The Planters' Advocate,

AND SOUTHERN MARYLAND ADVERTISER.

By THOMAS J. TURNER. "Truth Alone is Knowledge---Knowledge is Power." Two Dollars Per Annum.

VOL. 2. UPPER MARLBORO' MARYLAND, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1853. NO. 19.

Original Tale.

For the Planters' Advocate.

THE EXCLUSIVES.

BY NELLIE NORTH.

CONCLUDED.

The votaries of fashion are constantly influenced in their actions, by the opinions of others. Theirs is a slavish dependence on the protean forms which fashion assumes, destroying that independence of character, which is released from the trammels of formal and unmeaning rules, for the regulation of dress, associations and general deportment. There is nothing that tends more to abridge the comforts of life and produce insincerity and heartlessness, than this rigid adherence to fashionable folly.

The Miss Blakeleys were practical exemplifications of this truth. The question which determined their opinions of persons and principles, was not, are they meritorious, are such principles right? but, will they receive the countenance and approval of the wealthy and fashionable circles of society? In consequence of their exclusiveness, their company consisted principally of young men, whose morality was not of the most unexceptionable character, but as they belonged to the "first families," and having high and extravagant notions, and dressing in the most exquisite style of fashion, their presence as guests at their entertainments, or as attendants upon them at fashionable places of resort, gratified their vanity, while those whose views of life were not of so extravagant and romantic a nature, were kept at a distance. Although they set a very high estimate on themselves, no serious proposals of marriage had ever been made them by any of their wealthy favorites, who would have considered their dignity lessened, by a connexion with the daughters of a plain, honest mechanic. This foolish aiming, to ingratiate themselves into the favor of the "upper ten," and treating with indignity, those upon whom the favors of fortune have not been so liberally bestowed, very often defeats the cherished object of this vain and ostentatious class of the community.

The Miss B's had passed that period, when female charms have the greatest power to win the love and admiration of the "sterner sex," and were fast verging to that era in woman's life, when they receive the title of "old maids." They had visited all the fashionable watering places, and displayed by their style and equipage, evidences of great wealth, yet still they were without a protector and friend to whom they could confide their possessions and trust themselves for life.

In order to vary their monotonous life, they concluded to try the pleasures and incidents of travel, and enjoy life, for a time, on the Continent. After making the necessary arrangements, they set sail for Italy, and in the spring of —— entered Rome. The many classic associations connected with this renowned city, her monuments of art, her paintings, statuary and sculpture, which have often been the theme of admiration, both of the Poet and Historian, inspire the lover of the fine arts with veneration for the master spirits of antiquity, whose brilliant conceptions evince the almost omnipotent power of the mind. The wealth and show displayed by the titled nobility of this imperial city, had more attraction for the Miss B's than the noblest objects of art, and instead of being proud of the republican simplicity of their own native land, where every one who is worthy, is one of nature's noblemen, they felt an eager desire for the pomp and glitter of titled aristocracy. And the dashing equipages, with their coats of arms, the liveried servants of dukes and counts, seemed to them the ideal of human grandeur. Nothing could have filled them with more delight than a remote probability of becoming countesses, so much were they captivated by outward show. As a matter of course, they were expected to visit the galleries of paintings, and other objects of interest to strangers, with which the city abounds. While cursorily glancing at the various chef-d'œuv'res of art, their attention was rivetted upon a lovely piece, representing a "Rural Scene," drawn so true to nature, that any one who had ever visited the spot, could not be mistaken as to its design. It brought vividly to their remembrance a spot in their own Sunny South, which, for picturesque beauty, was not surpassed by any scene of Italian loveliness. Various conjectures filled their minds, respecting the prominent place it held in that splendid collection, of the most eminent artists. But their conjectures were soon removed by the following announcement in one of the Italian Journals:

"It affords us pleasure to inform our readers, that the finely executed piece of rural scenery so truthfully depicting the natural objects it designs to represent, is the work of a young American artist, whose modesty is only equalled by his genius and skill. This painting, which was with difficulty obtained for exhibition, would reflect credit upon the most eminent master of Italian art. We predict a most brilliant career for this youthful aspirant to artistic honor."

The Miss Blakelys were anxious to find out the "young American," to whom this merited tribute had been awarded, and to their surprise, discovered it was no other than Arthur Markland. How quickly a change of fortune alters the views of many towards the individual on whom the change is effected. This was especially the case of the Miss B's towards their young countryman. While in humble circumstances, in his own native land, he had been treated with studied coolness by these fashionable young ladies; but now, when the voice of praise sounded his fame, they suddenly became ambitious of being recognized as acquaintances and friends. They took especial pains to find out his residence, in order to congratulate him on his success, and were profuse in their compliments and professions of friendship. Arthur received their attentions with polite respect, but he too well knew the value to be placed upon their professions, to be deceived by them. The painting, which had gained such distinction for our young artist, was a representation of that beautiful spot, where Arthur had made known his love for Lizzie Carlton, and where his hopes had been crowned with such pleasing success; indeed, so indelibly had that scene been imprinted on his memory, connected as it was with his most delightful reminiscences, that no one could have depicted it more correctly, had they sketched it on the spot. This picture gave him more real pleasure than any thing else he had seen; not on account of its merit as a work of art, or the celebrity he had acquired by its execution, but it truthfully presented to him a spot of his own happy land, where aside from its natural beauty, all the associatins connected with the place inspired the most heartfelt pleasure.

There is a principle in human affection, which seems to act entirely different from objects of a material nature, and which is directly opposite. While the attraction of gravitation owes its intensity to the proximity of bodies and decreases in proportion to the distance of their separation, the attraction of human hearts becomes greater the more distant they are from each other, and hence any thing which reminds us of a beloved object, when distant, is prized as a real treasure.

Arthur Markland, far from possessing any of that revengeful spirit, which would have prompted him to resent the slights received from the Miss B's at home, was anxious to afford them every aid in his power to make their visit agreeable, and through him, they received introductions to many distinguished persons, by which their short residence among strangers was rendered much more pleasant and agreeable than it would have been without his assistance.

After a few weeks sojourn at Rome, our lady travellers left to visit other places of interest in Italy, nearly every part of which is noted by some historic event. Among the gay and pleasure seeking adventurers, which they met in their visits from city to city, many casual acquaintances were formed, but there was one, whose taste and inclinations seemed to harmonize with that of the Miss Blakelys, as he made it a point to visit every place which they did, and by his attentions, won upon the heart of Miss Angeline. This was an Italian count named Bondali, a gay, handsome and fashionable personage, who seemed to be an adept in all the forms of fashionable etiquette, and whose manners were polished and captivating. Miss. Angeline, flattered by his attentions, made him her confident, and as she was ambitious of being thought wealthy, let him into the secret of her large estates in the South. Bondali, as he accompanied them in their travels from place to place, as their protector, made the best of his time in trying to win the affections of Miss Angeline, especially when he heard of her large estates in the South. And the more effectually to gain her favor, he represented himself as the possessor of immense wealth; that he was now travelling for pleasure; talked of his lordly mansion, his numerous dependants, his parks and pleasure grounds, with so much earnestness, that Miss Angeline's vision was filled with extreme delight at the prospect of figuring as a countess. Not to detain the reader, matters had progressed so favorably that an engagement was formed at the termination of their tour. The Count was to accompany them to the South, have the nuptials there celebrated, and as soon as they could effect a sale of the property, Miss Angeline and her sister were to return with the Count to a beautiful villa, which he said he owned near Naples. The most costly preparations were made for the wedding; none but the most exquisite and wealthy being thought worthy to grace the bridal party of the Countess of Bondali. Soon after this the Count and Countess, with Miss Constance, set sail for Naples.

Arthur Markland looked forward with pleasing anticipation to the time when he should again see his native land. Every moment seemed long, which detained him from the object of his affections; and as the noble ship in which he embarked, approached our shores, his heart glowed with gratitude to his Maker for his Providential care over him. His meeting with Lizzie Carlton was the most delightful event in his history. He found her ripened into all the graces of an accomplished woman, but still retaining that artless simplicity of manner and amiability of character which had, from childhood, made her the favorite of all her associates.

Six months from Arthur's arrival, might be observed on a beautiful elevation, near the scene which constituted the triumph of his artistic skill, a lovely cottage. But the most interesting and engaging features connected with this beautiful residence, were its happy and hospitable inmates, the daughter of the opulent Mr. Carlton and the young American artist.

But a more melancholy sequel of our story yet remains. The fashionable exquisite, whose soul had been filled with vanity at the title of Countess, found out to her sorrow, that "all is not gold that glitters."

The reputed Count turned out to be an imposter, and shortly after their arrival in Italy, he basely forsook his wife, taking with him the greater part of her possessions, and leaving her with her sister to the mercy of strangers in a foreign land. They were obliged to return and become dependent on their humble relations, whom they scarcely recognized, when in affluent circumstances themselves.—And although stripped of their wealth, they now have a better and more just view of human life and character, in their humiliation, than they ever possessed in their prosperity.

The greatest pleasure connected with wealth, consists in acquiring it. Two months after a man comes into a fortune, he feels just as prosy and fretful as he did when he worked for six shillings a day.

Extracts from Books

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

[The following, by CHARLES LAMB, is objectionable on the score of age—but being peculiarly suited to this season, its perusal will be of no harm, at least.]

Every man hath two birth-days: two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. This one is that which in an especial manner he termeth *his*. In the gradual desuetude of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birth-day hath nearly passed away, or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand any thing in it beyond cake and orange. But the birth of a New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler.—No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

Of all sound of all bells—(bells, the music nighest bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the Old Year. I never hear it without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected—in that regretted time.—I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal color; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary, when he exclaimed,

I saw the skirts of the departing Year.

It is no more than what in sober sadness every one of us seems to be conscious of, in that awful leave-taking. I am sure I felt it, and all felt it with me, last night; though some of my companions affected rather to manifest an exhilaration at the birth of the coming year, than any very tender regrets for the decease of its predecessor. But I am none of those who

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties; new books, new faces, new years—from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to face the prospective. I have almost ceased to hope; and am sanguine only in the prospects of other (former) years. I plunge into foregone visions and conclusions. I encounter pell-mell with past disappointments. I am armor-proof against old discouragements. I forgive, or overcome in fancy, old adversaries. I play over again *for love*, as the gamesters phrase it, games, for which I once paid so dear. I would scarce now have any of those untoward accidents and events of my life reversed. I would no more alter them than the incidents of some well-contrived novel. Methinks, it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair, and fairer eyes, of Alice W——n, than that so passionate a love-adventure should be lost. It was better that our family should have missed that legacy, which old Dorrell cheated us of, than that I should have at this moment two thousand pounds in *banco*, and be without the idea of that specious old rogue.

The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the Old Year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony. In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to raise hilarity in all round me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now, shall I confess a truth? I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like miser's farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away "like a weaver's shuttle." Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends: to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave. Any alteration, on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household-gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me.

Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fire-side conversation, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out with life?

Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him?

And you, my midnight darlings, my Folios! must I part with the intense delight of having you (huge armfuls) in my embraces? Must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading?

Shall I enjoy friendships there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here,—the recognisable face—the "sweet assurance of a look?"

In winter this intolerable disinclination to dying—to give it its mildest name—does more especially haunt and beset me. In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost probematic. At those times do such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality.—Then we expand and burgeon. Then are we as strong again, as valiant again, as wise again, and a great deal taller. The blast that nips and shrinks me, puts me in thoughts of death. All things allied to the insubstantial, wait upon that master feeling; cold, numbness, dreams, perplexity; moonlight itself, with its shadowy and spectral appearances,—that cold ghost of the sun, or Phœbus' sickly sister, like that innutritious one denounced in the Canticles: I am none of her minions—I hold with the Persian.

Whatsoever thwarts, or puts me out of my way, brings death into my mind. All partial evils, like humors, run into that capital plague-sore. I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some have wooed death—but out upon thee, I say, thou foul, ugly phanthom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John) give thee to six-score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as a universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy *Privation*, or more frightful and confounding *Positive!*

Those antidotes, prescribed against the fear of thee, are altogether frigid and insulting, like thyself. For what satisfaction hath a man, that he shall "lie down with kings and emperors in death," who in his life-time never greatly coveted the society of such bed-fellows? or, forsooth, that "so shall the fairest face appear?" why, to comfort me, must Alice W——n be a goblin? More than all, I conceive disgust at those impertinent and misbecoming familiarites, inscribed upon your ordinary tombstones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that "such as he now is, I must shortly be." Not so shortly, friend, perhaps, as thou imaginest. In the meantime I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters!—Thy New Years' Days are past. I survive, a jolly candidate for the coming one. Another cup of wine—and while that turn-coat bell, that just now mournfully chanted the obsequies of the year departed, with changed notes lustily rings in a successor, let us attune to its peal the song made on a like occasion, by hearty, cheerful Mr. Cotton:

THE NEW YEAR.

Hark, the cock crows, and yon bright star
Tells us the day himself's not far;
And see where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus doth appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look as seems to say,
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy:
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul tormenting gall,
Than direct mischiefs can befall.
But stay! but stay! methinks my sight,
Better inform'd by clearer light,
Discerns sereneness in that brow,
That all contracted seem'd but now.
His reversed face may show distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past;
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the New born Year.
He looks too from a place so high,
The Year lies open to his eye;
And all the moments open are
To the exact discoverer.
Yet more and more he smiles upon
The happy revolution.
Why should we then suspect or fear
The influences of a year,
So smiles upon us the first morn,
And speaks us good so soon as born?
Plague on't! the last was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof;
Or, at the worst, as we brush'd through
The last, why so we may this too;
And then the next in reason should
Be superexcellently good:
For the worst ills (we daily see)
Have no more perpetuity,
Than the best fortune that do fall;
Which also brings us wherewithal
Longer their being to support,
Than those do of the other sort;
And who has one good year in three,
And yet repines at destiny,
Appears ungrateful in the case,
And merits not the good he has.
Then let us welcome the New Guest
With lusty brimmers of the best;
Mirth always should Good Fortune meet,
And renders e'n Disaster sweet;
And though the Princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out,
Till the next Year she face about.

How say you, reader—do not these verses smack of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein? Do they not fortify like a cordial; enlarging the heart, and productive of sweet blood, and generous spirits, in the concoction? Where be those puling fears of death, just now expressed or affected? Passed like a cloud—absorbed in the purging sunlight of clear poetry—clean washed away by a wave of genuine Helicon, your only Spa for these hypochondries—and now another cup of the generous! and a merry New Year, and many of them, to you all, my masters!

The following beautiful thought from Gœthe is peculiarly appropriate to the present season:

The year has passed away like the sound of bells. The wind passes over the stubble and finds nothing to move. Only the red berries of that slender tree seem as if they fain remind us of something cheerful; and the measured beat of the thresher's flail calls up the thought that in the dry and falling years lies so much nourishment and life."

A GOOD RULE.—A man who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied: "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money until I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in a day I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and I then could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing every thing in time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity." Let every boy who reals this go and do likewise.

WHAT RICH MEN ARE MADE FOR.—Some one was asked whether he would be willing to take care of all Mr. Astor's property—eight or ten million of dollars, merely for his board and clothing, "No," was the indignant answser: "do you think me a fool?"—"Well," rejoined the other, "that is all Mr. Astor himself gets for taking care of it; he's found and that's all. The houses, the ware houses, the ships, the farms which he counts by the hundred, and is obiged to take care of, are for the accommodaion of others." "But then he has the income, the rents of all the mighty property, five or six hundred thousand dollars per annum." "Yes, but can do nothing with his income, but build more houses, and warehouses and ships, or lan more money on mortages for the convenence of others. He's found and can make nothing else of it."

'Dang me if I don't believe the world's a wheelbarrow," said a jolly inebriate, as he roled along the pavement, "and I'm the wheel revolving on its haxis. Now I'm in the mud," sad he, as he fell headlong in the gutter, "and now I'm on dry land," as he fetched up on the cub stone. His concluding remarks, as his boots followed his head down an open cellar way was, "now the wheel is broken, and the weicle is out of repair."

SCOLDING.—I never knew a scolding person tht was able to govern a family. What makes peple scold? because they cannot govern themselves. How, then, can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm.—They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mld.

SWIFT'S ADVICE.—Dean Swift happened to bein company with a petulant young man, who pided himself on saying pert things, and at lat, getting up with some conceited gesticulatios, said with a confident air—"You must knw, Mr. Dean, I set up for a wit." "Do yo so?" said the Dean; "then take my advice, an *sit down* again."

GARRICK AND STERNE.—Sterne, who used hiwife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick, in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of cojugal love and fidelity. "The husband," sad Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his hed." "If you think so," said Garrick, "I hoe your house is insured."

Teacher—How many points of the compass are there? Boy—Two; east and west. There usd to be four; but as Mr. Webster said he din't know any north or south, I suppose there is one.

Selected Miscellany.

HORATIO GREENOUGH.

The New York Post gives a good sketch of the career of Greenough, the sculptor, whose death, in the apparent vigor of his days, has been recently announced.

Mr. Greenough was a man that relied upon his own faculties, and, in one of his earliest works, the "Sleeping Cherubs," executed for the late Fenimore Cooper, exhibited a remarkable degree of originality and force. It was of this exquisite piece of sculpture that Washington Allston wrote his well-known lines, addressed to the sculptor. It was finished in 1829, and the next year his Medora, a graceful female figure, was modelled for Mr. Gilmore, of Baltimore. All the while he was employed on busts and figures of less pretension, until 1833, when he began the Washington, ordered by the Congress of the United States.

Mr. Greenough was nearly ten years engaged on this statue, which he intended to make his master work, but which did not receive from his countrymen that meed of praise which he expected. A colossal figure, almost nude, and in a sitting posture, was a conception so opposed to the traditionary idea of Washington, that it was hard to reconcile the public mind to the merits of the execution in the shock given to its feelings by the novelty of the design. But critics of unquestionable discernment and taste, such as Mr. Calvert in his "Scenes and Thoughts in Europe," have defended the choice of the artist, and give some good reasons why he should have made such a work as he did.

The last completed work of Mr. Greenough was also ordered for the Government, and is now on its way to this country from Italy. It represents the struggle between the advancing civilization of the white race and the aboriginal inhabitants, in the person of an Indian and a Hunter, who rescues a child from the tomahawk of the former, and is said, by those who have seen it, to be the master-piece of its author. Mr. Greenough, however, was never satisfied with what he done, and immediately on his arrival here last year, entered into a connection with Mr. Brown, to execute a colossal monument to Washington, to be placed in Union Park in this city. He had also projected a monument to his early fried, Cooper, the plan of which, as he detailed it to us, not long since, struck us as most admirable.

Mr. Greenough was a writer as well as an artist, and had he devoted his time as sedulously to the pen as he did to the chisel, would have made one of our first literary men. A small book of his, published during the last summer, for private circulation, abounds in original and racy remarks and generous sentiments. Few men had reflected more deeply than he, on the various questions of social and religious concern, that interests the public, and his views of them were always clear, candid, and liberal. He often contributed to the newspapers anonymously, and his contributions always challenged attention.

In his private life Mr. Greenough was manly, amiable, and upright. He cherished none of the petty jealousies which are imputed to artists, and though he had so long held the position of the American Sculptor, he delighted to speak of the merits and growing fame of Powers, Crawford, Clevinger, and others, who were making names in the same walk of art. He was so widely informed—his habits of thought were so exact: he had observed so much in his travels—and had been intimate with so many eminet men, that his conversation was equally instructive and delightful. A day passed in his studio, or in wandering with him in the fields, was a day to be remembered. We think we never met him, even casually, without getting from him some new suggestion or some beautiful illustration of truth.

Mr. Greenough has left a wife and several interesting children to mourn his loss, in common with the whole country.

The Milwaukie News is responsible for the following. It has the air of truth and is funny enough to last a fortnight:

"A friend of ours, who possesses a quiet vein of humor, was recently on a visit to Maryland, and relates an amusing account of a colored chorus, witnessed by the 'relator' at one of the African churches. The masculine darkies were arranged like four and twenty black birds all in a row, on one side, and the females on the other. The latter commenced the chorus, Oh! for a man—oh! for a man—oh for a mansion in the skies;' to which the former responded; 'Send down sal—send down sal—send down salvation to my soul."

MRS. PARTINGTON'S LAST—"Does Isaac manifest any taste for poetry, Mrs. Partington?" asked the schoolmaster's wife, while conversing on the merits of the youthful Partington. The old woman was basting up a chicken that her friends sent her from the country. "Oh yes," said the old lady, smiling; "he is very partially fond of poultry, and it always seems as if he can't get enough of it." The old spit turned by the fire place in response to her answer, while the basting was going on. "I mean," said the lady, "does he show any of the divine afflatus?" The old lady thought a moment. "As for the divine flatness—I don't know about it. He's had all the complaints of all the children, and when he was a baby he fell and broke the carriage of his nose, but I hardly think he's had that which you speak of." The roasting chicken hissed and spluttered, and Mrs. Partington basted it again.

CURING COLDS.—Of all means, fasting is the most effectual. Eat nothing whatever for two days, and the cold will be gone, provided you are not confined to the bed—because by taking no carbon into the system by food, but consuming that surplus which caused the disease by breath, you soon carry off the disease by removing the cause. And this plan of fasting will be found more effectual if you add copious water drinking to protracted fasting.

A contributor to the Knickerbocker, who was present when Daniel Webster delivered his memorable address at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, says:—"An aged blacksmith standing near me, whose memory seemed full of revolutionary reminiscences, was much excited by many parts of the oration. Once he turned to me and said, '*What a speech! every word weighs a* POUND!'"

A western farmer being obliged to sell a yoke of oxen to pay his hired man, told him he couldn't keep him any longer. "Why," said the man, "I'll stay and take some of your cows in the place of money." "But what shall I do when my cows and oxen all gone?" "Why, you can then work for me, and get them back again."

"I s'pose, neighbor," said an independent voter to another, on the eve of the election, "that you'll vote for friend B—— again this time?" "No," was the reply; "I don't think I shall. The beef wasn't cooked to my mind that he gave us last election!"

CURIOUS GOLGOTHA.—The Echo of the Valley of the Pyrenees announces, that a very interesting discovery has lately been made in the neighborhood of Bagneres. It is a cavern filled with the petrified remains of hyenas, lions, panthers and other animals.

GOOD TASTE.—The following very happy and equally true sketch is from the London Quarterly:

"You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen and the recommendation of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape if it be awkward. Whatever fashion dictates, she follows of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things which people generally suppose to be brought from Paris, or at least made by a French milliner, but which as often are brought from the nearest town, and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is either rich or new—on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors; nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either enlivens you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or gilt buttons, or twisted cordings. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress, all her inner borders and headings are delicate and fresh, and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all, there is no great art either in her fashions or her material. The secret simply consist in knowing the three Unities of her dress—her own station—her own age, and her own points—and no woman dresses well who does not. After this we need not say, that whoever is attracted by the costume will be disappointed by the wearer. She may not be handsome or accomplished—but we will answer for her being even tempered, well informed, thorougly sensible,—a complete lady."

LEWIS CASS AND THOMAS H. BENTON are two of the most robust and healthy men to be seen in Washington. Both are and have been remarkably temperate from boyhood. Gen. Cass looks as if he would last a score of years yet. Col. Benton appears fresh and energetic as ever, and an exchange relates the following of Old Bullion;

He said recently in conversation with a gentleman who spoke of his being the last of the group. "Yes," said he, "Clay, Webster, and Calhoun are gone;—years ago, Dr. —— told me, 'when these men are dead, you will be fresh and vigorous as ever.' My habits of living do it; until I was thirty, I drank nothing but water sir! Since then I have drunk only what circumstances made it fit I should drink. Temperance and moderation keep me in health and strength. Besides I adopt the Roman regime—bathe with cold water and rub dry.—That's exercise. None of your common flesh brushes, but such as they rub horses' legs with!"

PRACTICAL INDEPENDENCE.—In the article on the Australian gold mines in the London Review, the writer gives a rich and ludicrous account of the practical equality which the abundance of gold mines makes between masters and servants. We laughed heartily at the following:

"One stockmaster, whose hands had deserted him, went to the diggings to induce them to return to shear his flocks, and made up his mind to submit to their own terms. "Well, master," said the fellows, "we'll return and do the job, provided,"——"Yes," interrupted the master joyfully, "I agree,"—"*provided we have the wool!*" As he was turning away, they offered their old master *fifteen shillings* per day, to stay and be their *cook!*"

DR. LUCAS, the celebrated Irish poet, having after a sharp contest, carried the election as representative in Parliament, for the city of Dublin, was met a few days after by a lady whose family was very warm in the interest of the unsuccessful candidate.

"Well Doctor," said she, "I find you have gained the election."

"Yes, madam."

"No wonder, sir, all the blackguards voted for you."

"No, madam, your two sons did not," replied the Doctor.

KEEP YOUR DOOR CLEAN.—"John," said a clergyman to his man, "you should become a teetotaller—you have been drinking again to-day."

"Do you never take a drop yourself, minister?"

"Ah, but John, you must look at your circumstances and mine!"

"Very true, sir," said John; "but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?"

"No, John, I cannot tell you that."

"Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his own door clean."

Decatur had received at New York the "freedom of the city," as a testimonial of respect and gratitude. On the following day he overheard this colloquy between two of the sailors:

"Jack," said one, "what is the meaning of this 'freedom of the city,' which they've been giving to the old man?"

"Why, don't you know? Why, it's the right to frolic about the streets as much as he pleases, kick up a row, knock down the men, and kiss all the ladies!"

"O," cried the other, "that's something worth fighting for!"

GLORIOUS TIMES FOR THE LADIES.—In the reign of Queen Margaret of Scotland, the Parliament passed an act that any maiden lady of high or low degree should have the liberty to choose for a husband the man on whom she set her fancy. If a man refused to marry her, he was heavily fined, according to the value of his worldly possessions. The only ground of exemption was previous bethrothal.

INDIAN CIVILIZATION.—Among the signs of "civilization" among our red brethren, the Minnesota Democrat says that in a council the other day with Gov. Ramsey, one of the Winnebago chiefs complained that the Chippewa Indians stole seventeen horses from his people some time ago, and what was worse, killed the horses, dried the meat, and sold it to them for *jerked elk!*

Give the devil his due. Certainly, says a cotemporary; but it is better to have no dealings with the devil, and then there will be nothing due him.

"I say, Jim, don't you think Glazier has a very *benign* countenance?" "Very indeed," was the reply, "a regular 7 by 9 countenance."

An Irish journal says: "The following bill was presented by a farrier to a gentleman in this town:—'To curing your pony that died, £1, 1s.'"

Blacksmiths, it is said, *forge* and *steel* every day; but we think people speak *iron*-ically of them.

Blessed is the woman whose husband has a wooden leg, as she will have but one stocking to knit.

RAILROAD MOTTO.—"Slow and Sure"—of an accident.—*Punch.*