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POETRY.

Life's Poetry.

The proudest poetry of youth
Is—"Would I were a man!"
The golden years that lie between,
Youth like a dream would span—
'Tis in its thought, 'tis in its heart—
'Tis ever on its tongue;
But oh! the poetry of age
Is this—"When I was young!"

Thus, in the morn of life, our feet
Would distant pathways find;
The sun still face to face we greet,
The shadows fall behind!
But when the morn of life is o'er,
And nature grows less kind,
The lengthening shadows creep before—
The sunlight falls behind!

With many a murmur slow and sad,
The stream of life flows on;
That which we prized not when we had,
Is doubly prized when gone!
And many a sad and solemn truth
Lies written on Life's page,
Between the "Poetry of Youth,"
And "Poetry of Age."

MISCELLANY.

Carrie Lee's Talisman.

PRETTY Carrie Lee! she had been three years an orphan, and during that time, by her own exertions, had supported her little brother and sister; and, although she boasted no higher birthplace than one of the "cottage homes" of America, far would it have been from the nicest exquisite to couple with her the awkard manners and rustic complexion of the country lass. Nor did the graces of her person excel those of her mind, for so the fates willed it, that an uncle of her mother, wealthy, and a bachelor, wanting sadly something to love and cherish, had resolved to make her his pet, and insisted on placing her at one of the best educational institutions in the land. Here she passed the brightest days of her life, improving her advantages to the full, until her seventeenth birthday passed; then she first realized that her rations of sorrow had, heretofore, been withheld from her. The sudden death of her mother, followed almost immediately by that of her father, recalled her from a life of pleasure to one of exertion. It was a sad blow for poor Carrie, but she became a woman under it, and acted so heroically, as to win golden opinions from uncle Jacob, and prove to him that he had not chosen his favorite unwisely. But she had not heard all; on the settlement of her father's affairs, she found herself almost penniless; only one thing remained to her, and her heart clung to this for the sake of its former owner; it was a piece of ground, the prettiest site in the village, and had been her mother's, and which was known by the name of Wild Cherry Place; what had given it its name, no one could tell; certainly it was not the old elm trees that were scattered so sparingly over it. As Carrie glanced over the beautiful place, and felt that every tree, and nook, and rock, was linked with memories of the dead, she resolved that nothing but the greatest necessity should tempt her to relinquish it, and at the same time, she likewise determined to refuse those kind offers of aunts and uncles, to take charge of the younger children, and nobly to depend on her own exertions. Carrie had a secret talisman that she was thinking of all this while, and relying upon its aid to carry out her determination. What was it, fair reader? You shall see.

But to relate things as they happened, go back to a pleasant afternoon in Carrie's pleasant parlor. It was "circle afternoon," and Carrie was always sure of a large number; for she was the foster-child of the village: and there was not a good lady there who did not secretly think that all her (Carrie's) success was owing to her private counsel and aid. Why, hadn't Mrs. Seamer shown her own favorite way of darning, and Mrs. Tuft given her herbs from her own choice collection? Hadn't Mrs. Skimpton advised the arrangement of the kitchen, and Mrs. Whitney that of her parlor? while Miss Tracy had daily advertised to her all the gossiping effusions? And Carrie, dear creature, with that admirable tact that belongs only to woman, had managed to obey in everything and in nothing, to suit everybody and please herself. But we are wandering. A goodly number had assembled at the sewing circle, and after the confusion of finding and fitting work, sorting thread, and selecting needles, the conversation flowed in the usual current; that is, those present talking of those who were not. At length, in a pause favorable to her purpose, Katy Remington, who never went to circle except when it met at Carrie's, springing up and gaining possession of a vacant seat near Carrie, exclaimed—

"Now, Carrie dear, if you have a single spark of mercy in your nature, I beg you to give me your secret. Do tell me in what way you have contrived to become such a perfect paragon of all young people, who have

she added, addressing her young companions, "I thought I would just bear in mind the number of times in a week that Carrie Lee was set forth to me as a model, and what do you think? why, only on the third day, my poor brain got so bewildered with their multiplicity, that I was forced to give it up to avoid monomania or some other dreadful thing. And now I have been listening to such an enumeration of virtues, every word of which, although it only counts one when added to Carrie's praises, detracts tenfold from ours, and I appeal to you all, is it fair that she should keep this wonderful witchery all to herself?"

Hereupon Carrie was assailed by numerous voices, all clamorous for her secret, until suddenly one exclaimed to Uncle Jacob, who was on a visit from the city: "Oh, Mr. Harris, do just tell us how Carrie manages so nicely; indeed, I think it is her duty to let at least Fanny into the secret," she added glancing archly at a friend near, a bride of two weeks.

"Well, really," said old Uncle Jacob, laughing, "it's just what I've been often puzzled about myself. Carrie tells me she has a powerful talisman that aids her, but what that is, is more than I can find out."

"A talisman, a talisman," echoed several voices. "Come, come, Carrie, if you have got any Egerias hid down in that delightful Wild Cherry Place, let us all have the benefit of it."

"Oh, Uncle Jacob!" began Carrie, not knowing what to say.

But she was relieved from her embarrassment by the sudden and flurried entrance of Miss Tracy. Every one knew when she arrived they might expect to hear the latest bit of news out; but to the numerous inquiries why she was so late, she maintained a steady reserve until divested of her numerous wrappers and overshoes; then, seating herself in a very consequential way, she began:—

"Well, where do you think I've been?" And, being answered only by a profound silence, she continued: "Well, you've all heard what's been said about the Churchills, them folks, that's just moved from the city into the house across the road from ours; they say 'twas on account of his wife's health, but dear-a me, if she thinks she's goin' to get strong, doin' as she's doin', she's mistaken, that's all I've got to say. Why, only yesterday, Jannet told me, she believed Mrs. Churchill didn't go into the kitchen from one week to another; and the waste there!" Miss Tracy was nearly overcome.

"Have you been in?" inquired several voices.

"Well," said Miss Tracy, reviving, "I've seen their hired man go to the post-office almost every day, and fetch back lots of letters and papers, and what looked to me like magazines; so to-day, when I saw him bring home a bigger bundle than usual, I thought I'd jest run in an' satisfy myself once for all; so I went in, and the man at the door took me right into the room where they were setting; and what do you think I saw? Why, all three of them, mother and girls, were reading them magazines, and more'n all, they didn't seem one mite ashamed to be caught so, and the girls didn't even lay down their books, but kept twirling the leaves in their fingers all the time. My eye caught the name of one of them, and that was enough for me. I come away."

"What was it?" inquired several, in breathless attention.

"What do you think? Godey's Lady's Book!" And Miss Tracy having thus triumphantly delivered herself, settled down in her chair, and seemed much relieved.

"Godey's Lady's Book!" "The very best part of the day spent in reading!" "And such reading!" were exclamations heard on all sides from the good dames, and which were followed by a general denunciation of all magazine publications, in which the "Book," having the largest circulation, came in for the largest share. Then came a long list of accidents and disasters occasioned by their reading, and a grave homily on the corruption of the present age, which would support such concerns. No doubt all this was intended, indirectly, to inspire all the young people with gratitude, that they were under a supervision wise enough to protect them from such calamities.

Suddenly, Uncle Jacob exclaimed: "By the way, Carrie, what did you want of Godey's Lady's Book, which you told me you would rather I would give you than anything else?"

Now, you must know that during all this discussion, Carrie had not said a word, but had sat quite still; only now and then a quiet, cunning smile playing round the corners of her mouth. Thus suddenly appealed to, she started, and looked confused.

"Why, a stir among the good people! Carrie Lee have Godey's Lady's Book! Impossible! they had not heard aright. "Was it Godey's Lady's Book, Uncle Jacob?"

"Yes, Godey's Lady's Book."

Could it be? Had the pet of the whole village worn a mask all this while, which was now so unwillingly torn aside. There were looks of [illegible] and alarm, as the [illegible]

heartily to see the doleful faces round her. But Uncle Jacob's question must be answered; so she began:—

"Well, uncle, I will tell you what I wanted with it, and perhaps my answer may also set Kate at rest. *Godey is my talisman*, which you have been so naughty as to tell of."

Nothing but intent looks of expectation; so she went on:—

"When I was at boarding school, I learned the value of the Lady's Book. There it was the only source that never failed. Did we want something perfectly unique and beautiful for the coming season? Godey's 'Fashion Plates' are elegant and reliable. Did we want to get up a little tableau on a holiday? Godey's Mezzotint and Line Engravings furnish beautiful groups. Did we want to get up a little fancy ball? Godey's Costumes were straightway appealed to; or did we want to send home little nicknacks for Christmas presents? Godey's Work-Table is inexhaustible. And you will not wonder, uncle, that I value the book when I tell you that from that I first got the idea of maintaining us, myself, and by that aid alone I have been able to carry it out. No wonder you are surprised, uncle, for I dare say you never looked into a number in your whole life, and there is such a spirit of condemnation among certain classes with regard to all such publications. Somebody, in the first place, condemns a magazine, others catch the infection, until the whole system is denounced, and mostly by those who, instead of *seeing*, have only *heard*. But to tell you what it has done for me. When I was revolving in my mind how I should live, Godey's Work-Table suddenly occurred to me; so knitting, netting, crocheting, &c., filled my head and time for the next three months. My articles sold readily and well, for it was something quite new here, and this encouraged me to open a little school for teaching others the same thing; you all know how well I succeeded in that, for I could still continue my own work during the intervals of teaching; when the market here failed, a friend in the city offered to dispose of my articles there. That beautiful sofa pillow, Mrs. Whitten, which you admired enough to buy, I got from the September number of Godey. My little boquets of worsted flowers, which adorn many of your shelves, came also from Godey."

"And that superb silk embroidery!" cried Kate.

"And those beautiful corners for handkerchiefs!" said another.

"And all your elegant lamp mats!" exclaimed a third.

"All from Godey," said Carrie, with the gladdest smile imaginable. "Every number devotes three or four pages to this subject; so I am continually able to offer something new to my pupils, who seem never tired of learning. My income has been far greater than I dared to hope. And now comes the crowning point of my happiness. You all remember that beautiful Wild Cherry Place, which was mother's, and where father always wanted so much to build a house, just in that large open spot, between those two largest elm-trees; well, I determined long ago, if ever I had money enough, to carry out his plan, and about a month ago, I found I had money enough, provided I could dispense with the labors of an architect. This, at first, seemed impossible, but here, as in everything else, my talisman did not fail me; Godey's Model Cottages were just what I wanted; so," added Carrie, taking a beautiful little portable desk from the table, and showing several papers, "by taking one of his plans, and altering it slightly in several points, I have been able to get something which just suits me, and which an architect could not improve, and now, with a little assistance from Uncle Jacob, which I know I can depend upon, before many months are gone, I shall see one of the prettiest of cottages on Wild Cherry Place."

I will not attempt to describe the revulsion of feeling that took place there, or tell you how many declared they never would condemn a thing again without examining it themselves. Some could not make themselves believe they were really awake; others thought it exceeded all the stories they ever heard; their grandmothers tell in the chimney-corner; all were determined to subscribe, and many wanted to write that very afternoon, but Carrie read to them the liberal terms which Godey offers to clubs. This they determined was the best way to do the thing, and the extra copies should be given, one to the minister's wife, and the rest to those who could not afford to join. But Carrie's story was not over.

"Do tell me," said Kate, who was in the midst of a knot of young people, "do tell us about this pretty desk of yours! At a distance we thought it the Japanese work, but on a closer inspection, we find it is not."

"This," said Carrie, smiling, "was an old pine thing, and Godey's good hint on Antiglo Japanese work came just in time to save it from the fire."

"What was it?" "Let us see it!" they all cried at once.

Whereupon Carrie produced the late master-piece, which [illegible] one with a [illegible] the admiration of the [illegible]

"Oh, yes," said Carrie, "I had forgotton to tell you that; here is where I get all my new music that you have wondered so much about."

But now supper was announced, and the conversation was suspended until that was over. Then Uncle Jacob, who had not spoken since Carrie began, but had been obliged several times to wipe away the tears that would come, remarked that he would just walk to the post-office or so for a little exercise.

"What cook book do you use, Carrie?" said Mrs. Simpton.

Carrie's hand was laid on her unfailing Godey. "Don't you think," she said smiling, "it's well worth the subscription?"

"Well, I declare!" said old Mrs. Wilson, between laughing and crying, while she wiped her spectacles, "I never!"

By this time the men had come, who were each, in turn, obliged to listen to a recapitulation of Carrie's wonderful story, and nothing would suffice but Carrie must finish the evening by reading something from the book, and letting each see for himself. Carrie produced the numbers, and regaled them for the rest of the evening with some of the richest things a magazine ever offered to the public. The circle was held to a late hour, and all departed resolved to subscribe, and only regretting they had not done so years ago.

"Carrie," said Uncle Jacob, when all had gone, "did you ever hear mother speak of Miss Zilphia Harris, a distant relative of hers?"

Carrie thought she had.

"Well," continued Uncle Jacob, "I have just received a letter stating that she has died, leaving to your mother the fortune which she has amassed; this of course, becomes yours."

What more could Carrie desire? Her income, though not very large, was sufficient to support her in ease and comfort. The cottage was built, and never does the circle meet at Carrie's without calling up that ever memorable afternoon when she first disclosed her Talisman.

Cokesbury Female Institute.

The following is the circular address to which we alluded in our last.—The deep interest which we feel in this, as well as all educational enterprizes, prompts to a republication in our columns of all that which promises to promote the great work in which our heart is constantly found. To the public generally, and Masons especially, we commend this circular, and this Institution:—

Bretheren of the Masonic Fraternity:—We, the members of Bascom Lodge No. 80, located at Cokesbury, in Abbeville District, have just completed an arrangement with the Grand Lodge of the State to establish, under its patronage, a Female Collegiate Institute in our Village. We are moved in this matter by a desire to see the Ancient and honorable Order, to which we belong, join in the race for facilitating the acquisition of a correct education. All of the large and influential sects and societies of our country are establishing, under their immediate control, High Schools and Colleges for the education of males and females. And why may we not join in the noble effort to elevate and improve the condition of the human family, by educating the mind and heart, and thus dispelling the darkness of ignorance, and its attendant vices? It is for us, as a body, to do our mite in furnishing the means of obtaining a sound education, on as cheap a scale as possible, to all who may wish to avail themselves of it, and particularly to the destitute of our bretheren. It is for us to silence the tongues of malice and detraction, by exhibiting to the world an enlarged benevolence, by meeting the demands of the age in which we live for increased educational advantages. Our brethren, in other States, have outstripped us in establishing male and female Seminaries of learning under their immediate direction. There are flourishing Literary Institutions in Georgia, Alabama, and other Western States in successful operation, and accomplishing good for the Order and for the community generally. And though we have the ability and intelligence among the craft in our State, yet we have slept over this important subject, [illegible] a greater destruction of female than of male institutions of a high order in our State, and we have, therefore, determined to move our energies and influence to build up a female Institute of a high grade which we hope will do credit to the Fraternity.

A Committee, on the part of Bascom Lodge, attended the recent meeting of the Grand Lodge in Charleston, and when this subject was presented to that honorable body they unanimously agreed to take the general supervision of a school of the kind [illegible] patronage, and [illegible] the [illegible]

of Greenville and Columbia Railroad. The community will give liberally to the enterprise, but it will take a considerable outlay to erect suitable buildings and furnish them with proper apparatus and fixtures, and secure competent teachers in the beginning. We are, therefore, under the necessity of appealing to the known liberality of the brethren of all the Lodges in the State, as well as to friends of the enterprise generally; and ask them to consider the importance of our object, and the evident and powerful influence it may exert on the standing and prosperity of our Order, and determine as Masons and patriots whether it is proper to encourage and foster it by stretching forth a helping and an invigorating hand.

F. A. CONNOR,
J. K. VANCE,
J. W. STUART, } *Committee.*

The Winter of the Heart.

Let it never come upon you. Live so that good angels may protect you from this terrible evil—the winter of the heart.

Let no chilling influenc freeze up the foundations of sympathy and happiness in its depths; no cold burthen settle over its withered hopes, like snow on the faded flowers: no rude blasts of discontent moan and shriek through its desolated chambers.

Your life-path may lead you amid trials, which for a time seem utterly to impede your progress and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze.

Penury may take the place of ease and plenty; your luxurious home may be exchanged for a single, lowly room—the soft couch for the straw pallet—the rich viands for the coarse food of the poor. Summer friends may forsake you, and the unpitying world pass you by with scarcely a look or word of compassion.

You may be forced to toil wearily, steadily on, to earn a livelihood; you may encounter fraud and the base avarice which would extort the last farthing, till you well nigh turn in disgust from your fellow beings.

Death may sever the dear ties that bind you to earth, and leave you in fearful darkness. That noble, manly boy, the sole hope of your declining years, may be taken from you, while your spirit clings to him with a wild tenacity, which even the shadow of the tomb cannot wholly subdue.

But amid all those sorrows, do not come to the conclusion that nobody was ever so deeply afflicted as you are, and abandon every sweet anticipation of "better days" in the unknown future.

Do not lose your faith in human excellence, because your confidence has sometimes been betrayed, nor believe that friendship is only a delusion, and love a bright phantom which glides away from your grasp.

Do not think that you are fated to be miserable because you are disappointed in your expectations, and baffled in your pursuits. Do not declare that God has forsaken you, when your way is hedged about with thorns, or repine sinfully, when he calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave.

Keep a holy trust in heaven through every trial; bear adversity with fortitude, and look upward in hours of temptation and suffering. When your locks are white, your eyes dim and your limbs weary; when your steps falter on the verge of Death's gloomy vale, still retain freshness and buoyancy of spirit which will shield you from the winter of the heart. [illegible]

Philanthropy.

Mrs. Ames was sitting in her front room, when she saw Mrs. Armstrong approaching—a very public spirited lady, who took an interest in all reforms and benevolent enterprises, especially those undertaken for people in her station.

"My dear Mrs. Ames," [illegible] "I am the agent of a society [illegible] establishing the object of which is to provide suitable [illegible] for the children in Patagonia. I am [illegible] they are in the habit of going [illegible] nature, which you know [illegible] dul to contemplate."

"Perhaps they are used to it," remarked Mrs. Ames.

"But this is no reason [illegible] should not improve their condition. [illegible] agreed to hold a meeting two evenings in a week for this object in view. Will you join? I am afraid I can't. I should be obliged to neglect my own children, as I presume will be the case with [illegible] those who attend. Look, for [illegible] how in the street. He has a [illegible] and his [illegible] are all covered with [illegible] same [illegible] belongs to some [illegible] benevolent [illegible] to attend [illegible]

Hypocrisy.

Hypocrisy is very funny. It walks into the church of a Sunday morning, sleek, cleaned shaved, and as smiling as a man with a new wife for the third time. It joins in the anthem, responds to the prayers, listens attentively to the sermons and deacons. It is as free with the women as rouge or prepared chalk, and talks to young girls with the greatest of freedom. The missionary cause is its special care; all the neighbors are drummed up to "come forward and aid a benevolent object." Some subscribe large sums, and others throw in small amounts—the large contributors get their names into the papers, while the small ones are content with having done their duty.—The same hypocrisy we have seen severely prayerful of a Sunday, and on Monday it bartered a pair of gaiters with a courtezan. It has been known to turn up its eyes with horror at an oath, and before fairly recovered from the shock to swindle a laboring man out of money which should buy his children bread. It is prevalent in some cheap groceries, in the shape of short weights; is exhibited in wet goods; predominates in coffee; is powerful in milk; and—it's everywhere. Wherever you meet the fellow, shake him off, eschew his acquaintance—don't let your wife know there is such a character. Better be a Mormon, a thing-a-my, a street contractor, or ex-treasurer, than hypocrite. It's hazardous ballast, if you paddle your own canoe.

A GOOD RETORT.—A clergyman who was in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was not long since at an inn, where he observed a horse jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman, by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined to purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled observed—

"Parson, I had much rather hear you preach, than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man, in this way."

"Well," replied the parson, "if you were where you ought to have been, last Sunday, you might have heard me preach."

"Where was that?" inquired the jockey.

"In the State Prison!" retorted the clergyman.

A SENSIBLE BOY.—A miserly old lady kept an inn. One day a famished soldier called on her for something to eat. Some bones that had been pretty well picked were placed before him. After finishing his dinner, a little boy, son of the landlady, noticing that the soldier found it very difficult to make much of a dinner, put some money into his hand as he stepped out of the door.—When his mother came in he asked her how much it was worth to pick those old bones?"

"A shilling, my dear," said the old lady, expecting to receive the money.

"I thought so," replied the boy, "and I gave the soldier a shilng for doing it."

THE LATE GOVERNOR BURT.—The remains of the late Governor Burt, accompanied by the committe appointed for the purpose, arrived here yesterday. The Town Council and a number of our citizens united in an escort, and the remains were conveyed to the Council Chamber, where they were deposited until this morning, when they are to be conveyed to the depot of the Greenville Railroad, to be taken to Anderson.

It is but a few weeks since Governor Burt passed through our town to take charge of his trust. We little expected to be so soon summoned to attend his funeral escort.—[*Carolinian.*

THE SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.—The examination of the Senior Class of the South Carolina College [illegible] on Wednesday, the 13th Nov[illegible] the Board of Visitors there were present [illegible] Washington Parrott, Card[illegible] ward [illegible] We have to regret that there is not a larger attendance.

[illegible] AND A FOOL.—A foolish fellow down east recently sent one dollar to an impostor, who promised for that sum to put him in the way of a fortune. The answer came, with this, that whoever would make money might do so by getting [illegible] horse and wagon and peddling cigars.

[illegible] he would have died of Cholera in [illegible] if it had not one thing—that Doctor gave [illegible] days after wards he says he [illegible] indulging in [illegible]

Daniel [illegible] been sent [illegible] on [illegible]