

Poetry.

THE TRUE NOBLEMAN.

No airs, no rudeness, no pretence, No lack of plain, good common sense; No boorish manners to annoy, No vicious morals that destroy True manliness and grace; He wears upon his face gentleness, honest air, And no deceit is there. His true address, and not his dress, Commend him, and his manliness Wins the good favor of the few Who know him well, and know him true. He leans not on the broken reeds Of ancestral renown and deeds His father did long years ago. Blue blood in royal veins may flow, And be so cold and thin That the proud heart within Warms not in "weal or woe," So cold its pulse and slow. By all men be it understood, The noble man trusts not in blood; He asks no privilege of birth— He would be valued at his worth. Knowing his rights, he "dare maintain" His principle without a stain Upon his lips; he bravely pleads For others, and he intercedes For the down-trodden poor, For the heart-sick and sore; He dries the tear he finds, The broken heart he binds. His word is good as any bond; He loves his life, yet looks beyond; Wealth cannot spoil him, for his trust Is not in heaps of yellow dust. His face and speech inspire the soul To upward flights and self-control; It gives the soul a sense of wings, It lifts it from terrestrial things. When he is host or guest, A blessing seems to rest On all who hear and see Such true nobility. The throbb which his brave heart repeats In kindred bosoms warmly beats; A benediction lights his face, His speech is gentleness and grace.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! it is wiser and better Always to hope, than once to despair; Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter, And break the dark spell of tyrannical care; Never give up! or the burden may sink you— Providence has kindly mingled the cup And in all trials or troubles bethink you The watchword of life must be, Never give up! Never give up! there are chances and changes Helping the hopeful a hundred to one, And through the chaos, High Wisdom arranges Ever success,—if you will only hope on. Never give up! for the wisest is boldest, Knowing that Providence mingles the cup, And of all maxims the best, the oldest, Is the true watchword of Never give up! Never give up! though the grape-shot may rattle, Or the full thunder cloud over you burst, Stand like a rock,—and the storm or the battle Little shall harm you, though doing their worst. Never give up if adversity presses, Providence has wisely mingled the cup, And the best council, in all your distresses Is the stout watchword of Never give up!

Tales and Sketches.

LOVE-PATRONAGE;

OR, ART, MYSTERY AND HEART.

But a few steps from the Boulevards—that broad channel through which incessantly ebbs and flows a living tide of Parisians—is the "Place Royale." It is a pleasant square, filled with handsome trees, and enlivened by sparkling fountains, but the old mansions which encircle it have such a sombre air of massive seriousness as to cast an involuntary gloom over the stranger, as he traverses the almost deserted sidewalk. Even the gay and light-hearted Parisians assume a grave look as they pass through the square, and the residents are gloomy poets, disappointed politicians, or those to whom stern poverty forbids any choice in a locality, save the cheapness of the rents. In an attic-room of one of these dismal mansions, near the close of a bright summer's day, in 1847, sat Raymond Dalton, busily engaged in copying a picture. Out of repair, scantily furnished, and with a ceiling discolored in spots, where the loose roof-tiles admitted the rain, the apartment had but one redeeming quality. Light—the bright outshining of heaven's glory—shone in through a large window, and as it illuminated the canvas upon which the young artist was at work, little cared he about the desolation around him, or the scanty pittance in his purse. At last came the rich and prolonged glow of sunset, and laying down his palette, Raymond awoke from his day-dream of fame and honor—fast poetry, present wait and future uncertainty

casting shadows upon his ardent heart, far gloomier than those of the approaching night. Raymond was a Virginian by birth; and the Daltons had been in the foremost rank of that warlike and chivalrous race so justly renowned in the annals of our republic. But now he stood in public business, and he was to neglect their private affairs, and but little remained for Raymond when left an orphan early in life. Devoted to art, he declined the liberal offer made by his guardian, to join him in business; and no sooner was he of age than he left for Europe, where he carefully studied the master-pieces of the old painters. But long ere he could think of returning, his finances became exhausted, and he was forced to labor for a keen Bostonian, who speculated on the artistic verandah of his countrymen. Visiting Paris every winter, with a few thousand francs in his pocket, he easily engaged the services of a score of young, needy artists. And the copies which they made, after having been carefully smoked and time-stained, were exported to the United States as the "original productions" of Raffaele, Rubens, Correggio or Rembrandt. Profitable as this imposture is to the principal, the artists only engage in it from necessity; and although Raymond had been interested while copying a Carlo Dolce, yet his heart sickened when, as night came on, he reflected upon his position. Another subject crossed his heart, but while penury swept across its sensitive chords, like the tempest through the rigging of a foundering ship at sea, love came, gently and softly, as the summer breezes murmur over the strings of an Aeolian harp. And yet his affection was but a dream—a happy dream, indeed, but it was almost madness to hope that it would ever be reciprocated. The object of his idolatry resided under the same roof, but he knew her not except by sight. She was the daughter of a peer of France, noble, wealthy and aristocratic; he was but a counterfeiter of other men's genius—an orphan artist, "to fortune and fame unknown." Such were the thoughts of Raymond, as he closed the door of his room, and descended the staircase. The Marquis de Lorraine occupied the lower floor, (the houses in Paris being divided by stories into separate tenements), and as the young artist passed the door, his heart again beat quick and warm, for there stood the fair Adele, the object of his secret adoration. Was it fancy, or did a deep roseate hue tinge her cheek as the artist timidly raised his hat? And did he not see in her liquid, dark eyes, fringed by long lashes, a sympathetic glance? His very soul was inflamed; and after walking about the square for nearly half an hour, he determined to abandon his usual evening visit to the "School of Design," and to return to his solitary chamber. There, undisturbed, he could recall the fugitive glance which had so enraptured him, and could revel in the bright dreams of hope, and love and happiness, with which imagination gladdens a truly affectionate heart. Slowly ascending the massive staircase, Raymond arrived at the door again, but ere he had drawn the key from his pocket, he was surprised by hearing voices within, and involuntarily listened. "And must I go, Adele?" said a deep manly voice. Adele! It was the name of her whom he loved, ay, and he recognized her voice in reply. He had heard her singing oftentimes, and there could be no mistake. "Yes, Gustavo, for the artist will soon return, perhaps. Take care how you walk on the roof, for some of the tiles are loose." "Never fear, dearest. And now adieu. I will be here again to-morrow evening, if the painter is away, and do hope you will have good news for me." "Adieu, dear Gustavo." Then the maddened artist heard—there could be no mistake—a kiss! Laying his hand upon the latch of the door, he found that it was fastened within, but in an instant it was opened, and opened by Adele de Lorraine! Raymond, infuriated, rushed to the window, but only in time to see a young man who was clambering on the "roof slip" to the gutter, throw up his arms convulsively, and then, with a faint cry, fall. A heavy, dull sound came up from the pavement, and there were loud calls for assistance. Horrified at this terrible sight, Raymond stood gazing on the spot from whence the young stranger had been so unexpectedly launched forth into eternity. And when he turned he found himself alone. Adele had probably glided down-stairs the instant that Raymond entered. Descending into the street, Raymond found a large crowd gathered around the corpse of a young man, the head of which was so disfigured that the features could not be recognized. Prominent in the group was the occupant of the next house to that which Raymond inhabited, who stated that the deceased lodged in one of his attics. "Poor fellow!" said he; "he probably fell asleep, and in a fit of somnambulism walked out of his window." Just then a patrol arrived, and as no one knew the name of the deceased, he was taken to the Morgue. The young artist said not a word. Raymond had known sleepless nights, and had suffered mental agony; but that night was a night of wretchedness. At times he reproached himself as the cause of the fatal

accident; then he denounced the audacity of Adele in using a stranger's room as a place of rendezvous; and then—sure proof of his affection—he picked her up at the near sunrise ere he fell asleep. "Open your door, Gustave!" This imperative command, with an accompaniment of knocks and raps, awoke Raymond from a troubled slumber, and he hastened to admit his visitor. The new comer was a manly, jovial-looking young fellow, clad in an artistic garb, and smoking a huge pipe. Raymond stammered out some excuse. "Not another word, or, as sure as my name is Hal Vincent, you shall be proclaimed at the School of Design. What a capital indictment I could draw up against you! Asleep at ten o'clock, with eyes that betoken an uneasy night, and—per Bacchus—why, here is a miniature of the lady!" Sure enough, a miniature of Adele de Lorraine lay on the floor, and only added to Raymond's confusion. At last Vincent, having teased his friend sufficiently, changed the subject of conversation. "Is your noble fellow lodger dead?" "Who? The marquis below stairs?" "Ay. Noticed as I entered the house that they were removing the furniture, and met a young lady who was leaving the apartment occupied by the marquis, bathed in tears." Here was a fresh mystery, and Raymond disclosed his secret to his friend. On inquiry at the porter's lodge, they learned that the marquis had left at an hour's warning, leaving instructions to have his furniture sold at auction. "I am of the opinion," continued the garrulous porter, "that mademoiselle did not wish to go, for her eyes were very red this morning. Perhaps, Monsieur Raymond, you were the cause? Mademoiselle used often to inquire of my wife about you—where you passed your evenings, etc." "Bravo!" said Vincent. "Well, every American citizen is a prince royal, so the old marquis cannot object on the score of rank. But come, Lovelorn Swain, the doors of the Louvre are open, and we must hasten to our casals." Raymond sought diligently for traces of the marquis, but could not discover his abode. So he toiled and struggled on, his heart surcharged with recollections of that eventful life. His only solace was the miniature of Adele, and although he could not doubt that the original had pledged her affections to the unfortunate man who had clandestinely met her, still he loved her. Dreams of rapture flitted through his brain in rapid succession, yet each one was dispelled by the remembrance of what he had overheard, and left the dreamer's heart a blank. His countenance wore a mournful expression, and he even so far lost interest in his art as to paint mechanically, unmoved by any thoughts of improvement or consequent fame. But when a visitor in the gallery came one day to his easel, complimented his execution, and ordered a couple of original pictures, for which he paid a round sum, in advance, Raymond's artistic ambition was again aroused. And when the pictures finished, their gratified purchaser ordered twelve more, to be landscapes on the Rhine, love, had to occupy a subordinate place in the delighted painter's heart. The visit to picturesque Rhineland restored his sorrow-stricken heart; and his pencil revelled in the delineation of ruined castles, vine-wreathed crags, or those glorious old gothic fances, whose stone-arched walls reminded him of the forests of his native land, with their column-like trees and their intertwining branches. At length he reached Baden, that resort of fashionable notables and of gamblers, which combines the bustle of a capital and the repose of a rural solitude. One night he attended a masked ball, and while sauntering through the brilliantly illuminated and crowded halls, a sweet voice pronounced his name. He did not recognize the tones as familiar to his ear, but they fell with electric effect upon his heart. The speaker was a gracefully formed and apparently young lady, clad in a magnificent Russian costume. Raymond offered his arm, and she accepted it. "You may deem this a forward act," said the lady, "but justice to myself demands an explanation." "Adele! Mademoiselle de Lor—" "Hush!" interrupted the mask. "And believe me when I say, after asking you pardon for the unwarranted use of your room, that it was not surmised—" "Could I think," exclaimed Raymond—Lutero he could finish his sentence; a man disguised as a monk, who had been closely following the couple, came alongside of the lady, and said, in an angry tone,—"Enough of this, my daughter." And Raymond, as he watched her departure, felt all his old feelings renewed with greater force. But who was the unfortunate young man, whose sad fate he had witnessed? Did Adele love him? Was she faithful to his memory? These three questions were the staple of many an imaginative tissue, some of them gay and bright—others sad and dark. The next morning Raymond inquired at the hotel for the Marquis de Lorraine, and he was informed at the "Golden Eagle" that the object of his inquiry, accompanied by his daughter, had left in the first train for Frankfurt. The artist followed them, but could not

overtake, or rather discover them. It was evident that the marquis wished to get away from him, and this afforded a new theme for conjecture. Never was a young man so bewildered, nor did his heart offer a sunny or a joyous resting-place for his phantom thoughts. At length, weary and dispirited, he returned to Paris, hoping either to unravel the mysterious scene, with which the idol of his love was associated, or to forget both amidst the studios and the saloons of the French metropolis. The very day of Raymond's arrival, he called on his friend, Hal Vincent, and found that worthy busy in "manufacturing" a portrait of Christopher Columbus, which was to command a high price in New York, although the artist received a mere trifle for it. While the two were chatting away, a footstep was heard on the stairs, and Vincent changed color. "Dalton," he asked, "do you wish to please me?" "That I do, Hal." "Then, my dear fellow, step into the closet, for here comes my tailor on a dunning expedition, and if you are here, he will seek to mortify me by some unmanly remark—just as a small boy will tease a caged lion. So imprison yourself for a while." Raymond stepped into the closet, and the stranger entered. It was not the importunate tailor, however, but a notary with whom Vincent was slightly acquainted. He was a corpulent old gentleman, and was evidently tired and out of breath. "Ouf! ouf!" he at length gasped out. "The caprice of women!" "You are a bachelor, I believe," said Vincent. "Thank my stars, yes—emphatically yes! But I am nevertheless often a slave to some bright pair of eyes, and that is the case just now. Just imagine, young man. A few months since, the daughter of one of my most profitable clients came into my office, and with her pretty face, bewitched me into a promise that I would serve her. Consent I must—consent I did. Well, the service was nothing more nor less than to put money into a young painter's pocket, and make him think it was for pictures. To be sure, the task was easy enough then—for I could always find him in the Louvre; but she must needs have sent him to the Rhine; and now she has returned, and fancies he must be here too. And such a chase as I have had after him to-day." "Supposing you give me the funds," said Vincent, in a jesting tone. "Your fair client may be as well pleased." "Egotist," merrily replied the old notary. "But have you any receipts in the shape of twelve landscapes painted on the Rhine, so as to make it delicate for you to pocket the cash? or, do you love the daughter of a marquis? or, is your name—" "Raymond Dalton!" said that individual, stepping forth from his place of concealment. He continued, "I accepted your money, sir, thinking it was in payment for my labor. Accidentally I learn my mistake, and, just now, I cannot repay you the sums advanced. But, sir, I am no medicant, neither can I receive the bounties of a lady to whom I am personally unknown—the more especially as I heard you utter insinuations which, were you a younger man, should be washed out in blood." "Saints preserve us!" exclaimed the excited notary. "I thought that we were alone, and in an unguarded moment disclosed my secret. Do not, for heaven's sake, refuse the money, for it would, perhaps, so incense mademoiselle that I shall lose the business of her father." "But," inquired Vincent, "what is the motive of this generosity? Is it love, or the price of a secret, or—" "Hush!" interrupted Raymond. "You will drive me mad! As for you, sir, I know your address, and will forward you my note this very day for what you have advanced me; if honest toil will secure gold, that note will be repaid. And now, Vincent, let me go into the Tuilleries gardens, and endeavor to compose my deranged thoughts. I will return in an hour." "There is a bomb-shell burst," said the notary, after Raymond had gone; "but what will Mademoiselle Adele say, if she discovers that I lit the match? And she thought it all so well contrived? Well, well, the caprices of women are curious, after all." It was the 22nd of February, 1848; and as Raymond approached the garden of the Tuilleries, he found an angry populace in arms, and struggling to overthrow the despotic Louis Philippe. The pealing tocsin mingled its sinister knell with cries of indignation and threats of vengeance. The pavements were torn up and piled into barricades across the streets, while, amidst the rattling fire of musketry and the roar of cannon, the pealing notes of the "Marseillaise Hymn" animated those who fought for freedom. Raymond, as may be easily imagined, was excited by the scene, and his despair-nerved, his heart with heroic daring, as he joined one of the bands of insurgents. They were on their way to the palace, and after carrying the intervening barriers, which the troops sought vainly to defend, they reached a side door, opening upon the Rue de Rivoli. It was defended by a platoon of infantry; and at the commencement of the contest, Raymond saw, encouraging the soldiers, the Marquis de Lorraine. Devoted to his sovereign, he was

vainly endeavoring to repel the mob; but the assailants, burning with an insatiate feeling of revenge, swept the troops from before them, as the reaper levels the mow, waving grain. "Down with the aristocrats!" was the shout, and the marquis fell on his back, an object of attack, his arms flung, his unprotected head, and he would have fallen, had not Raymond Dalton leaped to the blow. So conspicuous had been the young American's bravery, that he had won the respect of the wild and desperate band at whose head he had fought, and when he claimed the marquis as a friend, their arms were stayed. Just then the door of the palace was broken in, and the revolutionists hurried on, leaving the terrified marquis and his deliverer. They were not alone, for at their feet, writhing in pain, was a wounded police officer. Raymond endeavored to lift him up, but the man shook his head. "It's too late," said he; "but Providence has sent hither one to whom I can confess the most deadly of my many sins. Do you remember me, Monsieur Marquis? I am Pierre Dulongue, the son of your old gardener." "You were convicted—" "Ay—convicted. I shot a patridge in your woods for my sick mother; I became a police agent; but through all I vowed revenge. God pardon me, I had it. Listen: "You had a son, Monsieur Marquis, upon whom you doted. I managed to have him inculcated with doctrines that were then treason, although to-day they are dominant. You were informed of it, and you forbade him your house. He hoping that a reconciliation might be effected, took lodgings next door, and every evening used to clamber along the roof to meet his sister in the garret of your house—" "Was it in the Place Royale?" cried Raymond. "Ah—in the Place Royale; and I—may the saints intercede for me—followed him one night—hid behind a chimney—and—and—O!—O!" Raymond and the marquis knelt beside the unfortunate man, but his soul had winged its flight to another world, where all are rewarded and punished as they merit. "Young man," said the marquis, in a hollow tone, "you have saved my life, and you alone know that my loved Gustave was an innocent victim. You, too, have won my daughter's heart; and if my aristocratic pride has made me censure her because I was informed that she had visited your room in the Place Royale, and avoid you as a plebeian fortune hunter, I now see that I have wronged you both. But let us leave this scene of carnage, and join Adele at the hotel where I am now residing." The buoyancy of the youth again inspired Raymond's heart, and joy reigned in his full dark eyes. The night was past, and there was every prospect of brilliant sunlight. Little cared he for overturned thrones or ill-constructed republics, so that Adele was his bride. Retiring from convulsed Europe with his bride, and her care-stricken but now happy father, Raymond Dalton settled on the bank of the lovely Potomac. Enriched by the large property of the De Lorraine family, he has built a commodious mansion, which commands a distant view of the national metropolis, while the river meanders through the foreground, its silver tide decked with islets charmingly picturesque. Here the once truant artist is contented with the enjoyments of rural life, and always gives a hearty welcome to those of his friends who are led by inclination or by business to visit Washington. Among those who have been his guests of late, was Hal Vincent, who was delighted with the mansion, the grounds, and (most acceptable to the parents) with a rosy-cheeked little urchin, named Gustavo. The little fellow was an especial pet of his grandfather's, and the "old marquis," as the negro persisted in calling him, had taught him to converse quite fluently in the melodious tongue of "la belle France." "Considering that you were once an artist, friend Dalton," said Vincent, one day at the breakfast table, "I must say that you display execrable taste in ornamenting your sitting-room with that batch of Rhinish landscapes, some of them unfinished. Why not, at least, endeavor to finish them?" "And have you forgotten the intrusion of your friend the notary, or rather the upturn of his nasal organ as he spoke of them, not dreaming that the artist was an involuntary listener?" "I forgot; well, they are not so bad, if they were only finished." "But," said Madame Dalton, "you forget that they are mine, and I choose to keep them as a souvenir of the past." "Ay, dearest wife, of your kind consideration for the poor artist, whose love for you was so mysteriously tried, but who, after heart tempest and sun-darkness, basks in the full sunlight of wedded love, and trusts that, while grateful to the Giver of all happiness, he may never prove unworthy of your "Love-Patronage."

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