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The Planters' Advocate.

By THOMAS J. TURNER. "TRUTH ALONE IS KNOWLEDGE—KNOWLEDGE IS POWER." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Vol. 6. UPPER MARLBOROUGH, MARYLAND, WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 8, 1857. No. 33.

Amusing Story.

From Putnam's Monthly.

A Love-Chase.

I will not begin at the beginning and describe how, in my boyish days, I sported with Miss Cilly Busse. I will not describe how we used to romp together, go to dancing-school together, and reciprocate all those little innocent endearments usual between children of nearly the same age and opposite sexes. Nor will I pause to depict my feelings, when, in a game of forfeits and with much difficulty, I succeeded in kissing Miss Cilly Busse. I will not, furthermore, take up the time of the reader by showing that, from the age of eleven up to nineteen having been at school and college, I saw nothing at all of Miss Cilly Busse. Nor, lastly, will it be necessary to show how, at the age of nineteen and a-half, coming home proud of my college honors and youthful dandyism, I met Miss Cilly, domiciled in my native town of Lillyville. Having now given the public some insight into the preliminary situation of affairs, by the usual auctorial method of saying that I would not, I will go on with the narrative, as well as unpracticed pen, and a naturally digressive habit of mind, will permit me.

When I had just left college, and not yet recovered my pitying dismay at the small regard which the world in general paid to classics, moral philosophy, and methaphysics; when the first faint visions of a moustache came over my mind, and I daily examined with solicitude the soft down of my upper lip; when I enjoyed the novel excitement, and knew not the agonies of shaving; when my watch-chain did not hang in sublime independence far in front of my legs; in those happy days I renewed my intimacy with Miss Cilly Busse.

Her mother and elder sisters kept a small girls' school, in which Miss Cilly was a sort of supernumery, that is, she attended to the wardrobes, general deportment, and occasionally, the moral principles of the pupils, and took any class which happened to be without regular instruction.

Miss Cilly was not one of your foolish, rattling, laughing girls, who fascinate gentlemen by being amused with everything said or done.—She had a proper idea of the majesty of human nature, and, though not above an occasional joke, regarded life with poetical earnestness and romantic gravity. She had ideas on the subject of moral science; and as they were remarkably similar to those promulgated by my college text-books, I fully and heartily coincided with her. But she was especially strong on astronomy. On the starlight nights, she used to mingle quotations from the poets, and deductions from the mathematicians, in a way that would have bewildered the spirits of the Pleiades themselves. After Shakspeare's, "Look, Jessica, mark how the floors of heaven," etc., she would at once startle me by some complicated proposition, with regard to *alpha* Lyræ, or *delta* Canis, and would bid me farewell with some astounding fact, which left my brain divided between admiration at her knowledge and stupefaction from the imparting of it. I have since had reason to believe that she bestowed on me a rechauffée of the studies of her class, but at the time I would have scouted the idea with indignation.

Young men are generally, I believe, before they become hardened to it, oppressed with a nervous sensation in female society. Terrible possibilities, in the way of irregular cravat-ties, or exceptionable coats, or baggy patoloons, send thrills of horror through the system. A constant tendency in their hands to rearrange their dress, wander into awkward positions, or, horror of horrors, to get into their pockets, render incessant circumspection requisite. A doubt, as to whether they are saying or doing the correct thing, gives a gloomy cast to their thoughts and reacts upon their conversation. Whether this feeling is universal I do not know; but I must confess to having endured my full share of it.—The pleasure, therefore, of having a family within reach, where I soon became perfectly at my ease, where I never thought about my clothes, where conversation was always ready, made me a constant visitor at the Busses'. By degrees, I began to regard the grim-looking house in which the Busses lived, with very friendly feelings.

To those who approached it in the morning with books in hand, and a fearful weight of unlearned lessons on their minds, it seemed to cause a chill, like the first aspect of a dungeon; but to me its dull brick walls appeared to enclose a garden of Academus. No wonder that I went there often. There I would find Miss Harmonia Busse engaged in the perusal of some formidable treatise on education. Of course, I never disturbed her. There would be Mrs. Busse, reading some fearful religious work, by whose means she could satisfactorily damn all her friends and relatives. I never tried to distract her mind from so agreeable an occupation. But there would be Cilly, sitting in a deep window-seat, that would just hold two, and looking sweetly with her little feet tucked under her, and her soft little hands engaged in some inscrutable piece of feminine employment. It was but natural that I should take the other half of the window, and that, so cut off from everybody else, we should grow extremely confidential. We used to talk about everything—about poetry, about our neighbors, about the flowers, and the last piece of scandal; about the stars, and about ourselves. I enjoyed the conversation extremely. Sometimes we were left alone in the room, but that used to make no difference—at least, it didn't make any difference until one evening, when the colloquy took a turn which startled, dismayed, and confounded me.—I believe we were talking about the stars; Miss Cilly was speaking as she generally did. She pointed out to my admiring gaze the evening star—the star of love. From thence, we digressed to the affections. Miss Cilly's ideas of love were of she loftiest character. She could surrender all, endure all, accomplish all things, for the object of her love. If loved, she desired no other bliss, if scorned, she sighed out that she would carry her love into the grave. She knew that she never could love more than one—her first love would be her last. She could not believe in the possibility of any marriage other than one of affection—money, poor dross, what was it, that it should take the place of the only thing which could render existence happy?—These ideas were not precisely original, but, being very earnestly and tenderly expressed, they touched me extremely. Then, Miss Cilly began to be inquisitive as to my experience in the tender passion. She insisted that I had been in love, and was determined to know the object of my affections. Being a nervous and bashful man, the state to which a quarter of an hours cross-examination reduced me, can, perhaps, be imagined: I know of no writer who could depict it. After having obtained thorough and complete information, as to the substance of every conversation I had held with any young woman in town, during the last month, Miss Cilly proceeded to draw deductions. This was the climax to my agony, and I burst forth in self-vindication. I assured Miss Cilly that I had been no where a tithe of the times that I had been to see her; that I liked nobody else as well as I liked her; and that, if she was determined to declare she in love with somebody, it must be with herself. I cannot be certain that these were the words of my speech, but they were certainly the intention. Judge, then, of my horror and confusion, when I beheld Miss Cilly first blush, then draw forth her pocket-handkerchief, and then, in a voice broken with emotion, reply: "That she had long thought that I cared for her a little, but that the shock of so full an announcement of my feeling was very trying, that she reciprocated my affection, and was ready to do for me all that she had stated before," of which she now gave an enlarged and improved edition. "That my own heart must tell me what hers felt at that moment, and must pardon any inaccuracies in expression;" wherepon she subsided into her pocket-handkerchief.

I believe I did the correct thing—I believe I kissed her hand—I have heard her say that I appeared enraptured. It may be, I cannot tell anything about it. I remember nothing between the conclusion of her speech and my finding myself leaning exhausted against a fence a quarter of a mile off. Then the whole horrid truth burst upon me. With no intention of doing so, with no idea of changing my happy state of single blessedness and peace, I had become an engaged man—another person's property—and that other person a young woman. I sat down quietly on the grass and reflected. I did not care that the dew had fallen—it made no difference that the night was damp, and the locality swampy: I felt that I couldn't die—that a fate was upon me—that, till that fate was fulfilled, I could not commit suicide, catch fever and ague, or anything of the kind; that that fate was to marry Cilly Busse. I had never looked at her with a matrimonial eye; I had never thought of anything except enjoying myself—and how dreadful were the consequences to be. I began to think of Miss Cilly Busse's personal appearance. I doubted as to the tinge of her hair; my mind misgave me that her nose turned up; I had a decided objection to her style of chin. Then I shrank with horror from the thought of listening for life to Cilly drawing moral maxims from every object of nature and art, and letting loose upon me at unexpected moments small snappish pieces of information and instruction. In short, here was I hopelessly and involuntarily betrothed to a girl, whom I was rapidly convincing myself that I *detested*.

I walked gloomily home with my hat very far down upon my ears, and my despair evinced by the depth to which I buried my hands in my pantaloons' pockets. I went to my room—my feelings were too highly strung to bear the light of a candle: consequently, during the process of retiring for the night, the constant and unexpected collision of various portions of my frame with every article of furniture which had a sharp edge, rather added to my sufferings. I went to bed, and dreamed that I had successfully emigrated to the Sandwich Islands. There I had just wooed and won a dusky bride, when her features changed into Miss Cilly Busse, who, grasping me by the hair, and brandishing a parchment, inscribed "breach of promise," hurried me again into wakefulness and misery. I dreamed that I attempted suicide; but the rope changed into Miss Cilly's arms, giving me all the agonies of suffocation without the pleasure of releasing me from her power; while a razor, endued with preternatural life and motion, without losing any of its sharpness, cut and cruelly mangled me in the form of Miss Cilly's tongue. Nature at length came to my relief—plunged into profound slumber I dreamed no more.

When one has been particularly happy the night before, the probability is, that the next morning will bring with it a vague sense of misery; but there is this consolation, that if you go to bed particularly wretched, you are pretty certain to wake in tolerably good spirits the morning after. When I opened my eyes, and looked my sorrows full in the face, I did not feel so thoroughly dismayed as before, and was further encouraged by receiving a summons to leave Lillyville at one, on important business. I would be out of the way, at any rate, and who could tell what might turn up? By degrees, as I became fortified by breakfast, I began to be a little sorry to leave town; I reflected that Miss Cilly was quite a nice girl, that there was no necessity of my thinking about the engagement just yet; in short, I began to think I would have no objection to remain at home. At any rate, I ought to go and bid good-by to Miss Cilly Busse.

Miss Cilly opened the door for me herself. She looked very fresh and blooming; and, though her nose did turn up, her eyes were very pretty, and I stopped at them and did not examine further. Her hair, too, was auburn, in some lights, and, whatever might be said of her chin, her lips were round and soft—so were her cheeks. So strongly was I impressed with their beauty, that I involuntarily kissed Miss Cilly Busse, and, after I had done so, I found that I liked it. Miss Cilly did not struggle very hard, so I did it again. Miss Cilly said that was enough; so we went in and sat, side by side, on the parlor sofa. If a gentleman does not want to make immediate and desperate love to a young woman, do not let him sit on a sofa beside her, particularly a small sofa—crede experto. I had not been in that position five minutes, and had not told half my future intentions, when I discovered that my arm was around Miss Cilly's waist, and her head on my shoulder. Consequently I began to feel very bitterly at the necessity of parting, and to express myself so enthusiastically that Miss Cilly was absolutely moved to tears. In short, I fancied I was really in love, and acted accordingly. Yet—oh, the fickleness of youth!—no sooner had I got out of the house, where I had just been swearing eternal constancy, than I fervently hoped never to enter it again. Once out of sight of Miss Cilly, my feelings towards her began to cool; and, by the time that I was seated in the stage which was to bear me away, I was as impatient of the chain that bound me to her as I had ever been before. Her excellences began to diminish, and her little failings to loom terribly in my imagination. I denied the auburn of her tresses, and stigmatized them as red; while my very affection for her gave me the opportunity to ungeneroously discover how much of the beauty of her figure was owing to whalebone.

I sat in the stage unmindful of my fellow-passengers, and weighed down by gloomy reflections on my destiny. After a time I became nervously aware of the fact that my opposite neighbor was looking at me. Being naturally roused by this to return the gaze, a sudden elevation of my eyes brought them in contact with the glance of two soft, dark orbs gleaming timidly from the recess of a traveling hat. From that instant I felt that I was gone—that I was madly in love—that naught on earth should separate me from the proprietress of those heavenly eyes. I cast Miss Cilly Busse from my recollection. I utterly ignored any tie between us, and determined to win this angel or perish forever. How I wished that the stage had been in Italy, that it might be stopped by brigands, that I might spring out and defend my fair one against overwhelming numbers, and at last, having rescued her, fall expiring on a heap of slain with her voice in my ears, and her eyes gleaming tenderly upon my dying vision. But the country was prosaic—it was flat, it was American, with nothing more like a brigand than the turnpike-keeper. There was no chance of winning her regards by any deed of daring, so I had to submit to the ordinary approaches to intimacy afforded by stage coach traveling. I was soon in easy conversation with Rose Mayland—such she informed me was her name. I found out that we were going to the same place, that we were both going to remain some time, and that I might call and see her if I liked. If I liked—what an idea! Place a fiery dragon, half-a-dozen giants, and innumerable magicians in the way, and I would bravely have carved out a path to her feet.

As this world has become very matter-of-fact, as dragons are confined to pantomimes, giants are only visible at Barnum's, and magicians humanely will not exercise their powers except for an entrance fee of twenty-five cents, I did not find the slightest difficulty in visiting Miss Rose Mayland. After repeated calls, I became convinced that Rose reciprocated my sentiments; for she did not appear bored by my visits, and I thought that no humanity could stand two visits a day, of indefinite length each, without being either bored or in love with the visitor. I would have cast myself at Rose's feet and declared my affection; but there was that horrid engagement with Cilly Busse—how to get released from it? I thought of writing myself anonymous letter, derogatory of her character, and, on the strength of it, breaking my chain; but the experiment, on reflection, appeared too dangerous, and of doubtful efficacy. I thought of marrying Rose, and flying immediately to the end of the earth; but, apart from the difficulty of getting there, I doubted the happiness of a life without cigars and newspapers, shopping and new bonnets. Suicide was disagreeable, and would not enable me to marry Rose. In short, reduced to despair, I tried the very last resort left me. I unbosomed myself to Harry Sinclair. Harry Sinclair was a very handsome fellow, and perfectly at home everywhere and in every emergency. He used to visit Miss Mayland, in company with me, pretty often, though Rose and he did not seem to talk a great deal to each other. When I told him my unhappy predicament, he puffed his cigar very violently—so much so, that the smoke made him wink and cough violently. He had quite recovered by the time I had got through, however, and he gave me the result of his meditations.

"My dear Greene,"—my name is Adonis Greene—"I must admit that you are in a fix. It is not so strange to be in love with one girl, and marry another—that occurs rather oftener than you imagine. But to get engaged, without meaning to, on one evening, fall in love with somebody else the next day, and get out of the first engagement the next week—that last will require generalship. We will see, however. I am going down to Lillyville to-morrow, and will examine the state of the premises. You hold yourself ready to come down when I write for you; that's all. By the way, Greene, you had better not commit yourself with Miss Mayland until you are clear of this scrape. If I were you I wouldn't even call there just now."

As Harry was going to act for me so disinterestedly, of course I could do nothing less than take his advice in this respect, as well as other things, though it went sorely against my inclination. The impatience with which I awaited a dipatch from Harry was much augmented by my usual daily occupation being taken away. A week passed with no news; two more days of anxiety dragged their lengthened hours along; but, on the tenth, I received a note which roused me at once. It said:

"Dear Greene: Come down at once, and quietly; all is right, so far. When you arrive, I will give you your instructions. Yours, H. S."

That Lilyville stage ought to have been lighter by a hundred weight than the one in which I had departed from the village—that being about the difference in the weight of my heart. Harry was waiting for me, and carried me straightway to his lodgings. There he gave me an insight into the state of affairs.

Harry was handsomer than I; he was, also, richer; so he appealed more forcibly to the foibles of both young and old. He called upon the Busses; he was devoted to Miss Cilly; his manners were grand, yet melancholy; his conversation romantic and poetical. Nor did he said that the window-seat again had two occupants; that the stars were again made to impart brilliance to Miss Cilly's conversation? Her intellectual resources again did good service. Harry was constant in his attentions; he was her slave. When matters had almost reached their consummation, and Harry had found himself, several times, artfully drawn to the very verge of a proposal, only reserving himself by great presence of mind, I was recalled to the scene of action. The crisis had arrived, the forces were marshalled, the moment of victory or defeat drew near. That evening Harry went again to the Busses'. I gave him half an hour to get the elders out of the room and to get fairly under way, and then followed. The hall door was open; I passed silently into the parlor, and there, in that very window where Miss Cilly had owned herself mine, I discovered her in the arms of Harry Sinclair!

Though this was exactly what I wished and expected, yet for the moment, my indignation at Cilly's fickleness overcame every other feeling. I groaned out her name. Cilly started—for a moment seemed inclined to rush out of the room; but, apparently, doubting the advisability of leaving her two lovers together, she remained.

"Mr. Greene," said she, "this intrusion"—

"Yes, sir," said Sinclair, "allow me to ask when it became customary for acquaintances to walk into houses without ringing at the door?"

"Acquaintances, sir? Ask that lady if I have not a little better right than an acquaintance; yes, sir, a better right than you to be *tete-a-tete* with that lady, to say nothing of more intimate terms."

"Cecilia," said Harry, with the most admirable-acted horror, "is this true? Are you betrothed to Mr. Greene?"

"No need to question, sir. Here I renounce all claim upon her hand; her heart seems to have departed from me already. Farewell, Cecilia—false one—for—ever!"

With these words, spoken with an anguish of manner which, for the moment, was almost real, I rushed frantically from the room. I had not gone very far, however, when Harry joined me. Then we were both so overpowered by the recollection of our dramatic efforts that we leaned against the fence and shook it with laughter. It was the same place where I had formerly carried my despair.

"Well," said Harry, "I think that young woman has had a lesson against flirting with two people at once. As soon as you went out, I delivered to her a small sermon on the deceit of which she had been guilty; told her that my confidence had departed; that the words which I had been about to utter, when you entered, had been driven from my heart. In short, I bucked out in the same frantic style with which you made your exit. You did that very well, Greene, very well—would have a fine effect upon the stage. Are there any fried oysters to be obtained in this quiet little place? Emotion makes me hungry."

We celebrated our victory over divers oysters and contingent drinks, until, in the midst of an address, in which I informed Harry that my affection for him was far greater than ordinary fraternal feeling, and, after a futile endeavor to walk through the table to embrace him, I sank into unconsciousness, and remember no more.

Next morning I awoke with a frantic headache, and a vague feeling of remorse. Every other sensation, however, was swallowed up in the horrible agony produced by the following epistle:

"Dear Greene: I hope you appreciate the disinterestedness of my devotion to you. I have freed you of your disagreeable engagement, and left you a free man once more. I hope your love for Rose Mayland is a merely imaginary sensation, as that young lady is, and has been for some time, engaged to

"Yours, very sincerely,

"Harry Sinclair.

"Rose wants to know if you would like to be groomsman next week?"

There is no need of my describing my feelings at such barefaced treachery. Of course I was no groomsman. I hope there's a gray mare in Mr. Harry Sinclair's establishment.

"Lay Still, Granny!"—A boy got his father's gun, loaded it, but was afraid to fire; however, he liked the fun of loading, and so he put in another charge, but was still afraid to fire. He kept on charging, without firing, until he had got six charges in the old piece. His grandmother, learning his temerity, removed him, and, grasping the old continental, discharged it. The recoil was tremendous, throwing the old lady on her back. She promptly struggled to regain her feet, but the boy cried out, "Lay still, Granny—there are five more charges to go off yet."

"Naming" in the House of Commons.—Many will remember the observation of the Speaker, Manners Sutton, on the process of "naming," a parliamentary rule. "If the honorable member," he declared on one occasion, "does not retract the expressions fallen from his lips, I shall be obliged to name him." The threat took immediate effect, and the offender repenting conformed to order. "But suppose you had named him," asked an inquiring Senator, "what would have been the consequence?" "Heaven only knows!" replied the Speaker, with an awe-struck look.

Decky Birchbud thinks it provoking for a woman who has been working all day mending her husband's old coat, to find a love letter from another woman in the pocket.—*Ex.*

Perfect nonsense. There is not a woman under heaven but would find the letter before she began to mend the coat—then it wouldn't be mended at all.

Selected Poetry.

From "Punch."

A ROMANCE OF HIGH AND LOW LIFE.

Tune—"*Lord Lovell.*"

Lord Perkins he wooed Lady Mary Brande,
John Thomas her maid Mary Ann,
Lord Perkins he was the master, and
John Thomas he was the man.

"Now tell me, John Thomas," Lord Perkins he said,
"Now tell me, John Thomas," said he:
"Dost thou think thou would'st marry my lady's maid,
As thou could'st have my ladye?"

"Now marry, good master," John Thomas replied,
"Now marry, good master," he said;
"I would rather the lady were my bride,
Than marry the lady's maid."

"And what is thy reason?" Lord Perkins he said,
"And what is thy reason?" said he;
"My lady is fair, but my lady's maid
Is fairer than my ladye."

"But she hasn't the grace," said John Thomas, "poor wench!
And she hasn't got the manner;
And her ladyship speaks Italian and French,
And plays on the grand pehanner."

"What good, John Thomas," Lord Perkins he said,
"Will French and Italian do man?
If a wife has got one tongue in her head,
'Tis enough for any woman

"And singing and playing are pretty things,
But who, except a gaby,
But knows no wife ever plays or sings
After bringing her lord one baby?

"Now tell me, John Thomas, now tell me, I pray,
Can Mary Ann sew and cook?
For those things, I own, are more in my way,
When I for a wife would look."

"My lord, she can cook; my lord, she can sew;
My lord, she can stitch and hem;
But I own that, for my part, I doesn't go
Into marriage for things like them."

"Enough, John Thomas," Lord Perkins he said,
"Enough, John Thomas," said he;
"I will go and marry my lady's maid,
And you may have my ladye."

At St. George's church, in Hanover square,
They were married all in one day;
Lord Perkins he wedded the maiden fair,
And John Thomas the lady gay.

The marriage service a bishop read,
In a most impressive manner;
Lord Perkins went home to his quiet homestead,
John Thomas to his pehanner.

And so they were suited and so content,
And rejoiced in both their wives,
And, which I wish to every gent,
Lived happy the rest of their lives.

Selected Miscellany.

Adams and Webster.

Hon. Rufus Choate recently delivered a lecture in Boston on the subject of "Deliberative Eloquence, as affected by times of National Revolution." We extract from it the following eloquent tribute to the great orator of our Revolution, the elder Adams and Daniel Webster:

"Again you heard that eloquence, with a higher hope of a more splendid result, in 1776. The leader in that great cause was our own John Adams, of Massachusetts. He was the orator alone of the Revolution in which the nation was born. Others co-operated splendidly with him—Samuel Adams, Samuel Chase, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, James Otis—in the earlier stages. Each one of these went abroad, and scattered broadcast the seed of life in the waiting virgin soil. Jefferson, the magic of style, the power of touching the feelings with those fair ideas of freedom and equality dear to men, so irresistable at that time. Henry, the indescribable spell of speech, which fills the eyes, stays the blood, turns the cheek pale, instilling into the soul the sweet madness of battle. Samuel Chase, the plain Patriot of Maryland, the proud defiance, and the extraordinary art of inspiring courage and hope. John Adams alone seems to have met every demand of the time.

"As a right, as a question of prudence, as a question of honor, as a question of feeling, as a question of conscience, he knew it all through; and in the mighty debate, which began as far back as March or February, 1776, to its close, on the 2d of July, he presented it in all its aspects to every passion and affection; appealing to the sense of wrong, exasperated, at length, almost beyond control by the shedding of blood—to grief, to indignation, to self-respect, to desire for happiness and safety, to the sense of moral obligation, to the fear of God—casting out all other fear—to all these ideas and all these passions he appealed for months after months, day after day, until the result was attained, the record of which he has left in a letter to his wife. [An extract from this letter Mr. Choate read, giving expression to the exultant feeling of the elder Adams at the signing of the Declaration of Independence.] Not a single reported sentence of all his speeches has come down to us. The great spokesman of an age unto an age is dead. And yet of these last words is not our whole America one immortal record and reporter still? How they blaze on the pillars of the Union! How their deep sense is unfolded and interpreted by every passing hour! How they come out to life, and grow double, as it were, in the brightening rays of light which were revealed to him, as the fabled invisible harp gave out its music to the mountains! Yes, they have perished; yet all things around us—our laughing harvest, our songs of labor, our commerce whitening every sea, our secure homes, our schoolhouses, our churches, our happy people, the stainless, radiant flag—how they come pealing, pealing, 'Independence now, and independence forever!' [Prolonged applause.]

"And now," said Mr. Choate, in conclusion, "on a review of this series of the most eloquent of men, and these circumstances of their times, does an exceeding love deceive us, or have we not ourselves seen and followed mourning to the grave one man who, cast upon times so troubled and so high, would have enacted a part of equal splendor, and won a fame as historical—our own Webster? [Loud applause.] Was there ever a cause to be pleaded before an assembly on earth to which he would not have proved himself more than equal? Consider that he was cast on a great, quiet, civil age—on an age and land marked by law, order, contentment, healthful progress, by intellectual growth, and beautiful, material prosperity, resting on a deep and stable freedom. We saw that great ocean, Daniel Webster, sleep in its calm, but how if a strong norther had blown over it, or a hurricane of the tropics had stirred its unsounded depth? That mighty reason, that majestic freedom, that sovereign brow and eye, that fountain of eloquent feeling, passion, imagination, which seems to me never to have been completely comprehended upon earth, fathomless as a sea, and like that demanding the breaking up of the monsoon, or the attraction of those great heavenly bodies, the lights of the world, to raise them fully and adequately, to what triumphs of eloquence man ever witnessed were these mighty faculties unequal? [Applause.] Assisted by that unrivaled organ, the Greek language of Demosthenes, would he not have rolled an equal thunder and flashed an equal flame? Would he not have breathed virtue into decaying Greece, and turned back for a time the inevitable hour? And when the pillars of Roman liberty were shaken, would not their last great champion have welcomed him as an ally worthy of the cause? And was he not the man to stand by Adams and second the motion which has made its illustrations moreover immortal among men?

"The rights of the colonies, the violation of those rights, the larger rights of man, and the violation of the rights of national life—would he not have stated those views as with the clearness of a sunbeam—transparent, definite, exact?—When reason was convinced, the conscience instructed, would he not have swept with his all-commanding power the grander passions of grief, indignation, self-sacrifice, and the love of country; and then, as the vision of the independence of America glimmered through the future, would he not, with a soul as triumphant, a tongue as confident, and a heart of prophecy as sure as, on a later festive day, he did on the rock of the Pilgrims, bid distant generations 'Hail, and come?'" [Enthusiastic applause.]

Sensible Ideas About Mrs. John Dean.—The Providence Journal has the following very sensible remarks on the Boker and Dean marriage:

"The papers generally take the part of the young people and rejoice over the decision, which is doubtless correct and inevitable, since the marriage has taken place. The fact that the girl's father occupies such a social position as to make so unequal a match especially distressing, seems to give a zest to the comments that are made upon the affair, and it is thought to be exceedingly funny that a rich man's daughter has run away with one of her father's servants. We don't see the fun of it. We know it is very old fogy, but we never could get over the idea that children owed some duty to their parents, some return for the unwearied care of their nurture and education, and for the affection that has been lavished upon them, from the cradle to the altar: and she who allows a girlish fancy to carry away her judgment, so far as to marry a man that is no match for her, and whose union with her will bring distress upon her whole family, is either strangely infatuated, or she is utterly unworthy of the love which she deserts."

Paternal Imagination.—"Shon, mine Shon," said a worthy German father to his heir of ten years, whom he had overheard using profane language. "Shon, mine Shon! come here, an' I vill dell you von little stories. Now, mine Shon, shall it be a drue story or a make believe?"

"Oh, a true story, of course," answered John.

"Ferry vell, den. There was once a goot, nice old shentleman (shoost like I,) undt he had a liddle poy (shoost like you.) Undt von day he heard him schwearing like a young fillin, and he was. So he vent to der winkie (corner) and took out a cowhide (shoost as I am doing now,) and he dook der dirty little plackguard py de collar (dis vay, you see,) and valloped him (shoost so.) And den, mine tear Shon, he bull his ears (dis way,) and smack his face (dat way,) and dell him to go mitout his supper, shoost as you vilt do this efening."

Proof of Parentage.—Mr. Moore, or Major Moore, as he is bettter known, was traveling through Texas, and leaving the main road, drove his sulky, to avoid the mud, by a side path that brought him out near a log cabin. Being in doubt as to his course, and seeing a youngster near, he called to him, "I say, my son, can you tell me if this is the right road to Leona?"

"Your son?" said the urchin. "You're the second man that's called me his son to-day, and I should like to know which of them is my father!"

The major was so much pleased with the boy's answer that he threw him a quarter. The lad picked it up and cried out, "I believe you're my dad, for you're the first man that ever gave me a quarter. Won't you stop and see my mam?"

The major thought it time to be on his way, and waited for no further instructions.

A Soldier's Courage.—A capital anecdote of Lord Raglan, when wounded at Waterloo, is told in London. The authority is the Prince of Orange. The Prince used to recount that not a word announced the entry of a new patient, nor was he conscious of the presence of Lord Raglan until Fitzroy Somerset came to him and bid him cry out in the usual way, "Hallo! don't carry away that arm till I have taken off my ring."—Neither the wound nor the operation had extorted a groan from the wounded soldier.

Unwashed French Ladies.—An American lady, writing from Paris, says she has lately discovered the secret of the many beautiful and brilliant complexions seen in that city. It seems that water is considered by the French ladies as the great spoiler of the skin, so that unless some untoward circumstance really soils their faces, they are not touched with water from one week's end to another. The owners content themselves with gentle rubbing with a dry coarse towel, and exclude water almost entirely from the toilette table.

Old Mules.—The *Medical World* says there is a mule in possession of a farmer residing near Ballingtas, Ireland, which has been employed in the transit of mail between Cork and Vinegar Hill since 1798. There is a saying at the South, that a white mule lives longer than any other mule. Some years ago, one of that color on Col. Middleton's estate in South Carolina, was rising eighty years and still at work.

Thackaray, on his first visit to this country, was introduced in Charleston, S. C., to Mrs. C....., one of the leaders of society there.—Thinking to be witty he said:

"I am happy to meet you, Mrs. C.....; I've heard, madame, that you were a fast woman."

"Oh, Mr. Thackery," she replied, with one of her most fascinating smiles, "we must not believe all we hear. I have heard, sir, that you were a gentleman."

The other day a gentleman gave a couple of cents to a woman who asked charity of him.

"Two cents!" exclaimed she; "take them back, sir: I asked for charity; I can't do anything with two cents."

"My dear madam," said the gentleman, "I beg you'll keep the cents, and give them to some poor person."

"Won't you *take* my word, sir, when I tell you I will call and liquidate your demand on Saturday morning next?" said a delinquent debtor to a dunning creditor, with whom he had sharp words.

"No sir," replied the other, "I had rather you would *keep* your word."

A man very much intoxicated was sent to jail. "Why did you not bail him out?" inquired a bystander of a friend.

"Bail him out?" exclaimed the other; "why you couldn't pump him out!"

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me, or you will set me afire." "No danger of that," was the answer; "you are too green to burn."

"I'll handle your witness without gloves," said one lawyer to another. "That you may do with safety, but it is more than I would venture to do with yours," was the reply.

A French horse-dealer was asked if an animal which he offered for sale was timid. "Not at all," said he; "he often passes many nights together by himself in the stable."

There is an inscription on a tombstone at La Point, Lake Superior, which reads as follows: "John Smith, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

A Problem.

The proprietor of a tan yard adjacent to a certain town in Virginia concluded to build a stand, or sort of store, on one of the main streets, for the purpose of vending his leather, buying raw hides, and the like. After completing his building, he began to consider what sort of a sign would be best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention to his new establishment; and for days and weeks he was sorely puzzled on this subject. Several devices were adopted, and on further consideration rejected.

At last a happy idea struck him. He bored an anger hole through the door post, and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while, he noticed a grave looking personage standing near the door with his spectacles, gazing intently on the sign. And there he continued to stand, gazing and gazing, until the curiosity of the tanner was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out, and addressed the individual.

"Good morning," said he.

"Morning," said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"You want to buy leather?" said the storekeeper.

"No."

"Do you wish to sell hides?"

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No."

"Are you a merchant?"

"No."

"Are you a lawer?"

"No."

"Are you a doctor?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"I'm a *philosopher*. I have been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf got through that auger hole."

Pretty Fair.

A Cincinnati paper aims the following very fair anecdotes at a gallant artillery captain and his company, of that city:

On the day of the Kane obsequies, Capt. L..... of a German Artillery company—his own horse being lame—engaged one of a friend, who was a tanner by trade. When the horse was sent for, the boy at the yard sent by mistake a good-looking blind horse used in the bark mill. The Captain mounted and proceeded, but the first corner the procession came to, the horse, thinking he was in the bark mill, kept going round and round. The Captain after a while straightened him up, but every corner he came to he was not satisfied with one turn, but always wanted to another round.

This same artillery company, in putting the cannon upon the carriage in haste, had accidentally put it on upside down—with the touch-hole underneath. They loaded, primed, and the order was given to fire. Siz went the priming where the touch-hole ought to be, but no discharge. Primed and tried it again, with the same result. After three missess, the Captain took his picker to open the hole, but poked about and could not find one.

"Mein got in himmel!" exclaimed the Captain, "some tam rascal is shpiked de gun and shpiked de hole out."

A "Surprise" Party.—As a gentleman was passing through a street in Newburyport, Mass., on Thursday night, he heard a noise in a house near by, which upon closer attention, resolved itself into a voice urging passionate entreaty, alternating with dolorous groans. Thinking that some terrible tragedy was being enacted, the gentleman rushed in to the rescue of the victim, and he found a big lubber on his knees, sighing and groaning, and imploring in vain for the hand and heart of a pretty lady who stood before him.

A Snake Within a Potato.—The Chicago *Journal*, of Thursday, says:

Mr. Carles E. Day, of South Side, yesterday showed us a boiled potato, which on being opened, was found to contain a small snake over two inches long. It is an ugly looking thing. The development took place at the dinner table.

A Good Judge.—A little wee specimen of a boy was placed upon the witness stand, recently, at the Police Court, to testify in a case of assault and battery.

"Do you know the nature of an oath, my boy?" inquired the judge.

"Yeth, thir," lisped the urchin.

"If you tell a story, where will you go to?"

"I shall go to the watch house," promptly replied the urchin.—*Cin. Com.*

Two Christians met in the street, last Monday morning. Both were parents. As was most natural, the conversation turned upon the services of the preceeding day. The first speaker opens the interview by saying: "We had a sermon from our minister last night, on the religious instruction of children. Why didn't you come and hear it?" "Because," said the other, "*I was at home and doing it!*"

A fastidious old lady was waited upon by a young lad, fresh from Ireland, who was anxious for employment. He was accepted. "Pray, what is your name?" inquired the dowager. "Dick Murphy, so plase you, madam," was the prompt reply. "Oh," aspirated his mistress, in a horror of gentility, "that will never do. We must change it to something less common, and more respectable. What shall it be? I have it—Richard Potatoe!"

Rock the actor, once wrote a subscription paper for a poor scene shifter, who had met with an accident. A few days after he asked to look at it, wishing to know how much charity had been bestowed upon him. Running it over, he handed it back to the scene shifter who asked with some surprise, "Are you not going to give me anything, Mr. Rock?" "My dear fellow," returned the actor, "*didn't I give you the hint?*"

The following oath is said to have been administered in the Iowa Legislature to a little boy ten years of age, chosen to fold up documents: "You do solemnly swear to support the Constitution of the United States and of this State, and to *fold papers* to the best of your ability, so help you God."

The garrote cotillion is being practised in Albany. The ladies swing corners. Having done this, gentlemen place their arms around their necks, and kiss them on the left cheek. Young ladies screech, and fall into young gentlemen's arms. Gentlemen seize young women around the waist and waltz to their seats. It is said to be very popular.

A "cheap" boarding house has just been opened in Boston. In the morning they have boiled potatoes for breakfast, which are sliced up and fried for dinner, and served up cold for supper. Board is *only* seven and sixpence per week, including lodgings for single gentlemen—three in a bed.

They are deeply religious people in Rhode Island, if the following be true: "A Connecticut schoolmaster asked a lad from Newport "how many Gods there are?" The boy, after scratching his head some time, replied—"I don't know how many you've got in Connecticut, but we have none in Rhode Island."

The Mystery Solved.—Reynolds, the dramatist, observing the thinness of the house at one of his pieces, said, "I suppose it is owing to the war?" "No," was the reply, "it is owing to piece."

Query.—If a young man has black eyes and a pimple on his nose, how long will it take him to win the heart of his lady fair, supposing him to be addicted to stuttering?

The Conjuror and the Yankee.

Anderson, the wizard, and a very poor wizard he was, met with a Yankee who stole a march on him after the following pattern:—Enter Yankee—

"I say! you, Professor Anderson?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

"Wa'al you're a tarnation smart man, and I'm sumthin' at a trick too, kinder cute tew you know."

"Ah, indeed, and what tricks are you up to, sir!" asked the professor, amused at the simple fellow.

"Wa'al, I can take a red cent and change it into a ten-dollar gold piece."

"Oh, that's a mere sleight-of-hand trick, I can do that too."

"No you can't. I'd like to see you try."

"Well, hold out your had with a cent in it."

Yankee stretched out his paw with a red lying on it.

"This is your *cent* is it, sure?"

"It's nothin' else."

"Hold on to it tight—*Presto!* change. Now open your hand."

Yankee opened his fist, and there was a gold eagle shining on his palm.

"Wa'al, you did it, I declare; much obleged tew yeou," and Jonathan turned to go out.

"Stay," said the professor, "you may leave me my ten dollars."

"Yourn! wan't it *my* cent; and didn't you turn it into this ere yaller thing eh? Good-bye!" and as he left the room he was heard to say, "I guess there ain't anything green about this child."

Mind Your Business.

Dr. Maggon, recently in a lecture on "Mind Your Business," tells the following good one:

A young man went from New York city to the West, where he commenced business on his own account, and married. His friends in the city were interested in his welfare, and when a merchant was about to journey to the place where the young mad located, he was requested to visit the emigrant, and ascertain how he lived, what sort of a wife he had chosen, his prospects, &c. Accordingly the New Yorker ascertained the residence of his young friend, and called upon him quite early in the morning. He found him in a small neat cottage, and just taking his breakfast. The introduction of the New Yorker to his wife was quite off-h