

COURTSHIP vs. THE RUM JUG.

The substance, in part, of this true story, I obtained from my venerable friend, Dr. John W. Dorsey, of Maryland, and the hero of it was a lieutenant under the brave Commodore Truxton. It exemplifies the influence of the rum jug in not only blasting moral character, plundering the purse, destroying health and happiness, and in the production of crime and wretchedness, but in debarring men from accomplishing designs which might eventuate in an increase of happiness and respectability.

Lieutenant Granville belonged to the squadron of Commodore Truxton, and a braver man never awoke the thunders of freedom on the mighty deep. Not only did he possess the animal quality of bravery, but he was endowed with higher attributes of the mind—he was graced with talents that would have shown brilliantly in the halls of legislation or the councils of the country. Elegantly educated, and having what Horace calls 'cacoethes loquendi,' or itch for talking; he would have distinguished himself in the forum as well as in the field—in the Senate as well as on the sea.

But, alas! our hero contracted a love for liquor at a very early age. We all remember the period when the custom of sweetening the morning dram was universal, and the youngest member of the family was entitled to its share. It was thus in childhood that Granville had contracted the habit, which grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. His society was universally courted, on account of his droll ways and humorous pranks, as well as his witty sayings, by which he often 'set the table in a roar.'

The Lieutenant was not wealthy, and he often said that the easiest way to acquire wealth was to bear down and board some rich craft—by which he meant, to marry a rich lady. He had made several attempts at courtship, but had failed, on account of the unfortunate habit to which he was addicted.

It was the delight of the officers on board of the ship, when seated over a flowing can at the evening hour, to listen to the stories of Lieutenant Granville's courtships, which were related in so quizzical a manner and contained so many ludicrous incidents, that all hands were thrown into convulsive fits of laughter, for he soon collected a crowd around him.

'Well, Granville,' said the surgeon, one evening, when a party of officers were seated together on deck, 'you have never given us the history of that courtship of yours.'

'Sure enough,' returned Granville, with a quizzical leer of his eye, 'and a prettier or more trim craft I never ran alongside of in my life. Oh! but you had ought to have seen her rigged out in her flying jib and spanker, with her streamers flying, and everything in ship shape; and you'd have longed to come to and cast anchor alongside, as I did.'

'But go on with your story,' roared the surgeon.

'Well, you see, I obtained from the Secretary of the Navy, a furlough to go to the East Indies; and, when I returned to Washington, I resolved to cruise about in hopes I might fall in with some trim built craft and take her as a prize. Well, you see, I hadn't cruised long before I heard of a rich young widow, who lived about eight miles from Washington. Clear the deck for action, says I, I'll board her at all hazards. So I hired a horse, set sail, and how far do you think I got the first day?'

'To the widow's house, of course,' replied the surgeon.

'Devil a bit of it. Three miles brought me to the tavern sign of General Washington, where I hove to, dropped anchor, got drunk and staid all night. The next morning I got up, and piped all hands to splice the main-brace aboy, with a little of the Boston particular. Well, you see, when the landlord made his appearance, I took a sneezer, ordered my horse, put out again, and in less than four miles, ran foul of another tavern, the sign of which was a good woman without a head—you know all women are good without heads, or tongues, I should say. Here I anchored, of course, stowed away my breakfast, and got drunk too; and there, you see, was one drunk on top of the other. Well, you see, about 5 o'clock, I took a fresh departure for the young widow's, and in a long lane was thrown overboard by a tremendous surge, into the fence corner, where I lay at anchor until morning. When I woke I saw nothing but a chimney. It had snowed all night; I was covered about two feet, and my breath formed this chimney.'

'Well, what then?' inquired one of the officers, laughing.

'Why, after some difficulty, I regained my feet, and looking around, I discovered a cabin in an old field hard by, and feeling like a man-of-war after a hard battle, I made all sail and hauled into port, where I was admitted by the old woman and her little daughter. Madam, said I, I am a poor shipwrecked mariner—have been hanging to some fence rails all right, during the pelting of the pitiless storm, and I beg of you a blanket to roll myself in before the fire, as I am nearly frozen; and if I had a little rum it would assist me in thawing the sooner; when—great guns!—the old woman said that she never kept the article. Here was a broadside that made my timbers shiver again; for, though I was as wet as a rat, I was dry as a powder horn. But, to my inexpressible joy, her little girl said, as she started up from her seat:

'Mother, I will go to old Tom Bowlin's and get some rum for the gentleman.'

And, sure enough, in a short time, here she came with a jug full—God bless her!—of which I drank freely, and in three hours after, half seas over, put out to sea and steered for the widow's.

'But why didn't you carry your liquor on board?' inquired a midshipman, 'as you were so often on short allowance?'

'Maybe I did. I saw in the old woman's cupboard, one of those thin eight ounce medicine

phials; so I bought it of her, and filled it with the Boston particular, by way of keeping my spirits up when popping the question to the widow; for I didn't expect to get any there, and it would not do even to mention rum.'

'Well, go on with the story,' said the surgeon, 'you got there?'

'Yes, with the phial of rum in my pocket, I dropped anchor, after being politely towed into the parlor by the young widow. Oh!—how it would have made your mouth water just to have seen that trim built craft, with her curly streamers flying and her two bright port-holes flashing fire at you at every glance! The very first broadside from her eyes shivered my heart completely to atoms.'

'Go on, go on,' said several voices.

'Well, as I was saying, I was about half seas over, three sheets in the wind and the other shaking, and I couldn't walk a plank to save my soul. My tongue was so thick that I couldn't have spoken the words—'three thin saplings,' if my life had been forfeited, and to hide matters from my charmer, I took hold of the chairs and tables when I moved about. After getting thoroughly thawed, I cleared the deck for action, and made preparation for popping the awful question. I had to keep a lookout that I didn't break the bottle in my pocket, for I knew that, if I got a lee lurch, the bottle might go by the board and betray me. This I dreaded, for I was getting on swimmingly. So I watched my opportunity, rose up gently, see-sawing like a ship in the trough of the sea, and held on to the back part of the chair.

'Madam—madam,' said I, 'having heard of your fame, goodness of heart, and above all, your bank stock—I mean you—your beauty, I have visited you for the purpose of asking you whether you would accept of one of Commodore Truxton's lieutenants as a companion for life? Well what do you think I got?'

'Why, she struck her colors, of course, and surrendered,' answered a midshipman, with a coarse laugh.

'I'll tell you what I got—I got a flat without a paddle to steer me home.'

'What then?' inquired the surgeon, as all hands burst into a loud roar of laughter.

Well, I followed the advice of the brave Lawrence, and didn't give up the ship. But what a blunder I made with her bank stock! She smiled and simpered, and invited me to dinner. Thinks I, my honey, I'll give you another broadside, before I surrender. So when she went out to tell the servant to bring in dinner, I whipt the eight ounce phial out of my pocket, and took a little comfort, but, by the holy spoons, she came very near catching me in the act.'

'But the dinner, the dinner; give us the dinner, roared out one of the officers.'

'Well, you see, another drink made me glorious, and as good luck would have it, there wasn't a soul at the table but her ladyship and your humble servant; so I had a first rate opportunity to pop the question again. But I thought I would flourish a while by way of coaxing her over; for young widows are wonderful susceptible to the tender passion, and the last drink had made me quite eloquent, save that my tongue was rather thick, and an occasional hiccup spoiled some of my most sublime efforts.'

'Madam,' said I, giving her what I thought a soul-stirring glance, though no doubt my eyes were red and sleepy—'Madam, this fork I hold in my hand is not more firmly planted in the breast of this chicken, than is the dart of love shot from your beau—beau—hic—beautiful eyes fixed in my heart.'

'She smiled bewitchingly, and, encouraged, I proceeded:

'Dearest madam, there is nothing I prize so highly as your bank—I mean your beauty, and if there is anything I admire more than your person—personal charms, it is your money—I beg pardon, I mean your per—per—what was I saying, madam?'

The widow roared out in a horse laugh, and I was so confused that, seizing one leg of the chicken with my fingers, I sank down in my chair and commenced tearing it with my teeth like a hungry wolf; and the truth was, I had eaten nothing since the day before. I fell into a perfect reverie, on the ill effects of drinking rum, and when the widow spoke, I started as if there had been a sudden clap of thunder, upset my plate with two soft eggs upon it, in my lap, over which my handkerchief was spread. To avoid confusion, I rolled up the handkerchief with the soft eggs in it and stowed it away in my pocket. The plate fell to the floor and, striking on its edge, rolled clear around the table into the fire. This was too much for the gravity of the widow, and she broke out into another horse laugh.'

'Well, how did you get on after that?' inquired the surgeon.

'Bad enough, God knows. It seemed as if everything conspired against me. After my confusion was somewhat over, I again broke forth into praises of her beauty, preparatory to popping the question a second time. Seeing that her plate was empty, I rose up to help her to another part of the chicken, when, getting a lee lurch, I attempted to get hold of the table, but missing it, I grabbed the tablecloth, and should have fallen sprawling on the floor, besides dragging everything from the table, had not the servant, a large, fat, colored woman, who had just come in, caught me in her arms. I shuddered, for if I had fallen, I should inevitably have broken the bottle in my pocket.'

'Capital! excellent! well done!' cried several, while another loud laugh broke from the amused officers.

'Go on, Granville,' said the surgeon, 'the denouement will be rich, I have no doubt.'

'It may be rich to you' continued Granville, 'but it was poor fun to me; for so confused was I, that I staggered across the room, sunk down on one of the cane bottom chairs and, my coat-tail being under me—Oh, heavens!—I smashed the frail bottle in my pocket, and the liquor went

trickling through the bottom of the chair to the floor. This was more than I could bear, and my eyes glared at the confused widow as if she had been a ghost, while the servant stood tittering at my dilemma. I would rather have faced British cannon at that moment, for I knew not what to do or what to say. But my calamities were not at an end, for to cap the climax, to hide my confusion, I drew out the handkerchief, forgetful of what had occurred, and applied it to my face.—Oh, Jupiter! The first slap filled my eyes and bedaubed my face all over with the yolks of the eggs, and such a looking object never appeared before a lady to pop the question. The widow rushed, laughing, into the kitchen, followed by the fat servant, who, ever and anon, turned around, rolled up the whites of her eyes, and shook her sides with laughter at my truly ludicrous and ridiculous appearance.'

'Well, how did you come out in the end?' inquired the surgeon.

'How did I come out? Why I came out at the little end of the horn, as the saying is. I weighed anchor and put out to sea as quick as the Lord would let me; and from that day to this I have never been on a courting cruise and whenever I see a young widow I can't help thinking of soft eggs and broken rum jugs. From this time to all eternity, my advise is, to young men who wish to court either a young spinster or a widow, to let the rum jug alone; for I have no doubt that if I had gone a sober man to see the widow, I might now be living in a fine house, and riding in a coach and four.'

At the conclusion of the lieutenant's story, the officers pulled off their hats and gave three hearty cheers for the courtship, which were followed by another long, loud roar of laughter.

A Clever Take-off.

Mr. Carboy is a character connected with the New York Sunday *Atlas*, and frequently says some very queer, and funny, and truthful things. The following clever hit at certain editors who get up, weekly, learned replies to the questions of imaginary correspondents, is worth printing, and here it is:

Mr. Carboy presents his compliments to the weekly *Miss Nancy* papers, and respectfully offers, at reduced rates, any amount of answers to correspondents, manufactured as per order:

MISS ELLA.—It would not be proper for you, under the circumstances, to obey your mamma. You cannot, with propriety, ask your affianced if he likes baked beans. No.

LADY OF THE LAKE.—Your papa knows best. Lard is not good for the hair. Goshen butter may do, if scented. To remove dirt from your hands, soap and water are excellent. You will not catch cold.

T. U. B.—You have lost your wager. Julius Cæsar did not kill Brutus. Cicero did not append B. C. or A. C. to this name.

ADONIS.—If you are engaged to Clementina, you may, without the knowledge of her inexorable papa, present her with a paper of pins. She will not consider herself stuck.

JERSEY CITY.—City Hall is in the Park. Bowling Green is not in Union Square. The legislature meets at Albany. The chief ingredient used in making bread is flour. It is generally baked by means of heat.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—How can I get a wife who will suit me? Marry every woman you meet until you get the right one.

DIANA.—'You're a brick' is very vulgar—quite low. You should say—'You are the compound conglomerate of silica and alumina, made firmly coherent by the influence of artificial caloric, created during the calcination of ignited wood.'

MONTMERCY.—We cannot undertake to return rejected articles.

X.—P.S. is not an abbreviation of Pickled Sardines.

LEONORA.—Do up your house work first. Make the beds—sweep—and then you can remonstrate with the cook in regard to cold victuals.

MARTHA.—Lord Swab did not marry his butler. An English butler is invariably of the male gender. A valet is not an indispensable. He is an upper servant.

POP GOES THE WEASEL.—Melphome is foolish. You have a perfect right to take her grandmother to the theater, and she should not be jealous. You should not take 'Mel' by the nose with the thumb and finger of your left hand, when you kiss her. It is a trouble to you, and might be painful to her.

P. P.—The sun rises in the east. Hens do not always set in the west. The 'Lay of the last Minister' was not an egg—it was a song.

PUMP.—Certainly not.

ANNA.—Of course.

DUBIOUS.—Consult a lawyer.

K. K. Y.—Can't do it.

MIRANDA.—It is not proper to let Adolphus kiss you in the street; nor is it lady-like for you to sit down upon a fire plug. If your sister loves the policeman, she had better let him take her up.

WASHINGTON'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY ON LOVE AND MATRIMONY.—Miss Nelly Custis, Washington's niece, was maturing into a lovely and attractive woman, and the attention she received began to awaken some solicitude in the general's mind.

This is evinced in a half-sportive letter of advice written to her during a temporary absence from Mount Vernon, when she was about to make her first appearance at a ball at Georgetown. It is curious as a specimen of Washington's counsel in love matters. It would appear

that Miss Nelly, to allay his solicitude, had already in her correspondence professed a 'perfect apathy toward the youth of the present day, and a determination never to give herself a moment's uneasiness on account of any of them.'

Washington doubted the firmness and constancy of her resolves. 'Men and women,' writes he, 'feel the same inclination towards each other now that they have always done, and which they will continue to do, until there is a new order of things; and you, as others have done, may find that the passions of your sex are easier raised than allayed. Do not, therefore, boast too soon, nor too strongly of your insensibility.'

'Love is said to be an involuntary passion, and it is, therefore, contended that it cannot be resisted. This is true in part only, for like all things else, when nourished and supplied plentifully with aliment, it is rapid in its progress; but let these be withdrawn, and it may be stifled in its birth, or much stunted in its growth.'

Although we cannot avoid first impressions, we may assuredly place them under guard. * * * When the fire is beginning to kindle, and your heart growing warm, propound these questions to yourself. Who is this invader? Have I a competent knowledge of him? Is he a man of good character? A man of sense? For be assured a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool. What has been his walk in life? * * * And is he one to whom my friends can have no reasonable objection?'

Gen. Washington writes in the above, both like a poet and a man of good sense, which, says the *Milwaukee Wisconsin*, is rather an unusual combination.

Dr. Plumer on Poetizing.

Rev. Dr. Plumer recently delivered an address at the opening of a Female Seminary at Wheeling, Va. in which he made the subjoined among other sensible remarks. They deserve the consideration of a very considerable portion of the poetizers whose effusions are forwarded to newspaper editors, especially the closing sentence.—Turning to the Principal of the Seminary, Dr. Plumer said:

'I hope, sir, you will not teach poetry here—I mean what some people call the science of composing poetry. If it will come from some of these youths, let it come, but don't force it. I feel about the writing of poetry like the Methodist preacher who was giving a charge to a class meeting about some regulations. When in the midst of his charge, one old lady let slip a shout. "Now," said he, "brethren and sisters, since the subject of shouting has come up, I'll give my views on the subject. Never shout from a sense of duty. If you feel that you can't hold in, why, then shout, but not otherwise." I hope then that no one here will ever write poetry from a sense of duty. Poetry is despicable, unless it is first class.—Poor poetry is about the meanest of all mean things. As the Latin satirist has said, "Neither gods nor men can endure it."'

The above would apply to many effusions that have been put forth in the last half of the nineteenth century.

THE YEAR 1860.—We begin to hear from it, and shall hear and see more before it is through with. The *Christian Almanac* for 1860, published by the Am. Tract Society, is before us. It is a neat affair of 60 pages, full of stories, pictures, &c., all of a healthful, moral tendency. The calendar and other portions of the Almanac proper are as good as those of other good Almanacs. As to Eclipses, we have the following announcement [omitting particulars:]

Eclipses for the Year 1860.—There will be four Eclipses this year as follows:

I. An annular eclipse of the Sun, January 22, invisible in America, visible at and about the South Pole.

II. A partial Eclipse of the Moon, February 6, in the evening. Visible. Size, 9.744 digits on the northern limb.

III. A total Eclipse of the Sun, July 18th, in the morning. In the United States, this will only be a partial eclipse, except at Astoria and the north-western part of Washington Territory; where it will be total. The line of central and total eclipse begins in the Pacific Ocean, southwest of the mouth of Columbia river, in lat. 45 deg's 40 sec'ds N. and long. 125 deg's 55 sec'ds W. of Greenwich; from thence it runs easterly and northerly through British America and Hudson's Bay, then bends southerly, crosses the Atlantic, runs through Spain and the Mediterranean Sea, then into Africa, and ends by the side of the Red Sea, in lat. 15 deg. 48 min. 2 sec. N. and long 39 deg. 47 min. E. of Greenwich. Its size in the Northern States will be from 6 to 7 digits, and in the South from 3 to 5 digits.

The partial Eclipse begins on the Earth in the northern and unsettled part of Texas, lat 34 deg. 40 min. 4 sec. N., long. 25 deg. 22 min. 8 sec. W. of Washington at the instant of sunrise.

IV. A partial Eclipse of the Moon, Aug. 1st, at 17 minutes past 12 (noon), Washington time; hence, invisible in America, but visible to our antipodes.

WAKE MONEY.—A good-looking Irishman stopping at a hotel to warm himself, inquired of the landlord—'What is the news?'

The landlord, disposed to run upon him, replied—'They say the devil is dead.'

'An' sure,' says Pat, 'that's news, indade.'

Shortly after he went to the bar, laid down some coppers, and resumed his seat. The landlord, always ready for a customer, asked him what he would take.

'Nothing at all,' says Pat.

'Then why did you put down this money?'

'An' sure, sir, it's the custom in my own country, when a chap loses his daddy to give a few coppers to help him pay for the wake!'