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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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Extracts from New Books.

From Dr. Barlett's "Anglo-Saxion."

MARION WILMER.

"I decl re I don't quite like this!" soliloquized Mrs. Wilmer, a wife of three months, as she walked up and down her tastefully furnished parlor, one pleasant summer afternoon. She was a little, graceful woman, with a face that owed most of its charm to its brightness and vivacity; for though her mouth looked like a cleft rosebud with a stray sunbeam in its heart, and her eyes were blue as the skies that strike out from the edges of some May cloud, Marion Wilmer's face had little regularity of feature.

She was a warm-hearted, impulsive young woman, who loved her husband with all that strength and devotion which makes a woman cling to a man through good and bad, sacrificing and suffering for him to the end of her life.

Thus Marion Wilmer loved her husband. But she had been tenderly cared for and petted in her childhood; she was accustomed to receive homage, but to give none; and though full of beautiful impulses, her mind had never been educated, and she was not in the habit of analyzing her own feelings.

Frederick Wilmer was a proud and happy husband, loving his young wife almost to idolatry, and never dreaming that she might be at times a little exacting and selfish in her demands on his love. Now, it is certain that a heart that has room for only one affection cannot be a very large one, and newly married woman would do well to remember this. A wife should, of course, have the first place in her husband's heart, the chief seat at his table, the best room in the house, and the prettiest furniture; but there should be seats and rooms, too, for others; and that love which ignores every other tie, demanding all for itself, is pure selfishness. There are other gems besides the diamond; and this may not lose any of its worth or brilliancy because it is set in the midst of them.

There was a shadow on the brow of Mrs. Wilmer that day, as she walked up and down the parlor with richly carved sofas on the one side, and crimson-cushioned chairs and marble tables on the other. It was the heaviest shadow that had been there since that morning when she turned away from the altar with Frederick Wilmer, a newly made wife.

"I think it's too bad that Charlie Stevens," continued the lady, swinging absently in one hand a locket containing her husband's likeness and hair, "should take up so much of Fred's time. Now, they've gone off on this fishing frolic, I shan't see any more of him till night, I suppose. I know Fred is very fond of fishing, and it's the first time he has gone out since he was married, but, then, Charles takes him once a week to the association, and there's always something coming on—some meeting, or supper, or nobody knows what. I think after a man is married he belongs exclusively to his wife, and that his friends should understand this and let him alone. I can't have others set up their claims to Fred beside mine, that's certain; and I do just wish I could devise something to keep Charles Stevens away from us. Fred has got me, (bless his heart!) and that ought, of course, to satisfy him."

She was still for a moment, but the cloud did not lighten on that fair brow, and no smile wavered over her settled lips, or in her musing eyes that looked, without seeing them, at the elegant figures on the Turkey carpet; for pretty Mrs. Wilmer, to speak the plain, unvarnished truth, was actually jealous of her husband's regard for Charles Stevens; she really believed (why will women be so petty and narrow-minded?) that this lessened, in some degree, his affection for herself—took away something that belonged exclusively to her.

Now, Frederick Wilmer and Charles Stevens had known each other from their childhood, and there was something beautiful in the brotherly attachment that had grown up and strengthened between them. They would have gone to the world's end to help each other. The young merchant had been, indeed, under large obligations to Charles Stevens, for rendering him assistance, at an important crisis in his business. The friends of both the young men often laughingly protested that as they could not marry each other, they would not marry at all; but Frederick Wilmer had proved the fallacy of this assertion, for the blue eyes of Marion Worth had won a place in his heart which his friend had never occupied.

Charles had congratulated Frederick warmly when he heard of the engagement, although, perhaps, he conquered a secret pang when he remembered the evenings they used to pass together, and thought how seldom Frederick now ever spared one from his betrothed.

Well, the young people were married, and went into housekeeping. Charles was frequently a guest at his house, and admired Marion greatly, but jealousy is prejudiced and unjust, and, alas! it makes one evil. She did not reciprocate his feelings. But she ought to have rejoiced in this brotherly bond, and strengthened it by every word and deed in her power.

"There, that will be just the thing," said Mrs. Wilmer, swinging her locket and chatelaine vehemently. "I'll give a party next week, and not invite him. This will be a pretty strong hint as to my wishes respecting his future relations with my husband; but what will Fred say? No matter, it will be very easy to make him promise that I shall give out all the invitations, and that he will not mention the party to a human being.—Then, when he finds Charlie Stevens is not here, he'll certainly be surprised, and, of course, he won't like it; but I guess a little of my coaxing will make the matter all right." And she smiled—but, somehow, that smile did not brighten the face of Marion Wilmer, as her smiles usually did.

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"I'm in a prodigious hurry, Stevens, and I can't stay, indeed I can't, to discuss the matter now;" and the young man hurried from the desk where Charles Stevens was sitting—for he was clerk in a bank. "See here," the speaker turned round suddenly, "we'll settle the thing to-night, at Wilmer's. I've had an invitation, though we are mere acquaintances, for it's to be a large party, and I'll see you there, of course."

The young man looked up with a question on his lips, but his friend was gone.

"It must have been an oversight on all sides, or else it's all his wife's doings," mused the young clerk, as he dipped his pen into the inkstand, and ran up the line of figures on the book before him for the tenth time, although the sum involved no rule but that of simple addition.—"It struck me the last time I was there, that the lady was not very cordial"—his brow here loured. "Well, there's one thing, if they have treated me to such a marked slight as this, I shan't trouble them very soon again, that's certain.—But, then, there's Fred; it will go hard—very hard to give him up. Hang the whole race of women, I say; and yet, if he deserts me, my best resources, I'm thinking, will be to take one of them 'for better, for worse!' "

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"Well, haven't we had a good time, Fred?" And the young wife threw herself down by the side of her husband, and surveyed, with real pleasure, the disordered parlor, and the tables confusedly scattered over with heaps of china, and glass, and silver, intermixed with broken pieces of cake, and fruit, and cream.

"Yes, a most delectable one; and do you know what I thought when you stood at the table, Marion?"

Looking down, and smiling with the dark eyes in her face, she replied—

"No; something I shall like to hear, I know."

"That, though there were a great many lovely women around me, none, after all, could compare with a certain Marion Wilmer."

"Oh, Fred! did you think that?" And she looked doubly beautiful now, with the smile coming up into her blue eyes, and the blush into her fair cheeks.

"I did, most assuredly, dear. But"—abruptly changing the subject—"it's very strange Charlie Stevens wasn't here to-night. I missed the old fellow all the time. Perhaps he's ill. I must go round to the bank to-morrow morning, and see what's the matter."

Marion blushed again—not from pleasure, this time—and for a moment she wished that she had asked her husband's friend to the party; but the truth must come out now.

"Fred, you remember you told me I might give out all the invitations to this party?"

"Yes."

"Well, I didn't invite Charles Stevens."

"Didn't invite him, Marion?" said Frederick, in a tone between surprise and displeasure.—"What in the world prevented you?"

"Because—because—Fred, I don't like him as well as you do. He comes here, and takes you away from me many evenings, and seems to consider his claims greater than my own."

Frederick gave a significant whistle.

"Now, don't look so cross, Fred," pleaded the wife, laying her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"Marion, I would not have had you done this thing for a thousand parties," he said, sternly. "Charlie Stevens is a true friend to me, and would go farther to serve me than all the people together who were here to-night."

This phraise was not pleasant to the young wife. A little frown gathered over her face.

"I think you set quite too much store by this friend of yours," she said. "I can't, for my part, see in what his great merit or attractions consist."

"In his noble soul and in his warm heart, Marion. I must call upon him to-morrow, and make up this mattter, somehow. It will be a disagreeable business, though."

Marion burst into tears.

"And make your wife ridiculous by throwing the blame on her. I would not have believed you could do this, Fred, even for Charles Stevens' sake!"

Her tears softened the young husband at once, and he was ready to promise almost anything to call back the old smiles to that bright face; then he saw clearly that he could not apologize to his friend without implicating Marion, and he finally concluded to let the matter drop, hoping that Charlie would hear nothing about the party.—And so Marion Wilmer had triumphed. With her woman's arts and fears she had come between her husband and the best friend he had on earth. How many a wife has done such a thing?

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Frederick Wilmer and Charles Stevens did not meet for several days after this; and when the former called to invite his friend to dine with him, he felt at once that he was no longer the Charles Stevens of the olden time. He talked and joked after the old fashion, and said the old words, but his manner, and even his very smile, had lost their old heartiness; and Frederick *felt* it all.

Men have not the tact of women in making graceful apologies, or getting out of an awkward dilemma. The young merchant had it several times at "his tongue's end" to allude to the party, and apologize in some way for the inadvertency on his part. But he could not implicate Marion, and he was too conscientious to tell a falsehood. So they parted, and Charles Stevens did not come to dinner, because an imperative engagement prevented; and after this Marion had Frederick all the evening to herself.

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The afternoon wore brightly on; but, ere long, the wind sprang up and strengthened, and thick black clouds began to pile themselves in the sky.

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"I'm very sorry you can't go, Marion; but I'll run down and tell them not to wait for me, as I shan't leave you alone."

"Yes you will, Fred," answered Marion, lifting her head from the pillow, and faintly smiling. "I shall sleep until your return; so your being here will do me no good. Kiss me now, and run off."

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer had ridden down with a large party to the shore that day; but she had been taken ill with a severe headache, to which she was subject, and obliged to keep her chamber, in the hotel, while the rest of the party were preparing to go off on a sailing excursion.

"Well, then, if you insist upon my going, good-bye," and Wilmer laid back the uplifted hand very tenderly on the pillow, and left his young wife to that best physician of head and heartaches—sleep.

When the young man reached the shore, he found a large addition had just been made to the party, and among them was his old friend, Charles Stevens. They met cordially, of course, with mutual expressions of surprise and pleasure, which were interrupted by the hurried preparations to embark.

The sailing-boat was not large, and, when a l the ladies were seated, the boatmen thought it unsafe to put off with so large a company. On this account, a number of the gentlemen volunteered to take a small boat that lay on the shore near them, and among these were Charles Stevens and Frederick Wilmer.

It was a beautiful day when the two boats swept from the shore—the one riding over the waves with her white sails leaping to the wind, and her green sides breasting the blue waters, as if she knew and rejoiced in the proud manhood and womanly loveliness which she carried.

The small boat was quite filled by the six gentlemen on board of her, who, waving their hats to the ladies, piled their oars right bravely, as they followed in the wake of the larger boat.

Again the heavens grew black with great masses of cloud. The wind freshened. The two boats had separated long before this; but now both were turned homeward. Fiercer and fiercer stormed the wind, madly hurling up the waves; and the boats, now far apart, rocked and quivered as they ploughed through the white foam.

Frederick Wilmer and Charles Stevens were the only two on board the smaller boat who understood perfectly how to manage her, and she was by no means well constructed to ride against the wind. Two of the gentlemen, thoughtlessly standing up in it, grew dizzy, lost their equilibrium, and, in attempting to regain it, fell to one side, nearly capsizing the boat. In Fred's alarm, the oar fell from his hand into the sea.—He leaned over, making a quick, blind motion to secure it; the boat dipped again, and, when she righted a second time, Frederick Wilmer was in the sea.

He was not and expert swimmer, and, after battling for a moment with those wild waves, he went down, and there was none to save him.

The men in the boat sat horror bound. None of them, except Charles Stevens, could swim well, and the shore was at a distance; it would have been certain death to have committed themselves to the waves.

Frederick Wilmer rose again; and Charles Stevens saw that wild, white uplifted face—the face that beamed up along his path, from boy into manhood—and his heart stood still for pity.

A moment more, and he had thrown down the oar, and sprung into the waves. He clutched the young merchant by his long hair, and beat out for the shore. It was a terrible struggle for life. Frederick was completely exhausted, and soon little more than a dead weight upon his friend; but courage and skill triumphed at last, and, thoroughly exhausted himself, Charles Stevens drew his friend upon the shore.

"My husband—my husband! Is he drowned?"

White as the dead were Marion Wilmer's lips as they asked this question, while she stood upon the wet sands, with the wind and the rain beating through her long, unbound hair.

The storm had roused her from her sleep, and she had rushed out on the piazza, straining her eyes for the large vessel, which was not in sight, and in which she fully believed her husband had sailed with the party. She observed the smaller boat, and thought it was filled by a company of fishermen, who would understand managing it well enough. But her eyes were bent in another direction, and it was not until the swimmers nearly reached the shore, that they attracted her attention.

Suddenly a change came over her face. She grasped the railing of the piazza, and gazed with distended eyes and quivering lips on the two heads that one moment rose, and the next were burried under the spray.

It was some distance to the shore, and the young men reached it before she did, though she rushed almost like a spirit over the sharp rocks and wet sands.

"No, he'll revive soon: don't be alarmed!" said Charles Stevens to the frightened wife, and then fell down on the ground, overcome by his long struggle with the waves.

There was help at hand, and the two young men were conveyed to the hotel, and, in a short time, both were restored to consciousness—to learn that the storm had abated, and that both the boats had, after imminent peril, reached the shore.

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It was evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer, with Charles Stevens, sat together in one of the chambers of the hotel.

"Charles, my dear old fellow, to think I owe my life to you!" said the young merchant, lifting up his pale face from the hand that rested on the arm of his chair, for he had not yet regained his strength. "There are debts too great for a man ever to cancel: there is a gratitude too deep for words. Charlie, what shall I say to you?"

"Nothing at all, Fred. It is enough of reward to me to think that I saved you."

"And to-night, if it were not for you, Charles"—she had never called him Charles before—"instead of sitting here by Fred's side, a happy, happy wife, I should have been——"

The lady could not finish the sentence, for the tears that sprang up from her heart into her eyes—those eyes that bent down on the young man, from their blue depths, a glance of gratitude that he thought repaid him fully for all he had done. He smiled lightly.

"You would have made a charming widow, certainly, Mrs. Wilmer; but, notwithstanding, I had rather see you a loving wife."

And then the memory of their recent neglect of Charles Stevens smote the heart of both husband and wife; but Marion felt it far more keenly of the two. She was an impulsive little woman, and, in her gratitude for the life more precious than her own, which he had saved, her pride entirely vanished, and she determined to confess the wrong she had done the preserver of her husband.

"I am very much ashamed of it, but I can't keep it back now," she said, turning round her tearful face, and flashing up through it her smiles on the young man; "but I was really jealous of you, Charles, and—and when I gave my last party, I just didn't invite you, because I thought my husband would care less for me, if he loved you so much. It was very, very wicked, and God has punished me for this feeling; but still, if you knew what a young wife's tenderness is for her husband, you would not find it so hard to—to do what, with these tears of penitence and shame, I ask you now to do—forgive me."

"To be sure I will," answered the hearty tones of Charles Stevens, as he lifted the little hand Marion Wilmer had presented to him to his lips. "We will never speak of it any more."

And then Frederick Wilmer rose up and stepped towards them. He took the hand of his wife, and the hand of Charles Stevens, and clasped them both together.

"We have been brothers all our lives, Charles," he said, "and it is right now I should bring you a sister. It is the best, the only reward that I can bring you." And Charles Stevens drew his arm around Marion Wilmer.

"Marion, my sister!"

"Charles, my brother!"

And so there was "peace" between them.

"And now, you may take Fred to the club, and the association, and to all the fishing and hunting frolics in Christendom, for all I shall care," laughed Marion.

"Look here, I don't know but the tables will be turned, and I shall be jealous of you, Charlie, Marion is so willing to turn me off."

Mrs. Wilmer clapped her hands in her own dainty, graceful fashion, and laughed a laugh, so full, and sweet, and frolicsome, that both the listeners could not choose but join in it.

But Marion's bright face grew sober again as she said—"I shall never forget the lesson which the last three weeks have taught me."

And she did not; she was never jealous of Charles Stevens again.

Give your Child a Paper.

A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads the things which are familiar, and will make progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider the substantial information which is connected with advancement. The mother of a family being one of the heads, and having a more immediate charge of the children, should herself be instructed. A mind is thus fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children, amused by reading or study, are of course more considerate, and more easily governed. How many parents who have not spent twenty dollars for books for their families, would have given hundreds to reclaim a son or daughter, who has ignorantly or thoughtlessly fallen into error?

Many persons deprive themselves and families of the benefits and pleasures of a newspaper, on the plea of inability to afford the expense. A newspaper costs four or five cents a week, the price of a single Havana cigar, and half of the amount usually paid for a drink of whiskey.—Some persons will smoke three or four cigars a day, and drink three or four glasses of brandy, and regard the expense as a trifle, while at the same time they deem themselves unable to take a paper at the cost of four cents a week. One cigar or one glass less, *a week*, would pay for a newspaper.

THE DERBY RACE IN ENGLAND.—The last English papers contain full accounts of the great Derby race at Epsom on the 27th ultimo. The London correspondent of the Philadelphia *American* writes:

"The day was exceedingly fine, and not less than one hundred thousand pesrons were conveyed to Epsom Downs, about sixteen miles from London, by rail, and every species of vehicle that can be imagined, from the peer's splendid four-horse drag down to an humble pony cart. The scenes along the road and upon the downs are most remarkable, and the sight immediately preceding, during, and after the race is run is not only intensely exciting, but can be imagined rather than described. The winner of the stakes, out of a field of three year old horses and mares numbering thirty, was a mare called "Blink Bonny;" the value of the stakes exceeds $30,000; the distance run is a mile and a half, which is accomplished in a little over two minutes.—Thus this great race, upon which hundreds of thousands of pounds is pending, and which a hundred thousand persons, at considerable personal expense and some risk, go to visit, commences and is over, as it were, in a breath. The Houses of Parliament were closed on that day; little or nothing was done on the stock exchange; and, in short, all persons who had the inclination and the means put in an appearance on the downs at some period of the day."

One of the boys tells us of a scare-crow made by uncle Ben. It not only scared off every crow that saw it, but one crow was so frightened that he brought back the corn he stole three days before.

He is by no means to be considered wise, who is not wise toward himself.

Selected Poetry.

THE LAWYER'S STRATAGEM.

VERSIFIED BY BROWN.

A gay young spark who long had sighed
To take an heiress for his bride,
Though not in vain he had essayed
To win the favor of the maid
Yet, fearing, from his humble station,
To meet her father's cold negation,
Made up his mind without delay
To take the girl and run away!
A pretty plan—what could be finer?—
But as the maid was yet a minor,
There still remained this slight obstruction:
He might be punished for "abduction!"
Accordingly he thought it wise
To see the 'Squire and take advice—
A cunning knave who loved a trick
As well as fees, and skilled to pick,
As lawyers can, some latent flaw
To help a client cheat the law.
Before him straight the case was laid,
Who, when the proper fee was paid,
Conceived at once a happy plan,
And thus the counsellor began:
"Young man, no doubt, your wisest course
Is this:—to-night you get a horse,
And let your ladie-love get on:
As soon as ever this is done,
You get on too—but, hark ye, mind
She rides before; *you* ride *behind!*
And thus, you see you make it true,
The lady runs away with you!"
That very night he got the horse,
And put the lawyer's plan in force;
Who found next day—no laughing matter—
The truant lady was his daughter!

MORAL.

When a lawyer counsels craft and guile,
It may, sometimes be worth the while,
If they'd avoid the deepest shames,
To ascertain the parties' names.

THE WIFE.

On earth to man there is but one
His heart can love—his soul can own;
Though myriads flit before his view,
There is but one to whom he's true—
That one can sway him to and fro;
Can make him drain the cup of woe;
Can give him joy, or blast his life;
And that one's name is simply wife.
But in that name a world is sphered,
A world by all beloved, revered,
Who have the sense to know its worth,
And spurn the gaudy joys of earth;
For that full heart in her dear breast—
If rightly prized—eternal rest.

ANGRY WORDS.

Poison drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison drops are they;
Weaving for the comming morrow
Sad memorials of to-day.

Angry words! O, let them never
From the tongue forbidden slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip.

Selected Miscellany.

THE GHOST RAISER.

My uncle Beagly, who commenced his commercial career very early in the present century as a bagman, will tell stories. Among them, he tells his Single Ghost story so often, that I am heartily tired of it. In self-defence, therefore, I publish the tale in order that when next the good, kind old gentleman offers to bore us with it, every body may say they know it, I remember every word of it.

One fine autumn evening, about forty years ago, I was travelling on horseback from Shrewsbury to Chester, I felt tolerably tired, and was beginning to look out for some snug way-side inn, where I might pass the night, when a sudden and violent thunder storm came on. My horse, terrified by the lightning, fairly took the bridle between his teeth, and started off with me at full gallop, through the lanes and cross-roads, until at length I managed to pull him up just near the door of a neat looking country inn.

"Well," thought I, "there was wit in your madness, old boy, since it brought us to this comfortable refuge."

And alighting, I give him in charge to the stout farmer's boy, who acted as hostler. The inn-kitchen, which was also the guest-room, was large, clean, neat and comfortable, very like the pleasant hosteley described by Izaak Walton.—There were several travellers already in the room—probably, like myself, driven there for shelter—and they were all warming themselves by the blazing fire while waiting for supper. I joined the party. Presently, being summoned by the hostess, we all sat down, twelve in number, to a smoking repast of bacon and eggs, corned beef and carrots, and stewed hare.

The conversation naturally turned on the mishaps occasioned by the storm, of which every one seemed to have had his full share. One had been thrown off his horse, another, driving in a gig, had been upset into a muddy dyke; all had got a thorough wetting, and agreed unanimously that it was dreadful weather—a regular witches' sabbath.

"Witches and ghost prefer for their sabbath a fine moonlight to such weather as this!"

These words were uttered in a solemn tone, and with strange emphasis by one of the company. He was a tall, dark-looking man, and I had set him down in my own mind as a travelling merchant or peddler. My next neighbor was a gay, well-looking, fashionably-dressed young man, who, bursting into a peal of laughter, said:

"You must know the manners and customs of ghosts very well, to be able to tell that they dislike getting wet or muddy."

The first speaker, giving him a dark fierce look, said:

"Young man, speak not so lightly of things above your comprehension."

"Do you mean to imply that there are such things as ghosts?"

"Perhaps there are, if you had courage to look at them."

The young man stood up, flushed with anger. But presently resuming his seat, he said, calmly:

"That taunt should cost you dear, if it were not such a foolish one."

"A foolish one!" exclaimed the merchant, throwing on the table a heavy leathern purse.—"There are fifty guineas. I am content to lose them, if, before the hour is ended, I do not succeed in showing you, who are so obstinately prejudiced, the form of any one of your deceased friends; and if, after you have recognized him, you will allow him to kiss your lips."

We all looked at each other, but my young neighbor, still in the same mocking manner, replied:

"You will do that, will you?"

"Yes," said the other—"I will stake these fifty guineas, on condition that you will pay a similar sum, if you lose."

After a short silence, the young man said, gaily:

"Fifty guineas, my worthy sorcerer, are more than a poor college sizar ever possessed; but here are five, which, if you are satisfied, I shall be most willing to wager."

The other took up his purse, saying, in a contemptuous tone:

"Young gentleman, you wish to draw back?"

"I draw back!" exclaimed the student.—"Well if I had fifty guineas, you should see whether I wish to draw back!"

"Here," said I "are four guineas which I will stake on your wager."

No sooner had I made this proposition than the rest of the company, attracted by the singularity of the affair, came forward to lay down their money; and in a minute or two the fifty guineas were subscribed. The merchant appeared so sure of winning that he placed all the money in the student's hands, and prepared for his experiment. We selected for the purpose a small summer-house in the garden, perfectly isolated, and having no means of exit but a window and a door, which we carefully fastened, after placing the young man within. We put writing materials on a small table in the summer-house, and took away the candles. We remained outside, with the peddler among us. In a low solemn voice he began to chant the following lines:

"What riseth slow from the ocean caves
And the stormy surf?
The phanton pale sets his blackened foot
On the fresh green turf."

Then raising his voice solemnly, he said:

"You asked to see your friend, Francis Villiers, who was drowned three years ago off the coast of South America: what do you see?"

"I see," replied the student, "a white light arising near the window: but it has no form; it is like an uncertain cloud."

We—the spectators—remained profoundly silent.

"Are you afraid?" asked the merchant, in a loud voice.

"I am not," replied the student firmly.

After a moment's silence, the peddler stamped three times on the ground, and sang:

"And the phantom white, whose clay-cold face
Was once so fair,
Dries with his shroud his clinging vest
And his sea-tossed hair."

Once more the solemn question:

"You who would see revealed the mysteries of the tomb—what do you see now?"

The student answered in a calm voice, but like that of a man describing things as they passed before him:

"I see the cloud taking the form of a phantom; its head is covered with a long veil—it stands still!"

"Are you afraid?"

"I am not!"

We looked at each other in horror-striken silence, while the merchant, raising his arms above head, chanted in a sepulchral voice:

"And the phantom said, as he rose from the wave,
He shall know me in sooth!
I will go to my friend, gay, smiling and fond,
As in our first youth!"

"What do you see?" said he.

"I see the phamtom advance; he lifts his veil—'tis Francis Villiers! he approaches the table!—he writes! 'tis his signature!"

"Are you afraid?"

A fearful moment of silence ensued; then the student replied, but in an altered voice:

"I am not!"

With strange and frantic gestures the merchant then sang:

"And the phantom said to the mocking seer,
I come from the South;
Put thy hand on my hand—thy heart on my heart—
Thy mouth on my mouth."

"What do you see?"

"He comes—he approaches me—he pursues me—he is stretching out his arms—he will have me! Help! help! Save me!"

"Are you afraid *now?*" asked the merchant in a mocking voice.

A piercing cry, and then a stifled groan, were the only reply to this terrible question.

"Help that rash youth!" said the merchant bitterly. "I have, I think, won the wager; but it is sufficient for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep his money, and be wiser for the future."

He walked rapidly away. We opened the door of the summer-house, and found the student in convulsions. A paper signed with the name "Francis Villiers," was on the table. As soon as the student's senses were restored, he asked vehemently where was the vile sorcerer who had submentally subjected him to such a horrible ordeal—he would kill him. He sought him throughout the inn in vain; then, with the speed of a madman, he dashed off across the fields in pursuit of him—and we never saw either of them again. That, children, is my Ghost Story!

"And how is it, Uncle, that after that, you don't believe in ghosts?" said I, the first time I heard it.

"Because, my boy," replied my Uncle, "neither the student nor the merchant ever returned; and the forty-five guineas, belonging to me and the other travellers, continued equally invisible. Those two swindlers carried them off, after having acted a farce, which we like ninnies, believed to be real."

From the New York Correspondent of the New Orleans Sunday Delta.

Yellow Plush Aristocracy.

A good joke occurred the other day in connection with the old Knickerbockers and Yellow Plush aristocracy.

A gentleman of very distinguished appearance and manners lately joined an old fashioned church in Green street. He was very imposing and liberal, and the unsophisticated pastor congratulated himself greatly on the acquisition of a wealthy and influential member; talked it over with his wife, and gave thanks for it at prayers in the evening. Shortly afterwards the new member invited the pastor, his wife and two or three of the principal persons in the church to spend the evening with him, giving his address, which was in "Depau Row." Now, if there is one street more aristocratic than Fifth Avenue in New York it is Depau Row. All the houses are large, grand and magnificent, and seem to look down with a majestic kind of pity on buildings that are only twenty-five feet front by one hundred deep.

Into this exclusive quarter Green street pastor and his wife could not think of penetrating without trembling; nevertheless, it would be an act of disrespect which they could not contemplate, not to accept the invitation. So the good lady looked up her best light silk and had it cleaned at a cheap place for seventy-five cents, bought a new cap tremmed with real lace, and plenty of narrow white satin ribbon, and completed her attire with new black lace suits, very much to her own satisfaction and her husband's who declared she looked as well as the day she was married.

The carefully kept black suit and smooth white neckcloth needed no change, and a funeral only a few days previously had provided him with a new pair of black kid gloves. So they stepped on the city cars and in due time arrived at Depau Row. The right number was easily found, and on inquiring at the door they were told that the gentleman was at home, but directed by a side gate to his apartments. This was odd, but not knowing, what the custom might be in such great houses, they proceeded in the direction indicated. They were admitted to a handsome sitting room, where they found a Mr. Kellogg, a wealthy deacon of the church, and one of the invited. This re-assured them, but they soon noticed an unusual frown upon his brow, and taking advantage of the temporary absence of the distinguished host, inquired the cause. What was their anger and dismay to find that they were in the house of Mr. Mortimor Livingston, the "oldest" family in New York, and the guests of his *valet*. This was reducing Christianity to practice in a way which was immensely disgusting. The old lady thought of her real lace and new black suits, and cloud have cried, but there was no help for it, and they determined to leave, under the plea of engagements. The gentlemanly valet expressed his regret; said he should be delighted to see them over a bottle of wine in his apartments at any time, and the deacon, the pastor and his wife returned, sadder and wiser.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against consumption of the spirits; wherefore jesting is not unlawful if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality or season.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

The following is an admirable description of Ex-President Jefferson, as he appeared in 1824. Mr. Webster visited him this year, being one of a party of eminent Bostonians who were several days in the vicinity of Monticello. It was within two years of his death, yet such were his vivacity, the elegance of his hospitality, and the indescribable charm of his conversation, as to make a deep impression even on such a party.

Mr. Jefferson is now between eighty-one and eighty-two, above six feet high, of an ample, long frame, rather thin and spare. His head, which is not peculiar in its shape, it set rather forward on his shoulders; and his neck being long, there is, when he is walking or conversing an habitual protrusion of it. It is still well covered with hair, which, having been once red, and now turning gray is of an indistinct sandy color.

His eyes are small, very light, and neither brilliant nor striking. His chin is rather long, but not pointed. His nose small, regular in its outline, and the nostrils a little elevated. His mouth is well formed, and still filled with teeth; it is strongly compressed, bearing an expression of contentment and benevolence. His complexion, formerly light and freckled, now bears the marks of age and cutaneous affection. His limbs are uncommonly long; his hands and feet very large, and his wrists of an extraordinary size.—His walk is not precise and military, but easy and swinging. He stoops a little, not so much from age as from natural formation. When sitting, he appears short, partly from a rather lounging habit of sitting, and partly from the disproportionate length of his limbs.

His dress, when in the house, is a gray surtout coat, kerseymere stuff waistcoat, with an under one faced with some material of a dingy red.—His pancaloons are very long and loose, and of the same color as his coat. His stockings are wollen, either white or gray; and his shoes of the kind that bear his name. His whole dress is very much neglected, but not slovenly. He wears a common round hat. His dress, when on horse-back, is a gray straight-bodied coat, and a spencer of the same material, both fastened with large pearl buttons. When we first saw him, he was riding; and, in addition to the above articles of apparel, wore round his throat a knit white woolen tippet, in the place of a cravat, and black velvet gaiters under his pantaloons. His general appearance indicates an extraordinary degree of health, vivacity and spirit. His sight is still good, for he needs glasses only in the evening. His hearing is generally good, but a number of voices in animated conversation confuse it.

Mr. Jefferson rises in the morning as soon as he can see the hands of his clock, which is directly opposite his bed, and examines his thermometer immediately, as he keeps a regular meteorological diary. He employs himself chiefly in writing till breakfast, which is at nine. From that time till dinner he is in his library, excepting that in fair weather he rides on horse-back from seven to fourteen miles. Dines at four, returns to the drawing room at six, when coffee is brought in, and passes the evening till nine in conversation. His habit of retiring at that hour is so strong that it has become essential to his health and comfort. His diet is simple, but he seems restrained only by his taste. His breakfast is tea and coffee, bread always fresh from the oven, of which he does not seem afraid, with sometimes a slight accompaniment of cold meat. He enjoys his dinner well, taking with his meat a large proportion of vegetables. He has a strange preference for the wines of the continent, of which he has many sorts of excellent quality, having been more than commonly successful in his mode of importing and preserving them.—Among others we found the following, which are very rare in this country, and apparently not at all injured by transportation:—L'Adnau, Muscat, Samian, and Blanchette de Limoux. Dinner is served in half Virginian half French style, in good taste and abundance. No wine is put on the table till the cloth is removed.

In conversation, Mr. Jefferson is easy and natural, and apparently not ambitious; it is not loud, as challenging general attention, but usually addressed to the person next him. The topics, when not selected to suit the character and feelings of his auditor, are those subjects with which his mind seems particularly occupied; and these, at present, may be said to be science and letters, and especially the University of Virginia, which is coming into existence almost entirely from his exertions, and will rise, it is to be hoped, to usefulness and credit under his continued care. When we were with him, his favorite subjects were Greek and Angle-Saxon, historical recollections of the times and events of the revolution, and of his residence in France from 1783-4 to 1789.

What Becomes of the Old Pianos.

The question has been settled as to what becomes of all the *pins* and all the *bonnets;* we now shall endeavor to settle the question as to the fate of all the pianofortes.

A few days ago our friend and correspondent, the "Irish Rooster," was standing at the corner of Baltimore and Charles streets, conversing with several friends, when a furniture wagon passed with a miserable, woe-begone, worm-eaten pianoforte—one of the Clamenti structure, five octaves and no iron about it, save light screws and brads. Our Irish friend immediately took off his hat as a mark of respect for the venerable representative of past ages, exclaiming:

"The top of the morning to ye, ould friend! may you live for ever and a day after! Where, in the name of the ouldest inhabitant, did that magnificent instrument come from?"

"It is mine," said David Shaw, stepping up, "I've just bought it at auction."

"And why the divil did yer spend yer money on such a venerable trap as that?"

"It's the same piano that was used in the family of General Washington," replied Shaw, winking to the company; "as a venerable relic, I am proud to own it."

"Bah! exclaimed the Rooster, "that's the ould story; "I've seen fifty Washington pianos in my time. Be dad, but I'll relave yer of yer responsibility, and give yer two dollars for the crather."

"Done," said Shaw—"it's a bargain—although I hate to part with the relic, It's a superior instrument, considering its age: but, you know, some things improve on age."

"Exactly," replied the rooster—"wine, but not pianofortes and women."

The parties followed the wagon to Shaw's, where the great sum of $2 was paid for the "last piano"—the Rooster paying fifty cents extra for its transportation to his dwelling—and a trifle for refreshments. A clear bill of sale having been made out and the transfer made, Shaw thus addressed the purchaser:

"Tom, you've been bit—I've made one hundred per cent, out of my speculation—that extraordinary piano cost me but one dollar."

"Divil a bit of a *sell* is it," exclaimed the Rooster, laughing; "I intend placing it in an auction store, where's it's accustomed to be, and let it stay there until they pay me at least a dollar to remove it; then it goes into my cellar, for it's kindling wood that my wife has been wanting for many a day. So good luck to trade."—*Baltimore Dispatch.*

Mrs. Jameson says: "The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sugar of life, poetry; the water of life, faith."

Give us the bread and sugar; never mind the salt.

It has been said that grain is treated like infants. When the head becomes heavy, it is cradled; and it is generally well thrashed to render it fit for use.

PRETTY EXCUSE FOR A WIFE BEATER.—The treasure which we value most we *hide*.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wise and Hunter.

HENRY A. WISE.—They are the very best types of two distin t classes of American statesmen, both of which command, to an equal degree, the respect and confidence of the American people. In the bold, courageous, brilliant assault upon error, in the rough and gallant encounters on the hustings; in an ardent, impulsive, crushing, inexhaustible vigor in debate, and an invincible tenacity and heroism in every kind of warfare, Henry A. Wise has few equals in our history.—His lion heart is full of generous, manly impulses, and his mind is a perfect volcano, from which the lava of bright and burning thoughts is flowing constantly. Though his physical system is much reduced, and at the first view forbids the idea of great effort either of body or mind—his large, startling eyes glaring wildly in his skeleton head, and his long, spare arms hanging loosely down his lank body—yet does he never appear to be in rest, inactive meditative or pensive, but in ceaseless volume and current, there rolls through his thin lips a torrent of ideas, that seems, like a great crowd rushing out of a burning theatre, to press so closely upon one another as to create a painful apprehension that, not finding exit, they may only serve to render more destructive conflagration within.

There is no necessity for any body else to say a word. Henry A. Wise will do all the talking that is necessary to be done for the next twenty years, on every imaginable subject—politics, religion, philosophy, foreign and domestic affairs, slavery and Mormonism, education and oysters—and do it well, too, expressing no common-place ideas or stereotyped phrases, but giving something new, striking and original, in a quaint, queer, forcible style. Such is Henry A. Wise, as he appeared in Washington city a few weeks ago!

HUNTER.—How widely different a man is he who is regarded by some as the rival of this brilliant, eccentric and chivalric Governor of Virginia. A staid, sedate, grave, quiet, thoughtful man, of rather solemn though handsome face, the gravity of which is frequently lighted up by a pleasing, philanthropic smile; who walks, sits, speaks and thinks with decorous method and deliberation but always wisely, decently, ably and honestly, is R. M. T. Hunter, a native of the same section of the country in which Wise first saw the light—Lower Virginia—whence have come one half of the Presidents of the Union, and yet is now the poorest part of the whole country.

Mr. Hunter has been in public life since he attained manhood; and though but fifty-four years old, has passed regularly through all the grades of political promotion to his present high position in the Senate of the United States. And what is still more remarkable in one of such uniform success, he has never been a strong patizan, but has adhered with inflexible determination to his own political ideas, not unfrequently regardless of what are called party ties. And in such deflections he has oftener been right than wrong, for it does not detract from the reputation of the Democratic party to-day, that it has at times erred or failed to stand up to its principles; that it has yielded to sudden and temporary excitements, and given its sanction to measures of which it has afterwards sorely repented. But the crowning merit of Hunter's character and career, is that he has never been led from the straight path of principle and truth by such seductions and influences. The plan of political life laid down by him at the start of his career has been faithfully and fully carried out.

Such are briefly the characteristics of the two eminent men of Virginia, who are now so prominently before the people of the whole country, and whom, despite the efforts of small minds and petty intriguants, it will never be possible to place in rival and antagonistic attitudes as statesmen and Democrats, as patriots and Virginians.

A Thrilling Story.

The New York Commercial *Advertiser* tells the following tale:

Last fall, a woman residing in the vicinity of Worcester, was picking blackberries in a field near the house, having with her an only child, a bright eyed little fellow of less than a year old. The baby sat upon the ground amusing itself with grasping at clumps of yellow weed that grew within reach, and eating berries, brought him from time to time by his mother.

The latter at length, intent upon gathering the fine fruit, passed around a rock which hid her child from view. She was about to return to him, when, hearing him laughing and crowing in great glee, and thinking he must be safe as long as he was so happy, she remained a little longer where she was.

Suddenly the little voice ceased, and after a moment's delay, the young mother stepped upon the rock and looked over, expecting to find her babe asleep: instead of which, he was sitting perfectly motionless, his lips parted, and his wide open eyes fixed with a singular expression upon some object which at first she was unable to discern.

But who can judge of her horror when, on closer scrutiny, she perceived, some four or five feet from her infant, a rattlesnake, with its glittering eyes fastened upon his, and hearing him by an almost imperceptible emotion.

The sight of her darlings's peril so nearly paralized her, that for an instant she half believed the dreadful fascination had extended to herself, but the certainty that, unless she was the instrument of salvation of her child, he was inevitably lost, in some degree restored her power.—She glanced wildly around for something that might be used as a weapon, but nothing appeared; and already the venomous reptile had passed over half the space which divided him and his victim. Another moment and all would be lost. What could be done?

In her hand she held a broad tin pan, and, springing from the rock, quick as thought, she covered the snake with it, and stood upon it to prevent its escape.

The Force of Imagination.

PEOPLE of strong nervous temperament are great slaves to the whims are caprices of their imaginations; and hence people of good mental, but of very ordinary physical acquirements, are the most subject to this tyranny of mind over matter. Occasionally, a very ordinary sort of person—that is, an individual of considerable mind, but whose mental capacities are unsustained, and so partially undeveloped—suffers from this peculiar fact in a most distressing degree. No doubt (says the best physical authority) one-half the ills that flesh is heir to are superinduced by the fancy of the sufferer alone. Hundreds have died by mere symptoms of cholera, yellow fever, and plague, induced by sheer dread and fear of those terrible maladies.

A case is recorded, wherein a felon condemned to death by phlebotomy had his arm laid bare to the shoulder, and thrust through a hole in a partition, while he was fast bound to the opposite side; the hidden executioner, upon the other side, applied the lancet to his arm with a click: the poor culprit heard the muddy stream outpouring, and soon growing weaker and fainter, he fell into a swoon, and died; when the fact was, not a drop of blood had been shed—a surgeon having merely snapped his lancet upon the arm, and continued to pour a small stream of water over the limb and into a basin.

Another case in "pint" was that of a Philadelphia amateur butcher, who, in placing his meat upon a hook, slipped, and hung himself, instead of the beef, upon the barbed point. His agony was intense; he was quickly taken down and carried to a physician's office, and so great was his pain (in imagination) that he cried piteously upon every motion made by the doctor in cutting the coat and shirt-sleeve from about the wounded arm! When, at last, the arm was bared, not a scratch was there! The hook point had merely grazed along the skin, and torn the shirt-sleeve!