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AND SOUTHERN MARYLAND ADVERTISER.

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Selected Poetry.

A BANKER'S RHYMES.

[The following amusing effusion we find in an old volume of "Waldie's Circulating Library"—a periodical which stood in the foremost rank in its day and generation. It is an *impromtu* by the celebrated banker, NICHOLAS BIDDLE, written in a lady's album; and in the apt use of technical expressions, bears considerable resemblance to the "Special Pleader's Lament," with which, no doubt, our readers are familiar.]

Time was, when to *see* thee, fair lady alone,
Would wake into verse this cold bosom of stone:
But now thy command, all unchanged as thou art,
Cannot kindle the fancy nor soften the heart.
So unequal our fates, since that scythe-bearing Time,
Appeased by thy beauty, provoked by my rhyme,
Though he lolded his wings and muffled his tread,
And passed without touching a hair of thy head;
As he came by my farm, cut me down to a cit,
And dispersed my small stock of merinos and wit.
If you deem this a pretext made up for my wife,
Pray look at my dwelling and think of my life.
Not a mummy wrapped up in his pyramid hall,
Nor the toads that live on for whole years in a wall;
Nor the famed iron mask, breathe more dulness and gloom,
Than I—when enclosed in my vast marble tomb,
'Midst vaults of damp stone, and huge chests of cold iron,
That would quell all the fancy of Shakspeare or Byron.
Alas! had the ancients, who so much surpass us,
In their pure golden age, fixed a *bank* on Parnassus;
What a model of wisdom and pleasure to follow!
Only think now—to sign one's bank notes like Apollo!
But that rake of Olympus—too happy to rove—
Would have scorned to make money and ceased to make love.
And the Muses whose sex condescends to protectors,
Have a true female scorn for all sorts of directors.
'Tis fiercely avenged though, for banks where they know it,
Have a horror that warns them to shun every poet.
And since the first rhyme, the muses' fond votary,
If ever he's trusted, soon goes to the notary.
Even I, sainted ladies, who, fixed on my farm,
Though you never would visit me, wished you no harm,
Even I would exchange, shall I dare to confess I've all,
For one sheet of bank notes, the whole quire celestial.
I prefer my last schedule of number one debtors,
To the writings of all the republic of letters:
My "much estemed favours" from Paris, to those
Which brought on poor Helen an Iliad of woes:
Nay, two lines of bad prose with a good name upon it,
To the tenderest fourteen ever squeezed in a sonnet.
Why I would not accept—not for Hebe's account,
The very best draught from Helicon's fount;
Nor give—this it grieves me to say to their faces,
More than three days of grace to all the three Graces.
Then their music of spheres, can it thrill through the soul
Like kegs of new dollars as inward they roll:
And Cecelia herself—though her lyre was divine,
Never gave to the world notes equal to mine.
But we've parted in peace now, I never shall quarrel
If my branches like Daphne's won't sprout into laurel:
And renouncing illusions, find peace and content
In that simplest, sublimest of truth—six per cent.
While the bank is my goddess, its desks are my altars;
And all my fine frenzy is spent on defaulters.
So unless—like the sculptor of old—in this stone
You can breathe inspiration as pure as your own,
Be it mine while no scribbling your tablet defaces
To keep out of your book, but keep in your good graces.

Original Papers.

For the Planters' Advocate.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS

OF

JONATHAN SMITH, Esq., the Elder:

COMPILED, FROM PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS, ASSISTED BY THE FAMILY PAPERS, BY HIS SON,

JONATHAN SMITH, THE YOUNGER.

A NARRATIVE OF FIFTY ODD YEARS AGO.

Instalment the First.

CHAPTER I.

Which, as it is of the nature of a Preface, is a very short chapter, indeed.

That remarkably stubborn and supercilious character, SAMUEL JOHNSON, in an ill-natured remark about a friend, who was much addicted to the writing of biographies, said, *he is a dead hand at a life!* This withering but ungracious speech did not lose its force upon its first object. It has had its influence (a happy one, it is to be hoped,) even upon myself. Every time I thought of printing this production—which has now been on paper for about ten years, more or less—I fancied I saw the gawky, burly figure of the gaunt SAMUEL, rolling in an arm-chair, and whispering through the ear trumpet of Sir Joshua Reynolds, as he pointed towards my diminutive self: "There, Sir, is another dead hand—aye, Sir, a putrescent hand!" The fact that old Johnson is now on the other side of putrescence, himself, hardly robbed me of the fear, that a grossly bad "Life," if published, would force him to break loose from the Devil, (in whose keeping he doubtless is, at this present writing,) and would roll about and puff, in his old style, to execute vengeance on the offender.

Howbeit, to save that most miserable of critics a journey, that would probably delight him too much, I have not taken the sounding title which brought down his wrath; but have satisfied myself with an humbler heading for my narrative. It will, I hope, satisfy SAM JOHNSON and my readers—as it certainly is satisfactory to myself—that the facts about to be related are called "Personal Memoirs." The reason of which title (to satisfy at once those self-made literary critics, who hunt out chiefly for verbal misnomers and Irishisms,) is this: the facts are *memoirs* of an Individual, which came under the *personal* observations of the writer of them.

As most of the delightful scribblers of the day, assure their readers, that their books are intended as vehicles to convey Great Principles in, I have concluded to steer on another tack entirely—convinced, that there is another Temple of Fame than the one they seek for, to be reached by a different Table of bearings and distances. No doubt for this hint I will be very extensively vilified by these gentlemen, as Columbus was by the gentlemen of Genoa; but they will do well to take care how they talk, for I, as Columbus, may rush upon a Hemisphere of fame, of which they have not the remotest conception.

I do not intend, then, to show, by a lying story, the *Evils* of Southern life, as a certain lady who (by special courtesy) shall be nameless; nor yet, by a true account, to evince the thriving state and spirit of the North Country; nor yet still, by a half true and half lying Tale, to palaver to the ill feelings of both sections. These are all dirty jobs, and unworthy a man of the noble name of SMITH. But I wish, by a tale of a half-century ago, (I am an old man *now*,) to show to the ladies and gentlemen of this day and generation, that personal beauty, and manufactured finery, without such beauty, are not the only qualities that the world has allowed to constitute the "first people"—that not long ago, even in our own Country, there existed a race of people, we will not say *superior*, but at least *equal* to themselves, in every respect, who found the *summum bonum* of a gentleman, not in the woolen fabric upon his back, but in that other invisible garment in which every man should be clothed, commonly called the *Cloak of Merit;* and, in a word, to show these same fine ladies and gentlemen, that it is possible to have greatness and pleasure and refinement in a state of society where luxury is unknown, and wealth no passport to the society of honest people. This book will be also found to meet the case of those people, who rush into the opposite extreme; and seem to think, if they have a little education, they are therefore fit companions for honest folks, though they be destitute of every thing like gentility and refinement.

CHAPTER II.

Which is still shorter, as it contains nothing but a Dedication of these Memoirs—preceded by a Disquision on dedications in general.

All who shall venture to read this book must know that dedications were originally the begging-papers of poor-devil Authors; for if they have not this piece of knowledge, I assure them, at once, these pages are too abstruse for their comprehension. In the first age of dedicating books, a poor writer would, in fulsome language, declare that he had the honor to append to his humble effort the illustrious name of my Lord, the Duke of Five-pounds, or Earl of Two-guineas, who, in nine cases out of ten, would never read it. For his flattery, he got a few coins to prevent absolute starvation.

But in this age, dedications have assumed another phase. One of your fine writers now will not seek for *money*, which many of them affect to despise. But they affix the name of the Hon. Donothing Bigbug, LL. D., or some other notability, by which he shows the public that he has the delight of being a particular friend of the Honorable gentleman. Of these two species of dedications, I know not which the more to despise. I am rather inclined to be more partial for the poor fellow who sought for money in the olden times, than for the conceited penman of our time, who affects a distinguished acquaintance. But as it is impossible for myself, bearing as I do the illustrious name of SMITH, to desire any larger or better circle than my very name will admit me to; so is it equally beneath my nature to make my book the means of a paltry gain, by lying to the satisfaction of any rich patron.

It seems to me that almost all authors, hitherto, have mistaken the proper idea and scope of a dedication. It is not intended to promote the good of the author, as I take it—for the notion of presenting another with the result of one's brains, is repugnant to all right feelings, when done for a few dollars and cents. And if it is only a matter of bargain and sale between you and your patron, it is cheating *him*, as sole purchaser, to give the fruit of your brains to the *public* as well as to himself. Neither is it to promote the good of another by affixing his name for notoriety's sake—for if one wishes to advance a friend by means of a book, why let him puff that friend in his text, or preface, or foot-note, and not in a paltry inscription. By inscribing his name upon your book, it looks as if your work were intended more for his cenotaph or tombstone, than as a position of honor for him. *Whomsoever a book is intended to benefit, or is directed against*, to them it should be dedicated. This I announce to all writers as the true idea, because I intend to proceed upon it myself.

Having thus finished the disquisitive part of the present chapter, I will now give the dedication, as above promised—after which, as the reader will find out, the chapter comes to an abrupt conclusion:

TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
OF THE PRESENT DAY—
AND TO ALL WRITERS WHO PANDER
TO THEIR
LOVE OF SHADOW RATHER THAN SUBSTANCE,
THIS BOOK
Is compassionately inscribed
by the
AUTHOR.

CHAPTER III.

Which, following the good rule, that "brevity is the soul of wit," is addressed to readers of all kinds; and lays down who may and may not read this work legitimately: i. e., with the permission of the writer.

Those whose eyes shall pass along these lines may think that the author was led to write from one of three reasons, viz: love of money, love of fame, or love of lying upon fashionable centre tables. The love of money I have especially disclaimed before, upon motives of principle; but a serious reader will also allow me, that it were the maddest thing in the world to attempt to raise money in these days by writing a sensible book. To offer a sound book to the "literary world," as it is termed, is like offering cooked flesh to Mohammedans: they would grasp it and chew it well *if they only could*, but seeing they cannot, they only turn up their noses at it—a simile which every reader, who knows any thing at all, will see bears some resemblance to the old saying about sour grapes.

It is equally ridiculous to say that I am influenced in writing by the love of fame—for I am already famous, as I could not help being, by hailing forth as the son of my illustrious sire, JONATHAN SMITH, THE ELDER.

But as for the other cause, that I desire to be talked about in "fashionable circles," as a "good, nice writer," "a clever fellow," "a d—d cute chap," and to be laid lovingly and conspicuously upon velvet table-covers,—let me quiet at once the reader, by affirming, that I would never have written at all, had I imagined any such purgatory on earth for my book. Reader, if you are a frequenter of gas-lit drawing-rooms, or a beau of wasp-waisted, love-sick, brainless women—I charge you to put my book down immediately. It will not amuse you, and yet it may, perchance, offend you: and as I would not move one inch to gratify, so also am I far above stooping to offend, such a miserable fool as I know you to be. If you pretend, then, to read these pages, for the sake of being able to talk about them to Miss Jenny Littlefoot or Miss Betty Finearm, I advise you to lay it aside—else you will soon find yourself reduced to the absurd predicament of having more brains between your fingers, than it hath pleased a good Providence to put in your skull. If you read, however, with a gusto, to find out the wit, and enjoying *that* only, *you* had better give up also, as well as he who shall read me for the simple excitement of the story—for I intend, just for spite, so to wind up the wit and the narrative, and to interweave them with dull, though sensible reflections, that it will be impossible to separate them for the gratification of such tender gullets as cannot bolt the dish whole. Least of all, I charge *you* not to read me, if you belong to that class of sycophants, termed the "Literati"—for I have the supremest contempt for such finnikin, mawkish rascals, who pass for millionaires in literary transactions, while their whole stock in trade does not amount to a single sensible and well digested book. I refer to those people, of both sexes, who pass singly as "men (or women) of letters," and collectively make up that herd of swine, commonly called THE LITERARY PUBLIC—whom, if they had together one head, I would give them such a hard knock upon it as they would not fancy, and would order them peremptorily off my premises, viz: the pages of this work.

But you, my kind, sensible and serious reader, you are most welcome to roam through my fields and glean whatever you can upon them; provided, as my Lord Coke hath it, you do no injury to the freehold! Help yourself, my hearty fellow! You, I know, accuse me of no blackguard motives in this undertaking; you see the scope and intent of it; so read away at your leisure, and may *Patience* guide you safely to the end!

Thus, so far have I progressed. I have given a preface, a dedication, and a familiar talk to readers of all kinds: warning off those who would be likely to prove trespassers, and throwing open my gates to those whom I choose shall enter. The serious reader, conscious (as well as I) of the excessive dullness of all this preliminary matter, wishes now, no doubt, to be introduced to some of the *characters*, the *dramatis personæ* of these Memoirs—which introduction shall accordingly be begun immediately. This, however, being about as much as he can well digest at a time—this chapter is now declared ended, the ceremony being postponed until we reach chapter the fourth—until which time, I wish my reader a very good time indeed.

For the Planters' Advocate.

The Advancement of the Present Age.

There is no one who, if he will examine history, can fail to perceive the rapid advancement of the glorious age in which we live.—Where once skimmed along in native security the light canoe of the savage Indian, now floats in all its pride, the stately ship of the civilized European; where once tall forests, lifting their lofty heads to the skies, looked down upon the wild, though beautiful scene at their feet, lovely villages and magnificent edifices meet now the admiring gaze of the beholder. Where once naught was heard save the horrid war-cry of the savage, or the wild scream of the catamount, now echoes and re-echoes the voice of wisdom and eloquence; fields once uncultivated or overgrown with briars and thistles, now smile with their harvests of golden grain; the ignorance and superstition of ages have given way before the light of knowledge and science; now and not until now, has the man of letters received the respect due him. Such indeed, has been the advancement of the age, that it has been justly remarked: "God has more than compensated for the abbreviation of human life by the triumphs of education and art, which are constantly achieved." Nations once barbarous and uncivilized, thinking only of war and bloodshed, now bestow their attention upon other and nobler objects, the improvement of the mind and the peaceful pursuits of civilized life; the harsh and savage feelings which predominated a few years since in the heart of man, have yielded to the softer attributes of his nature; the teachings of the Scriptures and the principles of government are now more generally and thoroughly understood; the possession of knowledge or the enjoyment of education is now much more highly prized than mere physical accomplishments. On every hand examples, each more striking and wonderful than the preceding, are daily and hourly furnished us, illustrative of the improving and progressive spirit of the age. Man has indeed, become by the expansion of his intellect, and the cultivation of his genius, the lord of the Universe in reality as well as in name; he overcomes every obstacle which nature places in his path to fame and science; he converts to his own use the destructive lightning of heaven; he divines and explains the cause of those meteoric phenomenas, which the world has from time to time witnessed. How different was it in former times! the people, not knowing the real cause and unable to account for these remarkable appearances in any other way, attributed it to the interposition of some god displeased; but when the light of knowledge began to dissipate this absurd belief, men soon perceived its falsity, and inquired after the right theory. But Franklin is dead! yet, Morse still lives, and the electric fluid has become the messenger of thought, subserviant to our common interest; and all this under *the advancement of the present age*, but more anon! C. J. D.

WEST RIVER CLASSICAL INSTITUTE,
A. A. Co., Md., March 1853.

In Rome, Vedi's new opera, the *Troubadour*, has been brought out. An *anvil chorus*, with an accompaniment of *sledge hammers*, is introduced with *striking* effect.

Selected Miscellany.

FORTUNES OF KING LEOPOLD.

One circumstance, of domestic interest in its origin, but of vast importance in its ultimate results, deserves to be recorded, of this eventful period, (1814.)

At the city of Paris, during the stay of the allied monarchs, there was Lord——, who had filled with acknowleged abilities a high diplomatic situation at their head quaters, during the latter period of the war. His lady, of high rank, had joined him, to partake in the festivities of that brilliant period; and with her a young relative equally distinguished by her beauty and talents, then appearing in all the freshness of opening youth. A frequent visitor at this period, in Lord——'s family, was a young officer, then an aid-de-camp to the Grand Duke Constantine, a younger brother of an ancient and illustrious family in Germany, but like many other scions of nobility, had more blood in his veins, than money in his pocket. The young aid-de-camp speedily was captivated by the English lady; and when the sovereigns were about to set out for England, whither Lord——was to accompany them, he bitterly lamented the scantiness of his finances, which prevented him following in the train of such attractions. Lord—— good-humoredly told him he should always find a place at his table, when he was not otherwise engaged, and that he would put him in the way of seeing all the world in the British metropolis, which he would probably never see to such advantage again. Such an offer, especially when seconded by such influences, proved irresistible, and the young German gladly followed them to London. He was there speedily introduced to, and ere long, distinguished by the Princess Charlotte, whose projected alliance with the Prince of Orange had recently before been broken off. Though the Princess remarked him, however, it was nothing more at that time than a passing regard; for her thoughts were then more seriously occupied by another.—Having received, at the same time, what he deemed some encouragement, the young soldier proposed to the Princess and was refused; and subsequently went to Vienna during the sitting of the Congress at that place, where his susceptible heart was speedily engaged in another tender affair. Invincible obstacles, however, presented themselves to the realization of the Princess Chorlotte's views, which had led to her first rejection of the gallant German; he received a friendly hint from London to make his attentions to the fair Austrian less remarkable. He returned to the English capital, again proposed to the English Princess, and was accepted. It was Prince Leopold, of Saxe Coburg; and his subsequent destiny, and that of his family, exceeds all that romance has figured of the marvelous. He married the heiress of England. After her lamented end, he espoused a daughter of France. He was offered the throne of Greece; he accepted the crown of Belgium. In cosequence of his elevation, one of his nephews has married the heiress of Portugal; another the Queen of England; and the accidental fancy of a young German officer for a beautiful English lady has, in its alternate results, given three kingdoms to his family, placed on one of his relatives the crown of the greatest empire that has existed in the world since the fall of Rome, and restored to England, in hazardous times, the inestimable blessing of a direct line of succession to the throne.

It would be indelicate, during the life of some of the persons mentioned in the preceding curious narrative, to give their names to the public. Those acquainted with the elevated circles of English society at that period, will have no difficulty in filling them up; and the facts may be relied on, as the author had them from some of the parties immediately concerned.—*Alison's History of Europe.*

BYRON'S FIRST LOVE.—"She was his life—the ocean to the river of his thoughts." That Mary Chaworth returned the passion of her young lover, there is no doubt; but like the Montagues and Capulets, the houses of Chaworth and Byron were at feud. Mary had not the strength and truth of Juliet, and so they were parted—a separation by far more piteous to her and more fatal to him than death amid the full summer brightness of happy love.—This, not Shakspeare's, was the true soul-tragedy. Might she not have redeemed even his wayward and erring nature by the divinity of purer love and steady faith? But it was not to be: Mary bestowed her hand upon a man of whom little can be said but that he ranked "among the first sportsmen of the day;" lived, it is said, to weep wild tears over words which have linked her name in sorrowful immortality with her lover's and died in broken-heartedness at last. While he, grown reckless and defiant, the very core of his heart turned to ashes, and distrusting and despising his brother man, swept on in a glorious, sad, and stormy career, till the shadows deepened and the long night set in.

Mrs. Partington is quite a diligent reader of the papers, from which she frequently derives much comfort—in some instances where nobody but herself would look for it. The other day she was perusing a journal, when she suddenly came to a passage informing the public that Messrs. Taylor & Co.'s cotton gin factory at Columbus, Georgia, was unroofed by the tempest, and incalculable injury done to the gin tools and machinery, but no lives were lost.—The good lady turned up her eyes in devout thanksgiving for such a destruction, not only of that abominable liquor, but of the very tools that made it, especially as no lives were lost. "Ah!" she added, with a sigh, "how many precious souls will now be saved, besides those there present in that horrible distillery!"

An affecting incident, exhibiting the affection of the slave for his master, is narrated in the Culpepper Observer. The corpse of Dr. Philip Thornton was taken there on the cars from Alexandria, on the way to Rappahannock.—Before it was removed from the car, the old body servant and coachman was seen to enter and kneel at the coffin, and while his head rested upon the lid, he wept like a child. The most poignant heart felt sorrow was manifested.

In beholding this affecting incident of grief unsubdued, while it called to mind the many virtues, and generous heart of the deceased, it gave evidence of the humanity of a master worthy of example—long to be remembered and regretted.

Such an incident is a perfect refutation of the volumes that have been written to the prejudice of the Southern portion of the confederacy and the true character of the American people.

Some editors says that the destiny of the world often hangs on a trifle. A little miff between Charles Bonaparte and his love, Letitia, might have broken off a marriage which gave birth to Napoleon and the battle of Waterloo. To which the Chicago Advertiser says: "Yes, that is a fact. Suppose a little miff had taken place between Adam and Eve! What then?"

REV. DR. WAYLAND, President of Brown University, has been examining the table tipping experiments, usually attributed to electricity or spirits. He decides that it is not electricity, but thinks it is governed by some heretofore undiscovered law of nature.

From the Columbia (S. C.) Family Friend.

Reserving the Right of Passage.

"Once upon a time," there came to Boston, a young Kentuckian, for the purpose of learning the sciences of medicine and surgery. He was tall and athletic, shrewd, apt and intelligent, with a "little sprinkling" of waggishness. He was inducted into the Charity Hospital, and a room in the third story given him as a study. On entering into his new quarters, he was introduced to a young French gentleman, occupying the room, also a student. The young Frenchman, it seems, was very frank in his manners, courteous, yet cold, and he thus addressed his companion:

"Sir, I am indeed pleased to see you, and hope that we may prove mutually agreeable: but, in order that this may be the case, I will inform you that I have had several former room-mates, with none of whom I could ever agree—we could never pursue our studies together. This room contains two beds; as the oldest occupant, I claim the one nearest the window."

The Kentuckian assented.

"Now," said the Frenchman, "I'll draw a boundary line between our territories, and we shall each agree not to encroach upon the other's rights;" and taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, he made the mark of division, midway, from one side of the room to the other. "Sir," he added, "I hope you have no objection to the treaty."

"None in the world, sir," answered the stranger; "I am perfectly satisfied with it."—He then sent down for his baggage, and both students sat down with their books.

The Frenchman was soon deeply engaged, while "Old Kentuck" was watching him, and thinking what a queer genius he must be, and how he might "fix" him.

Thus things went on until dinner time came. The bell was rung; the Frenchman popped up, adjusted his cravat, brushed up his whiskers and moustaches, and essayed to depart.

"Stand, sir!" said the stranger, suddenly placing himself, with a toe to the mark, directly in front of the French student; "if you cross that line you are a dead man."

The Frenchman stood pale with astonishment. The Kentuckian moved not a muscle of his face. Both remained in silence for some moments, when the Frenchman exclaimed:

"Is it possible that I did not reserve the right of passage?"

"No, sir, indeed you did not: and you pass this line at your peril."

"But how shall I get out of my room?"

"There is the window, which you *reserved* to yourself—you may use that; but you pass not that door—*my* door, which you generously left me."

The poor Frenchman was fairly caught.—He was in a quandary, and made all sorts of explanations and entreaties. The Kentuckian took compassion on him, and thinking that going out of a third story window was not "what it was cracked up to be," said to his new friend:

"Sir, in order that we may be *mutually agreeable*, I'll rub out that hateful chalk line, and let you pass."

The Frenchman politely thanked him, and since the settlement of that "boundary question," they have been the very best friends.

How much more of true, geuine happiness there would be in the world, if the lesson imparted in the following sentence was more generally heard. Alas! when it is too late; "when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts, and we learn how hard it is to find true sympathy," then it is, and too often then *only*, that we realize the blessings we have slighted, the opportunities we have wasted:

"How sweet is *social affection!* When the world is dark without, then we have light within. We forget the world, with all its animosities, while blest with social kindness. That man can not be unhappy who has hearts that vibrate in sympathy with his own; who is cheered by the smile of tenderness and the voice of affection. Let the world be dark and cold; let the indifference or hate of men gather about him in the place of business; but when he enters the ark of his own cherished circle, he forgets all then, and the cloud passes from his brow, and the sorrow from his heart. The warm sympathies of his wife and children dispell every shadow, and he feels a thrill of joy in his bosom, which words are inadequate to express. He who, on the other hand, is a stranger to the joys of social kindness, can not be said to even have *begun* to live."

SMART, IF TRUE.—The Milwaukie Wisconsin relates the following as an authentic transaction of the managers of Rock River Valley Union Railroad:

"It is said that the agent of the company made a contract with an English house about a year since. He was to pay half cash and the other half in bonds of the road. How to pay the half cash was the question, and the company had no money. A lucky thought struck him—iron would probably advance. He ordered just double what the road would want; 500 tons instead of 250; 1,000 tons instead of 500 and so on. Half the iron, before its arrival, was sold to the Southern and Michigan Company for cash at a trifle under the price, by reason of the akvance in iron, affording a small profit to the agent. Thus the English house was paid one half cash, and the road got what iron it wanted, and had a little cash left to pay for a few miles."

A REAL DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.—One evening of last week, while the 7th regiment, better known as the National Guard of New York city, was on parade, Miss Divver, the daughter of the late Adjutant of the regiment, was introduced, at her own request, and shook hands with every member of the corps then present. This child was adopted by the regiment soon after the Adjutant's decease, and is uspported by a yearly assessment on each member.

"GETTING UP STAIRS."—A hotel is about to be erected in Albany eight stories high. A person seated in an elegant arranged car, strikes a bell to indicate the floor to which he desires to be conveyed, whereupon, by means of a steam "dummy," they are elevated to the proper terminus in double quick time, thereby obviating the difficulty experienced in "getting up stairs."

"Mother," asked a little girl, while listening to the reading of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "why don't the book mention Topsy's last name? I have tried to hear it whenever it spoke of her but it has not once spoke it?"

"Why, she has no other name, child."

"Yes she had, mother, and I know it?"

"What was it?"

"Why, Turvy—Topsy Turvy?"

"You had better go to bed, my dear," said the mother.

"Rumor-making," says one of our exchanges, "is a regular business at Washington." Yes, and a very miserable kind it is, too. If those who get up *rumors* about others, should have the *truth* told about themselves, there would be "the devil to pay." Well there would.

Miss Bronte and Mr. Thackeray.

A report for some time prevailed in London that the authoress of "Jane Eyre" was once a governess in the family of Mr. Thackeray, and that the character of Rochester was suggested to her by comtemplating that of the author of "Vanity Fair." This story, we perceive by the papers, has made its way across the Atlantic. We have reason to believe, however, that it is quite destitute of truth, and that Miss Bronte never saw Mr. Thackeray till after "Jane Eyre" had been published, and become famous. Another story of the two celebrities, which has been circulated by the gossips, is probably nearer the truth. Miss Bronte, it appears, before her appearance as a first-rate lion in London society, had cherished for Mr. Thackeray a sentiment of cordial admiration, and was particuiarly desirous of becoming acquainted with him. They met; it was at a dinner party; and they were seated directly opposite to each other. The most casual reader of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette," must be aware that one of the qualifications of a hero, in the estimation of Currer Bell, is moderation in eating and drinking. The characters she likes (herself included) are represented to be indifferent to the pleasures of the table, while the people she detests have usually something of the cormorant in their disposition.—Now, it happened that at the time of this critical first meeting, Mr. Thackeray was recovering from a long and severe illness. He had been bled and he had been physiced, to within an inch of his life, and his appetite was consequently that of a Sioux Indian, who, after forty-eight hours' fast, sits down to a broiled buffalo hump. The repast began, and the eyes of the favorite and distinguished author were fastened to his plate. With silent fury he devoured. Insatiable seemed the much-consuming man. Not a word did he address to the wondering Jane, whose large eyes grew larger as the meal went on. Satisfied, at length, he leaned back in his chair, stupefied and slumberous. Miss Bronte was disenchanted. Whether she ever recovered from the shock, whether she still regards Mr. Thackeray with horror and disgust, or whether an explanation was ever vouchsafed her, gossip has omitted to mention.—*Home Journal.*

While the magnificent steamboat *Baltic*, of the Collins line of American steamers, was on her trip up the Potomac river to Washington, some few months ago, and had approached near to the town of Alexandria, Virginia, a group of passengers were entertained by the following amusing story, connected with the Town Hall of the place, a large and imposing structure, ornamented with a clock and steeple:

The town had been recently visited by several gamblers from the Southwest, who, like their master, the devil, had come thither, "seeking whom they might devour." At length a respectable citizen, in an evil hour, fell into the snare which had been set for him; and after a series of adverse games, carried on on different nights, he found himself fleeced out of the handsome sum of some three thousand dollars and upward. This he was obliged to pay, and *did* pay, although not very willingly, probably. But having "staked his money upon the cast," he was too "honorable," as it is called, not to "stand the hazard of the die." But a lucky thought enabled him to "bring about his revenges."

He had somehow or other ascertained that there was an old law in Virginia, established while she was yet a colony, in which it was "made and provided" that if any man could not show that he was pursuing some "lawful means of obtaining a livelihood," he should be sold, or hired out at auction, to prevent, by his labor, his becoming chargeable to the town. A complaint was therefore immediately entered against the gamester by his victim; he was arrested, tried, and condemned to be sold at public aution.

Here was a dilemma! The gambler was disposed, at first, to treat the whole matter as a joke; but he soon found out his mistake. He was taken to a public stand, "put up" for sale, and the bidding began—the "sale peremptory!" His victim started the bids with:

"One hundred dollars!"

"Two hundred," said the other. And so the gamester and his victim went on bidding, until the amount had reached two thousand dollars, when the former begged to be "let off," pleading poverty: but all would not do. There was no alternative; he must either be forced into a service of degrading labor, under the supervision of a man who had small cause to love him, or he must go on *bidding for himself*, which he was actually compelled to do, until the sum had reached three thousand five hundred dollars, when he was permitted to depart from the town by his persecutor, who gave the proceeds of the sale to the city, which was applied to the bulding of the steeple and clock of the very town-hall which had attracted the attention of the passengers.

It is said that ever since this occurrence, Alexandria has been considered a very "poor place of business" for the professors of cards and dice.—*Harper.*

"A passage in your Drawer," writes a Western correspondent, "which gives one or two anecdotes of clergymen, and the manner of writing and the character of sermons, has suggested to my memory the following, which is, I believe, entirely authentic:

A gentleman asked a clergyman for the use of his pulpit for a young divine, a relative of his:

"I really do not know," said the clergyman, "how to refuse you; but if the young man should preach *better* than me, my congregation, will be dissatisfied with me afterward; and if he should preach any *worse*, I don't think he is fit to preach *at all!*"

This argument was considered to be so "well put," that the request which had been made was not further insisted upon.—*Harper.*

In one of Sidney Smith's articles in the Edinburgh Review occurs this striking passage:

"A *Hiss* is either foolish, or tremendous, or sublime. The hissing of a goose or a pancake is absurd and ridiculous; the first faint hiss that arises from the extremity of the pit of a theatre, on the first evening of a new play, sinks the soul of the author within him, and makes him curse himself and his Thalia; the hiss of the venomous *cobra di capello* is sublime: *it is the whisper of death!*"

TIGHT SCREWING.—"Do you support Gen. Taylor?"

"No."

"Do you support Gen. Cass?"

"No, sir."

"What! do you support Van Buren?"

"No, sir-ee, I support Betsy and the children, and it's mighty tight screwing to get along at that, with corn only twenty cents a bushel."

Several kegs marked "lard" but found to contain spirits, were lately seized at Providence. A commonication from Mrs Partington, through a "medium" says: "This is rendering to seizer the things that are seizers."

Truth is established by delay: falsehood is aided by precipitancy.

A thought, which is worth anything, can be clearly expressed.

Leisure for study, thought and social enjoyment, are to be counted as part of one's income.