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The Planters' Advocate.

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

Vol. 6. UPPER MARLBOROUGH, MARYLAND, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 15, 1857. No. 49.

A Pleasant Sketch.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT;

OR HARRY RICHMOND AND HIS BRIDE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"Love, passionate young Love, how sweet it is
To have the bosom made a paradise
By thee, life-lighted with thy rainbow smile!"

Harry Richmond, a young man of twenty-five, and partner, newly-made, in an extensive jobbing firm in New York, found himself one winter evening in a spacious up-town church. The immense building was thronged by an audience of beauty and fashion, and of more than ordinary intelligence. Countenances that were languid amid the excitements of fashionably life, because the hungry soul found no food in the husks upon which it fed in such scenes, here lighted up with animation and shone with a new and lofty beauty. Young and old, sat entranced by the eloquence of the reverend orator, as he presented to them a theme of surpassing interest, clothed in language the most appropriate and uttered in a voice which perfectly harmonized with the emotions called forth by his words.

It was the first of a course of lectures by Dr. ....., and Harry, who had often listened with the highest pleasure to the preaching of this celebrated divine, was among the first to secure a seat on the occasion of his lectures. For Harry, though young, and handsome, and wealthy, and the favorite of a large circle of fashionable relatives, was devoted to intellectual pursuits, in in which he spent nealy the whole of his leisure hours.

Wedded to books, and a votary of science, and conscientiously scrupulous in the fulfilment of his business duties, his time had been so fully occupied as never to leave him leisure for juvenile flirtations, or more mature love-affairs. At twenty-five his heart had never acknowledged another mistress than knowledge, and it was only for her sweet sake that he made one of Dr. .....'s brilliant audience on that winter night.

But he was not destined to return to his home that night so heart-free. The lecture was but half concluded when a slight bustle near one of the entrances attracted Harry's attention. He turned suddenly and involuntarily to see what occasioned it. But his eyes, which had hitherto been riveted on the speaker, were not so suddenly turned toward him again, and his attention, which had until that time been undivided, could not be restored. A sentiment, an emotion, had entered his soul that was to change the whole current of his existence, a change commenced then and there, startlingly, suddenly, but which was to end only with life.

Near him, and within the direct range of his vission, as he turned his eyes toward the door, sat a young lady. Many ladies, some younger and more beautiful, his glance might at that moment have rested upon, but he saw only one.

It was a serene, fair countenance upon which his glance rested. Deep violet eyes, half shaded by the longest brown lashes, a broad unclouded brow, fair hair in long bright ringlets, falling adown the pure oval of her face, and partly confined by the brim of her pretty blue hat, with its shadowy lace and delicate flowers, and floating plumes.

On the serene face, which one felt instinctively was always beautiful through every varying emotion, an unwonted enthusiasm now shone.—There was a deeper lustre in the violet eyes, and a flush, slight and rosy though it was, on the fair cheek which did not always tinge its delicate outline. Her lips were slightly parted, and her glance never wavered from the speaker's face.—She sat there in her maiden innocence all unconscious of the spell which her gentle beauty had wrought, and the soft, slow pulsations of her heart unquickened by the tumultuous bounding of another so near her. And while she listened with deepening enthusiasm to the brilliant sentences of the lecturer, another read from her face, as from a fair unruffled page, the records of a pure life, of innocent yet lofty thoughts, and a serene faith and goodness.

Once, her gaze wavered, and influenced by that strange magnetic instinct, which all have felt, but few have sought to analize or comprehend, that conveys to us the knowledge of the fact that eyes and thoughts are fixed upon us, she turned her glance for an instant in the direction of her unknown worshipper. Glance met glance, and over her fair face a deep rosy blush rose up, flushing the pure brow as the crimson tints of sunset flush the snowy clouds that float above the horizon. Then her gaze was again fixed upon the speaker, and, as she listened, Harry watched the color receding, and saw the serene expression which had for a moment been disturbed settle again upon the exquisite face.

So absorbed was he in his contemplation, that he did not hear the concluding remarks of the lecturer, and was only made aware that he had finished by the rising of the audience.

The young lady, whom he had watched, was much nearer the door than himself, and fearful lest he should lose sight of her in the departing crowd, he elbowed his way almost fiercely, heedless of many ungentle remarks that saluted him, until he stood almost by her side—so near that the soft folds of her garments touched him as she walked, and the tip of her snowy plume fanned his cheek. He listened to her voice, clear, low, and sweet, as she conversed with her companions—an elderly gentleman and a girl of fifteen, evidently a younger sister; and when they reached the pavement he still stood beside them.

It was a night of extreme cold, and Harry saw the fair girl as she kindly wrapped her sister's cloak more closely about her, and heard her admonish papa of a slight cold with a tone and manner that told of a loving thoughtfulness for others.

They walked on for a short distance, and Harry followed, for in whatever direction their homeward course lay, he determined that his should be the same. They reached an avenue and stood waiting for an omnibus, and Harry waited too. He waited patiently in spite of the piercing wind that swept down the broad street, and whirled about the corner, for his eyes were fixed upon the fair face before him upturned, with a wrapt and reverent expression, toward to sky that overhung them like a dome of steel studded with myriads of stars gleaming in a cold silvery light.

He was aroused, at length, by the thundering roar of the omnibus, as it rolled toward them over the frozen street, and, almost mechanically, he followed the party into the huge machine.

The young girl glanced inquiringly at him, as he entered, and he thought that he saw, by the dim light of the lamp, another flickering blush pass over her face. But she turned away and conversed with her companions, and Harry fell into a reverie as he gazed upon her beautiful profile, half shaded by the bonnet's brim. On and on they went, until they came to a quarter, once fashionable and even aristocratic, but now almost deserted except by the middle or poorer classes of New York humanity; and Harry had almost arrived at the conclusion that the party were about to cross one of the numerous ferries that lead to the Long Island or New Jersey shores, when the gentleman suddenly pulled the strap, and the stage stopped.

The young girl had, perhaps, forgotten his presence, for she did not turn her head, as he followed them from the stage, but walked away leaning upon father's arm. He stole after them, timing his footfall with their own, though keeping at a short distance behind, until he saw them ascend the steps of one of the finest old mansions with which the street was lined. And no sooner was the door closed behind them, than he rushed forward and, ascending the stoop, endeavored, by the dim light of a far-off lamp, to decipher the name upon the plate, and the number above the entrance. The first he made out, after much trouble, but the latter was beyond his ken. But he had learned enough, and resolved to visit the spot by daylight, and, if possible, to catch another glimpse of those violet eyes and that exquisite face.

Noting well the surroundings, and casting a lingering glance up at the darkened front of the tall building, he at length departed. Distance, and cold, and fatigue were alike forgotten as he hurried homeward in a tumultuous waking dream, that lasted through the long night as he tossed sleeplessly upon his pillow.

The next morning his mother and sisters wondered at his strange absence of mind, and when they chided him merrily for putting his egg into his coffee instead of the egg-cup, and turning the contents of the vinegar cruet upon his breakfast cake, he only blushed and muttered, confusedly, something about "violet eyes" and a "Grecian profile." They were still more astonished when they saw him, a few moments after, go down the steps with bare head and the servant running after him with his hat. One of the sisters flew to the door to beg him to remain at home if he felt ill, and they all discussed the matter in familiy conclave amid gloomy forebodings of barred windows and straight-jackets, and lunatic asylums.

Meanwhile Harry pursued his way down town, but not in the direction of his business. Instinctively his footsteps turned toward that dim and ancient street which he had visi ed the preceding evening, and soon he stood before the tall dark house into which had vanished that vision of his youth and beauty. Again he read the name upon the door which he was sure was hers.—Again he gazed up at the time-discolored front, and now made cheery by the sunlight that poured through the open shutters, and, as he felt, lighted up pleasantly the large lofty rooms wherein his soul's darling dwelt.

There were flowers and cages of singing birds in one window, and he fancied that slender figure, and fair bright face bending over them, and he tried to picture her at her sweet household avocations, and sighed to see her once again.—But that thick, dark door shut him out into the dirty, noisy street, and away from the gentle influences of that home; and yet there were stronger barriers between himself and that being who thus suddenly become the light of his eyes and the desire of his heart. These were barriers intangible but strong—the bolts and bars of worldly conventionalities.

Dissatisfied with himself and all around him, he was about turning disconsolately away, when the door suddenly opened, and she, looking, oh, so frech and fair, in a tasteful though simple street-toilet, stood within. Her small foot was poised above the threshold, and she was about to shut the door after her when Harry heard a voice within call "Constance, Constance," and she turned to meet the young sister who had accompanied her on the preceding evening. A few words were exchanged, and then she tripped down the steps, while the dark door clanged behind her, and soon turned in the direction of Broadway.

He had heard her name—a beautiful name he thought, and he repeated it as he followed her along the street, and watched her graceful undulating walk—Constance Snowdon.

He watched her until he saw her disappear in a crowded Broadway shop, and then, for the first time that day the thought of business flashed across his mind, and he hurried on to his store, where partners and clerks were already in a state of astonishment at his unwonted absence.

A search under the letter S. in the Directory, soon put him in possession of the business of James Snowdon, and then he saw clearly his way to an acquaintance with the fair daughter of the said James. You should have seen the energy of the sly fellow that day. He no longer dreamed, he went to work in the most wide-awake manner.

He soon bethought himself of a profitable investment in Mr. Snowdon's line of business, which he fortunately had it in his power to put in his way, and that in such a manner as to seem to be seeking, somewhat, his advantage. Then he made a tour of the stores and offices of all his Broad-street acquaintances, bursting in and out like a whirldwind, until he found somebody who knew Mr. Snowdon; and then he hurried that unfortunate individual, forthwith, to the office of his papa-in-law elect, and compelled him, then and there, to perform such ceremony of introduction, between himself and that venerable gentleman, as caused a vigorous hand-shaking, after the over-powering American fashion, for the space of about five minutes, and then, when the two had recovered from their paroxysm of delight, and had exchanged the results of their meterological observations for that morning, they looked at each other with the eyes of merchants, and forthwith proceeded to business.

Within two days this interview resulted in two desirable consummations. Mr. Snowdon pocketed five thousand dollars, and Harry Richmond received a pressing invitation to pass an evening in the Snowdon mansion.

The story might as well end here, I suppose, for not one of its readers is so stupid as to doubt the denouement. Unless indeed, it may be some of those trouble-borrowing and unfortunate individuals, who are firmly persuaded that "the course of true love never did run smooth." In this instance there was not even a ripple in the stream. Harry's fine person and distinguished manners at once made an impression on the gentle heart of Constance Snowdon. And when, after a suitable time, he asked her to become his wife, she said yes, modestly but firmly, and placed her hand in his without hesitation, because with perfect confidence.

Mr. and Mrs. Snowdon gave their consent gladly, for they, too, admired and loved Harry, and thought him worthy even of their cherished daughter. And, though Harry's mother and sisters at first made some disparaging remarks about "G—street belles" and "few connections," for G—street seemed very far from their aristocratic region, both socially and geographically, yet they no sooner saw Constance than they were almost as much charmed with her beauty and grace as Harry had been; and at once admitted her into their hearts as a cherished daughter and sister. With Mr. Snowdon, a polished gentleman of the old school, who chose to live in the fine roomy and thoroughly comfortable mansion that had been the home of his parents before him, and with his still lovely wife, they were equally pleased.

Harry's sisters, then, stood beside Constance as her bridesmaids, when one morning in early spring, she and Harry were married by the Rev. Dr. ....., in the very church where they had first met but thee months previous. And the most splendid parties of the season where those with which Harry's mother and the whole circle of his fashionable relatives welcomed the newly-married couple on their return from their bridal tour.

Harry and Constance, youthful, handsome and loving, blessed with a similarity of tastes and feelings, with wealth and station, and all worldly gifts, and a desire to spread happiness all about them, and comfort to the poor and suffering, have commenced life under the happiest of auspices. And so loving and beloved, we leave them to walk through the world together, through its storms and its sunshine, protected by their perfect trust in each other, and a serene faith in the great All-father.

When the Roman poet was told by a phlegmatic friend to mind his own business, and not to meddle in other men's affairs, he made the immortal reply—"I am a man, and whatever relates to my fellow-creatures also touches me."

Mrs. Partington says that "where two hearts beat responsible to each other, and when they are mouldered together by early love and plenty of children, depend on it no free love can do them any harm with its bad doctrines."

Some funny fellow says that happiness is a pig with a slippery tail, which everybody runs after, but nobody can hold.

Selected Poetry.

From the Home Journal.

When my Ship Comes Home from Sea.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

If my ship that's out to sea
Ever safely gets to me,
Josie dear,
A grand lady you shall be;
And then, wifie, we will see
Those that scorn you so to-day,
Drove you harshly from their way—
Bow the head, and e'en the knee,
To you and me,
When my ship comes home from sea!

Stir the fire, Josie dear,
Throw the last stick on the blaze,
And light up with that smile of yours
Those-long-talked-of better days.
Cast aside that weary work,
And come sit beside my knee,
While we talk of what will happen,
When my ship comes home from sea!

You shall dress in silken robes,
Trimmed with laces rich and fine,
And the brightest, rarest gems
Shall upon your bosom shine;
And our house shall be as grand
As the Duke's upon the square,
And the princes of the land
Shall kneel low, and call you fair.
I am sure all this will be,
Josie dear,
When my ship comes home from sea!

Then, those ladies, that, to-day,
Cast their scorn full in your face,
Drove you harshly from their way,
Will discover every grace
That I've known and loved so long,
And will weave into a song,
The sweet story of your eyes;
Your meek, dove-like, woman eyes,
And your hair, so softly brown,
In rich masses falling down;
And your fairy hands and feet.
But, wifie dear,
It does seem one queer to me,
That, to-day—this very day,
When they met you in the street,
They were all too blind to see
Beauty in your sweetest face,
And did call you coarse and old.
But never mind it, Josie dear,
You can buy their praise with gold;
They will crowd to take your fee,
When my ship comes home from sea!

Bear their scorn a little longer,
Josie dear.
It will make your heart the stronger;
And believe, now, what I say,
You'll have friends enough some day,
More than you can love or trust;
But your heart will be no kinder,
Wifie, than it is to-night,
Nor your soft eyes more love-bright:
And I don't believe you'll be
Any happier, any better,
Any dearer unto me,
When my ship comes home from sea!

Selected Miscellany.

From the Syracuse Journal.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

The world is not disposed to give a man credit for more than one thing at a time. Bryant is known as the poet rather than the publisher.—There are plenty of people who are not aware that Longfellow was, for years, one of the most popular and successful Professors of Harvard College. Doctor Hitchcock writes and preaches excellent sermons, but fame has covered them with geological strata; and when Percival died, the the world mourned the poet and not the geologist.

John G. Saxe supports, in the motley ranks of life, the title of "the witty poet;" which was long since awarded him by acclamation, and a title which—unlike hosts of others—is richly deserved He is, indeed, occasionally spoken of as the "editor of the Burlington Sentinel;" but he might have edited that hebdomadal for a century without having been suspected, by nine people out of ten, of "having a finger in its pi," or its leaders. Saxe is known to the public as the witty poet, and the title is a barnacle that will cling to his anatomical "timbers" until they are shivered by the bomb of death —a missile that makes no noise when it explodes. But, like every other son of genius, Saxe lives an inner life of which the world knows but little, and which we beg leave to uncurtain, so that those who love and admire the poet may be constrained to admire and love the man.

Saxe is a conversationalist—a word that carries its own superlative with it. As such we have rarely met his peer—never his superior.—He brings to bear upon his *forte* of conversation the powerful artillery of a comprehensive intelligence, an opulent fancy, the keenest wit, the readiest *repartee:* and possesses that faculty of successfully adapting himself to a trivial, or wrestling with a lofty subject, the envy of which is as common as its lack. His language is ever fresh and piquant—never "stale and unprofitable." He talks as easy as a brook flows; and, like the brook, the wide margins of his conversation are beautified by the violets and clover-blossoms of simple and elegant rhetoric. One of the secrets of his power in this respect exists in the fact that Saxe is a thorough scholar.—The classics are his playthings. He remembers what he has studied and can quote the knottiest Greek sentences with no more trouble than he expends in the act of respiration. He knows every spear of grass in the field of *belles-lettres*. Metaphysics are never a dose to him, and his love for the natural sciences is almost unnatural. He is a well-informed man—to adopt a conventional phrase which really means more than it seems to mean—able to scope with the professor, the divine, the *savant*, and sure to "hold his own" with the best of them. His power is an educated power, allied to genius of no ordinary character, and controlled by the strongest good sense, the most refined taste, and the nicest sense of propriety. He makes no show of his learning; he never attempts to "air his vocabulary:" but it is impossible for him to converse at all without evincing the qualities which we have here set down to his credit and renown.

Saxe possesses the attribute of geniality to a remarkable extent. The secret of his possession lies in his own heart. That heart is a gushing fountain, and not an Artesian well. Its emotions flow forth spontaneously, because they must; they are not drawn up in buckets. He is not soured by care or suffering. Through them all—and he has had his full share—he has preserved an amiability, a feeling of fraternity that beams from his honest face like a morning sun. He loves and hates most cordially—loves the good, the beautiful and true, and hates their opposites. He is perfectly familiar with the acids of sarcasm, but he never employs them—upon the vitriol-thrower's principle—to gratify any private pique or animosity. His wit is attic; it never grovels in the basement. It is ever ready to flow, and of its flow he himself is unconscious.

It might be supposed that one who had climbed to the pinnacles of popularity—who had been flattered, as the world loves to flatter its favorites—would be in danger of entertaining a selfconceit which would render him repulsive to his less favored fellows. This is not so. Saxe possesses a just appreciation of his own abilities—and he is to be pitied who does not—but it is as different from the feeling of self-conceit as Thalberg's "Last Rose of Summer" is different from a dried flower. Not one who really knows Saxe can fail to credit him with modesty as well as genius.

Readiness is one of Saxe's prominent characteristics. Tax him as you will, you will always find him equal to the emergency. As a pretty instance of this quality, let us mention the fact, that when he was last in this city, and just as he was preparing to leave, a literary gentleman—one of his warmest admirers—begged his autograph. Saxe instantly seized a pen—litterly "the pen of a ready writer"—and dashed off the following impromptu:

"My autograph! 'tis pleasant to reflect—
Although the thought may cost a single sigh—
That what a banker would with scorn reject,
May find a value in a scholar's eye!"

Is not that neat and pointed?

The career of John G. Saxe, marked though it has been by glorious achievements and signal honors, has but fairly begun. If kind heaven continues his life and health, his future will be lit by the rays of stars that the world has not yet discovered, and beautified by flowers whose germs have not yet sprouted. Fun does not hold its courts in vain—and it is no mean honor to be its Prime Minister.

From Porter's Spirit of the Times.

Cousin Tom's Black Horse.

BY DI VERNON.

Carolie is my twin-sister. The perfect image of myself. Very few would know us apart.—But it is not of that of which I am going to speak.

Carolie, like myself, loves a fine horse better than almost anything; and rides like an Amazon. I wish you could see her on the wildest horse in the country, rushing along the plank-road like a whirlwind, I think you'd stretch your eyes somewhat.

Well, I've a little story to tell, concerning her. One day, Cousin Tom, as roguish a specimen of Young America as you ever saw, came to her, saying, he had a new horse for her to ride; "and," added he, "*if you* can't make him go, nobody can!"

"Where is he?" asked Carrie. "Is he fast?"

"Oh, yes! he's got the 'go' in him, I'll be bound."

"Fetch him along, then!"

Ten minutes after, a strong black horse, with a big head and Roman nose, stood in front of the door. Carrie glanced at him, but said nothing. Cousin Tom, with a queer expression on his handsome face, took her foot in his hand, and lifted her on the saddle. She took the reins, and said to the horse, "Get up, *Thunder!*" *Thunder*, for so was the steed called, at this gave a grunt, as much as to say, "I *am* up," but didn't budge.

"Tom, you said this horse was fast, didn't you?" asked Carrie.

"Yes," replied Tom, smiling very much.

"I see he is—fast to the ground." At this, she struck him pettishly, with another "Go 'long!"

But *Thunder* would neither go long nor short. His feet seemed screwed to the earth.

"I understood you to say he had the 'go' in him Cousin Tom?"

"Yes; I'll be bound." And Tom showed all his teeth.

"Well, I think he means to keep it in," remarked Carrie, spitefully.

Tom let out a genuine horse-laugh. "*Can't* you get the start of him Cousin Carrie?"

"I'll try." And she gave *Thunder* a half a dozen sharp cuts of her whip, which only caused him to stand up on his hind legs, whereupon she gave him a half a dozen more, and he changed his performances by getting down upon his knees. Carrie then commenced an attack upon his ears with the butt end of the whip, but he bounced upon his feet with the buoyancy of an India-rubber ball, and would have unseated her, had she not been prepared for him. *Thunder* now seemed to have conceived a new idea; for turning his head around, he gave a look at his rider, and without more ado, went off at full speed down the high road.

"Call I well?" exclaimed Tom, "if she didn't make him go at last. And she's the first woman that ever rode him. Why, Di, that horse has been pronounced totally unserviceable by his former owners, on account of his stubbornness."

"Good gracious! then he might break her neck," said I.

Tom turned a shade whiter, but said, "he'll do no such thing, I'll be bound."

But I saw an anxious look in his dark eye, and his lips had a certain tremulous motion, that told me his heart was not at rest concerning her.

"Ah, Tom," said I, with a wicked imitation of dis'ress, "perhaps you've carried the joke too far. You had better go after her."

At this suggestion, Tom ran out into the road. "There she comes!" he cried, cutting a caper in the air; "here she comes, 2:40—hurrah!"

A moment more, and *Thunder* came in sight at a smashing trot, Carrie smiling, and waving her hand in triumph. "Well," said she, drawing him in, "didn't I get the 'go' out of him?"

"I cannot conceive how you did it," said Tom, as he helped her to dismount.

"It became a question of gallantry with *Thunder*," said Carrie, coquettishly, "and he has vindicated his sex!"

John Phoenix upon the Glorious 4th.

The immortal John Phœnix, in his celebrated Oration in Oregon, says:

Every boy in the United States knows the origin of this glorious day. Small sums of money, varying from 12½ cents to $1.50, according to the financial prosperity of their parents, have been annually given them to expend on this occasion, which indelibly impress the fact upon their memories, and leads them to look forward with pleasure to its return. One of my earliest and most cherished recollections is of my exploits on the 4th of July, that I can remember, when, with patriotic fervor, I purchased a leaden cannon, which, exploding prematurely, burned off my hair and eyebrows, and put an end to the existence of a favorite cat of my old aunt's, that peacefully reclined, watching my operations.

We elect our own rulers, and make our own laws, and if they don't turn out well, it is very easy at the next election to make others in their place. Every body has a chance for distinction in this country; nothing is wanting but natural ability to it; and Mrs. Lavinia Pike's baby, now lying with a cotton flannel shirt on, in a champagne basket, in Portland O. T., has just as good a chance of being President of the United States, as the imperial infant of France, now sucking his royal thumbs in his silver cradle at Paris, has of being an Emperor.

I do not wish to flatter this audience; I do not intend to be thought peculiarly complimentary; but I do assure you that there is not a man present who, if he had votes enough, might not be elected President of the United States. And this important fact is the result not so much of any peculiar merit or virtue on your part, as of the nature of our glorious, liberal, republican institutions.

In this great and desirable country, any man may become rich, provided he will make money; any man may be well educated, if he will learn, and has money to pay for his board and schooling; and any man may become great, and of weight in the community, if he will take good care of his health, and eat sufficiently of boiled salmon and potatoes.

Moreover, I assert it unblushingly, any man in this country may marry any woman he pleases—the only difficulty being for him to find any woman that he does please.

The highest premiums for meanness has been awarded to the anonymous letter.

GRATITUDE.

"'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd, 'twill fall
Like choicest music."

It was during the panic in England, some years since, that a gentleman by the name of Thompson, was seated with something of a melancholy look in his dreary back room watching his clerk paying away thousands of pounds hourly. He was a banker of excellent credit: there existed, perhaps, in the city of London, no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thompson & Co., but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to, a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard fearful that the next instant would be too late, forgetting that his step was, of all others, the most likely to ensure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But to return, the wealthy citizen sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listening to the clamorous demands on his cashier, for although he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituents rush in and those whom he always fondly imagined to be his dearest friends eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong box.

Presently the door opened and a stranger was ushered in who, after gazing a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair and abruptly addressed him:

"You will pardon me, sir, for asking rather a strange question, but I am a plain man, and like to come to the point."

"Well, sir?" impatiently interrupted the other.

"I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir."

"Well?"

"Well, sir?"

"It is true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out and so satisfy yourself; our cashier will instantly pay you;" and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Far from it, sir; I have not a sixpence in your hands."

"Then may I ask what is your business here?"

"I wish to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?"

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Because if it would, I should gladly pay in a small deposit." The money dealer started.—"You seem surprised; you don't know my person or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect, some twenty years ago, when you resided at Essex?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike gate through which you passed daily. My father kept that gate and was very often honored with a few minutes chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll bar. On that day you passed through and I opened the gate. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

"No, sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those benefitted by them seldom forget them. I am perhaps prolix; listen, however, a few moments, and I have done."

The banker, who began to feel interested, at once assented.

"Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. "Thank you, my lad," replied you; "thank you, and the same to you: here is a trifle to make it so;" and you threw me a seven shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed, and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it or your kind smile when bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up added a little to it till I was able to rent a toll myself. You soon after left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been gaining; your present brought good fortune with it; I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all. So this morning, hearing accidentally that there was a run on your bank, I drew my deposits from my banker and have brought them to lodge with you in case they can be of any use;" and he handed a bundle of notes to the agitated Thompson.—"In a few days I'll call again;" and snatching up his hat, the stranger throwing down his card, immediately walked out of the room.

Thompson opened the roll; it contained £30,-000! The stern-hearted banker burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble that even a millionaire was effected—he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in the city of London.

Animal Diet bad for Children.—There is no greater error in the management of children than that of giving them animal diet very early. By persevering in the use of an over-stimulating diet, the digestive organs become irritated and the various secretions, immediately connected with, and necessary to digestion, are diminished, especially the *biliary secretion;* and constipation of the bowels, and congestion of the obdominal circulation, succeed. Children so fed, become, moreover, very liable to attacks of fever and of inflammation, affecting particularly the mucous membranes; and measles, and the other diseases incident to childhood, are generally severe in their attack. In reference to this last remark, a distinguished medical gentlemen mentioned to us that, in families where children lived on simple diet, without tea and coffee, if they were seized with measles, whooping cough, mumps, and similar diseases, he never calls but once, as he knew there was no danger; but that in families where an opposite course was pursued, he always expected trouble.

The Eloquence of Action.—When Æschylus, the great poet, was condemned to death, his brother, an orator and hero, was summoned to plead his cause. While the audience were gazing with intensity of interest to hear what he said, he silently lifted up the stump of his dismembered arm, which he had lost in the service of his country, and said not a word. The multitude burst into shouts of applause, and the poet was saved. The dumb eloquence of that limb spoke more powerfully than "words that burn."

At an examination of the College of Surgeons, a candidate was asked by Abernethey.

"What would you do if a man was blown up with powder?"

"Wait until he came down," he cooly replied.

"True," replied Abernethey, "and suppose I should kick you for such an impertinent reply, what muscles would I put in motion?

"The flexors and extensors of my arm for I would knock you down immediately."

He received a diploma.

I distrust both the intellect and the morality of those people to whom disorder is of no consequence—who can live at ease in an Augean stable. What surrounds us reflects more or less that which is within us. The mind is like one of those dark lanterns, which, in spite of everything, still throws some light around. If our taste did not reveal our character, they would be no longer tastes, but instincts.

A young man was conversing in a public house of his abilities and accomplishments, and boasting a great deal of his mighty performances. When he had finished, a Quaker quietly observed, "There is one thing thou canst not do: thou canst not tell the truth!"

In Cork, a short time ago, the crier of the cout endeavored to disperse the crowd by exclaiming, "All ye blackguards that isn't lawyeas, quit the court!"

Laying of the Corner-Stone of the Clay Monument.

The corner-stone of the monument to be erected to the memory of the Hon. Henry Clay was laid at Lexington, Ky., on the 4th inst. with due and imposing ceremonies, and in the presence of an immense concourse of persons of all parties and all creeds. The following account of the ceremonies we make up from the Cincinnati *Commercial* and *Inquirer:*

THE MORNING OF THE DAY.

The morning of the fourth, in Lexington, was exceedingly lovely. The sky was bright, the air was sweet and the breeze along the shady streets was redolent of the bloom of clover, the breath from blue grass pastures, and the aroma of growing corn and ripening wheat. At an early hour along all the roads leading to town were strings of carriages long drawn out and coming at full trot, marking the landscape with streaks of dust. We thought the town full the night before. The houses were full. Now the streets and adjoining fields were occupied. A hill westward from the town was crowned by a battery, which saluted the rising sun of Independence Day, and during the day stirred up the echoes at intervals of an hour.

ASHLAND.

The especial points of visitation were those hallowed to the memory of Clay. First in order was Ashland, now the residence of James B. Clay, "Democratic" candidate for Congress in the district so long represented by his father.—This is situated on the south side of the main road eastward from the town, distant from the court-house about a mile and a half, and from the road perhaps two hundred yards. The new house erected on the site of the old house of Clay is a splendid building, in the style of the old one. It is, in fact, an exaggeration of the original.—The grounds and shrubbery are nearly as when they were the favorite haunt of Harry of the West. The popular impression that the house is surrounded by ash trees, is incorrect. The ash is the forest tree that predominates in the native woods around, but locust trees are the kings of the grove at Ashland. The favorite walk of Mr. Clay is pointed out. It leads northward toward the turnpike. On one side is a row of gigantic locusts, and the walk is bordered by tall and rich orchard grass. The clamor about the devastation of Ashland by Mr. James B. Clay is in great part humbug. His house is the perfection of the idea of the architect who designed the old one, and the grounds are grand and lovely as when the great man of Kentucky solaced himself in their soothing shade.

THE GRAVE OF CLAY AND HIS MOTHER.

The Lexington Cemetery is in excellent taste. The grounds are broken, but in picturesque style, and many of the monuments are creditable as works of art, while evergreen trees and flowers abound. Mr. Clay's grave is *now* on the highest and, we think, most lovely spot in the grounds. It is unmarked by a stone, being simply a swell in the turf about six inches high and six feet long. There is something in the mind's eye exceedingly impressive in the simple beauty, the humility of this sod, swelling over the grave of the great Kentuckian, whose fame filled the world. Close beside this grave is another wave in the turf.—Beneath this is a daughter of Clay; and beside this a plain monument to the memory of "Elizabeth Watkins, formerly Elizabeth Clay." On the reverse side is this inscription: "*This monument, a tribute to her many domestic virtues, has been prompted by the filial affection and veneration of one of her grateful sons.* H. CLAY."

MOUNTAIN OF THE CLAY MONUMENT.

The Clay monument foundation is some two hundred yards distant from Mr. Clay's grave, and in a site not so conspicuous or beautiful.

THE CORNER-STONE LAID.

The corner-stone was laid about eleven o'clock Saturday, in the presence of a vast throng, by Theo. N. Wise, of Covington, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Kentucky, with the grand honors and ceremonies of the order, to whom the stone was delivered by Henry Duncan, Esq., in behalf of the Monument Association.—The stone was duly examined in Masonic style, and pronounced "in the name of God Almighty and this assembled craft," to be trusty—a little wheat and sweet oil and native Catawba wine poured upon the rock—the corn of plenty, the wine of refreshment and the oil of gladness—and with three light taps of a little wooden hammer the work was done, and there was an adjournment to the Fair grounds to give proper attention to the oration and barbecue.

THE ORATION.

Time will not permit to picture the imposing scene forming the *coup d'œil* from the speaker's stand, when circling round the vast amphitheatre were seated thousands of the beauty and chivalry of the Kentucky commonwealth, and paraded in the central area were the military from Baltimore, (the Independent Blues and Guards,) St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati and Indianapolis. The Knight Templers in black and with banners, mounted on caparisoned steeds; the Masons, in blue and brilliant regalia; the fire companies, with decorated apparatus; and the chief marshal and assistant on horseback, harmoniously arranged, awaiting the introduction of the orator who was eminently the man to speak of Henry Clay. Rev. Robt. J. Breckenridge, himself a proud representative of Kentucky in talent and lineage, stepped forward and addressed, for near two hours, the vast and attentive auditory. The picture drawn of Henry Clay by the orator, who knew him in all his days of vigor and usefulness, will be an invaluable contribution to the National Gallery of American Portraits. Grand in conception, beautiful in tracing, faithful in filling up, and charming into perfection by its background, the pencil of the Kentucky artist has made a likeness that stands out from the canvas, almost the living and speaking form of the great original. As perhaps the last great work of the speaker, he seems to have aimed not to paint only for to-day, but for posterity—for all time.

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMEN.

The representation of the first politicians and citizens of Kentucky present on the platform was large, and there was the reverse of a paucity of distinguished guests from abroad. The Governor of Kentucky, Senator Crittenden, John C. Breckinridge, Vice President; James Guthrie, and an unnumbered throng of titled gentlemen were on the ground. Thomas H. and James B. Clay were also present, with their families, with many old pioneers, who knew Mr. Clay when he was quite young.

THE MILITARY.

Mention must be made of the military. There were half a dozen crack military companies, resplendent among which marched and glittered the City Guards, of Baltimore, and the Guthrie Grays, of Cincinnati. Altogether the military display was very fine, but many of the companies invited failed to make their appearance, and the Knight Templars, the Masons and Firemen, with their gorgeous regalia, eclipsed the show of plumes, brass buttons and bayonets. The civic outshone the military show, as was fit upon an occasion in honor of one not partial to military chieftains.

CLAY'S OLD CARRIAGE AND SERVANT.

In the procession, and the only one admitted into the cemetery grounds, was the carriage, still in good keeping, that was presented to the Hon. Henry Clay by the city of Newark, New Jersey, Nov. 23d, 1833. It was ornamented by four waving white funeral plumes at the corners, and in the rear seat was placed a bust of Clay; also the engraving of Clay's leave-taking from the Senate of the United States. Within sat the old coachman of Mr. Clay, a venerable, but hale-looking gray haired negro, "Aaron Dupee," who had been bred and born at the "Slashes," in Old Hanover, Va. He travelled with him, he said, when there were no turnpikes in Portugal or in England. He commenced service with him when Jefferson was going out of the presidency, and has been his faithful servant until the decease of his much-beloved master.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Great Trial of Reapers, Mowers, &c.

The trial of reapers and mowers, under the auspices of the Maryland State Agricultural Society, was held, agreebly to public announcement, at the farm of Judge E. F. Chambers, near Chestertown, Kent County, Md., on the 7th and 8th inst. A large concourse of spectators were on the ground, and the deepest interest was manifested in the trial. The gentlemen who acted as judges on the occasion, it was admitted by all disinterested persons present, devoted themselves to the important duties assigned them with a zeal commensurate with the importance of the occasion, and with the utmost patience and a disposition to give the fullest opportunity to test the various machines which were submitted to their examination, so that the amplest justice should be rendered to all.

The judges were Hon. E. F. Chambers, of Kent County, Md.; Hon. J. Alfred Pearce, of Kent County, Md.; Gen. Geo. W. Hughes, of Anne Arundel County, Md.; James T. Earle, Esq., of Queen Ann's County, Md., ex-president of the Maryland State Agriculture Society; B. Johnson Barbour, Esq., Orange County, Va., Charles Pettigrew, Esq., of Tyrrell County, N. C.; David Brumbaugh, Esq., ex-president of the Washington County, (Ind.) Agricultural and Mechenical Association; John Merryman, Esq., of Baltimore County, Md.; E. Law Rogers, Esq., of Baltimore city; N. B. Worthington, Esq., of Baltimore city; John Brown, Esq., of Kent County, Md.; Martin Goldsborough, Esq., of Baltimore, and Henry Carroll, Jr., of Baltimore County. Mr. M. Goldsborough was appointed marshal of the judges, and S. Sands acted as secretary.

The following entries were made for the premium for the *best reaper and mower combined*, the draft of each of which were tested most carefully by the dynamometer, by D. Brumbaugh, Esq., one of the committee, viz:

1. R. Sinclair, Jr., & Co. entered Ketchum's combined reaper and mower, Howard maker, draft 612.

2. R