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The Planters' Advocate.

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

Vol. 6. UPPER MARLBOROUGH, MARYLAND, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 7, 1857. No. 20.

Selected Poetry.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle Spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling—'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past—yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud—the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh—and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through Heaven,
The Spirits of the Seasons seem to stand,
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with his aged locks, and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'r the dead year
Gone from the Earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of Ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions, that have passed away
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
And bending mournfully above the pale
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness. The year
Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful—
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man—and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous—and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless sound resounded. It passed o'er
The battle-plain, where sword and spear and shield
Flashed in the light of mid-day—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless sky,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless time—
Fierce Spirit of the Glass and Scythe—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity! On, still on,
He presses, and for ever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
O'er Earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow—Cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water—Fiery Isles
Spring blazing from the Ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns—Mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain—New Empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations—And the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void—Yet Time,
Time the Tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

A Beautiful Story.

From Putnam's Monthly.

THE MEZZO-MATTI.

AN ITALIAN STORY.

"Good morning to you, Beppo. I have come after my shoes," cried a voice, in the happiest of tones, outside the lattice.

"Your shoes?" answered the cobbler, from inside, with a mingled expression of anger and amazement, as he hammered away at his work.

"Why, yes, certainly, I want my shoes; are they not finished?"

"Not even on the lasts," replied Beppo, in the most indifferent of tones.

"Oh! say you are joking. For heaven's sake do not play upon my feelings! Not finished?—Why, I ordered them ten days ago, and I had your most solemn—which the saints have recorded—that they should be ready to-day at noon. Alas! Oheme! What shall I do? I cannot go to church with Idiletta without my shoes; and to-day, at noon precisely, I am to be married?"

"I cannot help that, Tito, my prince of bridegrooms. Put off your wedding; you and your Idiletta can wait a spell."

"But just consider, Beppo—the marriage guests are invited, the maccaroni is already on the boil, and I must have those shoes."

"Now," thought Beppo, "I have long had a grudge against this Tito; his shoes are almost ready, and may be I may get a carlin more for them by holding them back:" and, not answering a word, he went on with his work.

"Look, now," said Tito, and he unbounded the scarf that encircled his waist, "here are the ten carlins for them. Beppo leaned his head out of the lattice, and saw a gold ducat among the silver pieces. His cupidity was instantly aroused. Tito went on: "I am a richer man than I was yesterday, and I have no objection to add a carlin more, just for the pleasure of seeing my new buckles on them."

"A richer man! so I see, Tito. Eleven carlins is not half what they are worth."

"Beppo, listen: in addition, when the fruit-season comes, you shall have a basket of melons, and just as many figs as you can carry; and as to mulberries, why—"

"Goodness gracious! how you promise!" interrupted the cobbler, with a smile of derision.—"Whose garden is to suffer, or has Tito, the vagabond, become governor of the province?"

"Most skillful and greatest of shoemakers, I have had a stroke of good fortune; the biggest prize in the lottery is nothing to my luck. Just listen to how I, Tito, am going to be a man pretty well to do in the world. My mother—as all the village knows—when I was an infant, went to Naples, and there became nurse to a noble family. Last night, as I was deeply immersed in thought, calculating whether I could afford cheese with my to-day's maccaroni, a great lackey, all bedecked with gold, calls me by name, and says his master anxiously awaits my coming at the hotel, and begs me to follow him. I was dumb with surprise, but in I went. In the handsomest room in the house, I found a host of gentlemen, all equipped for the chase; and one of them nobler and finer than the rest, with a royal decoration in his button-hole, suddenly rises, seizes me around the neck, and introduces me to the company as his foster-brother. He asks questions about me and my poor mother, and shed tears when he heard of her death, and, giving me a piece of gold, bade me have masses said for the repose of her soul. I told him that I was going to be married, and that Idiletta was the dearest—prettiest—sweetest—"

"Exactly, you ass! just so," savagely interrupted Beppo. "Was there ever such a born fool! I suppose you would like this troop of huntsmen to give your Idiletta the chase. These Neapolitans are famous huntsmen—" and here Beppo maliciously gave quite an artistic representation of the cries of a woman, with the hulloah and noise of the hunt in the distance.

"Out on you, Beppo, for a foulmouthed cobbler!" roared Tito in a rage. "Why, you wicked creature, they have purposely postponed their hut to-day, in order to witness my marriage."

"Umph!" enviously replied Beppo, jerking his shoulders on a level with his ears. "And so ended the affair?"

"No," joyfully sang out Tito, slinging his cap up in the air. "My foster-brother, beside a handful of gold, gave me a broad slice of land, just over the hill there. Hurra! viva! I shall grow my own figs and melons, and won't I build me a house, and have a long-eared donkey, blessed be all the saints? And now," here Tito held up for want of breath, "nothing is wanting to complete my happiness but those shoes; but if I do not have them in an hour," here, with true Italian versatility of character, Tito's voice and face were plunged in the deepest abyss of melancholy, "I shall be the most wretched of men."

Beppo was silent, and thus he mused: "Twenty minues will finish Tito's shoes. This foster-brother has so overwhelmed this beggar, Tito, with joy, that the little wit the dog had has all left him. He is going to have a donkey and a wife! This rascally Tito is to be raised to the very tip-top of happiness—is he? Well, he must afford to pay for his marriage-shoes. This cursed foster-brother has done all this for Tito. Now, I, Beppo, am nothing more than a poor cobbler, and can, by no means, pretend to have the power of this foster-brother—oh, no! not in the least—but still, if, in my small way, I, Beppo, can do anything to make him miserable, I, too, will have shown some power, though of rather a different sort. A basket of figs, and a carlin more! the mean rascal! Let him say ten carlins more, five baskets of figs, and, perhaps, I will let him have them; for I have him at my mercy now."

"Well, Beppo? answer quickly," gasped out Tito, as if life and death were at stake.

"You may, perhaps, have them to-day; they are commenced, and I might, perhaps finish them, provided I was properly paid for them. I am overrun with business. I am now mending Padre Alessandrino's shoes."

"Why, Padre Alessandrino is to marry us."

"Exactly. Now, if I should work at your shoes, the good Padre's would not be finished, and the church," here the hypocrite crossed himself, "the blessed church calls for first obedience. Now, Tito, would you have his holiness go to mass with his toe out, or his heel run down?—Would you, you sacrilegious dog?"

Here was a quandary for Tito; there was logic in it.

"But," added Beppo, "if you will give me ten carlins more, and ten baskets of figs, why then, perhaps—"

"I cannot afford it, C, what shall I do?"

"Wear your old ones," tauntingly said Beppo.

"Why poke fun at me? You know I have gone bare-foot ever since I was born?"

"Cannot help that, signor knubbler; if you have gone bare-footed in natural silk stockings, hop about so a trifle longer. My terms are ten carlins more, and in a half hour I shall ask twenty; so make up your mind, and, if you have nothing better to offer, the sooner you get out of my sunlight the better," and with this Beppo closed to the lattice with a clash, through which Tito's handsome face had been peering like a Titian in a rustic frame. Tito's steps were heard slowly moving away, and Beppo resumed his hammer, and, in an audible tone, thus talked to himself:

"Curse his luck! why should this Tito swim in a sea of gold? This Idiletta! who does she take me for, to turn up her nose at Beppo and jump at Tito? It is true, I never demeaned myself by asking her to have me. She is comely, but no a copper in the world. I do not care about her, though she might have waited, if only through politeness, to see what my intentions were, and whether I had made a choice. To the evil one with my trade. If I could only leave a sharp nail in the heel of every shoe I cobbled, how I would glory in it; it is a satisfaction, however, to know that the leather I put in them is not worth a straw. Tito will give me no more? We shall see. The sun has already passed my window, and it must be noon, and Tito will have to make a higher bid—fifteen carlins more at the very lowest—he can afford it. Even suppose they do not get married to-day, they, will have to-morrow or the next day, and this time a year hence they will not perceive it; for, may I be hanged if he gets his shoes to-day, without well paying for them."

Just then a supplicating knock was heard at the window. "Ah," said Beppo, never budging, "I thought as much, he will pay for them, let him knock again."

"Beppo, it is Tito; open! open!" Beppo, with feigned amazement, opened the window, and there stood Tito, the picture of despondency.—"In the name of all the saints, my shoes!" he said.

"I told you, an hour ago, that you must pay for them, I want fifteen carlins now."

"Let me implore you."

"Fifteen carlins!"

"I can give nothing more."

"Well, then, off with you."

"But you promised me the shoes!"

"I do not care a wax-end if I did: circumstances alter cases. He! He! Wear one of your Idiletta's, her feet are big enough; for she probably will stand in yours, beside wearing something else, which I am too polite to mention."

"I am not to have the shoes, then?"

"No; if you want them to-day at noon, and it wants just twenty minutes of it, I must be paid a carlin the minute. Perhaps somebody else in the village will make 'em in time." Beppo relied on being the only shoemaker in the place.

"Mother of mercies, what shall I do—o—o!" blubbered Tito in a paroxysm of grief.

"Stop your bellowing, you sucking calf, and hand over the money, or do without them."

"Well, then," suddenly answered Tito, with a smile, and as cool as an iced-lemonade, "I will not want them at all, not even for a gift."

"Diavolo!" said Beppo, between his teeth.—"Well, do without them, they shall shoe your betters."

"I have not the least doubt of it," added Tito very quietly, as he drew from under his jacket a pair of dancing pumps, on which sparkled the biggest possible kind of buckles. "See, look, Beppo, how these fit!" and he put one on; "they fit like the skin to a grape, and could not make such to save your soul. Now addio, addio, I bear no malice. Come to the wedding and welcome—we are going to have a dance—here is a new step in the tarentella," and here Tito cut a pigeon-wing, one foot bare and the other elegantly shod. "By the way, just think of it; we spend to-morrow at Naples, the first day of the honey-moon—won't we go into the Ravioli, Eighten the wine-flask, and see Polichinello! I am mad with joy—addio! addio!" and away he bounded like a deer.

Beppo stood stock still. He was improvising a chaste Neapolitan Oath. Presently, having duly considered the subject he let it out——. It was something individual, yet generic; microscopic, yet Cyclopean; diffused, yet searching; generally sending all people, animals included, to the infernal regions, and Tito most particularly.

"This foster-brother has given him a pair of his cast-off slippers; may they give him the gout—" Here he brought down his hammer on his thumb with an awful whack, and, with another curse threw it from him. The implement described a summerset or so, pitched into the middle of his water-vase, shivering it to pieces, and then, with a ricochet, went smashing through the lattice. "To Satin with my luck! They are going to Naples, Tito and Idiletta, are they?—May Vesuvius spit lava on them! By the holy St. Crispin, I will go there, too, yes, with his very shoes, and just for spite I'll work at them this verp minute, not that the Padre's (I sincerely pray that some one may just want the Padre for the last sacrament about their wedding-time) are finished," and saying this, he went to work, and presently Tito's shoes were done.

Beppo's surmise about Tito's shoes was correct. Tito, chagrined at the idea of being married without shoes, had sought his patron, who instantly presented him with a pair of his own.

Tito told the story of his distress, and the cupidity of the cobbler, with inimitable skill.—His story was listened to, by all the gentlemen, with exceeding gravity. Now it happened that Tito's patron was president, and the rest of the company members, of a celebrated club that then existed in Naples, and what they did will form the subject of the next chapter.

II.

By sunrise next morning, Beppo took his shoes, tied the thonges together, slung them over his stick, and trudged away towards Naples.

The village was just getting hid behind a vine-clad hill, when past flew the happy Tito with the blushing Idiletta in a *curricolo*, racing away as fast as the horse could tear. Tito's arm encircled Idiletta's taper waist, and, to steady himself, he had planted his feet, adorned with his new shoes and buckles, against the dasher of the vehicle. As they galloped past, a ray of sunshine threw a spark from the buckle right into Beppo's eyes, so that he blinked. They lovingly kissed their hands to him, threw him a flower, and in a moment were lost in a cloud of dust.

"Maladetta!" howled out Beppo after them, as he ground the flower in the dust. "May the axle-tree split, and may you break your necks in the ditch! No matter, it is but ten miles to Naples, and I shall get there as soon as they. Curse them, who are they, that they should ride when their betters walk? In Naples I shall sell these shoes, and, let me see, I will have a Polenta and a flask of Capri."

"Hulloah!" sang out a laborer, engaged in making a ditch by the roadside. "I say, my young man, who are those two pretty people driving past so pleasantly?"

"Who? A stupid fellow, with his wife, and she, between you and I, is no better than she should be—may they jolted to jelly."

"Ah?" said the man, digging away.

"Yes," added Beppo, his mouth full of venom, "she is a slattern—a loose creature—but a proper match for a thief like her husband."

"Well, appearances are deceitful, one never can tell what people really are. Now, you," went on to say the laborer, as he rested on his spade, "look like a shoemaker, though, from what is hanging from your stick there, one might think—"

"What?" inquired Beppo.

"Why, you see, if you take my advice, you won't expose yourself in the hat way; the game laws, you know, are very strict—"

"What, under heavens, are you gathering?"

"Why, you see," said the man, with a cunning look, "a pair of birds like those, I know, are tempting. What elegant fellows—only take care the game-keepers don't ask you where you got them."

"You are mad!" cried Beppo, giving him a look of disdain, as he marched along, with his shoes dangling from his stick.

On he went a mile until he met a man leading an ass, who bore huge baskets full of chickens and turkeys. With a loud "woah!" the man stopped the beast, and thus accosted the astonished Beppo:

"I say, friend, have you a mind to sell those birds there? I'll give you the pick of a turkey or a pair of fat chickens for them. You are a lucky fellow to have the first of the season; take 'em to the palace, and offer them to the cook of the palace, and you will get your own price for them—they always buy the first birds. If I was going to Naples I should not mind giving you forty carlins for that pair. Success to you," and, with this, jerking the ass, he went on his way.

Stock still stood Beppo in amazement, his mouth wide open. "Strange!—wonderful! To meet two crazy people, one after the other, what can it portend? Oh, St. Jeromio, keep the evil eye from me!"

On he went, until the road descended to the bottom of a pleasant valley. At the base of the hill Beppo saw a traveling carriage, which two stout horses were dragging up the hill. As they came leisurely by, Beppo saw two gentlemen inside, and when they were almost opposite, he heard one of them say to the other, "There now, talk to me about your bustards or your mallards, nonsense! There is a pair of pheasants worth more than all the beccaficos and ortolans in the world. Give me one of those well larded, and basted with oil, and done brown to a turn, and I declare it to be a morsel fit for a king. Hulloah! Postillion stop your horses! Young man, what do you want for those pheasants?"

Beppo heard no more, but, taking to his heels, ran down the hill as if the devil was after him; a big stone caught his foot, and he rolled on the ground. "Sangre di dio!" roared the cobbler, looking around, as he gave a sidelong glance at his shoes. "Can I be bewitched, or am I drunk? Everybody calls my shoes pheasants! Am I sunstruck?" Here he paused, rubbed his eyes, and gazed affrighted at his shoes. "It is impossible, and yet everybody says so!" He bathed his head in the running brook, and, recovering from his bruises, went slowly along, but by no means comfortably. A latent, unaccountable uneasiness had hold of him. Gradually his pace slackened, his knees trembled, and great drops of perspiration streamed down his face. "Pheasants!" he exclaimed, "are they pheasants? Am I Beppo, or somebody else?" He looked anxiously around for some one to testify to his identity. "St. Jeromio help me—I wear your metal round my neck!" and he felt for it in his breast, it was there, and he mechanically repeated an ave, looking scaredly all about him. He started. A hundred feet further on, under an olive-tree, lay a little child, sound asleep. He walked treacherously towards it, his ave half finished. Suddenly, with one of those strange mental efforts, his mind was made up—the child must determine the subject. With a cross face and flashing eye, he sprang at the child, gave it a brutal shake, and, holding in one hand the shoes, and in the other his uplifted stick, he roared out—"You beggarly little imp, what are these? Tell me truly, or I will break every bone in your body."

The child rubbed its sleepy eyes—then shouted, without a moment's hesitation, "Pheasants, pheasants."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Beppo, "is the saying true, that children and fools speak the truth?" and instantly, from a state of suspense, he sprang, at one bound, to the extreme of certainty. To Beppo it was an incontrovertible fact, that his shoes were pheasants.

"They are pheasants—rather of the black breed, but pheasants they must be."

"Of course they are," cried the child, "I set traps, and nets, and bird-lime for them, and a finer pair of birds I never saw."

"What are they worth?"

"Seventy-five carlins to the poorest country huckster, and in Naples he could sell them at double that price."

"You are a clever little fellow," sweetly replied Beppo; "and now, little dear, go on with your nap."

"Viva!" exultingly cried the cobbler, as he took the high road. "Luck has come to more people than to Tito. There must be some saint who has taken me under his special protection. Here am I, possessor of an elegant pair of pheasants (how I can't exactly say) worth one hundred and fifty carlins, at the lowest estimation." Just then a setter-dog bounded across the road, and a sportsman emerged from a neighboring thicket. "Here, Fido, here!" cried the hunter, and in ran the dog. "Down charge," said the master, and the animal crouched at his feet.

"I say, countryman, where on earth did you get those golden pheasants? What a brace! Here have I been beating this cover ever since sunrise, and without a single shot. I hate to go home with an empty game-bag, and, if you have a mind to sell, say the word. Will two hundred carlins buy them?"

"No," answered Beppo, "I have been offered two hundred and fifty for them."

"Well, they are dirt cheap at that; at Naples you may get twice that for them. What a brace of birds!—what splendid tails!" and here he stroked down the shoes; his dog commenced a series of excentric jumps at them. "Look, now, at that dog; there is a nose for you; knows them right off. Well, good-day to you, I am sorry I have not money enough about me to buy them; good-bye; I wish you luck!" and away went hunter and dog.

"Per Bacco! who does this fellow take me for, with his offer? My birds are not for such poor mouths as his. Strange how the dog knew them; why shouldn't he? it is his nature. Zounds! how heavy they are! but thank gracious, there is Naples, and in five minutes I shall be in the market-place." With this he hurried on, never heeding a priest, a soldier, and a water-carrier, who all stopped, and admired his golden pheasants.

He soon was in the suburbs, elbowing his way through the motley crowd, but was somewhat surprised that no one took any notice of his precious game. "Ah," said he, "these poor devils don't know a golden pheasant from a goose: wait until I get on the plaza. Passing through a narrow street, Beppo heard the sound of a tambourine, and a merry laugh chiming to it. Presently two people, arm-in-arm, leant over the balcony and kissed their hands to him; it was Tito and Idiletta. "Come up, come up," cried Tito; "this is the place; we are just going to have a dance; up with you here, Beppo, and we will drink a glass together to your good luck!"

"To the evil one with you," answered Beppo, "crow of a Tito, and cat of an Idiletta! I suppose you are the only ones who can enjoy themselves in Naples. See! look! I have here," and he shook his stick, with his shoes dangling on it, "what what will let me buy you and your Idiletta."

"They are only a pair of—" Here the speech was interrupted by Tito's pretty wife, who, giving him a loud kiss, playfully pulled him in at the window; and Beppo turned his back on them and went round the corner.

He got to the grand plaza, which was thronged, for it was market-day. He looked around for a place, and spying an empty spot between a fishwoman and a vegetable-vender, insinuated himself into the vacant space. Taking the shoes from off his stick, and carefully blowing off the dust from them, he exposed them to view. No one as much as took notice of him; he was slightly disappointed; so, crowding before his two neighbors, he commenced yelling at the top of his voice, "Pheasants—golden pheasants! who will buy? who wants 'em?"

"Stop your noise!" growled the fish-woman. "Stop my noise? I had better stop my nose, for your fish smell most confoundedly. Pheasants! pheasants!"

"I say, you fool, what on earth are you howling? where do you see any pheasants?" inquired the cabbage-seller.

"Pheasants!" roared out Beppo, no heeding her.

Some boys came up, who stared in amazement at Beppo, holding his shoes high over their heads. "Pepe! Pepe! a lark! a man with an old pair of shoes, who says they are pheasants. I say, Aunty Cabbage, is not he—?" and here the urchin made that particular Italian sign which consists in touching the forehead with the forefinger, and giving his hand a wag or so, which is the Neapolitan for crazy.

"Pheasants! golden, golden!" kept on Beppo.

"Shoes! an old pair of shoes!" interposed the cabbage-woman. "Zerlina, that man is a lunatic."

"You lie, you scorpion! it is you who are mad," retorted Beppo.

"Liar yourself!" responded Zerlina, throwing a slice of tunny-fish at him.

"A fight! a row! a crazy man!" sang out the assembled crowd. Somebody threw a rotten melon, and a bombardment of spoiled vegetables followed. Beppo, foaming with rage, laid about him with his stick; the two women closed with him, and in a twinkling he was soused in the fountain.

"Police! police!" cried the crowd; "a crazy man, just broken loose from the mad-house! help! murder! down with him!"

Poor Beppo was in the water; every time his head appeared, as quickly was it pushed under again. Up came the sbirri. "What does all this mean, you blackguard, kicking up a fuss in the market-place? This is no place to sell shoes!" and the police pulled the cobbler out of the water by the ears.

"I was selling my pheasants," cried Beppo—his mouth full of slime—not a bit cooled by the immersion.

"Signor policeman, he is mad—crazy as a hare," cried the women.

"Off with him," yelled the people. Beppo was kicked and pommeled by every one who could get a chance at him, and at last, more dead than alive, was lugged to the guard house.

* * *

That night his head was shaved, and he was copiously bled. Next morning the head magistrate was on the point of sending him to the madhouse, when, in the nick of time came a note to the committing magistrate, which read as follows:

"ECCELLENZA, ETC., ETC., ETC.:

"The club, of which you were once a most useful member, send you the following, which please notice. Beppo, the shoemaker, broke his word with his customers, through envy and jealousy, at the same time with the desire of extorting money from him. The club, happening to hear of the circumstance, determined to punish Beppo, and so arranged it that every one from Beppo's village to Naples swore his shoes were pheasants, and Beppo believed them. We regret that Beppo was a greater fool than we took him for. Inclosed please find ten carlins, which present to Beppo on our part as the original price for his shoes.

"We are, Eccellenza,
"With much respect,
THE MEZZO-MATTI."

Beppo was sent home, a wiser man. His disposition was much sweetened, though the villagers declared that for a long time he was quite shaken as to his understanding.

THE BENTON LECTURES.—The N. York *Times* says:

"In reply to an application from an association in this city, Col. Benton stated that he had never received any pay for his lectures, and never would; but the Boston people had complimented him by making him a present of two hundred dollars for a lecture, and that a similar compliment would be satisfactory to him. There was a charming Bentonian simplicity in this ingenuous method of getting over the awkwardness of so distinguished a gentleman's receiving pay, like a common lecturer, for his services."

The shortest way to raise money for any public purpose, (says some cynical dog,) is to *tax female beauty*, and leave every lady to rate her own charms.

FORCE OF REASON.—Some person was once asked why B stood before C? Because, was the answer, a man must B before he can C.

An editor, describing a lecture to the fair sex, exclaims with enthusiasm, "Three thousand ladies hanging on the lips of one man!"

Genius without taste will often commit enormous errors; and, what is worse, it will not be sensible of them.

TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE—The man who marries happily.

In the fine arts, there is scarcely an alternation between distinguished success and absolte failure.

The city of Cincinnati pays $17.50 per year for the gas supplied to each street lamp.

Selected Miscellany.

The following lines are said to be the production of ROBERT BURNS, although not found in his works. They are inscribed to a *Hand Organ*, and are written only from memory:

Out on your noise, ye blasted wight,
That break me slumbers ilky night,
A grinding your tunes for very spite,
Through thick and thin;
You'd make a christian
Swear outright to hear your din.

There is na music in your din,
With sic a discord ye begin,
Ye jar the very windows in;
Why tortured tune,
If murder be a deadly sin,
You'll rue it soon.

Could ye but ken the pangs I feel,
To lay and list your cursed squeal
Ye wad na grind another peal
So harsh and deep,
But gang in pity to the deil
And let me sleep.

To please the deil, old Orpheus played
And for his wife in fid'ling paid:
On dolphin's tail Orion rode the billows stripping;
Baith drew the oaks from hill to glade,
By dint of piping.

But ye wad do things greater still,
Your noise would drown a water mill;
You'd scare the woods and split the hills,
Sae great your power,
And any mortal wight, you'd kill in half an hour

But if ye had na prayer nor spell,
Nor winna stop that croaking yell,
For a poor bard to sing or tell,
Or any boon,
I'll try if brick batts
Can't avail to change your tune.

A San Francisco Auctioneer.

The reporter of the San Francisco *News* furnishes that paper with the following report of a speech made by a California auctioneer:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I now have the honor of putting up a fine pocket-handkerchief, a yard wide, a yard long, and almost a yard thick; one-half cotton, the rest wool; beautifully printed with stars and stripes on one side, and the stripes and stars on t'other. It will wipe dust from the eyes so completely as to be death to demagogues, and make politics as bad a business as printing papers. Its great length, breadth and thickness, together with its dark color, will enable it to hide dirt, and never need washing. Going at one dollar? twenty-five cents? one bit? Nobody wants it? Oh! thank you sir!

Next, gentlemen—for the ladies won't be permitted to bid on this article—is a real, simon pure, tempered, highly polished, keen-edged Sheffield razor; bran spankin new; never opened before to sunlight, moonlight, starlight, daylight, or gaslight: sharp enough to shave a lawyer, or cut a disagreeable acquaintance or poor relation; handle of buck horn, with all the rivets but the two at the ends of pure gold. Who will give two dollars? half a dollar? Why ye long bearded, dirty faced reprobates, with not room on your phizzes for a Chinese woman to kiss, I'm offering you a bargain at half a dollar! razor warranted to cut a recent patent; two rubs upon it will sharpen the city attorney: all for four bits; and a piece of soap sweeter than roses, lathers better than a schoolmaster, and strong enough to wash all the stains from a California politician's countenance, all for four bits. Why, you have only to put the razor strop and soap under your pillow at night and wake up in the morning clean shaved. Won't anybody give two bits, then, for the lot: I knew I would sell 'em.

Next, ladies and gentlemen, I offer three pairs socks, hose, stockings, or half hoes, just as you're a mine to call them, knit by a machine made on purpose, out of cotton wool. The man that buys these will be enabled to walk till he gets tired, and, provided his boots are big enough, won't have any corns; the legs are as long as bills against the corporation, and as thick as the heads of the members of the Legislature. Who wants 'em at one half dollar? Thankee, madam, the money.

Next, I offer you a pair of boots, made especially for San Francisco, with heels long enough to raise a man up to the Hoadley graces, and nails to insure against being carried over by a land slide; legs wide enough to carry two revolvers and a bowie knife, and the upper of the very best horse leather. A man in these boots can move about as easy as the State capitol.—Who says twenty dollars? All the tax payers ought to buy a pair to kick the council with; everybody ought to have a pair to kick the Legislature with, and they will be found of assistance in kicking the bucket, especially if somebody should kick at being kicked. Ten dollars for legs, uppers and souls at that, are bringing twenty thousand dollars in Sacramento! Ten dollars! ten dollars! gone at ten dollars!

Next is something you ought to have, gentlemen, a lot of good gallowses—sometimes called suspenders. I know that some of you will after a while be furnished at the State's expense, but you can't tell which one, so buy when they're cheap. All that deserve to be hanged are not supplied with a gallows; if so, there would be nobody to make laws, condemn criminals, or hang culprits until a new election. Made of pure gum elastic—stretch like a judge's conscience and last as long as a California office-holder will steal: buckles of pure iron, and warranted to hold so tight that no man's wife can rob him of his breeches; are, in short, as strong, as good, as perfect, as effectual, and as bona fide as the ordinance against Chinese shops on Dupont street—gone at twenty-five cents."

Kissing a Bachelor.

A correspondent relates the following incident:

"We have a friend—a bachelor friend—very fond of the society of the ladies, but extremely modest and diffident withal. A few evenings since he went to make a call upon an acquaintance who had recently taken to himself a wife, young and beautiful, and, as a matter of course, overflowing with affection for her husband. Now this lovely wife of a week, like all other wives, could scarcely survive the brief absence of her husband for the discharge of his business, and always upon his return met him upon the threshold, and smothered him with kisses. It so happened, when our friend called, that the husband was absent, but was momentarily expected by the fond and anxious wife. She heard his footfall upon the step, and, supposing it to be her husband, rushed forth to meet him; and he had scarcely laid his hand upon the bell-pull before the door flew open, and his neck was encircled by a pair of white arms, and burning kisses fell thick and fast upon his lips and cheeks—while a full and throbbing breast was strained to his! Here was a trying situation for a diffident man, and our friend came near fainting on the spot; but, fortunately, the lady discovered her mistake in season to prevent such a melancholy event, and he escaped from the house more dead than alive.—The last we saw of him, he was leaning against a tree, fanning himself with his sombrero, in order to recover strength to regain his lodgings."

"OLD BACHELORSHIP" seems to be but a comparative affair. Lieutenant Gunnison has just returned from a visit to the Mormons—reporting, that, when he was in Utah, the three Members of the Presidency had no less than *eighty-two wives* between them, and that "one of the three President's *was called an old bachelor because he has only a baker's dozen!*"

A Graphic Picture of Napoleon.

The personal appearance of Napoleon, in the last days of his power, is thus described by Lamartine:

"The empire had made him old before his time. Gratified ambition, satiated pride, the delights of a palace, a luxurious table, a voluptuous couch, long vigils, sleepless nights, divided between labor and festive pleasure; the habit of riding, which made him corpulent—all tended to deaden his limbs and enervate his faculties. An early obesity overloaded him with flesh. His cheeks, formerly streaked with muscles and hollowed by the working of genius, were broad, full, and overhanging, like those of Otho in the Roman medals of the empire. An excess of bile mingling with the blood, gave a yellow tint to the skin, which, at a distance, looked like a varnish of pale gold on his countenance. His lips still preserved their Grecian outline and steady grace, passing easily from a smile to a menace. His solid bony chin formed an appropriate base for his features. His nose was but a line, thin and transparent. The paleness of his cheeks gave greater brilliancy to the blue of his eyes. His looks were searching, unsteady as a wavering flame—an emblem of inquietude. His forehead seemed to have widened, from the scantiness of his thin black hair, which was falling from the moisture of continual thought. It might be said that his head, naturally small, had increased in size, to give ample scope between his temples for the machinery and combinations of mind, every thought of which was an empire. The map of the world seemed to have been encrusted on the orb of that reflective head. But it was beginning to yield; and he inclined it often on his breast, while crossing his arms like Frederick the Great—an attitude and gesture which he appeared to affect. Unable any longer to seduce his courtiers and his soldiers by the charm of youth, it was evident he wished to facinate them by the rough, pensive, and disdainful character of himself—of his model in his latter days. He moulded himself, as it were, into the statue of reflection, before his troops, who gave him the nickname of *Father Thoughtful*. He assumed the *pose* of destiny. Something rough, rude, and savage in his movements revealed his southern and insular origin. The man of the Mediterranean broke out constantly through the Frenchman. His nature, too great and too powerful for the part he had to play, overflowed on all occasions. He bore no resemblance to any of the men around him. Superior and altogether different, he was an offspring of the sun, of the sea, and of the battle-field—out of his element even in his own palace, and a stranger even in his own empire. Such was at this period the profile, the bust, and the external physiognomy of Napoleon."

A Good Anecdote.

During the inauguration of Gen. Taylor, at Washington, D. C., March 4th, 1849, the police regulations, as usual, required that after the speech of the new President had commenced, the gates of the Capitol Grounds should be closed, and no carriage of any kind allowed to pass, until the speech was finished, to prevent confusion.

The Minister of all the Russias, M. Bodisco, was very late, and after the speech had begun, drove up to the gate in great haste, the horses covered with foam, when the coachman shouted to the guard, "*Open ze gates*, iv you please." The guard shook his head and stood still. The footman next called out, "Will you open ze gate for ze Russian Minister?" The guard again shook his head, without answering a word.—Next, the grand Minister put his head out of the carriage window, and called to the guard: "Open ze gate to ze gran Minister of all ze Russias, Minister Plenipotentiary, M. Bodisco; I am ze Minister."

There was a great crowd around the gates within and without, and all this fuss created quite a stir. The guard drew himself up, and in a firm and pleasant manner replied, "*If you were a free born American citizen of these United States of America, you could not pass these gates in a carriage.*"

The crowd came very near giving three cheers for the guard, but better manners prevailed; and M. Bodisco stepped out of his elegant equipage, and entered the side gate with the sovereign people, his carriage remaining outside until all the ceremonies were over."

AN IRISH WAGER.—"Nate hand you are, thin, my darling," said one bod carrier to another, "you mount the ladder wid your hod full o' stones, and scatter 'em on the heads iv us as you go. Och! blatheration, blood and ouns! I'd carry yourself up, from the flats to the roof, and down again, widout yer being spilt."

"You don't do it, sir!" returned the fellow laborer. "I'd lay a trifle you couldn't."

"For a pint o' whiskey," he would though.—"Is it the likes o' you I might not lift? D'ye take my bet honey?"

"Faith, I'll bet my hide against your pint—and that's a fair trade—that you can't."

"In wid your dirty darkas, and we'll try it."

Fearful as the experiment may seem, it was successful. When two thirds up the ladder, Paddy roared out:

"M'Carthy, ye, sit aizy, or I'll spill ye!"

"Sure an' isn't it that I'd be after ye to do?" returned Mac.

When safe landed he exclaimed:

"I didn't think it was in the likes o' ye. As it happens, you've won—I'm bate; but just as ye was comin' by the third story I was IN HORSE!"

Byron is still in the kingdom of paragraph. Here are two mentions of him in our exchange papers for this week. *First*, what Mrs. Opie said of him, (her *Opie*-nion only, of course,) that "Byron's voice was such as the devil tempted Eve with: you feared its fascination the moment you heard it." *Second*, that a fashionable young lady named her dog "Pechance," after Byron's dog, remembering where he mentions him in the line:—

"*Perchance*, my dog will howl."

Miss Jenny Rumsey, the popular editress of the Temperance Gem, has been married to Mr. Ezra Cooper, of Waterford, Pa.—*Exchange.*

Didn't like the first syllable of her maiden name, probably—and was desirous to give the gem a new setting.

Additional remark. Every fashionable young lady ought to marry a cooper.

Dark-blue eyes are most common in persons of delicate, refined, or effeminate nature; light-blue, and much more grey eyes, in the hardy and active. Greenish eyes have generally the same meaning as the grey. Hazel eyes are the more usual indications of a mind masculine, vigorous, and profound.

Laws descend like an inveterate hereditary disease; they trail from generation to generation, and glide imperceptibly from place to place. Reason becomes nonsense; beneficence a plague. Woe to thee if thou art a grandson!

WORDS.—"Words, words, words!" says Hamlet, despairing; but God preserve us from the destructive power of words. There are words whose sting can remain in the heart through a whole life.

A recruiting sergeant addressed an honest country bumpkin in the streets of Manchester with, "Come, my lad, thou'lt fight for thy king, won't thou?" "Voight for my king," answered Hodge, "why, has he *fawn* out wi' anybody?"

He that boasts of his ancestors confesses he has no virtue of his own. No other person has lived for our honor, nor ought that to be reputed ours which was long before we had a being; for what advantage can it be to a blind man that his parent had good eyes?

The Way Fremonters Canvass "Down East."

Enter Deacon Holy-dom, Speaking as he Enters.—"Excuse me, ma'am, for entering without knocking, but I have, as you may be