

The Sumter Banner.

DEVOTED TO SOUTHERN RIGHTS, DEMOCRACY, NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

J. RICHARDSON LOGAN, } Proprietors.
WM. J. FRANCIS, }

"God—and our Native Land."

TERMS—Two Dollars Per Annum
In Advance.

VOL. VII.

SUMTERVILLE, S. C., APRIL 26, 1853.

NO 26.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Mobile Tribune.
Plutarch Pictures.
William C. Preston.

Standing before one of the fire-places you see a tall man apparently about fifty years of age. His person is enveloped in an old plaid cloak, but you see at a glance from the animation of his face, and the graceful motion of his arms, that he is a man of mark, and he is surrounded by several gentlemen, who are listening to his remarks with profound attention. Suddenly, he throws his cloak aside, and advances. The first tones of his voice fall upon your ear like the "sweet south." "I rise to advocate the motion of my friend, General Hayne. The giant of the west weds the bride of the south—give him the bride!" Who is he that opens his discourse like an emperor? It is William C. Preston, and he is advocating the incorporation of the Charleston and Cincinnati railroad company. This was subsequent to the meeting of the celebrated nullifying convention—of which he was not a member—but his speech was one of the most superb specimens of oratory that ever fell from mortal lips. When he described the prosperity of England under the influence of her incorporations, and compared them to the sails of a ship rising tier above tier, as she marched along the "mountain wave," he rose to his full height, and throwing his hands above his head, advanced a step, as if to perfect the picture. The effect was electrical; you saw the image, and recognised the power of the Orator.

This gentleman was one of the most gifted of the heroic band of nullifiers, and subsequently became one of the most distinguished statesmen of the country, electrifying the Senate, and all ranks and classes of men, with that matchless oratory, which in its effects was like one of those tremendous tropical storms, which sweep away everything before them. He spoke like a man inspired! towering above the conflict of debate, and bathing in sun bright excellence of his own glorious intellect. His speeches during the nullification controversy, eclipsed everything since the time of Patrick Henry, "the forest born Demosthenes, who shook the Phillip of the seas." His first speech in the Senate of the United States was highly complimented by his opponents, particularly by Forsyth, who said that that he could well believe the blood of Henry flowed in the veins of the eloquent Carolinian. And such indeed, is the fact, for Preston's mother was a near relative of the great Virginian. But it was not his oratory alone that Preston was indebted for reputation, for he was a distinguished lawyer, a brilliant wit, and superb conversationalist; indeed, we once heard Senator Butler say that the most brilliant things he ever heard from any man in conversation, were uttered by Preston. This is great praise, when we reflect that Butler has long mingled familiarly with the most celebrated men of the country, and is himself inferior to no man in the Union, as an eloquent speaker and fascinating conversationalist.

In fact, William Claiborne Preston was the most eloquent man that America has produced since the revolution. No orator in the country could stand before him for a single instant. He towered above the argument, and the audience, in those splendid harangues that stirred up your blood until you were ready, like the Athenians of old, to take up arms and march against the Macedonian!—O how great, how noble, how sublime, were the orations of Preston! Jefferson said, that Patrick Henry, spoke as Homer wrote, but Preston was the god of Homer—the Jupiter who, "Shook his ambrosial curls, and gave the nod, The stamp of Fate, and sanction of the God," and as he carried you away in a perfect storm of oratory, enchanting your very soul by the fascinating fervor and picturesque elegance of his eloquence, you exclaimed with Hamlet—"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

AARON BURR.

The quiet erection of a tombstone over his unmarked grave, in the Princeton Yard, has called to mind the name of Aaron Burr. Near fifty eventful years of our country's history have come and gone since his strange and brilliant career was run, during which time many things have occurred to call his memory from oblivion; but scarcely a breath of air—certainly not a regretful sigh—has borne it from the tomb. His was not one of the few immortal names, that

were not born to die; at least for the present the world has agreed to forget him. Possibly it means no reflection thereby. It has also forgotten the lamented John Wells, Jacob Van Veethen, and Elisba Williams, his brilliant competitors at the bar. Even Hamilton, his target victim, is no longer remembered.

As for Burr, there are many reasons why he should have been soon forgotten. Tradition and legend have handed down his name blackened by every crime. Long before his death, even when poor, wretched and alone in the world he stemmed misfortune's tide, the world had resolved to forget him. No one spoke to him, nor seemed to notice him, as engaged in the active duties of an arduous profession, he walked the populous streets of New York. If met, in the stagecoach, no one addressed him; if on the ferry which conducted him to the solitary island home, he was not recognized. In some cases it might have been because of his threadbare coat; in others, like all men, he was naturally forgotten, when, his power lost, he had no more favors to give, and the once brilliant light no longer attracted the fitting moths; but it cannot be disguised that those had forgotten, who should have remembered him; he was shunned in the street, his friends did not know him; if pointed out at a distance, it was as one who had the accursed mark of Cain upon him.

We do not know a sublimer picture than that presented by this celebrated man, in the last hours of declining life. His early course had been peculiarly successful. He was a soldier of the revolution, distinguished for courage, and skill, and activity; his reputation had been high at the bar, as a trusty counsellor, and successful politician, admired for his talents, and lauded with the favors of the people; he had also been Vice President of the United States, and presided over the Senate with impartiality and dignity, and as he concluded his farewell address, there was not a dry eye in the chamber. Added to all these public honors, happy domestic relations were the crowning jewels of his happiness. He was proud of his descent from two of the best stocks of the country: he was the favored scion of the Houses of Edward and Burr. He had the choicest education that could be afforded, and his proficiency was such as to make his nearest and fondest relations rejoice. He had also been happy in his marriage, the fruit of which was a daughter, of whom any father might have been proud. She was beautiful in person, intelligent in mind, and gifted with a lively fancy, and a brilliant imagination. These natural gifts had been cultivated by the most careful education. The conversation of the daughter, when a child, was the delight of the father; when a matron, his pride.—Given to the man of her own and father's choice, who also stood high in his native State, as a gentleman, scholar, and successful statesman, she was the mother of a beautiful son, not more the parents' joy than the grandfather's pride.

This little pledge that the family should not die and become extinct, also bore the name of Aaron Burr. Thus happy in his public relations and domestic circle, connected with the past by proud and glorious remembrances; with the future by a golden link, what was wanting to fill up the cup of his happiness? Nothing, perhaps, save that right judgment of Solon, who counted the poor and obscure, but pious Athenian, the happiest of men, in preference to the proud and wealthy Dyddian King.

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all this happiness was melted down and became a dross—the golden realities that already reached through three generations, became as a vision that is past. A fearful rencounter drove Aaron Burr, the soldier, the statesman, an outlaw from the land. He was hunted from town to town, city to city. He was tried for treason, and all his fame blackened forever. His small fortune gradually melted away—he was a wanderer and beggar upon the face of the earth. His daughter, on her way to visit him and soften his woes, was seized and barbarously murdered by pirates. His grandchild was cut down and willed to death—relatives disowned him. With all this, Aaron Burr sunk not—he walked erect at

eighty years of age among those who despised him. It was Lear facing the Storm.—Savannah Courier.

A Dream.

Translated from the German of
G. CH. LICHTENBERG.

BY THOS. M. LOGAN, M. D.

I was, as it were, hovering far above the earth in the presence of a venerable old man, whose supernatural appearance filled me with something more than mere respect. As often as I raised my eyes towards him, an irresistible feeling of devotion and confidence penetrated me, and I was just about to prostrate myself before him, when he accosted me with a voice of indelible mildness: "Thou lovest the *serutiny* (un-tersoo chung) of nature, my son; here wilt thou find something that can be useful to thee." In saying these words he handed to me a ball of a bluish-green color, here and there changing, (epiclude) into grey, which he held between his first finger and thumb. It appeared to me to be about an inch in diameter. "Take this mineral," said he, "examine it, and then tell me what thou discoverest. There, behind thee, thou wilt find in the greatest perfection all that is necessary for such researches. I will now retire, and return to thee in due time."

On turning round, I beheld a complete laboratory full of all kinds of instruments, which did not appear to me so strange in my dream as afterward when I awoke. It seemed to me as if I had often been there, for I found every thing I wanted as readily as if I had previously arranged them myself. I now regarded, touched and smelt the ball. I shed a light upon it, and it became if it was an eaglestone (Ooties.) I touched it with my tongue—I wiped away the dust on its surface—and removed, with a clean cloth, an almost imperceptible mould. I warmed it and rubbed it against my coat sleeve, to elicit electricity. I tried it against steel, glass and the magnet, and determined its specific gravity. From all these experiments I became satisfied that the mineral was of no special value; it being just such a marble as I had often bought during my childhood, at Frankfurt fair, at the rate of three for half a cent (kreutzer.) Notwithstanding, I proceeded to its chemical analysis in hundredth parts of the whole. From this, also, nothing remarkable resulted. I found some argilla, as much calcareous earth, but a greater proportion of silice; besides these, a show of iron, some rock salt, and an unknown substance—at least a substance which, tho' it has many properties of the known substances, still possessed peculiar ones. I was sorry I did not know the name of the old man, or I certainly would have published it to the world, by complimenting him in calling this new substance after him. The exactness of my analysis was proved by the synthesis, in which I found precisely the hundred parts.

No sooner had I completed the last stroke in my reckoning, than the old man stepped before me. He took my memorandum and after reading it with a sweet smile scarcely observable upon his countenance, turned to me, and with a glance full of heavenly goodness mingled with earnestness, asked, "Knowest thou well, mortal, what that was which thou hast just analyzed?" The whole tone and bearing with which he spoke these words now announced to me unmistakably the super-human. "No! immortal being," cried I, prostrating myself before him, "I know not; for I felt no longer disposed to refer to the memorandum of my analysis."

The Spirit. "Know, then, it was in miniature proportion nothing less than—the whole earth!"
Myself. "The earth! indeed! and the ocean with all its inhabitants, where are they?"
The Spirit. "There they are, hanging on the towel—thou hast wiped them off!"
Myself. "Ah! and the atmosphere and all the splendors of the land?"
The Spirit. "The atmosphere? there it is deposited in yonder vessel of distilled water; and for the glories of the land, how canst thou thus ask? Why, these are now an impalpable dust—here on thy coat

sleeve hangs some!"
Myself. "But as yet I have not found a trace of the silver and gold which rules this sphere."

The Spirit. "Bad enough, I see I must help thee. Know, that with thy freest thou hast struck off all Switzerland, Savoy and the finest part of Sicily; and have entirely ruined and turned upside down a whole tract of more than one thousand square miles of Africa, from the Mediterranean Sea even to the Cape of Good Hope. And yonder on that glassy disk—ah! they just now fell down! lie the Cordilleras; and that which sprung in thy eye while thou wast cutting glass was Chimborazo."

I understood and kept silence. But nine-tenths of the remainder of my life would I have given, if I could again have obtained the earth I had chemically destroyed. But to beg for another in the presence of such a countenance—that I could not do. The wiser and kinder the donor, so much the more difficult is it for a poor man of feeling to solicit a second time a favor, especially when he is conscious that he has not made the best possible use of the first. But, thought I, this fatherly transfigured being may pardon a new request. "Oh! great Immortal," cried I, "whoever thou art, I know canst do it; magnify for me a mustard seed like unto the whole earth, that I may explore its mountains and quarries even to the development of the germ, and thus discover the secret of its revolutions." "To what wilt that serve thee?" was the reply. "Thy planet is only a little grain in the universe—analyze it! but know that until thy transformation (Umwandlung) thou comest not on the other side of the earth, and wilt never see either upon this nor any other little grain in the creation. Here, take this bag; analyze what is in it, and tell me what thou findest." In grooming away he added, in a jesting manner: "understand me well, my analyze it—chemically!" Hoh glad was I that I had again something to analyze. Now then, thought I, let us take more care; it may glitter; and if it glitters, then certainly it is the sun or else a fixed star.

As I opened the bag, I discovered, contrary to my expectation, a book, not in a dazzling, but in a plain, simple binding. The language and type were unlike those known, and although the draughts of many lines seen lastly, seemed intelligible, yet in examining them more closely, they only became the more entangled.—All that I was able to decipher was the title page: "This analyze, my son, chemically, and tell me what thou discoverest."

I must confess, I felt puzzled in my vast laboratory. How was I to examine the vast contents of a book chemically? The contents of a book are forsooth its meaning; and a chemical analysis would here be the analysis of rags and the work of printers.

While I reflected thus, a ray of light flashed upon me, and I blushed irresistibly. "Oh!" cried I, louder and louder, "I understand, I understand! Immortal being! forgive me! oh, forgive me! I comprehend thy kind reproach. Thanks to the Eternal, that I can comprehend him! I now became indescribably agitated and then awoke.

HUMAN NATURE.—When a wild spark attempts to steal a kiss from a Nantucket girl, she says, 'come sheer off, or I'll split your mainsail with a typhoon.'

The Boston girls hold still until they are kissed, when they flare up all at once, and say, 'I think you ought to be ashamed.'

When a young chap steals a kiss from an Albany girl, she says, 'I recollect my turn now,' and gives him a box on the ear that he don't forget in a month.

When a clever fellow steals a kiss from a Louisiana girl, she smiles, blushes and says nothing.

In Pennsylvania, when a female is saluted with a buss, she puts on bounet and shawl, and answereth, 'I am astonished at thy assurance, Jehediah, and for this indignity will see thee up.'

The Western ladies, however, are so fond of kissing, that when saluted on one cheek, they instantly present the other.

Smooth and pleasing speeches, and small endeavors always find favor.

Grant Thorburn to the New York Sun.

Hints to Merchants, Married Men and Bachelors.

First, To Bachelors.

Having seen the building of almost every house in this great Metropolis, I must have been slow indeed not to have learned something of men and their manners for the last half century.

As I sat in my tent door, in the cool of the day with the pleasures of memory I retraced the years of twenty-two to twenty-five. I thought to myself, were I to live my life over again, I would just manage my treaty of peace, amity and concord with the asses after the same mode and form which I pursued six years ago; therefore, my young friends, I will just describe the process, and say unto you, Go and do likewise.

When I emerged from the cottage wherein I first drew breath, in Scotland, I looked on the daughters of men, and saw they were fair, I resolved that as soon as I could earn one shilling sterling per day, I would enter a life of copartnership with one of these native beauties. What God makes beautiful, it is for man to admire; and perceiving by statistical tables, that God sent annually into the world an equal proportion of men and women, I therefore thought, it must be his law that every man should have his mate at once; leaving future provision and consequences to Him who hangs creation on his arm, and feeds her at his board.

It is fifty-five years since I ratified that treaty of peace, amity, and concord, and never for one moment did I regret the contract; nor did I ever lack a loaf in the pantry, or a dollar in my purse, when God sent another mouth (and he sent me thirty of them craving little mortals,) he always sent food to fill it.

With regard to courtship, it is the easiest thing in the world. Love is the language of nature. The veriest fool, if he cannot pronounce, he can speak it with his eyes, and women are nice interpreters.—When first thinking of these affairs, I resolved in my own mind never to spend an hour in private conversation with any young woman till I had determined on taking to myself a wife; and also, never to spend an hour with any other woman except she was the one, whom, above all others in the world, I wished to make my wife. On this principle I practised and prospered.

There is nothing to be gained by hanging round a sensible woman for months, talking words without wisdom, repeating opera gossip, or playhouse slang.—You mistake the sex, if you wish to gain their favor by this means. While you they are smiling at your small wit, they are only laughing at your great folly. I have sojourned with ladies, who had more sense in their little finger, than you could squeeze from a dozen of such brainless heads, as you see daily, leaning on the door posts and lintels of the Astor, for support.

If you wish to gain the affections of a virtuous woman you must speak to her in the words of "truth and soberness;" if you do not, you have no business in her company; ladies often suffer martyrdom when from politeness or pity they are compelled to sit for hours, hearing, (not listening to) the small talk of some biped on whom Madam Nature had been toiling all day to form his handsome person but getting tired of the job by sundown, had rolled him from her work bench forgetting to put brains in his head.

As I said before, Mr. Bachelor, if you don't want that lady to become your wife, the sooner you take yourself off the better; you perhaps see at a distance a worthy, modest, quiet, bashful young man, who would gladly give a dollar per minute for the next half hour, could he only occupy the place on the sofa which you now fill with your useless identity; if you wish that lady to become your partner for life, tell her so like a man of sense. She does not want a monkey without nerve, muscle, sinew, or brain in his frame; and whose most prominent point of distinction is, wild goats' beard prospecting from the neither circle of his under lip; she wants a strong arm to lean on for support and

protection; she needs a man of mind, who will elad, guide, cherish, and protect her on their life's journey. I need not say what the woman should be, for, as I think, she is the most perfect subject of all creation's plan, as Burns speaks of nature.

Her pretence hand she tried on man, And then she made the lassies, O.

Having just learned that Mary and you are agreed on the preliminaries of a matrimonial treaty, I will only remark in conclusion, and by way of encouragement, that if you, sir, behave to your partner like a man of sense, while you walk together by the way, her love will never fail, the honey-moon will never wane, but shine brighter, till you put up at the last Inn by the wayside—the GRAVE. I speak from fifty years experience.

GRANT THORBURN.

FANNY FERN'S BEST THING.—We think Fanny Fern never wrote a better pair of paragraphs than following from the Olive Branch.

"Look on this picture, and then on that. 'Father is coming!' and little round faces grow long, and merry voices are hushed, and toys are hustled into the closet, and mamma glances nervously at the door, and baby is bribed with a lump of sugar to keep the peace; and father's business face relaxes not a muscle, and the little group huddled like timid sheep in a corner, and tea is despatched as silently as if speaking were prohibited by the statute book, and the children creep like culprits to bed marvelling that baby dare crow so loud, now that 'Father has come.'

'Father is coming!' and the bright eyes sparkle for joy, and tiny feet dance with glee; and eager faces press against the window-pane, and a bevy of rosy lips claim kisses at the door, and picture-books lie unrebuked on the table, and tops and balls, and dolls and kites are disengaged, and little Sissy lays her soft cheek against the paternal whiskers with the most fearless abandon, and Charley gets a love-pat for his 'medal,' and mamma's face grows radiant, and the evening paper is read (not silently but aloud,) and tea, and toasts, and time vanish with equal celerity, for jubilee has arrived, and 'Father has come!'

AN INFERNAL REPORT.—Somebody, to the writer of this unknown, tells a joke that may be worth printing, even after making a reasonable deduction for the risk of its being old.

In a small town in one of the counties of Ohio, a stranger rode up to the door of a tavern and having dismounted, ordered a stall and oats for his horse. A crowd of loafers—that class of independent citizens who are never equal to decent even except on election day—swarmed about the bar room door and steps, waiting to be invited up to the counter. Among this crowd the stranger's business was at once a subject of impertinent speculation. One fellow, more impudent than the rest, made free to inquire of the traveler what occupation he followed; to which the latter replied that his business was a secret for the present, but that he would probably make it known before leaving town.

Having spent a day or two looking round, visiting the places where whiskey was sold, and making various inquiries as to the amount retained, the number of dogs kept by men whose children never went to school or had enough to eat—after, in short making a complete moral inventory of the town, he concluded to leave, and having mounted his horse was about to be off, when his inquisitive friend, urged on by his associates stepped up and said, "See here Captain, you promised to tell us your business before you left, and we'd like to hear from you on that point."

"Well," said the stranger—"I am an Agent for the Devil—I'm hunting a location for hell and am glad I've found a place where it will not be necessary to remove the present inhabitants!"

RICE BLANCMANCE.—This form an excellent accompaniment to preserves of any kind, or to baked apples. It is made as follows:

Put one teacupful of whole rice into half a pint of cold water, when the rice cracks, or begins to look white, add one pint of milk and a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar.—Boil it until the rice has absorbed the whole of the milk, stirring it frequently the whole time. Put it in a mould and it will turn out when quite cold. If preferred hot, it may be again made warm by being placed in the oven for a short time. It may be flavored with lemon, cinnamon, &c., but is most wholesome without, and forms both an elegant and very economical dish at any time.

THE AFRICAN RACE IN NEW YORK.—All persons having a shade of philanthropy in their composition, must have that feeling excited by witnessing the poverty and degradation in which the African race exist in this city. Systematically shut out from all mechanical pursuits, and expelled from almost all the inferior positions they were once allowed to hold here, they have seen their places filled by Germans and Irish; and now there are not more than a half a dozen occupations in which they can engage. Even as waiters in our hotels—one of the last and best strongholds left them—they find that they are constantly losing ground by the abler competitions of immigrants from Europe. This expulsion of the negroes from almost every branch of industry has had its natural effect in thinning their numbers.—And while during the last ten years they have increased in the Southern States at the ratio of thirty per cent, the negro population of this State has fallen from fifty to forty-seven thousand.—N. Y. Herald.

A LAWYER'S AND A PRIEST'S IDEA OF RESTITUTION.—In Chicago, a few days ago, one of the most distinguished lawyers in that town was waited upon by Bishop Vandaveil and Father McElhern, of the Catholic Church, and presented with eight dollars, which the bishop said was a restitution made to the lawyer by one of Father McElhern's flock, for a wrong done to him to that amount.

"What was the nature of the wrong, or by whom it was done, the bishop and priest refused of course to divulge, as the knowledge of it had been obtained through the confession. The lawyer refused to take the money, offered, as it was, as a payment in full for a wrong could not be made right by money. The person who did the wrong must confess the deed to the injured party; that unjust suspicions of innocent persons which might have been aroused, could be removed, that the real offender could be forgiven, and the whole account squared between the parties. The taking of the \$8 from some unknown persons, for some unrevealed wrong, was no righting of the matter at all. So the lawyer argued, to which the priest replied by leaving the money on the lawyer's desk, and politely and quietly retiring.

A DELIGHTED MOTHER.—A mother, who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done to make others happy, found her young twin daughters silent. One spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions founded on the golden rule. Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you. Still these little bright faces were bowed in silence. The question was repeated.

"I can remember nothing good all this day dear mother; one of my schoolmates was happy, because she had gained the head of the class and I smiled on her, and ran to kiss her; so she said I were good. This is all dear mother."

The other spoke still more timidly: "A little girl, who sat with me on the bench at school, has lost a little brother. I saw that while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in her book and wept. I felt sorry, and hid my face on the same book and wept with her. Then she looked up and was comforted, and put her arms around my neck; but I do not know why she said I had done her good."

"Come to my arms, my darlings!"—said the mother, to rejoice with those that do rejoice and weep with those that do weep, is to obey our blessed Redeemer.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S EPITAPH.—A lady had been teaching the summer school in a certain town, and a young sprig of the law paid her some attention, so much that he was joked about her. He replied, he should look higher for a wife. It came to the lady's ears, and she meditated a little bit of revenge. An opportunity soon offered. They were at a party together, and to redeem her forfeit she was to make his epitaph. She gave the following:

Here lies a man who looked so high He passed all common damsels by; And they who looked as high as he Declared his bride they would not be; So betwixt them both he died a back, And now has gone to the old scratch.

Dr. Brown courted a lady unsuccessfully for many years, during which time he every day drank her health, but being observed at last to omit the custom, a gentleman said—"Come, Doctor, your old toast." "Excuse me, as I cannot make her Brown, I'll toast her no longer."