secret," replied the provoking little thing; "but at any rate," she continued, "I should not possibly think of accepting the very first offer I ever received—I should be mortified all the rest of my life if I did. No indeed; no girl of spirit would dream of accepting her first offer, as if she were afraid she should never have another. Excuse me, James, I can't possibly accept you till I've had at least one other offer."

"But my dearest Kitty," I began.

"Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!" she exclaimed; "will Mr. Brent learn to call me by my proper name?—I confess I did hopethat on receiving my first offer, the person making it would address me with proper courtesy, and manner befitting the occasion, giving me my name of Katharine; but now you've gone and spoiled it all."

"Oh, I suppose you wanted a stiff, ceremonious proposal in form," I observed; "but I'm no Sir Charles Grandison, Kitty—Katharine. I would say, therefore, don't be foolish; be content to know in plain words that my whole heart is yours; and have the good sense to accept your first offer, since your second may not be so good."

But in vain were my arguments and reasonings. Kitty was determined not to accept her first offer, and finding her resolute I changed my tone, and acquiescing in her views, confessed that I too had a certain pride on that point, and should be rather mortified to know that my wife had never had any offer but that I had myself made her; and so I promised to suspend my suit till Kitty should be so fortunate as to receive an offer from some other quarter.

Now, not far from where Kitty dwelt, there was a favorite dell, or bower, or something of that kind, to which she daily repaired with some chosen volume to sit and read. All my endeavors to persuade her to allow me to accompany her thither had always been quite in vain.—Kitty was firm in preferring her undisturbed solitude, and I was daily doomed to an hour or two of the mopes during her romantic woodland visit.

In pursuance of this custom, Kitty set out soon after the conversation I have sketched, declining, as usual, my offer of companionship.

Not more than half an hour had elapsed after she had reached her favorite seat, ere her attention was attracted by a young gentleman who was fishing in the brook which flowed near her. Kitty drew back a little on seeing him, but her curious eye occasionally wandered toward the stranger.

The latter no sooner perceived his fair observer than he bowed with an air of politeness, and advancing a few steps, ventured to address a few words of common-place greeting. The young man's words were indeed common-place, but his eyes were far more eloquent than his tongue—they plainly informed the fair Kitty that she had found another admirer. Kitty, highly flattered, received the stranger's advances graciously, and the youth being by no means bashful, half an hour found them chatting easily and gaily on various topics of interest. Kitty's stay in the woods was something longer than usual that afternoon.

"What is the matter?" I asked, on meeting her soon after her return home. "Your eyes sparkle, and you look as pleased as though had met a fairy in your afternoon ramble."

"It is better than a fairy," cried Kitty, breathlessly, "it's a young man."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, with a whistle.

"Yes, James," she replied, "and he is so handsome—so agreeable—so delightful, that I can't say how things might go if he were to make me, one of these days, my second offer."

"You can't impose on me in that kind of way, sweet Kitty, so don't attempt it," I exclaimed.—"I'll be bound the impudent fellow, whom I won't object to speaking a bit of my mind to, is not handsomer or more agreeable than I am myself."

Kitty laughed aloud in derision. "He's a thousand times handsomer than you are," she cried, scornfully, "and as much more entertaining as he is more handsome."

"Come, Kitty, don't be too cutting, too cruel," I began, but Kitty drew herself up with dignity.

"They call me Katharine, who do speak to me, sir," she said.

"Katharine, fiddle-stick!" I cried. Kitty is the prettiest and sweetest name in the world, and comes more natural to me—don't bother me with your Katharines."

"I dare say you may like it," said Kitty, pouting half angrily, "but I don't. It's too free. How would you like it if I persisted in calling you Jim? I declare I'll call you Jim, if you go on calling me Kitty."

"Do so, if you like," I replied, "and it will soon sound to me like the sweetest name in the world. But may I presume to beg from my fair and gracious Lady Katharine a description of this wood-Adonis she has been encountering?"

"He is tall," began Kitty.

"Taller than I?" I interrupted. Kitty almost annihilated me with a look.

"By at least half a foot—and of an elegant figure," she continued with marked emphasis.—He was dressed in fishing costume, which greatly became him."

"I have an old fishing blouse up stairs," I muttered *sotto voce;* "I think I will get it out."

"The young man's manners were uncommonly easy and gentlemanly, and withal perfectly respectful and deferential," continued Kitty.—"Having once ascertained my name, he never once forgot himself so far as to abbreviate it, his conduct contrasting favorably in that respect with some of my friends."

"Well Kitty," said I, "what other perfections has your hero, or have you exhausted your list?"

"Far from it," said Kitty, indignantly. "He wears his hair parted down in the middle like a poet, or that charming Signor Pozzolini in the part of the *Bilgando*——"

"Or a Methodist parson," I observed.

"And besides all that," continued Kitty, "he has a mustache."

"A last best gift," said I; "but Kitty, that perfection, I hope, will not be very difficult to achievement. I'll begin to-morrow. Let me see—tall—handsome—agreeable—good manners—elegant figure, and a mustache! On the whole Kitty, I think I'm very much afraid of my rival."

"You have cause," Kitty replied, with grave dignity.

The next day when Kitty reached her little retreat, she found the stranger again in its neighborhood; I must do the little coquette the justice of confessing that she did look startled, and indeed vexed, when she saw him; but perhaps thinking it too late to retreat, she advanced timidly.

The youth met her with many apologies, and a plausible pretence for his intrusion, which she could not gainsay, while something flattering in his manner made her blushingly divine that the hope of again seeing her had been the true cause of his reappearance. Be that as it might, the stranger, perhaps to give Kitty time to recover her confidence, immediately sauntered off in pursuit of his sport, and Kitty, fancying she had seen the last of the new admirer, drew forth her book, and setting herself in a mossy corner began to read. She, however, had scarcely succeeded in fixing her attention on its pages before the pertinacious stranger reappeared, and declaring that fishing was dull work, and that the fish would not bite, he composedly seated himself at Kitty's feet, and begged to know the name of the book she was reading.

"Tennyson's Princess," replied Kitty, curtly.

The imperturbable stranger declared the book a great favorite of his, and began to talk so entainingly of books and authors, that Kitty, warmed by the subject, forgot to be dignified, and an animated discourse on favorite authors ensued. Afterward the young man begged permission to read her a few passages he had selected, which were the very ones Kitty loved best; he read them well, too, and Kitty's bright eyes sparkled with delight as she listened. Turning at last to the exquisite concluding interview between Ida and the young prince, the stranger's voice became more and more earnest as he read, till coming to the words—

Indeed I love thee; come
Yield myself up; mine hopes and thine are one:
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me—

he suddenly flung the book aside exclaiming—

"What words! what words! . . . What would I not give for courage to utter them to the being I love best on the earth!" The stranger paused a moment, and then broke forth impetuously: "This forced silence is all in vain—the words I would repress will come. In vain have I striven to be prudent—cautious—to allow you time—not to startle you—lovely, bewitching Miss Katharine—you are yourself the object of my adoration—to whom I would say much if I dared," and thereupon the youth rather melodramatically fell on one knee, and forthwith proceeded to make Kitty a very plain offer of his hand.

Meanwhile Kitty had risen from her seat, and recovering from her astonishment, she drew herself up with dignity and replied, "I hardly know, sir, what you mean by your very strange conduct. The liberty you have taken has made me very sensible of my own imprudence in having allowed the advances of a stranger so presuming—an error I shall be careful not to repeat."

So saying, my proud little Kitty (never had she looked so handsome) turned from the stranger with a distant bow, and walked directly home.

I did not see Kitty till some time after her return; perhaps she was recovering her spirits in her room, for when I met her she was as full of mischief as ever.

"Well, James, why don't you ask me about my adventures to-day?" she inquired.

"Because," I replied, "I didn't suppose you would be so imprudent as to go again to-day where you would be likely to encounter the insolent puppy who presumed to address you yesterday."

"I didn't in the least expect him to be there," said Kitty blushing and somewhat confused, "but he was there."

"Of course," I replied, gruffly. "Well, was your Adonis as handsome and agreeable as ever?"

"More so," cried Kitty, recovering her composure; "he looked more Massaniello-like than ever in his fishing dress; and for entertainment he first read me all the finest part of Tennyson's Princess, and then made a marriage proposal, and I don't think any man could be expected to do more in one afternoon."

"I should think not, indeed," said I; "pray what reply did you make to the rascal?" as that you had a friend at home who would be happy to kick him well for his insolence?"

"Far from it," said Kitty; "what my reply was is my secret—and his; but for you, my poor James, I'm sorry for you—it's all over with you, and your offer."

"Why, you good for nothing, little deceitful puss!" cried I, losing all patience; there never was a more arrant dissembler living. Behold, how plain a tale shall put you down! for lo, I myself, disguised merely by a little paint, a fishing blouse, a false moustache, and a change in the arrangement of my hair, was in my own person this elegant, captivating, handsome, agreeable stranger whose praises you have been so lavishly sounding."

Poor Kitty was completely confounded. "How could I have been so stupid?" she murmured, and the voice, too, which sounded so familiar all the time!"

"Yes, Kitty, you're caught," said I, "and to punish you for attempting to palm a wicked falsehood upon me, I shall impose a two-fold fine:—First, you shall kiss me, and then fix our wedding day, which must be very shortly, for I'm going to Paris in a month, and you must go with me."

Kitty gave a little scream, and declared that she could not think of submitting to either of my penalties; but in vain she struggled and protested—I had her in my arms, and finding at last all her efforts to release herself fruitless, her jests and laughter suddenly changed to earnest tenderness, and closing her arms round me, she said, "As you will dear—dearest Jamie!"

"One month from to-day, then, my own, sweet, darling Kitty, I began—"

"Katharine!" whispered Kitty.

"Katharine!" I repeated, smiling at her pertinacity on this point—"one month to-day, my Katharine—"

"You never put any adjectives before Katharine," murmured Kitty, evasively, hiding her blushing and pouting face.

"My own dear, gracious, winning, bewitching, most kissable Katharine," said I, "shall it be as I say?"

"If mamma chooses," whispered Kitty. And so I persuaded the sweetest and prettiest girl in the country to accept her first and only lover; and though to this day my merry little wife often complains that I defrauded her, by my tricks, of her natural, womanly rights of breaking two or three hearts, at least, ere she made one man supremely blest, still she generally concludes her reproaches in a manner most flattering to my vanity, by declaring that she had two offers after all, and that each of them was worth a thousand common ones.

We have heard of a good many enthusiastic lovers in our time, but we think that Mr. Toots takes 'em all down:

"If I could be dyed black," he said to Captain Cuttle, "and made Miss Dombey's slave, I should consider it a compliment; or, if at the sacrifice of my property, I could get transmigrated into her dog, I should be so perfectly happy, I never would stop wagging my tail."

An Anti-Vegetarian Virgin.—One of our north country pitmen, who had turned vegetarian, went a-courting to a plucky lass in the colliery village, and "popped the question."

"Oh," said she, "go along with you! Do you think I'm going to be flesh of your flesh, and you live on cabbages? No, indeed, I don't belong to the rabbit family."—*English paper.*

Interesting Narrative.

THE MUTINY OF THE GRANT HIGHLANDERS.

BY ONE OF THE MUTINEERS.

Before entering on the subject in hand, the reader will be pleased to bear with me while I give a brief relation of the circumstances which brought me in connexion with the Grant Highlanders, and of the doings of the regiment previous to the mutiny.

I am one of those unfortunates who never saw their father. Mine died a week before my birth, and my mother married a discharged soldier six months afterward. Poor woman!—happy would it have been for her, and for me too, had she remained faithful to the memory of her first husband, for the cruelty and debauchery of her second sent her to an early grave, and drove her boy forth a wanderer from the home that should have sheltered him. Thus, while yet a parent's guiding hand should have been with me, I was cast upon the mercies of a strange world, and forced to take an active part in the great battle of life.

After struggling with difficulties such as only the friendless have to encounter, I at length reached that period which was to mark my future destiny. This was in 1794, when I would be about fifteen years of age, tall, strong, and prematurely manly. Sir James Grant was then engaged in raising a new regiment—the 97th, or Grant Highlanders; and many lads from the district in which I lived—a lonesome valley in Inverness-shire—enlisted under his banner. At first I felt no desire to follow their example, for the remembrance a certain red coat, which at one time lay in a drawer in my mother's kitchen, and which had engendered a dislike to all soldiers, now rose vividly before me. One beautiful spring morning, however, as I was tending cattle on an upland pasture, there came floating on the freshening breeze, which hurried oceanward, sounds of distant music. I was wondering and debating with myself whence they proceeded, when suddenly I beheld a numerous band of red-coats emerge from the gorge of a gloomy valley at an angle of the hill whereon I was standing. It was a glorious sight to my young eyes, that first beholding of a regiment of soldiers, as rank by rank they issued from the darkness into the sunshine, which fell, as it were, in showers of glory on their scarlet array!

On, on they came, and the merry roll of the drum set my heart dancing. My whole nature seemed to undergo a revolution. Off antipathies were forgotten, and giddy with delight, I hastened down the hill to meet the approaching Highlanders, for it was Sir James Grant's new regiment on their march to Fort George.

In the mood of mind which possessed me, it required "no oily tongue persuasive" to induce me to become a king's man, nor had I before my eyes the fear of breaking the heart of a poor old mother, or that of a sweetheart; therefore I readily accepted the shilling which Lieut. Macdonald offered me. Sending my dog Chance off to watch the cattle until a more trustworthy servant than I should come, I marched away with a swaggering air from the hills of my boyhood, never more to behold them except through the dim mists of the far away.

Drill, drill, drill!—months of continuous drill, and then we were pronounced fit for duty. In the summer of 1794, we, together with the Gordon and Seaforth Highlanders, sailed from Fort George for Southampton, in England. We had scarcely got settled in our new quarters ere we got the route for the Island of Guernsey, where we passed a miserable winter—our duty being severe, rations scanty, and the weather severe. Glad, indeed, were we when the spring of '95 saw us once more safely located on the shores of Old England.

But there is no rest for the wicked. Government having now more need of our aid on the sea than on the land, bethought themselves of rendering us available as sea solders: and in conformity with this idea, we were lent, as it were, for a short season, to the marine service.

In our new character, we joined the Channel fleet under Lord Bridport. To us it was a mere pleasure cruise, until the 21st of June, when a frigate brought us intelligence that the French fleet was out; but, much to the chagrin of Jack, a heavy gale was blowing at the time, which forced us to remain inactive, and to tack about, under easy sail. At midnight, however, the wind somewhat abated, and by the first streaks of morning we descried the enemy right ahead. Cheer after cheer rent the welkin as our ship's signal for a general chase and to prepare for action flew forth to the breeze. On board our wooden bulwarks all were as lifeful and mirthful as if they had been hastening to a bridal feast—and so they were—but Death, unthought of, was the bridegroom.

The chase continued all that day and night, for the gale had lulled to a dead calm; and as screws were then unthought of, our progress was slow. Oh how we did whistle for a few puffs of our late visitant, the gale! At four o'clock in the morning of the 23d a fine breeze sprung up to our whistling, and ere two more hours had passed, the French were brought within range of our long toms. The Irresistible, the Orion, the Robert and the Colossus—on board of which last vessel I was—being the headmost ships of the line, were the first to enter into action.

This was the first fight in which we Highland marines had been engaged. We certainly did feel strangely out of our element, cooped up within wooden walls, unable to dash forward at once to the charge.

It is strange how quickly the mind assimilates itself to the spirit which prevails around. At first there was a slight tremor of fear mixed with my courage; and the sight of the mangled bodies and limbs of my mates well-nigh sickened me. But the stir and bustle of the battle, the thunder and glare of the cannon, and the shouts of the combatants, mingled with the shrieks of the wounded, soon drove my sentimentalism away, and I cheered, loaded, and fired away, as if it had only been a review, instead of a mighty life struggle in which I was engaged.

The breeze which carried the Irresistible and six others into action having failed before the heavy line ships could come up, the seven had to begin and maintain the fight with fourteen of the enemy. We were beginning to feel two to one rather a little unpleasant, when the tide of battle was turned by the arrival of the others; and as the admiral passed us in the Royal George, we welcomed him with three thundering cheers. The battle now was soon over, and we were left in the possession of the Formidable, 80; La Tigre, 80; and the Alexandre, 74 guns.

About forty of my comrades were among the killed and wounded; but to me Providence was kind—I came out of the fight without having received a scratch. Our ship, beside receiving numerous damages of a minor character, had her maintopmast shot away, and the mizzen greatly shattered. The Prince of Wales, the Robert, and the Orion, being also considerably damaged, were ordered along with us into port, with the prizes, to get repaired.

On landing at Portsmouth we were quartered in Hilsea Barracks. We mustered at this time about 1200 men altogether. This number being considered by those in power too many for one battalion, the regiment was divided into two, one of which was sent on board the hulks to guard the prisoners, while the other was left on shore to do barrack duty. The latter division, to which I belonged, soon after received orders to be drafted for the marine service solely. To a man we refused to go—arguing that, having enlisted for the land service, we were determined not to be forced into any other. Hearing of our refusal to comply, General C——, the governor, came among us next day, and threatened compulsion unless we succumbed; but we only laughed at his threats, and were the more resolved to hold out for what we conceived to be our rights. Letters were privately conveyed to those on board the hulks, requesting them to join us without delay. They lost no time in doing so; that same night they secured the prisoners by closing the hatches, and before morning were all safe with us in Hilsea Barracks. Foreseeing how the affair was likely to end, our officers left us. The governor, of course, was early informed of our proceedings, and a second visit from him was the result. The sergeants, acting in our behalf, told him we were all willing to shed our best blood in defence of king and country, but that no power on earth could compel us to become marines when we willed otherwise. To be hearded thus by a parcel of Scotch vagabonds, as he politely termed us, was more than the old gentleman could bear with equanimity. He left us in high dudgeon, blustering as he went, that before the week was a day older, we would gladly do that which government required us. We guessed what he meant, and prepared accordingly. The party who had been doing duty on board the hulks still retained their ammunition, which was now divided equally among us all.

Next morning at length dawned, and with it came the governor, the 11th regiment of the line, two brigades of artillery, and two troops of dragoons. The call sounded for parade, which we immediately obeyed; and when drawn up into the square we were once more asked to comply with the king's command. Despite the vast array of compulsive power before us, we to a man still adhered to our former resolution. The 11th were now placed in our front, supported on either side by the dragoons and artillery. After some little manœuvring we were ordered to ground arms, which we did; to march into barracks, which we also did, but were not foolish enough to leave our muskets behind.

"A thousand curses on you, you rebellious Highland crew!" furiously shouted old C——, when he witnessed our doings.

Mad with rage, he commanded the 11th to load, &c. We, too, obeyed him, as if his orders had been addressed to us. We loaded, but not as the poor infantry loaded; they rammed home blank-cartridge—we, ball! Neither the general nor the poor soldiers guessed this, and we as little knew what they used. C——'s object was only to frighten us; but he reckoned without his host. Orders for the last time were now read, and we felt that the critical moment had now arrived. Oh how our hearts beat with anxiety for the issue! At length the terrible word "fire" was given, and, ere the echo had passed away, shrieks and groans from the wounded and dying men rent the murky atmosphere. Comrade turned toward comrade, and asked how it fared with him, and then it was the fearful discovery was made that our opponents' fire had been only a blank! Great was their consternation, poor fellows, when they witnessed the havoc which our ball-cartridge had made in their ranks. Long before the smoke cleared away, they retreated helter-skelter from the scene—the gallant general taking the lead.

Here was a pretty fix to be in? The murderers albeit sure to be each of ours—at least every one felt so, except one old sergeant.

"Plood, men!" exclaimed he, in Highland English, "what pe ye fear'd o?" She (meaning the governer) pe her nainsel to plaim; she cried "fire," and we fired "that was only obeying orders."

Despite this line of argument, we all felt more or less uncomfortable; but I daresay it was more on account of the dead and dying soldiers than from the anticipation of any punishment we might receive. An hour was now spent in anxious deliberation regarding our next procedure, when it was finally resolved that we should remain where we were—doing duty as before, mounting guard, &c.; and as our small stock of ammunition was unexhausted, we determined, should a fresh force be brought against us, to act on the defensive as we fully expected that, if it did come, it would come to kill, not to frighten.

For three days we remained in this state, without any sign of the "enemy's" approach. Early in the morning of the fourth day, however, Sergeant Halliday, the acting officer of the guard then on duty, was accosted by a military looking gentleman, who asked;

"Who is the officer on duty?"

"We have no officer," was the sergeant's reply.

"Who commands the guard, then?" was the next query.

"I do," answered Halliday, drawing himself up to his full height, as if he were "somebody."

"Beat to arms, and turn all out!" imperiously commanded the unknown.

"By whose orders?"

"By the orders of General Abercromby."

In a twinkling, the call sounded "To arms! to arms! and each barrack room was as quickly alive with commotion. Being very early, very few of us were out of bed when the alarm broke upon our ears, and as a matter of course, nothing but hurry and confusion prevailed. Here might be seen a multitude fleeing to the yard with their kilts, coats, and other articles of dress in their hands—there a band with their coats on, but no kilt. Particular regard was paid to one thing, however—the musket. None forgot his Brown "Bess" although kilt and hose were wanting; for we imagined the "enemy" were close at hand—When Sir Ralph saw the hurley-burley and sad confusion in which we were, he laughingly ordered us back to our rooms to dress, which order we cheerfully obeyed after understanding who he was. Being now fully arrayed and drawn up in the square, we welcomed him with three Highland cheers. He then called the sergeants round him, and told them to inform us that he was commissioned by government to get our unfortunate affair settled, and requested to know what our grievances were, pledging his word of honor that we should receive justice.

Through our sergeants, we acquainted Sir Ralph with the whole history of the matter, telling him, as we told old C——, that we were still willing to serve our King and country in the service for which we were enlisted, and that we decidedly objected to be changed into marines. He replied that he was happy to learn that our loyalty remained unshaken, and hoped many of us would join the expedition of which he was on the eve of taking the command. Under the impression that we were to accompany him immediately, we expressed our willingness by making old Hilsea barrack-yard echo with our cheering. But he now told us that our regiment was disbanded—that we were no longer soldiers—that each was left to follow the bent of his own mind. He trusted however that none of us would leave the service. To those who wished to join the marines, a bounty of £5 would be allowed; and to these who, disliking that service, entered the 42d or any of the other Highland regiments, £4 of bounty would be given. No fewer than 500 chose the 42d; many, the other regiments, a few left the service entirely; and notwithstanding our former antipathy, three hundred of us joined the marines.

Thus was this serious mutiny amicably quelled by the adroitness of a sensible man. It is a curious history from first to last, and teaches an important lesson to those who have the command of troops. Government had obviously placed themselves in a false position, from which they could not have been honorably extricated, but by the expedient of Sir Ralph Abercromby. So far as I know, the particulars of this affair have never before been given; even Stewart, in his chapter on Mutinies, omitting to notice that of the Grant Highlanders.

Pat, you have dated your letter a week ahead. It is not solate in the month by one week, you spalpeen!"

"Throth, boy, indade, an' it's just mesilf that wanted swafe Kathleen to get it in advance of the mail. Shure, I'll not care if she gets it three days afore it's written, me darlint?"

"Nat, what are you leaning over that empty cask for?"

"I'm mourning over departed *spirits,*" was the answer.

Selected Poetry.

From the Journal of Commerce.

THE TRANSFORMED DWELLING.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

It was night in the mansion, deep, desolate night;
In all its sealed chambers no glimmer of light;
And mildew and silence and sadness and gloom,
Brooded on the dark air of each desolate room.

Those high ceiled chambers were stately and grand,
Well worthy the builder by whom they were planned,
But fresco and carving with dust were o'erlaid,
And his web on each cornice the spider had made.

O'er all the gay panels his net had been flung,
And the webbed dirt fast to their pictured forms clung;
While bloated and loathsome he sat in his den,
Like a watcher for ill to the spirits of men.

The ceilings were frescoed with angels, and rich
Were the lavish adornments of mantel and niche,
But the windows whose outlook is Heavenward were fast,
While those that looked *earthward* wide open were cast.

The sunlight, the music, the soft summer air,
From the gardens above could not penetrate there;
Foul vapors were risen thro' chambers and hall,
And *the smell of mortality* poisoned them all.

A step at the threshold! what stranger is there,
With light on his features, and dew on his hair,
With love in his accents, and life in his smile,
And why stands he waiting unwelcome the while?

"Behold," says the stranger, "I stand at the door,
And knock for admission as often before;
My head hath no shelter; the night dew is chill;
Oh! why should this dwelling be barred to me still?"

Arise, oh! thou sleeper, the night waneth fast,
And the hours of *my* pleading are hurrying fast,
Arouse thee, and open thy doors to my love,
Or thou shalt be shut from the mansion above.

The chains from the door-post fell rattling away,
For the lord of the mansion was moved to obey;
Loud grated harsh hinges, and groaned the slow door,
As wide open it swung, to be bolted no more.

Then entered the Stranger, and glorious light,
From all the wide mansion quick banished the night,
And cleansing, and order, and warmth, and perfume,
Were spread like the air through each beautiful room.

Oh! joy for the dwelling! 'tis dreary no more,
Its chill desolation forever is o'er;
Now vocal the house from foundation to dome,
With songs of *sweet* music and singing of *home.*

Joy, joy to the dwelling, for Jesus is there,
And the scent of his garment is sweet on the air;
With fragrance divine they perfume the abode,
For they borrowed their smell from the Garden of God;
From all the sweet flowers in the Garden of God.

Selected Miscellany.

Doesticks Determines to be Garoted.

Wonderfully popular has the fashionable amusement of garoting become. It seems to be one of the delightful recreations of high life to be choked and robbed—the hero victims of the garote are as much lionized in polite circles at present, as Polish nobles and Hungarian refugees once were. Instead of stars, ribbons and orders, damaged faces and broken heads are now the rage in Fifth Avenue. A smashed nose is a surer passport to social distinction than the Order of the Garter, and a black eye is better capital for soirée and party free passes than a dozen crosses of the Legion of Honor. Garoting is exceedingly useful, too, in matrimonial speculations. A last friend of mine, young Deboots, owed old Bootjack, the oil merchant, $300, for money advanced to pay college expenses—young Deboots' guardian sent him the dimes to settle the account. That evening young Deboots sat down to a friendly game of "poker" with a few friends much faster than himself, and when the deals his "pile" wasn't worth a Spanish quarter. Young Deboots cogitated, and next morning got up an artistic black eye with some India ink and a little gamboge, put a couple of strips of court plaster on his forehead, and, with his arm in a sling, presented himself to old Bootjack. There he told a doleful story of how he was garoted, and he showed the marks. Bootjack believed the yarn, and wrote a long letter to young Deboots' guardian for more money for that young gentleman.

Bootjack's fine daughter saw young Deboots in her father's office—pitied the interesting young man and asked papa to introduce him; in three days young Deboots invited to a large party at old Bootjack's where he was the lion of the evening, and where he recounted his adventure with his garoters more than twenty times, with additions and variations; Matilda Jane was captivated with the brave young man—the brave young man improved his opportunities, and, four days ago, eloped with Matilda Jane, who has a hundred thousand in her own right from her grand aunt. Young Deboots recovered from his black eye the first time he washed his face; he took his arm out of the black handkerchief, and pulled the court plaster off his face the night he was married, and has been a well man ever since.

Pigford, my esteemed friend and fellow boarder at Mrs. Snagley's, has been garoted—and it really seems as if the robbers must have intimately known his private affairs because the event occurred the night of the very day that he received a remittance from England to pay Mrs. S. his five months' board. He appeared at the breakfast table next morning with a countenance so much damaged, and was so cast down on Mrs. S.'s account, that she could not find it in her heart to refuse him three months longer credit, until he can get another remittance from England.

Jenks, another of our boarders, was garoted twice in one week—it has a bewildering effect upon Jenks—it makes him unsteady in the legs, and causes his breath to smell of rum punch. On the first occasion of the robbing and choking outrage he rung the area bell of the house on the other side of the street, until a policeman interfered and brought him home; then Jenks inveigled the policeman into the house, and delivered him over to me, with many formalities, assuring me that he was a garoter whom he had overpowered and captured by main strength, and he showed the star on the M. P.'s breast as the place where the invincible fist of Jenks had "smashed his jaw." Jenks was garoted again, two days after, and brought home by a gentlemanly individual, who picked his pockets at the door, took his overcoat, changed hats with him, and then rang the bell for the girl to come and let Jenks into the house. The girl came, and found this individual trying to whittle off one of the pickets of the iron fence with his penknife, and meanwhile making a furious attempt to sing the words of the evening hymn to the Virgin to the classic air of "Root Hog or Die."

The mania has extended even to the kitchen, and the servants are now following the example of their betters, and getting garoted on every favorable opportunity. If the boy goes to the butcher's he is invariably, according to his own account, attacked by a band of ruffians and robbed of the money before he gets home; this has happened four successive days, in broad daylight, and has cost Mrs. Snagley about four and sixpence a time. I sent Sally, the little errand girl, with a dime for some beer, and she returned in tears, with the news that she, too, had been "groted," and had lost the change. She had her fist full of lemon candy, and two big apples in her pocket, which I suppose the robbers had given her.

I am positively frightened—things are truly in a dreadful state in my neighborhood—I dare not travel on the sidewalk, and have ruined my best pantaloons walking through the slush in the middle of the road. I imagine there is a garoter under every paving stone, or hiding behind every lamp-post. Daylight sometimes shows me the strange mistakes I had made in the night. I find that I have been two blocks out of my way to avoid a broken wheelbarrow which I took for a concealed ruffian; and have run half a mile to get away from a pump, which I imagined was a fierce garoter with a club raised; and have on nine occasions crossed the street through a knee-deep puddle to escape a molasses hogshead, which I supposed to be a rotund robber lying in wait for the subscriber. This state of things was unendurable, and I accordingly armed myself for the attack. I got a revolver, a bowie knife, a dagger, a slung shot, a sword cane, a "billy," a policeman's club, a pair of brass knuckles, and six good, large paving-stones, which I carried in a convenient place in my overcoat pocket—there wasn't an inch of me that wasn't guarded by something that would shoot, strike, or stab. I had, to be sure, some little trouble in managing the entire armory—I fired away four boxes of percussion caps practising how to draw and fire my revolver in the least space of time—then I thought I'd load it, which I did, putting so much powder into each barrel that I had to drive the ball in at the end with a tack hammer—then I tried to fire it, and not a barrel would go off—then at dinner I accidentally dropped it, and it all went off at once, lodging three of the balls in a boiled ham on the table, while the rest beought up in a large bowl of mince meat in the kitchen, and were afterwards discovered in the pies by the boarders—then I sat down on my bowie knife and cut my leg half off—when I dropped my dagger out of the sheath, and I went through the top of my boot and stuck into my foot—three times have I smashed my toes with my slungshot; and I have broken two entire setts of chamber crockery, four mirrors, and all my window glass, practising with my club and sword cane.

My pockets are so full of instruments of death, that they are in the way of my business. If I want my memorandum book, out comes my revolver; if I have occasion for my porte-monnaie, I find a "billy" in its place; instead of my penknife, I put my hand on a slung shot; when I am in a hurry for my latch-key I can't find anything but a pair of brass knuckles; and I have, on four different occasions, attempted to pay my board with paving-stones, simply because I couldn't find anything else in my pocket.

But I am fast becoming expert; I can draw and fire my revolver in two minutes and a half, if the lock doesn't catch in the lining of my pocket—I can get brass knuckles ready for action in four minutes—I can draw my bowie knife as quick as I can unbutton my overcoat to get at the handle; and I can strike another man with my slung shot as often as I hit myself, which is much more than I could do at first. Garoters, beware! Doesticks is prepared.

Courageously,

Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B.

P. S.—I've been thinking the matter over—on examining my private accounts, I find I owe money in diners and sundry places, as follows:

Tailor	$93 00
Bootmaker	17 50
Board	21 11
Chop House	3 87
Borrowed Money	90
Beer	14 25

I dare not add it up—the total amount would overpower me—they have all heard that I intended to leave town to-morrow, and they are all here. Some of them all believe they'll get their money soon, and then, to-night, in spite of my multitudinous weapons, I'll be garoted and robbed of all I have. Jones says he'll do it for me—he'll give me a scientific black eye for nothing, and peel my nose without any charge. I consign myself to the tender mercies of Jones, which must satisfy my creditors for another three weeks.

Despairingly, Q. K. P. D. P. B.

Quite Logical.—An old Connecticut farmer went to his parson with the following serious inquiry:

"Dr. T., do you believe in the new story they tell about the earth moving round the sun? and do you think that is according to the Scriptures? If it be true, how could Joshua have commanded the sun to stand still?"

"Humph!" quoth the Doctor, scratching his cauliflower wig. "Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, did he?"

"Yes," quoth the farmer.

"Well, it stood still, didn't it?"

"Yes."

"Very well; did you ever hear that he set it a-going again?"

The farmer smoothed down the nether part of his phiz, and vamosed, leaving the parson and Joshua to set the sun a-going at their first convenience.

How to Cure a Cough.—"Well, Bridget, did you put the blister on your chest as I told you, and did it rise?"

"Och! misthress dear, niver a chest did I have to put it on, but shure, ma'am, I have a hair trunk, and I stuck it on that, but sorry a rise did it riz; but ma'am it tuck off ivery bit of the hair as shure as I'm a sinner!"

The Proof.—"Did you say, sir, that you considered Mr. Smith insane?" asked a lawyer of a witness in a criminal case.

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Upon what ground did you base this inference?"

"Why, I lent him a silk umbrella and five dollars in cash, and he returned them both."

How it Leaked Out.—Little Jake: "Ma, does pa kiss you because he loves you?" "To be sure, sonny; why did you ask that question?" "Because, I guess he loves Bridget, too, for I seen him kiss her mor'n forty times last Sunday when you was to meeting." Our informant didn't stop till pa got home.

Whoever wishes to get on in the world has only to take lessons of a hen chasing a grasshopper through the field. With a long neck and peeled eyes, take a few hurried strides, stop short, peep over, peep under, now to the left, then to the right, one flutter, and you have him.

A Question for Lawyers.—Mr. Magistrate, I want to ask you one question. Has a man got a right to commit a nuisance?"

"No, sir; not even the Mayor."

"Then, sir, I claim my liberty. I was arrested as a nuisance, and as no man has a right to commit me, I move for a non-suit."

The question has been carried up.

An Alabama editor says of a late festival occasion:

Several healths and songs were masterly advanced, and received in the climax of ecstasy and unanimity, while eloquence was borne from the speakers' lips on the resounding pinions of enthusiasm, the dying echoes of which were like the murmurings of distant thunder."

Well Matched.—We notice the marriage in a small town in Virginia, of Samuel Devil to Mary Shrew. Which is to be pitied?

An infamous bachelor being asked if he had ever witnessed a public execution, replied, "No, but I once saw a marriage."

The Modern Cæsar.

Moreau's Opinion of Napoleon.—Dr. Baird, in a lecture delivered last week in St. Louis, is the narrator of an incident which is new to us. It may be remembered that Sir Robert Wilson, who was present as a British Commissioner at the battle of Dresden, where Moreau received the fatal cannon shot by the immediate command of Napoleon, volunteered his services on that occasion as aid-de-camp to Moreau. It appears that the relation thus held led to a conversation between the two on the night preceeding the battle, the substance of which was thus furnished by Sir Robert to Mr. Baird at Gibraltar in 1846:

"Wilson," said Moreau, "you and I are foreigners, and I can talk with you freely. I feel badly about the battle of to-morrow; I fear it will be disastrous. I have been here but a little while, and I have not gotten well acquainted with this large army from different nations; I have not *got hold of it.* Then I am entrapped by the presence of these monarchs. I think that I know how to command, but I do not feel free to act without consulting them, and they are not military men. In the next place, I have the appearance of fighting against France, which no Frenchman likes, God knows. I am not fighting against France, but against the *tyrant* that rules that country. But, most of all, I am troubled because I know that to-morrow I shall have to command against a man who will anticipate every movement I shall make. I cannot make a movement with this army which Bonaparte will not know as well as I do that I am going to make it, and he will anticipate me. I cannot make a movement which he will not anticipate, unless it be such a one as I ought not to make, and that, as a military man, I will not make."

Did you ever hear, said Dr. B. to his audience, a criticism on Bonaparte's genius as a military man equal to that which is