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The Planters' Advocate.

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

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A Beautiful Story.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

RAPHAEL'S COURTSHIP; OR, THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND TO NOTHING.

I.

RAPHAEL.

On a cold winter's day, not many years since, Mr. Raphael Inky, editor, author and poet, was sitting in his garret reflecting. In his garret we say—for this salubrious species of residence is well known to have been, time out of mind, the peculiar haunt of literary men.

Perhaps you are not acquainted with Raphael. The fact is not extraordinary; modesty has prevented him from courting attention—modesty, the besetting weakness of the literary guild—the sole foible of a class otherwise almost if not quite perfect. We shall not divulge the titles of his great productions; however; nor is it our intention to write his biography. It is only a "passage in the life" of Raphael, which we design recording—to which we may append a few illustrative details.

Like most young poets, then, let us hasten to say, Raphael has been annoyed very nearly to death by the persecuting attentions of young and beautiful heiresses, a score of whom have tried to marry him. It is true that this fact might have been taken for granted; inasmuch as this is the invariable experience of young *litera-teurs;* and only the experienced and unobservant, adhere to the exploded opinion that our youthful damsels prefer wealth to fame in gentlemen, their suitors. We hasten, however, to assert the fact in regard to Raphael, lest from the peculiarity of his residence, it might be supposed that he was an exception to this well-established rule.

It is only necessary to add here, that Mr. Raphael Inky was what is known in London, as a "literary Bohemian;" and indeed, when we present him to the reader, he is composing a romance of that country, "Sclavonikoff, or the Beautiful Maid of the Danube."

The fatal ball has just entered the bosom of the lovely Gregorinska, when steps are heard upon the stairway—Raphael's—and ere long a visitor opens the door in a familiar way, and hails the occupant in the following terms, gently drawled:

"How d'ye, Raphe—how goes it, old fellow?"

The visitor is a young man dressed in the height of the fashion; with rather an insipid air; and apparently literary—in a small way.

"Welcome, Charles," says Mr. Inky, leaving Gregorinska extended at full length upon the floor of the palace, "what news?"

"Well really, none that I've heard of," replies Charles, sitting down in a languid way, "there is a party at Smythe's to-night though. Got a card."

"Yes," says Raphael, running his fingers through his hair—Raphael has very fine hair, and indeed is a very handsome fellow—"there upon the table. Literature, Charley, is getting respectable."

"Rather! But I say, ain't old Smythe a snob?"

"A snob! I'm surprised to hear an admirer of Miss Almira utter such a sentiment."

"Miss Almira? Yes—aw—well, I must say Miss Almira is good looking—in fact she's charming. Why don't you go in there, my boy?"

Raphael smiles.

"Do you know I'm thinking of it?" he says.

Charley returns the smile in a manner rather forced.

"Are you, really?" he says.

"Why not?"

"By Jove! she does like you. You literary fellows have everything your own way, by George."

"*You* are literary."

"A little," says Charley, somewhat more cheerfully, "I rather flatter myself that the last sonnet, commencing, 'Divine angelic being of the cerulean heavens,' was *not* bad."

"It was charming. The circulation of the 'Heliotrope' has increased immensely since its publication."

"You don't say so."

"The publishers do—within the last week, that is. Now since your sonnet appeared in the last issue—I leave you to draw the inference."

"You flatter me, I fear," replies Mr. Charley Winterfield, caressing his chin with a modest air, "really now!"

"Why not present a copy to Almira."

"I will!"

"I shall be there to watch the effect. You understand, there are a very few young ladies who are unmoved by being addressed as 'Divine,' 'Angelic,' and soforth. I should'nt feel the least surprise if that sonnot brought you, in clear cash, ten thousand a year."

"Oh! you attribute my attensions to her father's wealth—to—"

"Money? How could you libel my friendship so, my dear Charles. The practice of marrying for money is confined to the lower closses of society."

"So it is."

"Now, you are of our best society—you are an aristocrat, in fact."

"No, no," says Mr. Winterfield, with a deprecating movement of the hand.

"Yes—you must not deny it," continues Raphael, smiling, "we fellows of the second rank—we literary men—are always willing to recognise the merit of birth, though we do not possess it."

"Really now, Raphe," says his friend, with a polite air, "I should not think *you* were obscure."

"*Obscure?* Good—I am indebted to you for an excellent word. Well, no—our family have been prominent; my grandfather was a circus clown."

"Is it possible!"

"But rose in his profession, and coming finally to low comedy, was very popular in the 'Beggar's Opera.'"

Raphael utters this information with an air of honest pride, which is very striking.

"Well—I never should have supposed it," says his friend rising, "some day you shall tell me your history. At present I must get on—just dropped in. Be at Smythe's to-night, you said?"

"Yes."

"Well, *au revoir*, my dear fellow."

And Mr. Charley Winterfield put on his shawl, and left the sanctum of the author.

Raphael sat for a few moments with his eyes fixed upon the door through which his friend had disappeared; and as he reflected, a broad smile gradually expanded upon his countenance.

"I have it!" he said, suddenly turning to the table again, "he shall be Gregorinska's other lover!"

And running his fingers violently through his hair, Mr. Raphael Inky stabbed the inkstand with his pen, and began to scratch away upon his manuscript. The other lover of Gregorinska was not then to be depicted, however. At the end of his first paragraph, a second step was heard upon the staircase, and biting his mustache—Raphael had a mustache—the author cried "come in!"

II.

RAPHAEL BUYS A MANUSCRIPT.

The door opened and a lovely girl, of about nineteen, presented herself upon the threshold—blushing and hesitating whether she should advance.

No sooner had Raphael caught sight her countenance, however, than laying down his pen abruptly, he rose and made a low bow to the intruder.

"I fear I interrupt you, sir," said a gentle voice, and the blush upon the girl's face deepened.

"You do not," said Raphael, with something like a blush too—for our friend was scarcely twenty-five, and had not overcome this bad habit yet—"pray do not stand there in the cold, Miss Virginia, come to the fire."

The young girl, who was very thinly and poorly clad, approached in a hesitating and constrained way; and took the seat which Raphael hastened to present. He resumed his own seat, and stirred the fire.

When an individual attacks the fire under these circumstances, it is very apt to be because he finds some difficulty in opening the conversation. Mr. Raphael Inky conceived the idea of asserting that it was a most unpleasant evening—but this, he reflected suddenly, was an obvious fact. What would a young lady of intelligence think of him? So Raphael cleared his throat and poked the fire again.

The young lady came to his assistance. The blush had not disappeared from her cheeks—on the contrary, it deepened as she spoke.

"I thought I would come and offer you a story—which—I have written," she said with a tremor in her voice, "you were very kind on the—last occasion—and though it is very disagreeable, sir—"

"Kind! No, indeed!" interrupts Mr. Raphael, "indeed, your tale was most exquisitely written, and the publishers of the journal were delighted with it!"

Which last observation was a fib, for aught that Mr. Raphael knew—the publishers of the paper which he edited having expressed no opinion, good or bad, of the article in question.

"I am very glad," was the low reply of the girl, "but, indeed, you were very, very kind."

Her voice faltered as she spoke; but she did not pause.

"I have written another story, sir, which I think much better than the first; and they would not take it, at two places which I went to: I thought they would, and we—needed—some money—"

The words now seemed to be forced out by resolute will; for the girl's lips trembled, and her breast began to heave.

"My father is sick, sir," she continued, her eyes filling suddenly with long repressed tears, "and I was obliged to come—indeed, indeed,—I would not trouble you—if—"

There, at last, was the deffinite break down.—These words ended in a sob, which forced itself from the heart through the lips.

Raphael Inky's smiles and carelessness had all disappeared—the literary jester had given place to the simple gentleman. If he could had dried those tears of the poorly-clad girl with the sacrifice of all which he possessed in the world, they would instantly have disappeared from her eyes.

"Do not pain me," he now said in a voice as subdued nearly as her own, "by saying that you *trouble* me. I know, Miss Burbank, that you are a true and faithful daughter to an excellent though unfortunate man; and it is my pride and pleasure to be able to relieve your anxiety. Pray do not weep any more—your agitation pains me greatly."

The noblest gentleman in the world could not have spoken with a tone of greater delicacy, or finer courtesy, than our Bohemian, as he thus addressed the young woman.

"But—you are very, very kind—indeed, I can never thank you—" murmured the girl, drying her eyes with averted face, "still—I cannot accept—charity—sick as my father is. Please look at what I bring, sir."

And she took from a basket beneath her thin and worn shawl a package of paper, filled with writing in a delicate running hand, which she held toward Mr. Raphael Inky.

We think Mr. Inky displayed, upon this occasion, a delicacy and sense of propriety, eminently worthy of praise. A rough, kind-hearted person, would have forced money into the girl's hand, and said, "Go, relieve your father; I give this willingly;" and the poor girl would have gone away relieved, but sorrowfully; calm, but humiliated. Mr. Raphael Inky did much better.

He carefully opened the MS., which was styled "The Fortunes of an Orphan," held it up between his face and that of the young lady; turned over leaf after leaf at intervals of two or three minutes, and finally deposited it, after making a great ado at counting the pages, in a drawer of his oaken table. Mr. Raphael had read precisely two lines; in which luckily occurred "the blue-eyed Ellen;" "Alfred, with his noble smile;" and "the stolen casket."

"Your tale, Miss Burbank," said Mr. Inky, "appears to be admirable, and executed with rare dramatic power. You will pardon me for saying," continued Raphael with a smile, "that the ladies generally *describe* too diffusely. Your tale, on the contrary, is brilliant and picturesque; summing up details with a rapidity and beauty rarely found in authors of the present day."

A slight color came to the young girl's cheeks, and the light of gratified literary vanity shone through her tears.

"I may instance particularly," added Mr. Inky, "the word-painting of Ellen, the heroine, with her azure eyes; and Alfred, the hero, with his noble smile. I was especially struck also with the device of the stolen casket; the under-plot is admirably woven—"

"I am very glad it pleases you," murmured the girl, with a moisture in her eyes; but this time it was a joyful emotion.

"I am so much pleased, Miss Virginia," said Mr. Inky, "that I shall at once secure the MS.—I shall give you my own check, which Messrs. Snell & Harvey, at the corner yonder, will give you the money for—the banks being closed—"

"But *you* are paying me," said the girl in the same timid voice, "I must not—"

"Oh," said Raphiel, smiling, "I shall charge the journal—do not fear; we literary men never omit these little ceremonies."

And turning to the table, he wrote a check, and handed it to the girl. She looked at it, and suddenly turned her eyes upon the young man. They swam in tears, and biting her red underlip, she vainly essayed to stifle her agitation. It was all in vain—covering her face with one hand, she extended the other holding the paper towards Mr. Raphael, and burst into tears.

The explanation of this alarming incident lay principally in the fact that Mr. Inky had written a check for six times as much money as she had ever received before, although those former payments had been very liberal. The amount was a small fortune almost to the poor girl; and she had yielded to her long-repressed emotion. We should state the sums and compare them, which Virginia had received before, and now received. But why should we? Our respected patron—we speak in the literary character—old Three-per-cent. would turn up his broad and ruddy nose at the amount; and very likely pish, and pshaw, and toss away the magazine which published a story wherein characters shed tears on such slight provocation. Three-per-cent. has a large amount in bank, and only swears and blasphemes when he loses any tolerable amount, or makes such; he never cries. Where the ——, then, he would ask, is the sense of making an intelligent female, like your woman-character, fall a-snivelling at getting such a trifle for a paltry tale? This is what our respected patron would be apt to say, if we revealed the amount of Mr. Raphael's check; and as the great Three-per-cent is far too rich for a literary man to argue with, or even reply to, we think it best to glide over the subject in the above graceful way; declaring, simply, that the sum was more than the poor girl had ever dreamed of asking.

As we have said, the young girl held the check toward Mr. Inky; and soon she added to this expressive gesture, the words, broken by sobs:

"Oh, no! I cannot take it! It is more than I ought to have!"

Mr. Raphael Inky put both hands resolutely behind his back and bit his mustache, remaining silent. The consequence was, that the girl's arm fell by her side and the check dropped upon the floor.

"You give it to me, because I am in distress," she sobbed, "and my father is sick; but I cannot take so much—indeed I cannot, sir!"

"It is not one penny more than the MS. is worth," said Mr. Inky, setting his lips like iron, and restoring the paper to the girl. He then proceeded, in the most adroit and delicate way, to enlarge upon the benefit which a journal often derived from a single article—the immense popularity which one paper, adapted to the momentary taste of the public, secured to the periodical in which it appeared. And Mr. Inky ended by saying that it was not at all improbable that the "Fortunes of an Orphan" would prove suitable to this "taste of the public;" and that if this were the fact, Miss Burbank would be greatly underpaid. At the end of this oration, which occupied a quarter of an hour, the girl's fingers closed upon the paper, and the tears of the jury, if we may adopt so forced a simile, proved the eloquence of the advocate.

Tears, idle tears, ... says the great poet.—Were there ever such? Were tears ever idle?—Do they ever fail to melt the heart of a gentleman? It was not the merit of the Orphan's "Fortunes" which had led Mr. Raphael Inky to expend such a vast amount of sophistry and deception, to attain his object—it was the piteous face of the lovely girl, wet with tears, and agitated by emotion at the recollection of her father's suffering, and the sudden relief vouchsafed by a kind and merciful Providence, without whose knowledge never a sparrow falls, and who deserts no child of humanity that trusts in Him.—It was this spectacle of pain and weakness, and goodness in distress, which led Mr. Inky to disgrace himself by proving what was false; and from the bottom of our hearts we honor him for his trickery.

When Virginia Burbank went away, a quarter of an hour afterwards, she was smiling through her tears; and Mr. Raphael Inky experienced I know not what delightful thrill through his bosom, when the gratitude which filled her tender and lovely face, beamed full upon him.

"You will let me call to-morrow, then?" he said, waiting upon the young girl to the door.

"I shall be very, very glad—" was the murmured reply. And she was gone.

Mr. Raphael Inky closed the door, and sat down before his fire—reflecting. He did not write any more. Gregorinska and her other lover had disappeared from his horizon for the moment—another figure filled it.

"Strange!" he murmured, "can I be falling in love, and ruining myself? Pshaw, what folly! But I did right in that matter. That, at least, is certain!"

Is it not, good reader?

III.

$300,000 AND $0.

We are happy to say that the next scence of our narrative is in good society. It is naturally repugnant to our feelings to describe the garrets of authors, and low haunts of that description. Nothing but the exigencies of our history would have induced us to present a literary man to our readers—to say nothing of the girl in the frightful shawl, which was worse even than we have described.

Although some may differ with us, we venture however to think Mr. Inky himself, separated from his surroundings, not entirely objectionable as an acquaintance, whatever may be the case with other persons of his calling. The higher classes had kindly taken him by the hand, with that generous patronage of letters which reflects so much credit upon our aristocracy—and gradually Mr. Inky had attained to an agreeable position in our best society. No doubt this favourable reception was due to his careful avoidance of all those ill-bred sneers which our authors, as a class, are so fond of directing at their superiors:—and which every true friend of their guild must lament. That the contemptuous tone of these low comments is assumed, and not genuine, a hundred facts might show. An invitation to a fashionable party up town will, at any moment, silence the yelping of the great satirist: and a certain number of these delicate recognitions of merit on the part of the better classes, has invariably induced the libelous author to return to that conservative position which is becoming in men of this station in society.

Our friend Raphael had more than once, it is true, directed the shaft of his polished satire, at some of the minor peculiarities of our best society:—but they had kindly overlooked these youthful jests; and recognized his merit, without resenting his liberties in the least. Such generosity is characteristic only of the highest minds, and Raphael we trust duly appreciated a magnanimity so noble.

It is therefore "high life" into which we would advance: Raphael goes to a party at Smythe's, on Ninety-Fourth Avenue. In former pages we have observed, "Perhaps you are not acquainted with Raphael Inky." We now say that perhaps you don't know our great merchant Smythe:—but it is only by way of a mild and playful jest. Every body knows Smythe. He is half brother of our respected patron old Three-per-cent; and like that high minded gentleman, extends his assistance upon every occasion to the professors of art and letters. Impelled by a vivid and kindling imagination, Smythe early turned his attention to Fancy Stocks:—and his speculative investigations in this branch of the Fine Arts, have yielded him an ample fortune, which he uses for the benefit of his species. Like all men of position, he has been assailed, but we confidently challenge these ill-bred enemies of our friend and patron, to produce a single proof of what they assert:—or show a single instance where he has refused to aid virtuous poverty, with any amount of money, at four per cent, (a month) with five or six good sureties. The other stories of his contracts with the corporation, and his renting the room in which his mother died for a beer saloon, we do not deign to seriously notice.

Young men go to Smythe's parties to fuddle themselves. They earn their supper and champagne by dancing in a white waistcoat—and these re-unions of our best society are regarded by every one as a most encouraging proof of that social elegance which characterizes our great and expanding country.

Raphael Inky made his way into the middle of the immense crowd, and having saluted the lady of the house, was soon executing, with the assistance of Miss Almira, one of those "fancy" dances, of which, with an hereditary partiality, the young lady was so fond.

Almira Smythe was in love with our friend Raphael, whom she very singularly considered the possessor of unlimited wealth—concealed in far away "permanent investments" from the owner's literary eccentricity. We do not, of course, intimate Miss Almira's emotions were mercenary—far from it, and there is every reason to believe that Raphael's handsome face, and elegant bearing had first moved her heart:—but it is none the less a fact, that this somewhat light-headed young lady had taken up an impression that her lover was a man of hidden wealth.

When he danced, she leaned on him in the most languishing way—and certainly something *did* make her heart beat vividly against Raphael's waistcoat, when the young lady let her bright curls ripple over his shoulder, on which her forehead declined.

The moon shone beautifully as they walked now upon the portico: and—is it possible? Can the head really be leaning on the young man's shoulder still?

"How sweet it must be to be loved!"

"Yes, very sweet," he replies.

"I wonder if any one will ever love me," she says languidly.

"Can you doubt it?" is the common-place and gallant qustion.

"I could love—Oh! love so passionately:—but I am exacting. I must have one who is known to fame—whose vivid imagination peoples our cold world with lovely figures! He must have dark eyes, and chestnut hair, a lofty forehead, and the fringe of manhood on his smiling lip. Could I only find such!"

Raphael recognizes his portrait—and the look accompanying the words might tell him the young lady's meaning if he has not guessed it.

"For such a being to demand my love," the elegant young lady sighs, "would be to recive it: I would never dream of offering resistance!"

Is Mr. Raphael looking toward the crowd in fear, or vehement desire that some one will intrude upon him—paralizing moonlight, languid glances, love and sighs, and pressures of the warm forehead on his shoulder—and the influence of the beating heart, which throbs against his elbow.

Whatever his desire is, this intruder comes.

"Why! charmed to see you Miss Almira," says the voice of Mr. Charley Winterfield, who approrches them bowing in a petit maitre way, "looked every where for your fair face in vain!"

Charles stands aghast at the look of sudden coldness, anger, and hauteur which the lady casts upon him. Her brilliant eyes flash with rage—and her cheeks, raised suddenly from the shoulder of Raphael, grow at once pale with anger.

"As our promenade is interrupted, and the influence of Dian broken for the moment," says Mr. Raphael, with a smile, "I will yield you for a time to Mr. Winterfield. I am selfish to monopolize so much of your society. May I call to see you in the forenoon to-morrow?"

The lady inclines her head with a calm queenly acquiescence, under which exterior beats a tumultuous heart:—and bowing, Mr Raphael Inky, hastens back with hurried, and uneven steps, to the great ball room.

He plunges into the roaring mass of excited young ladies, and intoxicated youths—but vainly seeks to drown his agitation in the general tumult. Finally he empties half a bottle of champage at a draught—finds his wrapping—and goes home.

He sits down before his dying fire and remains for an hour perfectly silent and motionless. Then he raises his head and a singular smile is upon Raphael's lips. With a pencil, which he picks up unconsciously, he traces upon a sheet of paper the figures—"$300,000"—then beneath this the further hieroglyphic—"$0." He says nothing however, and soon retires to sleep.

The present writer feels much curiosity to know if any other young gentleman has ever wasted time thus after a party—in a proceeding so mysterious, and apparently so idle?

IV.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Joseph Burbank had been a man of wealth, and standing:—but was seized unfortunately with a passion for the Mechanic Arts, especially steam machinery. In the pursuit of fancied inventions, which his sanguine imagination led him to regard as infallible, he spent, gradually, every particle of his fortune; and was now living in poverty, in a small house in the suburbs, where, with his old infatuation, he continued to dream of his machines, and employed every means that he possessed, in constructing models.

Illness had finally overtaken the old man suddenly: and upon his daughter Virginia was thrown the burden of the entire support of the household. Luckily he had no other child, and their expenses were not great: but the girl had found it an exhausting responsibility even as it was. Her needle and pen together, brought in just enough to purchase bread and the necessary medicines—and we have seen the girl's agitation upon her visit to the editor.

It was the old, old tale of a sudden weight descending upon feeble shouldrs, tremulous, and unequal to the burden; of struggles and prayers—anxieties in the morning, and heartsinkings at night: of pain and anguish and wasting care: but God be thanked! of dearer love and tenderer for the thin pale face which rested on the pillow, with its grey hair, dim sad eyes, and sorowful lips! The old, old tale! It will never be out of print, in the long ages of human story. The days of our age are three score years and ten, and though men be so strong that they come to four score years, yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow. Their years come to and end as it were a tale that is told: but this sad, sad tale is never finished! Of you perhaps, reader, will the fable be narrated, with a simple change of names.

So life rolls onward, and the chorus sings and the tale is told: but a day will come in the end, when the scroll shall be rolled up—the pen write no more: and another Pen in another book shall write the epilogue and the sequel!

The time arrived at last when the poor girl found nothing in the house: and food and medicine imperiously demanded. Then commenced the breast to breast struggle with fate. In her agony she did not know at first where to turn—she had no needle work to do, and could procure none—her pen was her only resource. Could she make it available? It is easy to follow the path of fancy through flowery fields, when the mind is not harrassed by cares, and when no tears dim the eyes: it is even pleasant, then, to pursue the gracious figures of the imagination, and note their forms and colors. But when bitter tears fill the eyes! when the feet totter and move faintly! To force the imagination to its work then, is a task indeed, and some of the strongest hearts have failed, and yield in the contest: from Otway who died of the crust they threw him, to the sorrowful and mysterious genius—the sad master of the "Raven."

And yet thousands have achieved this mighty task—thousands of weak women even, "weak" as the world calls them. Virginia Burbank did. Yes, with a heart full of pain and fear, she sat at her little table and wrote her story of the "Orphan." You could scarcely perceive a sigh in the piece—as you search in vain for Hood's sickness and melancholy in the jests and squibs which he fired off so gaily. It was a tale of geen fields and cheerful firesides—and in these scenes of the fancy, heaven permitted the poor girl to live for hours, oblivous of all her woes.

She hurried back with the money she had received, and purchasing what her father needed on the way, came with a beating heart to his bedside and displayed her treasure. The old man smiled feebly, and replied with a kind speech: but then his paramount passion gaining the mastery, added that the money would just purchase the piston which was needed to complete his model.

Virginia softly urged that bread and medicines were most needed—and, after awhile, her father yielded with a sigh to her representations, and began to dream of his mechanical schemes. The girl prepared his meal—administered the medicine—and then, late as it was, threw her wrapping around her, and hastened to the upper part of the town.

The pompous servant admitted her into the drawing room of Mrs. Smythe's splendid mansion, and she was soon receiving orders for some fanciful needle-work from Miss Almira.

"You do these things very well," said the elegantly dressed young lady, with a gracious air, "and the laces I gave you to do up, pleased me very much. If possible have these ready for me to wear to-night."

And she gave Virginia some pieces of delicate work.

"I can do them very well, Miss," was the reply: and two hours afterwards the girl returned with the laces, received the money, and hastened home just as night was falling, to her sick father.

Miss Almira Smythe wore the lace on the same evening, and the delicate white folds fell very gracefully around her snowy arms, as she leaned upon Mr. Raphael's shoulder.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Edward Everett's Eloquence.—A letter from St. Louis, speaking of the effect of Mr. Everett's literary address, at the inauguration of the university, says:

"During the day of the inauguration, one gentleman, who had before given $12,000, added $20,000; and another, who had given us $60,000, added $27,000 to our endowment. When Mr. Everett closed, a St. Louis millionaire, who had listened almost entranced by the spell thrown around him, declared that he must be permitted to build an observatory for us, and asked to do it at his own expense, without aid, as he was resolved to set apart $100,000 to the work."

Modesty, say a contemporary, adorns a woman, but ruins a man.

Selected Poetry.

From the Louisville Journal.

THE SEA BIRD'S TREASURE.

"This singular poetical subject is treated in a manner worthy of the genius that has made itself renowned throughout the nation:"

On a rock vast and hoar,
By a desolate shore,
One bright eve, as I wandered alone,
A gaunt sea-bird I spied
Look down on the tide
Dark and grim from his wave beaten throne.

Mute and motionless there,
In the sun tinted air,
And with plumage as black as the night,
That wild ocean bird seemed
Like the form of a fiend
Standing forth from a background of light.

A gay frolicsome breeze,
Fluttered over the seas,
And sang on till the waters were stirred,
But a strange, low lament,
With its melody blent,
As I gazed on the spectral bird.

For lo! there as he stood,
Looking down on the flood,
I beheld fiom his white beak unrolled,
By the warm summer air,
A long curl of bright hair,
A brown ringlet, deep tinted with gold.

Just such ringlets as grow
Above foreheads of snow,
Overshadowing earnest blue eyes,
As the morning mist shrouds,
With its amber-hued clouds
The deep light of Italian skies.

"Tell me, bird, didst thou go
Where the coral reefs grow
Around grottoes of crystal and pearl,
And most ruthlessly tear,
That rich radiant hair,
From the brow of some fair shipwreched girl!

"Or where skeletons bleach
On the wide barren beach,
When upheaved by the billowy brine,
Of all beauty bereft,
Was that frail relic left
With its life-mocking lustre to shine?

"Was it *there* thou didst find,
'Mid the damp sea-weed twined,
That rare curl, whose soft ripples once fell
On a breast pure and white
As the mid-summer's light,
Droping down in some stainless sea-shell?

"Stange and sad doth the gleam
Of that sunny tress seem,
As it floats o'er the smooth, sable plume,
Like a beautiful ray,
From the soul far away,
Trembling still round its dark ocean-tomb.

"For thy mate, didst thou bring
That frail, glittering thing,
To be twined in her storm beaten nest?
As some heavenly thought,
In its holiness wrought,
Through the dreams of a sin tortured breast."

Does a fond mother mourn
For that fair head, now shorn
Of its splendor, where dark billows flow?
Does the lullaby still
Through her memory thrill,
That she sang to her child long ago?

Does she think of that time,
When the sweet Sabath chime
Called her up to the temple of prayer—
Of how fondly she smiled
When that auburn haired child
Knelt beside her in purity there?

Even now could she press
That long glistening tress
To her sad breast, methinks it would know
From the beautiful head
She had pillowed there long, long ago.

But earth's children *must* grieve,
Whether cypress-boughs weave
O'er their lost ones—or wild sea birds reap
Their rich treasures; a moan
Goeth up to God's throne,
From the hearts of the many who weep.

Still I see the rich curl
Of that fair ship-wrecked girl,
Who lies shrouded, where storm billows roll
And that bird grim and gaunt
Shall forevermore haunt
Like a phantom the depths of my soul.

Canton Place, Nov. 1856. Rosa.

Selected Miscellany.

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Mr. Reah, the London correspondent of the Inverness *Courier*, says:

"There is a common pedestrian of London street well known to all who are acquainted with their notabilites. He is a short, stout, sturdy energetic man. He has a big, round face, and large, staring and very bright hazel eyes. His hair is cut short, and his hat flung back on the crown of his head. His gait is firm and decided, with a little touch of pomposity.

"He is ever provided with an umbrella, which he swings and flourishes, and batters on the pavement with mighty thumps. He seems generally absorbed in exciting and impulsive thought, the traces of which he takes no pains to conceal. His face works, his lips move and mutter, his eyes gleam and flash. Squat as is his figure, and not particularly fine the features, there is an unmistakable air of mental power and energy, approaching to grandeur, about the man. He is evidently under the influence of the strong excitement of fiery thought. People gaze curiously at him, and stop to stare when he has passed. But he heeds no one—seems, indeed, to have utterly forgotten that he is not alone in his privacy, and pushes on, unwitting of the many who stare and smile, or of the few who step respectfully aside, and look with curiosity and regard upon Thomas Babington Macaulay.

"Occasionally, however, the historian and the poet gives still freer vent to the mental impulses which appear to be continually working within him. A friend of mine lately recognized him dining in the coffee-room of the Trafalgar Hotel, at Greenwich—a fashionable white-bait house, it appears, he frequently patronizes. He was alone, as he generally is, and the attention of more than one of the company was attracted by his peculiar muttering and fidgdetiness, and by the mute gestures with which he ever and anon illustrated his mental dreamings. All at once—it must have been towards the climax of the prose or verse which he was working up in his mind, Mr. Macaulay seized a massive decanter, held it a moment suspended in the air, and then dashed it down upon the table with such hearty good will, that the solid crystal flew about in fragments, while the numerous parties dining round instinctively started at the curious iconoclast. Not a whit put about, however, Mr Macaulay, who was well known to the waiters, called loudly for his bill to be made out at the bar, and then, pulling, with a couple of jerks, his hat and his umbrella from the stand, clapped the one carelessly on his head, and strode out flourishing the other."

"Breeches of faith," screamed Mrs. Partington, as she heard the term applied to Mexican violations of the armistice. "Well, I wonder what they will have next. I have heard of 'cloaks of hypocracy,' and 'robes of purity,' but I never heard of 'breeches of faith' before. I hope they'er made of something that won't change or wear out, as old Deacon Gudgon's faith did, for his was always changing. He went from believing that all would be, and at last turned out phrenologer, and didn't believe nothing. I wonder if it is as strong as cassimore?" and she bit off her thread and prepared a needle full.

How many wives would do well to emulate the virtue of the Shawnee Indian woman who was met by a man who asked her to look on him and love him: "My husband," said she, "is ever before my eyes, and hinders me *from seeing you or any one else!*"

The Last of the Byron Mania.

Lady P., an Englishwoman of great age and wealth, recently died in Paris, where she had lived almost from time immemorial, and had a very large visiting acquaintance. She resided in the Faubourg St. Honore, and one large room of her hotel was devoted to a collection of relics of Lord Byron, which, from its extent and value, might truly be called a Byronian Museum. The aged possessor of these treasures, a woman of much intelligence and originality of character, pretended that Lord Byron had once entertained an ardent passion for her, which seemed the more astonishing to her friends as it was very apparent that Lady P. could never have been beautiful, or even pretty. Her figure was short and ill-formed, and her features were decidedly and hopelessly ugly. Nothing could have been harsher than the sound of her voice, except when she spoke of Byron, with a languishing glance through a pair of gold spectacles poised upon a nose of immense size. The sentimental old lady did not deny having shared the passion of the poet, but added that this love had always been platonic on her side, and that she had driven Byron to despair by the inflexibility of her virtue.

Her friends delighted to draw her out on this subject, which she illustrated with interesting details, curious traits, and piquant anecdotes.—She had a casket, which she opened with complacent pride, containing several letters from Lord Byron, and unpublished verses which he had dedicated to her. No one dared to suggest the slightest doubt of their genuineness, as this was a sin which she never pardoned.

A portrait of Byron, painted on the medallion of a bracelet, never left her arm. The poet himielf had given her this portrait, and accompanied the present with an enamored distich.—Lady P. possessed five or six other portraits of Lord Byron, all very beautiful There is one particularly remarkable—a full-length by Lawrence. Another was painted at Venice, and represents Byron on horseback on the banks of the Lido.

After the death of the poet, Lady P. collected, with pious zeal, every object she could find which had once belonged to him. This hero-worship is invested with a melancholy and touching charm. To accomplish her self-imposed mission, the intrepid lady undertook a long pilgrimage, and traversed all the places Byron had inhabited from his birth to his death. She visited Aberdeen, in Scotland, the Gothic manor of Newstead, the University of Cambridge, London, Brighton, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Switzerland, Lombardy, Milan, Venice, and at last Greece, the tomb of the poet. Everywhere she found something, and devoted to these precious acquisitions a considerable fortune. It is thus she formed a large collection of furniture, manuscripts, arms and clothes. Among them are the dressing-case of Lord Byron, from fifteen to twenty books containing rough sketches of his poems, his pocket-book, his writing-desk, his gun, his pistols, his dagger, his robes as peer of England, his purse, his rings, a lock of his hair, his letters and those addressed to him, his dressing-gown, the harness of his horse, the bed on which he died, and the cloak which covered him when he gave up his spirit at Missolonghi, on Easter Monday, 1824.

Lady P. was never married. She was a maiden when she first met Lord Byron, and she always remained faithful to the platonic love which has occupied her life. Her heirs are distant relations, who, not having the same interest in this Byron museum, will probably put it up at auction, and the *amatuers* of curiosities will

Heavy Tax-Payers.

The *Clipper* furnishes its readers with the following list of heavy tax-payers in Baltimore, with the sums respectively paid by each:

	Valuation.	City Taxes.
Thomas Winans	$450,000	$4,500
Ross Winans	180,000	1,800
William West	170,000	1,700
Noah Walker	200,000	2,000
G. W. Lurman	207,237	2,072
Leonard Jarvis' estate	207,200	2,072
John Egar Howard	296,400	2,964
Johns Hopkins	730,200	7,302
John Glenn's estate	260,000	2,600
John S. Gittings	480,000	4,800
Hugh Gelston	270,000	2,700
George R. Gaither	290,000	2,900
George Brown	450,000	4,500
James Carroll	167,500	1,675
Galloway Cheston	149,000	1,490
H. M. Basch	156,000	1,568
Rachel Colvin's estate	180,000	1,800
Robert Garrett & Sons	200,000	2,000
Mrs. George Hoffman	150,000	1,500
J. H. B. Latrobe, trustee	177,000	1,770
Alexander Lurman	197,000	1,970
Wm. B. Miller	159,000	1,590
J. W. & E. Patterson	159,000	1,590
Thomas Swann	276,000	2,700
Chas. R. Taylor	160,000	1,600
Robert A. Taylor	150,000	1,500
Henry Tiffany & Co	120,000	1,200
Wm. Wilson & Sons	140,000	1,400
F. W. Brune & Sons	226,000	2,160

How to Silence a Shanghae.—"What shall I do? I can get no sleep!" exclaimed a gentleman to his friend one day, not long ago. "What is the matter?" asked the sympathetic friend.—"The matter! That chicken!—that horrid, doleful chicken!—that Shanghae! Like a harbinger of evil, like a voice from the tomb, like a——." "Oh," exclaimed the friend, "kill him."—"What! kill my neighbor's chicken?" "Yes, kill him." "I can't do that." "Buy him and kill him." "The owner will not sell," "Oh, then, do you give him one." "What! give him another chicken?" "Exactly." "To distract my rest with double force?" "Oh, no, give him a *game* chicken." "Ah, now I understand," said the gentleman, as he smiled until one of his eyes was half lost from view. "I understand; I'll be genorous." In a day or two he had presented to the churlish proprietor of the Shanghae a heroic chanticler, and within one hour thereafter the doleful Shanghae had ceased to disturb the repose of others, and was taking his own last rest.

Now, the moral of this story is, that sagacious men are sure to be genorous, knowing that by the exhibition of generosity they are able to win over churlish neighbors and whip to death their Shanghae chickens both together in the selfsame act.—*Washington States.*

Not long since, a youth, older in wit than years, after being catechised concerning the power of Nature, replied:

"Ma, I think there's one thing Nature can't do."

"What is it?" eagerly inquired the mother.

"She can't make Bill Jones's mouth any bigger without setting his ears back."

It was not the magnitude of the Grecian army, nor the martial skill of Achilles, their leader, that conquered the city of Troy, but ten years' perseverance.

A poet in the Baston *Post*, while celebrating in lofty verse the inns of Chicago, finally concludes by saying that "Chicago is an inn-famous city."

Why was there no postage labels in Henry the Eight's time? Because a Queen's head was not worth a penny.

Elegant Distinctions.—You persuade a woman, you convince a man, and you force a Chinese or a pine-apple.—*Punch.*

Experience.—Like Time, puts a man up to many a wrinkle.

Somebody has called childhood "a rosy lawn between the cradle and the schoolhouse."

Seeking Notoriety.

The Petersburg *Express* notices the exploits of an old-fashioned young lady, of that city, who appeared with two of her bosom friends in the streets, *on Sunday afternoon*, dressed in the style of Anne Boleyn, with high crowned bonnet, fulsome laces, flashy dress, and high heeled slippers. She was, says the *Express*, truly a curiosity, and so great was the effect of her mediæval costume, that her very features partook of the spirit of past ages. Pretty, amiable, coquetish, sweet, but withal of that staid simplicity and gentle expression which we recognise in old portraits, and Peter Parley embellisments, over which we have poured and pondered with something akin to affection, in our schoolboy days. The attention attracted by this temporarily eccentric young sylph, was at first but slight, and her dress had scarcely been critically observed before she arrived at the corner of Sycamore and Bank streets. But here the hundred eyes of woman-watching-loaferdom discovered the practical part of the joke. The rumor flew like fire, and ere she had reached Bollingbrook she was the observed of all observers, the pole star of every son of a needle and strolling cosmopolite within an hundred yards of her skirts. Becoming scared at the excitement she had raised, the fair Anne Boleyn vanished into a friendly establishment, sent home for her "moderns," and as modestly as possible, returned.

Scene in a Justice Court.—Dropping into one of our Justice's Courts we happened to hit just upon the time that an exciting dog case was going on, and a bullet headed "Deutcher" was under examination.

"Now, sir," exclaimed one of the lawyers, for no less than two of the legal fraternity were employed in the important case, "now, sir, you have testified that you knew this dog: of what breed was he?"

"Preed! I does'ent know preed," answered the Dutchman, evidently in a quandary.

"Well, sir, was he," persisted the attorney, "a grey hound, a spaniel or a setter?"

The Dutchman scratched his head. Suddenly the light of a brilliant idea illuminated his countenance as he exclaimed, "he was a long headed dog."

The explosion of mirth which followed was so great that we were ejected from the premises without ascertaining the conclusion of the case.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

A Fair Hit.—Mr. Choate writes a hand which has been compared to the autograph of a seventeen legged spider, just crawled out of an inkstand. An exchange says:

We are informed that Hon. Rufus Choate will be sent to China—not, however, by the Government as Minister Plenipotentiary, but that he has been engaged at a large salary to go out to Canton, where he will be employed *in lettering tea chests!* It is said that his peculiar style of chirography will enable him to put on those interesting hieroglyphics at a much cheaper rate than the Chinese paiters can do it.

Collegiate Education at the North and at the South.—From a table in DeBow's Review for May it appears that the number of students in colleges or universities in the different sections of the union is as follows:—In the New England states, 1 to 916; in the middle states, 1 to 826; in the northwestern states, 1 to 697; and in the southern states 1 to 545. South Carolina and Georgia have a larger proportion of college students than any other states in the Union, the first having number of college students in South Carolina is 720; in Georgia 1,535. Wisconsin has a smaller proportion of college students than any state in the Union, viz., 1 to 4083 white inhabitants.

"A Little Bird told me so."—This is a very common expression among our lady friends, and as many who use it are unawre of its origin, we suggest that it may be found in the 20th verse of the 10th chapter of Ecclesiastes, where the "preacher" advises us not to speak ill of the King, or others high in authority, even in a covert manner, least, as he adds, "A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

Two pedlers traveling in Centre county, Pa., recently hit upon an ingenious expedient to raise the wind. One of them started in advance from house to house, asserting that the Lock Haven Bank had suspended payment, and refusing to receive its notes in payment for the goods he sold. The next day his accomplice came along, confirming the report, but receiving the notes in payment for goods, alleging that he was indebted to the bank.

To Clean Silk.—Pare and slice thin three washed potatoes. Pour on them a half pint of boiling water, and let it stand till cold. Strain the water and add an equal quantity of alcohol. Sponge the silk on the right side, and when half dry, iron it on the wrong side. The lightest colored silk may be cleansed and brightened by this process; also cloth, velvet, or crape.

Ladies' Veils—A Caution.—Curtis, a celebrated writer on sight, says that the wearing of veils permanently weakens many naturally good eyes, on account of the endeavors of the eyes to adjust itsef to the ceaseless vibration of that too common article of dress. Ladies, then should beware of hiding their prttey faces with a veil.

Sentimental.—We find the following touching lines, entitled "The Knight and Maiden," in one of our extreme western exchanges:

"Canst thou love me, gentle stranger?"
Blushing like a rose she stood;
And the knight at once admitted
"That he rather thought he could."

Valuable Redeemed Land.—The water so long lying Stagnant in the everglades of Florida is said to have recently found an outlet through which it is discharging itself into the Gulf of Mexico, leaving many millions of acres of land fit for cultivation, and believed to be eminently adapted to the growth of Sugar cane.

Sidney Smith was once examining some flowers in a garden, when a beautiful girl, who was of the party exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Smith, this pea will never come to perfection!" Permit me, then," said Sidney gently taking her hand and walking towards the plant, "to lead perfection to the pea."

The Invincibles.—A woman will never acknowledge to a defeat. You may conquer her, you may bring her on her knees, you may wave over her head the very flag of victory, but still she will not acknowledge she is beaten; in the same way that there are Frenchmen who will not admit to the present day that they lost the battle of Waterloo.

To Make Whitewash that will Not Rub off.—Mix up half a pail full of lime and water ready to put on the wall; then take one gill of flour and mix it with the water; then pour on it boiling water sufficient to thicken it; pour it while hot into the whitewash; stir all well together, and it is ready for use.

A Word to Boys.—Begin in early life to collect libraries of your own. Begin with a single book; and when you find, or hear of any first rate book, obtain it, if you can. After awhile get another, as you are able, and be sure to read it. Take the best care of your books; and in this way, when you are men, you will have good libraries in your head as well as on your shelves.

A pair of bulls.—An Irish jockey, who was "fetlock deep in the turf," being elated with with his success at winning a race, observed, "By my shoul, I am *first* at *last;* I've always been *behind before*."