D. H. Campbell

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## SELECTED TALES.

From the Columbian Magazine, for July.

### THE WILL;

OR, HOW MUCH DOES THAT MAKE?

Donald McDougal was the eldest son in a large family. He was early iniatiated into the mysteries of systematic penuriousness, so that the last latent spark of generosity which might have saved him from actual congelation was well nigh extinguished. In addition to the art of *keeping*, he was also favored with a complete practical education in the art of *obtaining* property, for he had been compelled to earn his bread before he ate it, even at the hands of his father. Mr. McDougal, senior, inculcated the maxims of covetousness under the reputable character of lessons of prudence. He instructed Donald in many practices of secret dishonesty, under the pretext that the world was now grown so deceitful and wicked, that no man was safe unless he determined to secure *himself*, by always acting as if it were plainly understood that each would cheat his neighbor wherever the opportunity occurred; and that the only disgrace was to do it with so little ingenuity as to be detected. Donald had often been told that nature was very moderate in her demands, and that she always resented any imposition upon her powers as an unwelcome burden; that excess in eating and drinking was the grand cause of disease, that if he would really enjoy life and enjoy it long, he must learn to abridge himself of all luxuries and nearly all comforts, and measure the supplies to all corporeal requirements by the sheer necessity of the case.

Nor was Donald without examples as well as precept. His father embodied his whole code of maxims in his own conduct, and showed their full dimensions and spirit and beauty! There was no matter connected with dollars and cents with which he was not perfectly an adept, for he seemed to have an intuitive perception of the proper side of all "profit and loss" questions. He could calculate to the most remote and improbable consequences, and was as faithful in seizing as he was ingenious in the discovery of all chances of interest. Partly by indefatigable industry, and partly by indefensible artifice, he had amassed a large fortune; though few would have so concluded from the house he inhabited, or the style in which he lived. At length his constitution yielded to the joint effects of starvation, care, and age, and the old man died before he learned this plain lesson—how to enjoy his property.

After his death, the will was read, and it was found (greatly to Donald's chagrin and astonishment) that though all the property was left to his hopeful son, the old man had been so bent upon Donald's establishment in the principles and practice of prudence, that he forbade the property to be touched until his son had first realized a certain sum; he was then to take possession of both principal and interest. Mingled feelings now agitated the breast of Donald. At one moment he felt so enraged that he was disposed to revenge himself on the departed spirit of his father, by squandering all his present property in enjoying himself and seeing the world; at another the sum to be hereafter realized and the result of his father's pains and labor, awakened a ray of hope in his almost desponding heart. He resolved to try. It needed little time or consolitary reflection to sooth him under the loss of such a parent; he shed no tears, partly because he was now enraged, and partly because he cared less about his father than his father's property.

Donald McDougal, by the double influence of early precept and example, became a successful merchant. He enlarged the sphere of his father's business, was more exhorbitant in his prices, more usurious in lending money, more devoted and laborious in his employment. In short he became a complete shark. He was covetuousness personified. His dark eye glanced like lightning from under the thunder clouds of his knit eyebrow; his forehead was deeply wrinkled with furrows which anxious care had ploughed; his wan visage told a piteous tale of a famished stomach, while his aquiline nose, screwed mouth and protuberant chin, reminded one of—I cannot find an illustration worthy of the thing to be illustrated.—He never married, for a family would be expensive; nor kept a servant, for he said it was the glory of man to be independent. He soon realized the sum required by his father's will, and took possession of all the property, which, in the course of several years, had accumulated to a vast sum. But his acquisitions brought him no additional satisfaction beyond the inconsiderable pleasure of knowing that he possessed it. He dare not touch his property, for, with every increase of it, came an increased desire still to accumulate.

The spare regimen which he had adopted, and considerable bodily fatigue, soon impaired his health; or perhaps a more powerful cause than either, was his deep incessant solicitude, which, like a canker-worm at his heart, eat out the very vitals of all happiness and comfort. His eye lost its lustre, and his nerves became a perfect barometer. Suspicion fixed her seat in his watchful eye, and misery laid her rude fangs upon his heart. He had no rest by day, nor sleep by night. For some time he rejected the advice of friends and neighbors, who knowing but little of the true cause and character of the complaint, entreated him early to take the opinion of an eminent physician. At length, however, he consented, but it was of no avail, and finding that to have a physician quartered upon him was very expensive, and never having had much confidence in the efficacy of the *materia medica*, he soon dismissed him without having derived any advantage from his attendance—for "who can minister to a mind diseased?"

He was now compelled to give up his business, which he disposed of to some advantage. He gathered in all his debts and called in such sums of money as were out at interest, for he had not the confidence or satisfaction in the entries upon his ledger, and stamped papers and parchments, that he knew he should feel when all his property was converted into hard cash. In the true spirit of a miser, and under the suspicion that he would soon be confined to his bed, he converted every thing he possessed into gold, selling even the house he occupied, reserving only a life tenancy at an easy rent, and the major part of his already scanty furniture.

His suspicions were soon realized. He became much enfeebled, and found it necessary to make a nurse the inmate of his dreary abode. And now the miser became truly wretched. The demon's avarice, suspicion and despair, haunted him night and day. He relished no food, nor derived spirit from any cordials. His intellect had evidently suffered prior to his confinement, but he had now frequent attacks of delirium. His conversation was at all times about his money, and he required his nurse fifty times a day to rattle the large tin boxes which contained his gold. If he dreamed, he would talk about his treasures, and often was heard to hold earnest conversation with some of those with whom he had formerly done business; more than once he awoke himself by struggles with some sprite of imagination who was wresting his wealth from him. In order to be fully assured that he had really lost nothing in such conflicts, he would often, at the dead of the night, have the whole contents of his cash-box counted over before him. The nurse, somewhat alarmed by his conversation and conduct, refused to stay with him, unless she had some female to bear her company; whereupon he mentioned his wish that Maria, a niece to whom he had always been partial, should be sent for, and she too became an inmate of his dwelling.

At length it was found necessary to inform him that his end was approaching, and that his will must be made. He reluctantly consented. Morton, a neighboring pettifogging attorney, was sent for, as McDougal had before employed him in two cases, on the prudent principle—"of two evils choose the least."—Morton was a shrivelled up, shrewd little fellow, with a keen eye for the main chance, and not burthened with much tenderness of conscience. With a very scanty knowledge of law he had managed to insinuate himself into a tolerably extensive and lucrative practice. But he had a ready insight into human nature, a considerable tact in seizing the reigning principle or passions of his employers, and the precise point for striking in with them, so as to accomplish his own purposes under pretenses of personal and general sacrifices for their advantage. Blinding his clients with flatteries exactly suited to their different minds and habits and circumstances, he offended none, but greatly pleased everybody—and himself more than any other.—His first business with McDougal cost him some address and produced him little profit, but he had his eye on the future. In the second affair he was equally moderate in his charges, but hinted, since so mutable were human affairs, that a man of Mr. McDougal's property should have his *will* made. So long as business was effected and charges were small, they neither of them thought much of principal character.

Morton came to make McDougal's will. He offered many kind inquiries and feigned very great concern to find his old and *generous* friend; the mere ruins of his former self. The nurse was seated by the bed side and Maria stood near, deeply affected at a sight she had never before beheld—the final adjustment of temporary things—the prophecy and decree of what was to take place when her uncle should be no longer of this world. Morton sat down on the side of the bed, and made his knee serve as a writing desk. McDougal raised himself—the presence of the man of laws roused him from his torpors; his eyes shot out again, like spirits coming forth from sepulchres.

"Morton," said he, "the world's a cheat. I ought to have had a good round sum by this time, and should—but the world's a cheat."

"True," replied the lawyer, "and it must have been difficult and painful for a man of your principles, Mr. McDougal, to acquire a competency; but you know I was always ready to see you righted."

"You were, and I'll not forget it."

"Oh! thank you, Mr. McDougal," said Morton, with a graceful inclination of the head, "but you and I always settled with mutual satisfaction, I believe sir?"

"Well, Morton, I have only a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to dispose of. I *must* leave it, I find, and my relations have the first claim. To each of my four brothers I leave fifteen thousand; to each of my sisters, twelve thousand; to my nephew Henry, two thousand; to my niece Maria, whom I have always loved ——"

Here his feelings well nigh got the better of his feebleness—but, after a pause, he continued—

"I leave her fifteen thousand; and to nurse here, three hundred."

Maria hid her face in the folds of the bed curtains, and nurse turned aside and let the tear fall upon her sleeve.

"And now," said McDougal, who felt a cloud drawing over his intellect, and his memory refusing to do her office, "how much does that make?" And he put his hand to his head as if to cool his fevered brain.

The lawyer was subtle, and knew that this was the only time for him. He came with the purpose of making a *good thing of it*.

"Well, McDougal, after the expenses of your funeral there will be something left, perhaps a hundred dollars, or a hundred and fifty."

"Then," said McDougal, making a vigorous effort and feeling conscious that nature was failing fast—"Morton, you are welcome to the remainder; now read it and let me sign it."

Morton *read* just as McDougal had *dictated*, but the artful Judas had, in the case of the brothers, substituted in the writing "*hundreds* for *thousands*."

McDougal, with considerable effort, signed—just saw his niece and the nurse attest it—and expired. Relations and friends soon assembled at the tidings of his death; the will was read, and it was no difficult matter to divide the property.

But sorely did Morton suffer for his temerity and wickedness. Not unaccustomed to acts of fraud, his conscience long slept upon this iniquity. That slumbering monitor was at length, however, awoke from his lethargy, and Morton *felt* its voice. Yet he long resisted its earnest remonstrances, until other ministers of warning were invoked to its assistance. He could not rest, for strange and dismal noises were heard in his house every night. Soon they seemed to proceed from the very closet where he kept his gold, as if it was poured out of one vessel into another—then portentiously scattered up and down the room. More than once, when retiring to rest, he thought he heard some one following him up stairs. At length the very form of McDougal appeared at his bed-side, and turning aside the curtains, looked upon him with the very same ghastly paleness and piercing eye, and asked, "*How much will that make?*"

Morton arose, dressed himself, and, lighting a small lamp, retired to his library and awaited the dawn of day, trembling and half resolved to restore the property, yet, half yielding to his covetousness and false shame which again got the better of his fears.

He was, however, yet to suffer farther tortures. Hastily despatching his matin meal, he departed for his office, to bury amidst his musty papers the uneasiness he could not otherwise overcome. Abruptly turning the corner of a neighboring street, he suddenly came upon two uncouth looking men, one of whom, the moment before Morton came in sight, had placed in the hands of the other, two or three small sums of money; startled by the lawyer's sudden appearance, he turned his face towards him, as he said—"*How much does that make?*" And Morton averted his eyes, turned pale, and hurried onwards.

The duties of his office, however, did not allay the feverish excitement under which he labored; and taking up a bundle of papers, he went down to the law courts to make some inquiries relative to his profession. Just as he entered, a witness was detailing some petty thefts to which he had been subjected by a dishonest clerk. He had mentioned several separate sums—

"Well, sir, and *how much does that make?*" asked the prisoner's counsel, having his eye directed to the door by which Morton had entered, for in his agitation he had closed it with a peculiar bang.

"*How much does that make?*" repeated the witness, whose attention was also drawn to Morton, and with his eye still fixed upon the now trembling lawyer, he added, with a leer, "I don't know exactly—but I *know them that does.*"

There was a malicious titter in the court, and the spectators, following the direction of the witness's eye, also fixed their gaze on Morton.

He could bear it no longer. Seizing the handle of the door, he would at once have made his escape, but the force with which he had shut it, caused the door to *stick*. His exertions to open it only increased the confusion, and the presiding judge, with some asperity and in a loud voice, so as to recall attention to the proceedings, repeated the question—

"Answer, sir, HOW MUCH DOES THAT MAKE?"

This was enough. With a convulsive effort, wrenched open the door, staggering to his office, wrote to the parties a confession of his fraud, restored the property, and left the country, taking with him this important lesson—that no dishonest gains can eventually prove of any advantage.

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WORTH KNOWING.—On Friday last, a little son of Mr. Saxton, in New York, drank an ounce and a half of spirits turpentine, carelessly left within its reach. He immediately fell, his extremities became cold, his face livid, and he was apparently dead. Mrs. Saxton instantly got a bottle of salad oil from another room, broke off the top by smashing it on the table and poured the contents down the child's throat. In ten minuets the contents of the stomach were thrown up and the child saved, although he suffered dreadfully all night. The presence of mind of the mother well deserved the precious reward of her babe, which would in a quarter of an hour have been gone forever. In all cases of poisoning let every body remember that a liberal dose of oil (any kind) is the very best *immediate remedy* that can possibly be procured.

FREE BARBECUE TO GEN. HOUSTON.—A letter, signed by a number of citizens of Nashville, Tenn., of both parties, has been addressed to Gen S. Houston, tendering to him the compliment of a Free Barbecue in the vicinity of Nashville—he has responded and accepted the invitation, and designated Saturday, the 26th inst., as the day when he would be happy to meet his old acquaintances and friends.—*Clipper.*

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD COMPANY.—The 12th of July is appointed as the day of meeting of this Company to take into consideration the Act of the last session of the Virginia Legislature, confining the Company to Wheeling as the Western terminus of the Road. The same act authorizes the Company to purchase the Winchester and Potomac Railroad, and all the provisions of the act must be accepted or rejected as the whole.

SHOES BY MACHINERY.—The Journal de Paris says that an operative in the Rues des Vielles Andriettes has invented a machine to make shoes, by means of which any person possessing sufficient strength to turn a wheel, can in the course of a day finish fifty pair of excellent shoes of every size.

What is that which a female frequently looks for, yet never wishes to find? A hole in her stocking.

## POETRY.

From the Louisville Journal.

### TO LUCY DURING HER ABSENCE.

BY AMELIA.

The dew is on the blossoms, and the young moon on the sea,
It is the twilight hour—the hour for you and me—
The time when memory wanders across life's dreamy track,
When the past floats up before us, and the lost comes stealing back;
And while along the still shore my lonely footsteps rove,
With the deep blue far beneath me, and the pale blue up above,
And with their trembling footsteps the faint stars tread the sea,
I think upon you, Lucy—do you ever think of me?

Oh, Lucy! in this sweet hour, when the stars and waves have met,
And the full heart most remembers all it wishes to forget,
When the deep hush of the twilight seems such a holy time,
That to smile were almost sinful, and to whisper were a crime,
'Tis sweet along these dim paths with lonely steps to glide,
For the moon is in the far blue, and the breeze is at my side;
But yet my heart is heavy, and my voice hath lost its glee,
I am sighing for you Lucy—do you ever sigh for me?

Dear Lucy, in your absence, where'er your wanderings tend,
You must keep within your pure heart a sweet thought for a friend,
Till you sit once more in beauty within your father's hall,
With a soft smile on your young lip, and a pleasant word for all.
Alas! the breeze is balmy, and the hushed wave deeply blue,
And flowers are in my pathway, but no light-hearted Lu!
Oh! the summer months without you, such a lonely time will be,
I am sighing for you, Lucy—do you ever sigh for me?

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WESTERN ORATORY.—"Fellow-citizens and hosses—Hurra! there's a prospect of war. Skunk Holler is in arms and on its feet, and the earthquake shout, bustin' from 26,000 000 of greased lungs, is reverberated over all this tall land. Mean, sneaken', tode hoppin', snake crawlin', sword scared on, house settin' on fire, barbarous, David Crockett killin' Mexico has dared to show her cat teeth to the heavenrous, lightnin' defyin' and death swallerin' Uncle Sam. (Shouts.) Methinks, and oh, hosses, I spy the spirit of '76, goddesses of liberty scarin' on its turkey wings around you! (Whar? says one, looking up.) You great hoss, I'm speakin' in a figger. I see them flappin' their shinen' pinions and pipin' the affection' war cry of Yankee Doodle! (Crowd, Yankee Doodle! Cock-a-doodle-doo!) Bring out the Long Tom of Bunker Hill, and the thousand pounder of New Orleans! Let them roar till they crack the welken', set the clouds on fire, and knock the poles over. The wrath swung cleaver of Uncle Sam shall split the numbscull of Sandy Hannah in a handy manner, and Skunk Holler will bung up the daylights of his country! Let us dig a hole with the pick-axe of vengeace, *scream* the Mexicans into it, and sink 'em into Chiny! Whar is the skunk that don't ecky them sentiments? He ain't no whar, nor ever was! (Three cheers and a whistle.) The country's safe! (Shout.) It's great, but it's safe! (Shout.) I believe I'll take a drink."

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"Caleb, spell *Aaron*."

"Great A little a r-o-n."

"Very well; Ichabod, see if you can spell *United States*."

"Yes sir; great country, little country, T-e-x—us!"

"Go up head."

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"Hallo there, Tommy, my boy, what are you climbing up that ladder for?"

"To see how the thermometer is, dad."

"How high is it, my son?"

"Just above the third-story windows. Had'nt no idea it was so warm. H-o-o."

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"Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young fellow to a brisk brunette. "Just let me have your hand, if you please."

"La! Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go and ask my father."

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There is a lawyer down east so very honest, that he puts all his flower pots out every night, so desirous is he that every thing shall have its *dews*.

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"Which is the left wing of a turkey, Ned?" "Neither, Joe, if both are eaten.

## AGRICULTURAL.

TOP DRESSING FOR GRASS LANDS.—A writer in the Gardener's Chronicle lays it down as the result of experience, 1st. that the proper time to top dress lands is in the fall, and 2dly. that the stock should not be permitted to run thereon late in the fall. In support of the first of these propositions he maintains that as the temperature of the soil and atmosphere being cold in winter, the dung affords protection to the tender roots of the plants, and that whatever particles of fertility which may exist in the manure, are in winter washed down into the soil, and lose but little of their virtue by evaporation, and that the drying winds and sun of summer are more injurious to the manures than any drenching rain can be. Immediately after the autumnal applications of manure, he recommends that the meadows should be thoroughly harrowed—a most wise recommendation is this, one that will greatly encourage the economy of the manure.

TOP DRESSING FOR WHEAT.—Salt; salt and lime; salt, lime and ashes; soot; soot and ashes, make excellent top dressings for wheat. If salt should be applied alone, two bushels to the acre, is the proper quantity: if salt and lime, 2 bushels of salt and 10 of lime should be sown to the acre: if soot alone from 10 to 20 bushels per acre, and if soot and ashes, ten bushels of each will form a most valuable mixture.

THE HOVEN IN CATTLE—*Simple and Effectual Remedy.*—The Dublin Farmer's Gazette says—

Try the remedy of an egg shell full of tar, rather than attempt the barbarous practice of sticking. If two men hold the animal's head straight, a third its tongue to the right side, he can easily put down its throat an egg shell full of tar, and in ten minutes relief will usually take place, but a second dose has never failed with my cattle, which are always kept at a brisk walking pace through the yard until relieved.

STEEPING SEEDS.—Mr. St. George, of Caub, upon the Rhine, recommends Chloride of lime as a steep for seeds.—The steep is made of ½ oz. of chloride of lime to a gallon of water, and is said greatly to promote the germination of the seed. It is also said to encourage the blossoming of flowering shrubs.—Might it not encourage also the bearing of fruit in trees which are shy bearers?

GUANO.—Provided your wood-ashes are old, you may mix them with guano with perfect safety, and indeed with advantage, for they would supply that in which guano is generally deficient. If new, they might contain caustic alkali, which would dispossess the ammonia in the guano of any acid with which it might be in union, and thus cause it to become volatile and escape.

SHEEP—*Remedy for Ewes deserting their Lambs.*—Let a dog bark at and teaze the lamb in the presence of the ewe, and all the natural instinct of affection of the mother will be aroused.

CURE FOR THE GAPES IN CHICKENS.—Dip the end of a feather in sweet oil and put it about two inches down the chicken's windpipe. Any other oil would answer fully as well as sweet oil.)

HATCHING OF DOUBLE-YOLKED EGGS. A late English paper says:—"The following singular, if not unique occurrence, has just taken place at the Royal Aviary, at Windsor. It having been deemed advisable by Mr. Waters, the superintendent of her Majesty's Aviary, in order to improve the breed of the genuine Dorking fowl, to cross it with the Cochin China breed, the necessary arrangements were made for that purpose. A Dorking hen, which had roosted for some time past with the fowls from China, has recently been in the habit of laying double-yolked eggs twice, and sometimes thrice a week. Mr. Walters determined to attempt the hatching of one of these double-yolked eggs, and placed it with several other eggs under the hen. The result was, that two chickens were produced from this single egg; one is a cock-bird, of the pure Cochin China breed, and the other a hen-chick, of the Dorking genus. Both are now in good health, and there is not the least doubt of their being reared. This is a circumstance, as we are informed, unprecedented in natural history."

A COW WITH THREE CALVES.—We saw yesterday on the farm of N. B. Moore, near Augusta (Ga.) the novel spectacle of a cow with three calves.—The calves are about three days old, and though small evinced remarkable sprightliness. We have often heard of cows dropping two calves, but this is the first instance of three that we have ever known.—*Augusta Chronicle.*

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