

peep out as I ordered strong mustard plasters to be prepared.

I trusted she would have forethought enough to place them on herself in such a way that they would not pain her, and no doubt she did. In the course of an hour she professed to be much relieved, "thanks to my skill," as she said, and I took my departure promising to see her early in the morning.

I went home an entirely different man from what I had left. Then I was meditating suicide, while now I looked at the pistol as I entered my room with horror, and quickly placed it out of sight.

What had wrought such a change in my feelings in so short a time? Was it hope aroused by the trifling circumstance of the one call I had just had?

As I sat trying to analyze my feelings I came to the conclusion that I was taking a great interest in my patient, and now the question occurred was it only professional interest or was it heightened by the fact that the patient was a woman—a lovely woman, too. Candor forced me to admit that the latter fact had great influence.

I sat up several hours trying to think what motives had prompted her to take this singular step, and finally went to bed without coming to any conclusion, except that whatever had influenced her, I was sure that it could not have been anything bad.

With this I had to be content until morning when I hoped my early visit would unravel the mystery now surrounding my first patient.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A Personal Argument.

Counselor T—, one of the foremost advocates of the Bar of New York, was himself a collegian and was naturally anxious that his oldest son should reap the honors of his own *Alma Mater*. The counselor had been quite wild in his early youth, and Master Will manifestly inherited a superabundance of what the philosophers of the Josh Billings school would call "pure cussedness." During his first year at college Will was suspended for some flagrant breach of discipline, and arriving home he proceeded to report the occurrence to his father.

"Suspended, hey?" the old lawyer remarked, laying down the volume he was perusing, and looking reprovingly over his spectacles. A pretty beginning you've made of it, I declare!" The culprit put his hands in his pantaloons pockets and said not a word. "Well, sir!" continued the parent becoming angry at Will's perfect nonchalance, what have you to say about it?"

"Nothing, sir." "Nothing, indeed! What did the president tell you when he suspended you?" "He said I was the worst young man the college had ever held—with one exception." "Ah! Did he say who that was?" "Yes, sir." "Ah! (a slight pause) and who was it?" "My father, sir." As may be supposed, the last reply was a perfect *non sequiter*.

An Oriental Story.

An old Oriental story relates that one day, Moolla Muscerodeen, in a mosque, ascended the desk, and thus addressed his audience:—

"O, children of the Faithful, do you know what I am going to say?" They answered, "No." "Well, then," replied he, "it is no use for me to waste my time on so stupid a set of people!" and saying this, he came down and dismissed them. Next day he again mounted the desk, and asked: "O, true Mussulmans, do ye know what I am going to say?" "We do," said they. "Then," replied he, "there is no need for me to tell you." And again he let them go. The third time his audience thought they would catch him, and on putting the usual question, they answered, "Some of us do, and some of us don't." "Well, then," replied he, "let those who know tell those who do not!"

On one occasion, during the Revolution, "Old Put" had received a lot of new recruits, and as he had some fighting which he wished to do before long, and wanted some but willing men, he drew up his *levies* in rank before him. "Now boys," said he, "I don't wish to retain any one of you who wish to leave; therefore, if any of you is dissatisfied, and wishes to return to his home, he may signify the same by stepping six paces in front of the line. But," added the old war dog, "I'll shoot the first man that steps out."

The Dutchman and his Love Powders.

ABOUT the year 1815, a rather stout coarse looking man, apparently some twenty-five years of age, came to my office and wished to speak with me aside. He was a Dutchman from up the river, and spoke our language rather imperfectly.

Having got me aside, he stated his case with very great solemnity. He informed me that he was in love with a certain young woman of his neighborhood, who unfortunately did not return his affection. This he assured me, was not owing to want of any disposition on her part, for she was willing to love him if she could; and in order to overcome the natural repugnance she felt towards him, would consent to any feasible means. A love powder was that which most naturally suggested itself to his mind; and he had called to procure one.

"I would have got it out of our doctor to home," he said, "but I was afraid it might leg out zum how anoder, and den I should be a laughinsthog to de whole down. Zo as I was gunning to New Yorg, I tought I might as well kit it here. What will you ax for one sltrong love powder, what will do de bizzness for de garl, and make her love me like der tyvil all out?"

At first I endeavored to reason with him on the folly of endeavoring to excite love by means of powders, philters, potions, and the like. But I found my arguments thrown away. I then endeavored to laugh him out of his project.—But my ridicule, like my arguments, fell harmless to the ground.

Finding him resolved on having the love powder, come what would, I concluded to give him something which would satisfy him. I accordingly put up two powders, of tarter emetic, of five grains each; telling him that it was necessary that he should take a powder as well as the girl, in order to produce the desired effect.

"But I be in lofe, now, doctor," said he, "I does not need any of de bowder to make me lofe more as I do now. What for should I take it den?"

"You must take it," said I, "otherwise the powder will have no effect upon the girl."

"But den I shall have to pay for two bowders instead of one."

I then gave him directions to dissolve the powders in water, and to take one himself and give the girl the other at the same time, and that they should be shut up together in the same room at the time of taking the powders, and so on for three hours thereafter; when, I assured him, they would produce a remarkable effect.

The fellow went away, well pleased with the favorable termination to his love suit; and I thought little more of the subject, except occasionally to laugh at the physical effect the love powders would be likely to produce on the armorous Dutchman and his Dulcinea. How far they were likely to produce the desired effect, I could not of course determine; but as the result would not finally prove injurious to the health of the parties, I was well satisfied.

It was somewhat like a year after this, that, walking one day in the street, I came plump upon my patient. Startled like Macbeth at the ghost of Banquo, I would have avoided him; and for this purpose I dodged into the Hotel just opposite. But fear often brings the catastrophe which it seeks to avoid; and the consciousness of guilt conjures up dangers, where in reality none are to be apprehended.

My motions were undoubtedly suspicious and the Dutchman detected me the sooner for attempting to dodge him. At all events, he followed me into the hotel, and with a very angry countenance began:—

"Be's you not de toctor wat gif me lofe bowder a twelve month ago?"

"I what! I a doctor? I give you love powders?" said I, appearing to be vastly surprised at this question—"you must certainly be mistaken in the man."

"Py jinks, I pelieve you po de man," persisted the Dutchman; you look so much like him as one egg does to anoder."

"No, my friend," says I, "you must be mistaken in the man. But what is the story of yours about the love powders?" continued I, wishing to learn the effect they had produced, as well perhaps as mischievously to afford sport to the company in the bar-room.

"What is de shtory? Why mishter toctor, de lofe bowders didn't do at all.

Dey was all one tarn cheat. Dey was nothing more as one vile tatterto matoocks wat makes beoples buke der insites out. When I goes home I shuts mineself up in a room mit Kattarina; and we dakes one a bowder and toder a bowder, just so as you told me. Den we waits for de operation. Py and py we grows sick in de stomach. Tinks I, wat for a tyvil of an operation is dis? dat makes me feel so all about de short ribs, de heart, de sthombel? Put I says notting at all, hopin 'twould all durn out for de best. Py and py we pegins, pote of us, to pe just like de sea in a tunder sthorm. "Oh, how sick I pe!" says Kattarina. Den she grows bale as a gorpse, and I tought she would vaint; so I puts mine arm round her waist to hold her up—when, my O! pote on us at once pegins to cry, New Yorg! New Yorg! and, py kracious! you never seen any pody gast up agounts as we did. Dere was put one winder in de room and we couldn't get out of de door, because I locks it and trows away de key when I first comes in, and so we bote sthrieks ourn heads out of de winder, and bukes, and bukes, and bukes—you never seen de likes in all de days you was born! And wat do tink was de consequences, toctor?"

"What, why, I suppose the girl fell in love with you of course," said I.

"No, py Joe, she hates me ten thousand times worse dan ever. She won't so much as speak to me now. And all de young fellers and de gals dey laughs at me, and bouints de finger at me as I walk de streets; and says, Dere go de vool vat tought de bowders in New Yorg!—And now I pe de laughin shtog of de whole place. And all this gomes of de tam shteat of lofe bowders you gif me—for I can swhear you pe's to very toctor wat blayed dat trick on me. And if I ever catches you in our neighborhood," concl. ted he, doubling his fist in a very threating manner, "I'll give you one of de logdist lickens you ever had in all te days of your life."

Saying this he left the hotel in a rage, and this was the last I ever saw of him or heart, of the love powders.

The Comet Panic of 1712.

Whiston—the mathematical divine, the translator of Josephus—had predicted that the comet of 1712 would appear on Wednesday, the 14th of October, at five minutes after five o'clock, A. M., and that the world would be destroyed on the following Friday. His reputation for science was as high as his character for orthodoxy was unquestionable and the comet appeared punctually—leading to an inferential fear that the rest of the prediction would be as punctually fulfilled. A number of persons got into boats and barges in the Thames, thinking the water the safest place. South Sea and India stock fell. The captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river, that the ship might not be endangered. At noon, after the comet appeared, it is said that more than one hundred clergymen were ferried over to Lambeth Palace, to request that proper prayers might be prepared, there being none in the church service appropriate to such emergency. People believed that the day of judgment was at hand, and acted, some on this belief, but more as if some temporary evil was to be expected. Many wrongs were righted, many breaches of morality repaired. There was a great run on the bank; and Sir Gilbert Heathcote, at that time head director, issued orders to all the fire-officers in London, requesting them to keep a good lookout, and have a particular eye on the Bank of England. On the whole, the poor Londoners of that generation appear to have behaved rather foolishly in the moment of imagined doom.

Catching a Rascal.

An amusing story is told of an old lady who had been very much annoyed by the village boys ringing the door bell and then running off to enjoy the fun of the false summons. So one day the old lady got a long switch and stationed herself in the Hall, for the purpose of inflicting summary justice upon them. Now it happened that the new minister, a meek looking little man, was paying his first pastoral visits this day, and rang the door bell at the house of this good old sister,—when out jumped the old lady thinking it was the boys and laying the vigorous whacks of her hickory over the head of the little preacher, she exclaimed:—

"Oh, you little rascal! I've caught you at last." The result can be more properly imagined than described.

A VOLUNTEER COUNSEL.

A Thrilling Story.

JOHN TAYLOR was licensed, when a youth of twenty-one, to practice at the bar. He was poor, but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. He married a beauty who afterwards deserted him for another.

On the 5th of April, 1840, the Court House in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. An exciting case was to be tried.—George Hopkins, a wealthy planter, had offered a gross insult to Mary Ellison, the young and beautiful wife of his overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, when Hopkins went to Ellison's house and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested and bailed to answer the charge. The occurrence produced great excitement, and Hopkins in order to turn the tide of popular indignation, had circulated reports against her character, and she had sued him for slander. Both suits were pending—for murder and slander.

The interest became deeper when it was known that Ashley and Pike of Arkansas, and S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, by enormous fees, had been retained to defend Hopkins.

Hopkins was acquitted on the charge of murder,—the Texas lawyers having been overwhelmed by their opponents.—It was a fight of dwarfs against giants.

The slander suit was set for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in numbers as in excitement. Public opinion was setting in for Hopkins, his money had procured witnesses who served his powerful advocates. When the slander case was called, Mary Ellison was left without an attorney—all had withdrawn.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mill's, looking kindly on the plaintiff.

"No sir; they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful girl bursting into tears.

"In such case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?"—said the Judge, glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers were silent. "I will, your Honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd behind the bar.

At the sound of the voice many started—it was so unearthly, sweet and mournful.

The first sensation was changed into laughter, when a tall, spectral figure elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar. His clothes looked so shabby that the Court hesitated to let the case proceed under his management.

Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the Judge.

"It is immaterial," answered the stranger, his thin, bloodless lips curling up with a sneer.

"Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America; and he handed the Judge a broad parchment.

The trial went on.

He suffered the witnesses to tell their own story, and he allowed the defense to lead off. Ashley spoke first followed by Pike and Prentiss. The latter brought the house down in cheers in which the jury joined.

It was now the stranger's turn. He rose before the bar, not behind it, and so near to the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long bony fingers. He proceeds to tear to pieces the arguments of Ashley, which melted away at his touch like frost before the sunbeam. Every one looked surprised. Anon he came to the dazzling wit of the poet lawyer Pike. Then the curl of his lip grew sharper, his smooth face began to kindle up and his eyes to open—dim and dreary no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire globes, and glaring as twin meteors. The whole soul was in his eye; the full heart streamed out of his face. Then without bestowing an allusion to Prentiss, he turned short around on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins', tore their testimony into shreds, and hurled in their faces such terrible invectives that all trembled like aspens, and two of them fled from the court house. The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul seemed to hang upon the burning tongue of a stranger, and he inspired them with the power of his passions. He seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eyes began to glance at the assassin, Hopkins, as his lean taper fingers as-

sumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch within a wall of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He dug beneath the murderer's feet ditches of dilemmas, and held up the slanderer to the scorn and contempt of the populace. Having thus girt about him with a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacring him.

"O! then it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His action became as impetuous as the motion of an oak in a hurricane. His voice became a trumpet, filled with wild whirlpools, deafening the ears with crashes of power, and yet intermingled all the while with a sweet undersong of the softest cadence. His forehead glowed like a heated furnace, his countenance was haggard, like that of a maniac, and anon he flung his long bony arm aloft, as if grasping after thunderbolts.

He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors, that in comparison, hell itself might seem beautiful; he painted the slanderer so black that the sun seemed black at noonday, when shining on such a monster. And then fixing both portraits on the shrinking Hopkins, fastened them there forever. The agitation of the audience amounted almost to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from the perilous height. His voice wailed out for the murdered dead and living—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment as tears flowed faster, and, till men wept and sobbed like children.

He closed by a strange exhortation to the jury, and through them to the bystanders; the panel, after they should bring in a verdict for the plaintiff not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it—in other words, not to lynch the villain but to leave his punishment to God. This was the most artful trick of all, and the best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury rendered a verdict of fifty thousand dollars; and the night afterward Hopkins was taken out of his bed by the lynchers and beaten almost to death.

As the court adjourned the stranger said: "John Taylor will preach here this evening at early candle light."

He did preach, and the house was crowded. I have listened to Clay, Webster, and Calhoun—to Dwight, Bascom, and Beecher, but never heard anything in the form of sublime words even approximating to the eloquence of John Taylor, massive as a mountain, and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire.

In Government Employ.

In the "dark days" of '64 there lived "Down East" two well-to-do Irish neighbors, each of whom had a son who had gone West to seek their fortunes. The old boys, meeting one day, mutual inquiries were made about the youngsters.

"Well, Pat, how is Mickey making out wid his thrip out West?"

"Illegantly! tin dollars a wake, and bossin' himself. And how's your boy gittin' on, Dinis?"

"Teddy, you mane? He's doin' splendid, the darlint! Why, his lasht lether was butstn' wid greenbacks, and made so aisy, too."

"And what's he doin'?"

"Faix, I hardly know, but it's in the Government employ he is."

"The divil ye say! the Government! What's he doin' for the Government?"

"Faix, I hardly know what it is, but I think it's what he calls *laapin' the bounty*."

A Mistake.

An Ohio paper tells the following story about the candidate for Secretary of State:

"During the late canvass, this prince of good fellows, who, by the way, always enjoys a good joke, even at his own expense, had occasion to stop at Oberlin.—he was provided with a comfortable room at the hotel, and immediately set about the task of doffing his apparel and clothing himself with an entire change of dress. After removing from his person every stitch of clothing, even to the shirt, (the General is very neat and tasty in his dress), he stepped forward and opened a door, as he supposed, of a closet, for the purpose of placing therein the doffed garments. But behold his astonishment when instead of opening the way to a closet, he opened a door leading into a commodious sitting room, which was occupied by a number of ladies."