msa_sc3415_scm3599-0164 ©Maryland State Archives

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, SEPTEMBER 24, 1856. No. 5.

A Glance at the Past.

SOME OCCUPANTS OF THE PALAIS ROYAL.

It was at the Palais Royal that, during the infancy of Louis, the daring Fondeurs presumed to penetrate, until they had reached the sleeping-room of their young king. Anne of Austria, magnificent in beauty and majesty, advanced to the door with the utmost composure to meet the rude invaders, who were rushing pell-mell into the chamber. On her approach they drew back, amazed at the vision of loveliness and dignity before them; her finger placed on her mouth, commanded silence, and the crowded mass, before so noisy and obstreperous, was hushed as by a charm in an instant. Beckoning to the foremost to advance, the queen approached the bed of her son, and, withdrawing the curtain, displayed Louis slumbering in the soundness and tranquility of childhood. The Fondeurs were satisfied, and at once silently withdrew, descending the stairs and traversing the spacious galleries of the Palais Royal in a very different spirit to that in which they had mounted, assured that their king was in Paris, and neither spirited away by his mother nor kidnapped by Cardinal Mazarin. None but a woman possessed of great personal courage and royalty of soul could have acted in this dilemma with the dignity and composure displayed by the queen, whose character I have ever admired, which must excuse the fondness with which I linger around those scenes with which she is connected. Anne of Austria did not long survive the death of Mazarin; forgotten by a court given up to frivolity and dissipation, and neglected by her son, who was engaged in a succession of amorous intrigues, she expired, after great sufferings, of a cancer in the breast.

Although Richelieu had expressly desired that his palace should be unalienable from the crown, it passed into the possession of that soft and effeminate brother of Louis XIV., Monsieur, the husband of Henrietta of England, whose horrible death was undoubtedly caused by poison administered by one of the favorites of her abandoned lord. Suspicion pointed at the Chevalier de Lorraine, who was known to view with great jealousy any rival in the ascendency he exercised over the duke. Certain it is, that no steps were ever taken to investigate the cause of a death so sudden and so fearful. Her husband evinced but little sorrow, and the only person who really felt any compassion for the unfortunate duchess was Louis XIV himself. Scandal had often joined their names, and it is confidently asserted that an attachment had at one time subsisted between them prior to the king's *liaison* with La Valliere; but of this there is no sufficient proof. Louis undoubtedly was much attached to his beautiful sister-in-law, whose grace, elegance, and wonderful knowledge of all the mysteries of the toilet so exactly corresponded with his own frivolous taste; and in the earlier part of his reign Madame Henrietta exercised great influence over him. It is said that, on hearing of her death, he caused Morel, the *maitre d'hotel* of his brother, to be summoned before him, and, on pain of instant death if he attempted to equivocate or deceive him, closely questioned him as to the circumstances.

Morel replied that he would conceal nothing from his Majesty.

"Did the duchess die by poison," demanded the King, pale with horror.

"She did," said Morel.

Louis shuddered.

"By whose order was the poison administered?"

"By that of the Chevalier de Lorraine," replied Morel. "It was put in a cup of chicorée-water, the duchess's usual beverage, by the hands of the Marquis d'Effiat. Before God, your Majesty, I am innocent of all save the knowledge of the crime. The duchess complained of thirst, the cup of chicorée was presented, and, soon after, she was seized with convulsions. Your Majesty knows the rest."

There was a pause.

"Tell me," said the King, making a great effort, and trembling with agitation as he put the question, "tell me, had my brother—had the Duc d'Orleans any part in this foul deed?"

"No," said Morel, "they dared not trust him; he would have betrayed all. But it was believed that the death of Madame would not be—"

"Answer as I desire you," sternly interrupted the King, relieved in the greatest degree by hearing that his brother was not an accomplice. "I have heard what I wished—I am satisfied; but, although I spare your life, wretched man, leave my kingdom forever; remember, the honor of princes is in your hands, and that wherever you fly their vengeance can pursue you. Therefore, be silent as you value your life."

The King dared investigate no further: too foul a picture of his brother's life would have been revealed to public curiosity. The death of the lovely, though frivolous young princess, remained unavenged, and was soon comparatively forgetten in the gayeties of a court where the sovereign set an example of the most heartless egotism.

As for Monsieur, nothing daunted by the suspicions attached to his name, and, although believed by many to have been an accomplice in Henrietta's death, he determined to re-marry, and actually found a German princess (ever the refuge of unfortunate royalties in search of a wife) inclined to encounter the risk of such a Bluebeard. This lady, a formidable she-dragon, by name Charlotte of Bavaria, was certainly well able to defend herself in case of necessity, and was altogether a lady not at all of a nature to be trifled with. What a contrast to the beautiful, fascinating Henrietta! Her successor's autobiographical memoirs remain as a lasting evidence of her coarseness of mind and body. She relates, with the utmost *naiveté*, full particulars of matrimonial mysteries that certainly have ever been regarded and respected as such by all the world since the day that Eve clothed herself in Paradise. The opening pages of this curious autobiography exceed in eccentricity anything ever before published. Let my readers judge for themselves by the following sentences. Thus she begins:

"I am naturally rather melancholy, and when anything annoys me I always have an inflammation in my left side, as if I had the dropsy. Lying in bed is not at all my habit; as soon as I wake I must get up. I seldom take breakfast, and if I do, only eat bread and butter. I neither like chocolate, coffee, nor tea: foreign drugs are my horror. I am entirely German in my habits; and relish nothing in the way of food but the *cuisine* of my own country. I can only eat soup made with milk, beer, or wine. As to *bouillon*, I detest it; if I eat any dish that contains it, I am ill directly, my body swells, and I am fearfully sick: nothing but sausages and ham restore the tone to my stomach afterwards.

"I always wanted to be a boy; and having heard that Marie Germain became a man by continually jumping, I used to take such fearful leaps that it is a miracle I did not break my neck a thousand times."

I only know of one good quality this extraordinary German *frau* possessed—she thoroughly saw through Madame de Maintenon's true character, and hated her cordially, who, in return, detested the duchess, and of course induced all her *clique* to do the same. Her young favorite, the interesting Duchess de Bourgogne, the dauphiness, the mother of Louis XVI., amiable as she was in most other respects, was influenced by her against Charlotte of Bavaria, whose coarse manner also contributed to the dislike, and treated her with marked and extreme rudeness, refusing, even when addressed by her to make any reply. The Duchess d'Orleans, with frank, downright German independence, and an uncontrollable share of pride, supported by a coat-of-arms containing a hundred quarterings at least, was not of a disposition long to suffer any indignity in silence. At first she was willing to attribute this impertenence on the part of the dauphiness to childish pique or caprice, "for she was," says the duchess, "but a wild boyden of a girl, and very young," and she expected that her highness's manners would mend with her years. But finding that instead of diminishing, this disdain and rudeness only increased, and was encouraged by Madame de Maintenon, she openly declared her intention of complaining to the King, with whom she was on the best terms, her blunt and unsophisticated outbursts affording him infinite amusement. At this notice, the *old woman*, as she called Madame de Maintenon, became seriously alarmed, and taking her aside, entreated her not to put her threat into execution, promising that the dauphiness should in future be more conciliating in her conduct; which was the case. From that time the duchess's originality was respected, and she was left in peace to drink as much beer and eat as many sausages as the peculiarity of her constitution required.

Proud, haughty, and repulsive as she was, Charlotte of Bavaria possessed a considerable share of plain, common sense, and she contrived to live peaceably with her heartless, effeminate husband, Monsieur, whose vices she attributed more to weakness than wickedness. On her son, the Regent Orleans, she doted with all a mother's pride and tenderness, and seems to have been utterly blind indifferent to his profligacy; but even he was not exempt from the *brusque* violence of her temper. On first hearing of his approaching marriage with Madame de Montespan, and sister of the ambitious Duc de Maine, this tigress was so enraged that she actually struck her son in an outburst of uncontrollable passion. She considered that such an alliance would be an eternal blot on her escutcheon, which, like all Germans, she prized to a ludicrous extent, for according to Madame, the Palastine family was more illustrious than any other among the princes of Christendom. Whether she was content to trace her descent from Adam is not certain, but she is accused of not being satisfied with so common a progenitor, and rather to have aspired to some family connexion with the angels "that loved the daughters of men," and in this manner got a footing among the clouds—a situation much more suited to her pride. At all events, she made no mystery of her opinion, that in marrying a grandson of Henri Quatre she had committed a painful *mesalliance*. What, then, must have been her rage and indignation at her son matching with a royal bastard! Her opposition was most violent; and being far too excited to assume even the semblance of etiquette or politeness, the expressions of rage to which this voluminous German dame gave utterance were neither as choice nor as aristocratic as might have been expected.

She flew to the King; and although the doors of the cabinet where the interview took place were carefully closed, the angry voices of the King and Madame were distinctly heard high in dispute.

"If your Majesty had wished for an alliance between my son and a daughter of Marie Therese, I should have considered it my duty to accede."

"Oh!" cried the King, crimson with passion, "you would then have condescended to accept a princess royal for your daughter-in-law?"

"Yes, your Majesty, that would have been a different affair altogether, although I believe there is not a princess in Europe who would not too gladly accept my son, descended as he is from the noble house of the Palatinate." The King stamped with anger. "But, sire, my son shall never ally himself to a bastard."

"Madame," cried the King, "you forget yourself. How dare you address me in such language?"

"Your Majesty will oblige me to presume still further by pressing this proposal, for my opposition shall not only be confined to words. I will never consent to this marriage." And Madame rose to leave the room.

"We shall see," said the king, "if your husband, my brother, will dare to oppose my wishes. We shall see, Madame la Palatine."

"Your brother, sire, will, I am sure," said the duchess, retiring, "be advised by one who can better defend the honor of his house than he is capable of doing himself. Your brother will do his duty."

Louis, finding that there was no chance of overcoming the opposition of Madame, either by persuasion of by threats, consulted with Madame de Maintenon how the marriage was to be brought about. They both determined that what could not be effected openly must be done by intrigue. The Abbe Dubois, that *ame damnee* of the young duke, known to exercise an influence great as it was pernicious over his mind, was summoned to the *boudoir* of Madame de Maintenon at twilight. By promises of large preferment, she completely made him her creature; and the unprincipled tool promised to use all his influence over his pupil to hurry on the marriage with or without the consent of his mother. To accomplish this, he represented to him the anger of the king, the certain loss of all command or influence, the incessant and disagreeable animosity that must result from his refusal to accept the hand of Louis's daughter. At length, after much difficulty, the duke consented, met Mademoiselle de Blois in the apartments of Madame de Maintenon, and the marriage was soon after celebrated in the presence of the whole court.

Madame was furious at what she termed her "Dishonor," and wept, abused, menaced, and scolded by turns; but finding that there was no help, that the marriage was concluded, and that further opposition might really rouse the vengeance of the king, she gradually cooled down and received her new daughter with tolerable civility, particularly as the marriage portion of Mademoiselle de Blois continued the possession of the Palais Royal, with all its pictures and sculptures, in the Orleans family—a proviso not to be despised, and which somewhat served to gild the bitter pill she had to swallow.

After the death of his father, the Palais Royal became the favorite residence of this unprincipled but agreeable libertine, endowed by nature with so many noble and distinguished qualities. Eminently handsome, there was a grace and dignity about him that attracted and attached all those who approached him; and his universal acquirements, his talents for government, his frank and manly eloquence, ended by making him as popular as he deserved by his public character to become. But ever the constant object of the hatred and malicious intrigue of Madame de Maintenon and her favorite and pupil, the Duc du Maine, who openly aspired to the regency, he was assailed in his youth by the foulest and blackest accusations. No death could take place in the royal family without the Duc d'Orleans being immediately pointed at as the murderer; and the mysterious illness and death of the first and second dauphins and poor Adelaide of Savoy appeared to favor these suspicions, as the removal of each of these princes placed him nearer the throne. Spite of his urbanity, his courteous bearing, his *insouciance*, he was hooted at by the populace whenever he appeared, the public only remembering that he was the son of that Monsieur who, at the death of the unhappy Henrietta, had incurred such horrible suspicions.

The last remaining child of the dauphin—the last lineal descendant of all Louis's numerous family—now lying dangerously ill. With or without reason, it was thought that the cause of this illness was poison. Madame, mother of the regent, suddenly recollected that her son possessed a counter-poison of great efficacy, and wrote to him desiring his instant presence at Versailles with this remedy. The Duke came, and, unknown to the king, the counter-poison was administered by the hands of him who had been so falsely accused of causing the deaths of the father and mother of this very child. The little Duc d'Anjou recovered. When Louis was informed of the circumstance, he was utterly astonished, and quite unable to reconcile this fact with the injurious insinuations and accusations poured into his ear by De Maintenon and her *coterie*.

The Duc d'Orleans, deeply sensible of the shameful suspicion raised against him, and determined once and for all to silence such odious and abominable lies, requested an audience of the King; and in the very presence of his arch-enemy, Madame de Maintenon, whom he significantly glanced at from time to time, thus addressed his uncle: "Sire, said he, "had the time which has been employed in accusing me been used in asking for my assistance, I might have been the happy instrument of preventing other deaths in your Majesty's family; but it was easier for my enemies to spread odious reports of such, than in trying to prevent these calamities; but the time is now come when these vile calumnies must cease, and the authors be exposed to the degradation and contempt they deserve. I come, sire, to demand justice of you—I, who have been so falsely accused. It is well known that I have a laboratory in the Palais Royal, where I amuse myself with experiments in chemistry; and this circumstance has been taken advantage of by my enemies to invent those calumnies, too easily, I fear, credited by your Majesty. Sire, if it is your pleasure, imprison me—nay, torture your nephew, if you will; my character has been assailed, and I have a right to demand legal satisfaction and inquiry into my motives and my conduct. Humbert, my assistant in chemistry, has already, by my orders, surrendered himself at the Bastille, and I only wait your command to follow him there myself."

At this noble appeal from the Duc d'Orleans to the justice of the king, Louis was quite disconcerted; and without replying in way any to his request, dismissed him.

But the Duc d'Orleans was not half satisfied; he had discomfited but one division of his enemies, whose names were legion. There yet remained the Duc and Duchess du Maine, who, more bold and insolent than the others, ceased not to attribute to him every execrable crime. He suddenly appeared before the Duchess du Maine without even being announced, looking as black as thunder, and with an air and manner that announced anything but an agreeable encounter. After having made a slight bow to the poets, courtiers, and *precieux* of both sexes, who always surrounded the duchess, converting Sceaux into a complete hotel Rambouillet, and her highness into Madame de Sevigné, the duke walked straight up to the Duc du Maine, who was leaning against the chimney-piece.

"Monsieur," said he, in a loud voice, "the time is now come when we must have a few words of explanation, and I am glad that our conversation will have so many witnesses."

"Yet," replied the Duc du Maine, who exceedingly disliked the idea of a public interview, "here is my room, if your royal highness——"

"No," replied the prince, "I shall remain here—I court publicity."

"What does all this mean?" stammered the duke.

"It means, sir, that I am weary of being the victim of the dark intrigues you are ever directing against me, and that you shall swear to discontinue them before I quit this room. Yes, on the instant, sir, or at once maintain your assertions with a sword in your hand, like a gentleman, in your own park."

"I intreat your highness to be more calm," said the duchess, advancing.

"Madame, we neither require your services for acrostics nor couplets at present," said the Duc d'Orleans, smiling; "the kind enough, therefore, to let me continue my conversation with your husband."

"In a word, Monsieur, what do you want?" replied the legitimatized son of De Montespan, endeavoring to raise his voice, tremulous with fear.

"I desire," said the duke, in stentorian tones, and casting round him a look of defiance, "that you here on this spot, and also everywhere else, contradict and disavow the calumnies you have dared to utter against me touching the late melancholy deaths in the royal family."

"Prince, you are misinformed; I never, in my inmost soul, for one moment believed you culpable."

"Duke," cried the duchess to her husband, "what are you saying! The justifications are beneath you."

"Madame *a raison*," replied the Duc d'Orleans, half drawing his sword. "Follow me, sir, and maintain, at least in a matter befitting a colonel of artillery, what you have dared, in holes and corners, to accuse me of."

"Mo, no!" replied the duke, growing dreadfully frightened in earnest, and speaking quite spasmodically, "I am ready to own—to declare your entire innocence of any connection with these misfortunes. I declare solemnly that you are entirely innocent."

"What unworthy—what cowardly conduct!" cried the duchess, flinging herself on an ottoman; "you dishonor the noble blood of Conde that flows in my veins."

"Really madame," said the duke, more careful of preserving his own life than of defending the honorable blood of the Condes, "I cannot see what you have to do with my conversation with his royal highness. I only satisfy conscience in giving a testimony to the loyalty of the Duke d'Orleans. Yes, prince, believe me," added the crafty pupil of Madame de Maintenon, "I respect you beyond any man in the whole of his majesty's dominions, and I will declare my devotion to you, however or whenever you please!"

"I am satisfied," said the duke, with a scornful smile. And casting a look of commiserate contempt upon all present, he quitted room as abruptly as he had entered.

After these two celebrated *eclats*, in which the duke behaved with such spirit, he was no longer assailed by the accusations that before circulated everywhere to his prejudice, and had enraged the Parisians against him to such a degree that he could scarcely traverse the streets without danger; and he was soon after received at court with the distinction due to his rank and near relationship of the sovereign. His subsequent conduct as regent, the care and affection with which he watched over the infant years of the delicate nursling confided to his care, and the gratitude ever expressed by Louis XV. towards him, are further historical guarantees of the injustice of all these accusations.

But the excessive and avowed profligacy of his private life, where he gloried in resigning himself to the indulgence of every impurity, and his open ridicule of all principle and religion, stamp his memory with abhorrence, and eclipse all his nobler qualities. Under the guidance of the abandoned Dubois, (whose conduct was certainly calculated to make him undervalue any religion which possessed such a minister,) whom his father had chosen as his tutor, for the express purpose, as it appeared, of corrupting his youth, it is not surprising that he became dissolute in an eminent degree. Without the constant excitement of company and intoxication he could not exist. Flinging himself headlong into the most monstrous excesses, he gloried in showing that he could exceed all the reckless compeers that surrounded him. Irreligious and unprincipled, all was lost save a sentiment of honor and an inherent exaltation of soul that nothing could eradicate, and which, had it been cultivated by a judicious education, would, joined to his splendid acquirements, have made him one of the most distinguished characters of an age that boasted a Ravine, a Bossuet, and a Boileau.—*Pilgrimages to the French Palaces.*

A Hit at the Hoops.

Under the head of "Every Lady her own Perambulator—A Plan Proposed to render the present stiff and immense Dress useful as well as ornamental (?)"—Punch has a picture of a lady, hooped to an astonishing circumference, with a portable platform erected upon her dress, passing entirely around her, and protected by a railing. Upon this, as she passes through the streets, a couple of her children are enjoying a ride, and trundling their hoops. Great is Fashion, and great is Punch!

Original Poetry.

For the Planters' Advocate.

AUTUMN.

Now summer dies, and earth with aspect sad,
Laments the bright-eyed queen, whose regal hand,
Made ev'ry tenant of her wide domoins glad
With plenty scatter'd throughout sea and land.

In loving sisterhood pale Autumn sighs,
And slowly mounts her melancholy throne;
Her gentle breath and soft solacing eyes,
Seem mindful of a sister wept and gone.

With shadows thrown, from clouds that slowly sail
In snowy flocks along the deep and tender sky,
The mourning face of earth, she seeks to vail,
And wrap her in a robe of sadder dye.

The golden sheaves her sister loved to strew
Along the fields, she garners in with care:
The fruit she perfects to a richer hue,
And pours its grateful fragrance on the air.

She bids the forests pale their vivid green;
Their spreading pride another spring to stay:
And flow'rs that lurk in sylvan shade unseen,
Doff at her pensive touch their garments gay.

The merry birds are by her sighs subdued,
And wander o'er the fields in silent flocks;
At nightfall hieing to the solitude
Of forest dells or pathless mountain rocks.

The brook that winds along to hazy mead
Where quiet herds their ev'ning pasture graze,
Checks at her voice its noisy summer speed
And softly now creeps murm'ring through its maze.

Each chirping insect swells the requiem,
As with a note of hollow, dol'rous tone,
It pipes at eve its feeble fun'ral hymn
O'er loves and pleasures now with summer gone.

The dazzling summer sheen has left the sky,
That wears a radiance now as softly bright,
As that which gleams within Great Pity's eye
When beauty fades and Gloom o'ertakes Delight.

But Autumn, thou art gentler far than true:
How oft beneath thy sway I've dreamed of life,
Light as thy gossamer, soft as thy blue,
And woke 'mid winter's elemental strife!

E'en now, spell-bound, beneath thy dreamy reign,
And couch'd where breezes stir the checker'd shade,
I weave from beauties of thy sky and plain,
A life, I know, with this sweet hour must fade.

PISCATAWAY, *September*, 1856. L....

Selected Miscellany.

From the South Side Democrat.

An Intercepted Letter.

The following epistle, dropped into our office, must have been intended for the Old Line Whig and K. N. Amalgam Organ, with Scotch fiddle strings in our burg.

"*Dear* Organ, I take a tremendous interest in the present Election; my application for the office of Squabburg Tabacco Smeller, has been on file four years, and I know that when Fillmore is elected I shall get it. So I hurrah for Fillmore. I belong to the "Young Men's Bird of-Freedom-is-death-to-all-Irishmen Association," and we are true to the policy of the great American party, for though our fathers were born in Europe, yet—d—n them—they had no business to!

We have given our foes no rest. We have already done the State some service; we have broken up several Buchanan and Fremont gatherings by making a row and hurrahing for Fillmore.—We have, at the risk of our own heads, been in the night and chalked large crosses on all the Fremont hand-bills we could find—we have stolen their banners, cut down their flag staffs, punched holes in their flags, and broken their club-room windows, and have told yards of lies about Old Buck, and the ten cent-get-up; we have turned his person into ridicule, chizzled his character, and played the duce generally.

I am on the Foreign Executive Committee—I throw stones at little Dutch boys—I knock down Irish children and take their playthings away from them, and then hurrah for Fillmore. One night I threw a brick through the only window in an Irishman's shanty and smased his baby, then I had a lot of our "boys" ready to lick the man when he came out to go for the doctor—we hammered him till he could'nt speak, then we put him in the jail-house on a charge of "drunk and disorderly," then we went round the corner and hurrahed for Fillmore. We have, by united action and assertion, whipped every Irishman in our Ward, one at a time, and I have individually spanked seventeen stray Milesian babies, on the sly—we all run with 1854 engine, and when there is a fire in a "foreigners' house probably we break things *some*, and perhaps you think we're anxious to put it out—perhaps we are! I'm great on getting up votes for President, in public assemblies, and our party have a way of their own of getting at the result.

We multiply the Fillmore vote by five, and then divide the votes for the other candidates by the same number, by way of balancing the account—I have also distinguished myself by writing ficticious letters to the Republican journals, saying that there had been a Fremont gathering of ten thousad people at Squabtown; and next day I write to our own paper denying the meeting, assert the whole story to be a malicious fabrication of the Satanic press, and say that in Squabtown there were but two Fremont men and ten Buchanan men, and that the former were in jail and the latter had no votes. I have learned all the catch phrases: "Americans must Rule America;" "Beware of Foreign Influence;" "No Popery;" "The Ship of State, which sails over our glorious mountains and our broad valleys with the Star Spangled Banner," "The Pilgrim Fathers of the Revolution—battling with foreign foes—Spoils of office—Buchaneers—Disunion—We will fight, we will conquer," &c.

I have learned a set speech with these big taking words in it, and all know when to put in the applause. For instance: "Fillmore and Donelson" was always to have nine cheers and a "tiger"—"Americans shall Rule America," was to have six cheers until it had been said thirty times, and after that, but three—"American Eagle" ditto. "Blood of your forefathers" was to be "hie-e-hi'd," and any allusion to the Pope, Buchanan, or Fremont, was to be received with howls and groans *ad libitum*.

So you see old hoss—Organ, I mean—we are going it strong—our party's name is "Legion"—we've secured the name any how, and you may bet your intestines we'll keep it till run into our native element.

I shake fists with you,

Q. K. P. DOESTICKS, JR."

The South, thanks to sectional and abolition fanaticism, has made considerable advance in manufacturing and internal improvement during the last ten years. But this advance ought to be much greater. It was a favorite joke of John Bull, many years ago, that the best way to resuscitate a drowned Yankee, is to search his pockets. Our great error has been that we are always stuffing that miraculous pocket; that we are doing all we can to invigorate and vitalize the pocket nerve. Our foes see that in spite of all the negro stealing and Black Republicanism, Southern dollars continue to flow North in an unceasing tide, and they are encouraged not only in their old, but in new aggressions.

It is a fact that the South sends to the North annually $50,000 for the simple article of corn brooms, and more than ten millions for negro brogans, that might be manufactured at home with profit. The South must give up talk for action before she can secure independence.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Virginia Ladies on Horseback.

The following is one of the notes in the forthcoming "Life of Thomas Jefferson," by Hon. Henry S. Randall, LL. D.:

It is some years since we looked into Mr. Weld's book, and common-placed a few pages and we have long since forgotten "what manner of man he was." But there is a fragrant smack of good taste and close observation, certainly, in the passage above quoted, and a glow of coloring that would have delighted old Beverly. Mr. Weld's careless dressed women, in "simple bodice and petticoat," have disappeared from the Old Dominion—at least from the regions of it we have visited; but there is to this day, if we mistake not, less frigid precision in dress, less overdressing, in the families of the wealthy planters in the interior of that State, than among Northern females, in a corresponding position. When among the former, Ben Johnson's lines from the "Silent Woman," have often occurred to us:

"Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
That all the annulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart."

Or Herrick's "Delight in Disorder:"

"A sweet disorder in the dress,
(A happy kind of carelessness:)
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribands that flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild liberty.
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part."

A Virginia woman is too free, too lithe in her movements to keep up the unvarying precision of a lay-figure. She walks abroad as if the earth was made to walk upon, though saucy breezes throw ribbands and ringlets and "erring laces" into never so "fine" a "distraction." She rides like anything else besides a dumb-jockey, or a city Miss fresh from the riding academy; nay, if the road be shady or the green-sward looks temptingly inviting (as every body knows it does sometimes say:) "Come take a run over me," the Virginia woman does not always find it in her heart to refuse the challenge; but down goes the riding-whip, and the next moment her blood mare, with straight thin neck, broad red nostrils distended, and tail free, is skimming like a low flying bird over the ground.

It is difficult for one whose eye is accustomed only to females brought up at the feet of the fashionable Fadaladeens, to conceive the graceful and free movements of a high bred Virginia woman, when roused into full action, not in the ball room at Saratoga or Newport, but at home with the turf of the Old Dominion under her feet, and the skies of the Old Dominion over her head. We once approached an old Virginia farmhouse, with its owner, who had been for some days absent. A few hundred yards off, we suddenly stopped to gaze, for, at that moment, dashing around from the rear of the mansion, and darting like mad through the trees, came a troop of riders at full speed, all of them females but one. Sweeping round the house, again they disappeared; in a circuit of a few moments again brought them in front, when, discovering us, they reined up for an instant; and then, affecting vast dismay, made a rush at a high carriage gate, on one side of the lawn, to escape. The foremost rider galloping past the gate almost without drawing rein, bent to one side, raised it and dashed it open, and then, wheeling her horse, through with another rider, and went clattering down a rocky path, as the gate, made to swing shut, closed with a bang.

Two more performed the same feat, and the last of the train made an effort to shoot through at the same time. She was a girl of perhaps a dozen years old, and she was mounted on, by far, the largest horse in the party. "There goes my horse whom I bade nobody to ride!" exclaimed our companion, mock gravity very scantily hiding his expression of good-natured amusement; but the last rider was too late. The gate was shutting on her, and it appeared that it must inevitably catch her powerful horse between its head and the shutting post. We held our breath. But a sharp, prompt, fearless pull on the reins of the heavy curb-bit suddenly arrested the horse, and it was done with such vigor and such a will, that the great animal threw his forefeet high in the air, and the gate *seemed* to swing under the uplifted hoofs as it closed. In another moment, it was seized by the little rider, thrown open, and away she went with whip flying, to overtake her companions. I thought of the wild, fearless, graceful riders of the Northern Highlands, and wondered whether the blood of Pocahontas, which flowed in the veins of the merry party, had anything to do with the matter!

A day or two afterwards, we were walking with our friend in the neighboring highway.—He picked up a horse-shoe, gazed at it a moment curiously, and ejaculated with a smile: "I thought as much;" and then turning remarked: "That's——s," (naming a son:)

"I know his mark. Whenever the roads are passable, he tucks up his coal tails, and then de'll take the hindmost until he throws at least two shoes! I believe," he continued, "there must be something in our climate to make hard riders; our boys and girls can never rest with trotting a horse for a mile!"

Have You Any Nails.

A tall, gawky-looking countryman, during the height of the business season last fall, walked into one of the largest fancy dry goods establishments, on the codfish side of Chestnut street, and entirely disregarding the invitations of the numerous moustached salesmen to inspect their late patterns, he strode into the counting-room, where the heads of the establishment were sitting in solemn conclave. After taking a cursory of the room, and surveying attentively the faces of its occupants, he asked with an unctious Yankee nasal twang:

"Say, you, got any nails?"

"Nails, sir! nails!" repeated the most dignified Dombey of the lot. "No, sir, what should we do with nails?"

"Wall, I dunno—thought maybe you mout. Then yer hain't got no nails, eh?"

"No sir," replied Dombey again, with an emphasis, and pointed to the door.

The individual in search of nails took his time about it, and left the counting-room. In turn he asked every clerk the same question, and received the information from all, that "nails" formed no part of the stock of the establishment.

"Well," said he, going towards the door, "don't keep nails here nohow."

The principal salesman, whose dignity was hurt by the idea that any one would suppose that an establishment where he had a prominent place, should keep nails, headed the countryman off as he was proceeding toward the the entrance, and asked him abruptly what he wanted there.

"Want," said the countryman, as cool as a cucumber, "I want to know if you've got any nails."

"Nails, no, sir! You've been told again and again that we've got no nails—so you had better go."

"Yes—but you really ain't got no nails?"

"No, sir, I've got no nails," thundered the principal salesman.

"Ain't got no nails, eh? Well, then, jest look a here, Mister, if you hain't got no nails, what an awful fix you'd be in, if you'd happen to have the itch!"

The Duke of Sussex, who died in 1842, having been Grand Master of the Masonic Order in England for thirty years, was so famed for his efforts in making contributions for charitable objects, as to have attained the title—of which he was very proud—of "the best beggar in Europe."

HOW GOES THE BATTLE?

Since the opening of the presidential campaign elections have been held in Kentucky, North Carolina, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Alabama, Iowa, Vermont and Maine. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* foots up the column as follows:

"The State elections thus far point conclusively to the fact that the people have resolved to elect JAMES BUCHANAN President of the United States. In a presidential canvass the results in the States preceding the great battle in November are excellent thermometers of the state of public opinion. Since the three parties nominated their candidates—BUCHANAN, FILLMORE and FREMONT—elections have been held in the following States. We give the result, with the number of electors to which they are entitled:

	Buchanan.	*Fillmore.*	*Fremont.*
Kentucky	12		
North Carolina	10		
Missouri	9		
Arkansas	4		
Alabama	9		
Texas	4		
Iowa	—	4	
Vermont	—	—	5
Maine	—	—	8
	—	—	—
	48	4	13

"We give Iowa to Mr. FILLMORE because three of the five State officers elected at the August election are his friends, and were nominated by the same convention which nominated FILLMORE electors. Thus, of the nine States which have held elections, the democrats have carried six of them, having forty-eight electors to the black republicans thirteen electors and the FILLMORE men four.

"Fellow-democrats, are not these results cheering, and have we not everything to encourage us for the November contest? So far as compared with 1852, when the democrats had two hundred and fifty-four electors to forty-two opposition, we have gained twelve in Kentucky and lost four in Iowa to Fillmore and eight in Maine to Fremont, being an equal gain and loss. The contest, therefore, has about the same appearance as in the last presidential campaign, when we had nearly all the electoral votes."

In five of the above States—Missouri, Arkansas, Maine, Iowa and Vermont—elections were also held for members of Congress with the following result:

	Fremont.	*Buchanan.*	*Fillmore.*
Missouri	1	4	2
Arkansas	—	2	—
Maine	6	—	—
Iowa	2	—	—
Vermont	3	—	—
	—	—	—
Total	12	6	2

Compared with the election of 1854, the above shows a gain of one member for the democrats.

Wheat Crop of the United States.

The Cincinnati Price Current, of the 6th inst., says: "We have carefully examined the facts in regard to the present wheat crop from the different States, and feel justified in giving the following figures, as the quantity of wheat gathered in each State this year:

States.	*Bushels.*
Maine	460,000
New Hampshire	230,000
Vermont	640,000
Massachusetts	46,000
Connecticut	60,000
New York	16,200,000
New Jersey	1,800,000
Pennsylvania	18,250,000
Delaware	700,000
Maryland	5,100,000
Virginia	12,500,000
North Carolina	4,200,000
South Carolina	2,100,000
Georgia	1,750,000
Alabama	1,200,000
Mississippi	500,000
Texas	150,000
Arkansas	300,000
Tennessee	3,200,000
Kentucky	5,750,000
Missouri	6,900,000
Illinois	14,600,000
Indiana	11,250,000
Ohio	16,800,000
Michigan	5,200,000
Wisconsin	8,250,000
Iowa	4,100,000
California	1,600,000
Total	142,836,000

We have omitted three States, in which wheat is not grown to any extent.

The Electoral Vote.

For the convenience and at the request of many of our readers, we again subjoin the table of the electoral votes to be cast by the several States at the approaching Presidential election:

SIXTEEN FREE STATES.	
Maine	8
New Hampshire	5
Vermont	5
Massachusetts	13
Rhode Island	4
Connecticut	6
New York	35
Yew Jersey	7
Pennsylvania	27
Ohio	23
Indiana	13
Illinois	11
Michigan	6
Wisconsin	5
Iowa	4
California	4
Total free States	176
FIFTEEN SLAVE STATES.	
Delaware	3
Maryland	8
Virginia	15
North Carolina	10
South Carolina	8
Georgia	10
Florida	3
Alabama	9
Mississippi	7
Louisiana	6
Texas	4
Tennessee	12
Kentucky	12
Missouri	9
Arkansas	4
Total slave States	120

How sweet is the remembrance of one kind act. As we rest upon our pillow, or rise in the morning, it gives us delight. We have performed a good deed for a poor man; we have made the widow's heart rejoice; we have dried the orphan's tears. Sweet! oh, sweet the thought!—There is a luxury in remembering the kind act.

A storm careers about our head—all is black as midnight; but the sunshine is in our bosom—the warmth is felt there. The kind act rejoiceth the heart and giveth delight inexpressible. Who will not be kind? Who will not be good? Who will not visit those who are afflicted in body or mind? To spend an hour among the poor and depressed—

——Is worth a thousand passed
In pomp and ease; 'tis present to the last.

PEDAGOGUE.—First little boy, what is your name? Little boy—Jule. Pedagogue—Oh, no; your name is Julius. Next little boy—what is yours? Second boy—My name is Bill-ious.

How to Tell a Good Teacher.

A gentleman from Swampville, State of New York, was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others, he had tried school teaching.

"How long did you teach?" asked a bystander.

"Wal, I did'nt teach long; that is I only *went* to teach."

"Did you hire out?"

"Wal, I didn't hire out; I only *went* to hire out."

"Why did you give it up?"

"Wal, I give it up—for some reason or nuther. You see, I travelled into a *deestrict* and inquired for the trustees. Somebody said Mr. Snickles was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snicles—named my object, introducing myself—and asked what he thought about letting me try my luck with the big boys and unruly gals of the *deestrict*. He wanted to know if I rasly consided myself capable: and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few easy questions in 'rithmetic and jography or showing my handwriting. He said no, never mind, he could tell a good teacher by his *gait*.

"Let me see you walk off a little ways," says he, "and I can tell jis's well's I'd heard you examined," says he.

"He sot in the door, as he spoke, and I *thought* he looked a little skittish; but I was consid'rable *frustrated*, and didn't mind much: so I turned about and walked on as smart as I know'd how. He said he'd tell me when to stop, so I kep on till I thought I'd gone far enough—then I s'pected suthing was to pay, and looked round. Wal,—*the door was shut and Mr. Snickles was gone!*"

"Did you go back?"

"Wal, no—I didn't go back."

"Did you apply for another school?"

"Wal, no, I didn't apply for another school," said the gentleman from Swampville. "I rather judged my appearance was against me."—*Spirit of the Times.*

A Little Bit of Romance.

A young Englishman became enamored of a Sp