

# The Sumter Banner.

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

W. J. FRANCIS, Proprietor.

"God—and our Native Land."

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Star Spangled Banner.

ALICE PRESCOTT;

OR,  
CHARITY BRINGETH  
Its own Reward.

BY ANNIE.

### CHAPTER I.

"And the drooping child of sorrow,  
Kindly lift his thoughts above,  
Gently bid him trust the morrow,  
Softly whisper, 'God is love!'"

"LADY, please buy my flowers," said a pale and delicate child, who had numbered scarce ten summers; and the large blue eyes of the speaker were raised beseechingly to the face of the person addressed.

Casting a scornful glance upon the trembling form beside her, and drawing her silken robes more closely around her queen-like figure, the proud and haughty Emily Warner passed on.

It was a singular bouquet which the child held, composed of the sweet little daisy, and forget-me-not, culled from beside the sparkling rills, and laden with the tear drops of nature. She had been out early dawn to gather them, in hopes to gain a scanty pittance.

As the lady turned, she scornfully away big tears suffused the eyes, and rolled down the cheeks of the child. Clapping her tiny hands, she murmured, "My poor dear mother," and was about to proceed on her way, when she encountered the earnest gaze of a gentleman, who stood but a short distance from her. The stranger instantly approached, and taking her hand affectionately within his own, softly whispered—

"Don't cry, little one, I'll buy your flowers."

The kind tones of the speaker instantly dispersed her sadness, and with a bright smile she gazed into his face.

"Tell me, is your mother sick?" he continued, for he had heard the exclamation, which escaped her lips.

"Oh, yes, sir, she is very sick, and we have nothing to eat," continued the child.

"And will you not take me home with you to see her? perhaps I may do something to relieve her," and as he spoke, he gently pressed the tiny hand within his own.

The large eyes of his companion sparkled with delight; and clinging still closer to his side, they proceeded quickly along. Through many a dark and dreary lane they passed, till at length they passed before an old, dilapidated building, fast falling to decay. Pushing open the door, the child sprang quickly up the stairs, and after pausing to ascertain if her companion was still beside her, softly entered a room.

The apartment in which they now found themselves was entirely destitute of furniture, save that in one corner was a low cot, upon which reclined the emaciated form of the mother. Springing lightly forward, and kneeling beside her, the child pressed her lips upon her cold forehead. Suddenly she started, and wildly shrieking: "Mother, dear mother, speak to me!" she threw herself frantically upon the lifeless form before her. The stranger who had accompanied her now approached, and gazed in silent awe upon the marble features of the dead. The countenance was still beautiful; for although care and sorrow had engraven their deep furrows upon it, a heavenly, angelic sweetness rested there.

Earnestly he strove, with kind and tender expressions, to soothe the wild grief of the child. For a long time his efforts were unavailing, as she frantically clung to the cold form of her mother, beseeching her to speak once more. At last however, the overwhelming grief subsided, and twinning her arms around the neck of her mother, and pressing her lips for the last time upon the marble forehead, she reluctantly consented to accompany him.—Calling a neighbor to watch beside the dead, the noble-hearted Arthur Leyton led the lit-

tle Alice Prescott to his own stately home.

### CHAPTER II.

The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men. Bvrons.

But though the heart be breaking, yet The world shall never know, What gathered thoughts are garnered there.

Of bitterness and woe. This evening and the splendid mansion of the Warners is brilliantly illuminated, for a gay party are assembled there. The light from costly chandeliers falls softly upon wavy tresses and sylph-like forms, for there are congregated the wealth and aristocracy of the Empire city. Sweet fragrance from rare exotics pervades the apartments, while the silvery music of the sparkling water in marble fountains, falls soothingly upon the ear.

Within her elegant boudoir stands the proud and haughty Emily Warner. A costly robe of pink satin adorns her queen-like figure, while her glossy tresses, black as the raven's wing, float in rich profusion over a neck of snowy whiteness.—Her dark eyes sparkle, and a smile of conscious superiority plays around her mouth, as she descends to welcome her guests.

Many an admiring glance is bestowed upon her, as with her peculiar grace she receives her friends; for amid that gay assemblage, none can surpass her in beauty or accomplishments.

With music and dancing the hours glide swiftly away, and glad hearts bound in unison with the gay scene. Yet the haughty Emily Warner vainly endeavors to conceal the deep anxiety within her breast; for ever and anon her dark eye glances eagerly over the assembled multitude in search of some object which it fails to meet. At length a bright flush of joy suffuses her fair cheek, and a glad smile illumines her countenance as she discerns and recognizes Arthur Leyton, for he is the acknowledged lover of the proud heiress.

Eagerly advancing to meet him, she gaily exclaimed: "Prith, why this long delay, sir knight? we thought you had forsaken us."

"Circumstances prevented my appearing earlier," coldly replied her companion.

Cringed at his formality, instead of the gay repartee with which he was wont to greet her, she soon withdrew from his side to hide her disappointment and mortification by appearing to join in the merry jest and ringing laughter which echoed throughout the apartments; while Arthur Leyton retired to an obscure corner, where unmolested, he could watch the objects around him.

"The casket is beautiful," murmured he, as he gazed upon the form of Emily; "but, alas! gentleness and charity are strangers to the heart."

The evening wore away, and the guests began to disperse. The brilliantly illuminated apartments were now feeble efforts, to supply them with food, until, committing the little one to the care of an ever present being, she too passed away to the spirit land.

The family of which Alice had now become a member, consisted of Arthur, deserted, and as the carriage containing the last of her guests rolled away, Emily Warner ascended to her room, flinging herself upon a couch, yielded to a passionate flood of tears.

Pride, disappointment and mortification, the mingled emotions of her heart, that had been concealed during the evening, now gave way. Long and bitterly she wept, for the tide of passion within her bosom banished sleep from her eyelids, and the keen dart of disappointed affection was rankling in her heart.

Al! lady fair, hadst thou have bestowed one word of kindness upon the little flower girl in the morning, many, many times would it have been returned to thee during the evening that has now passed.—Thou hast yet to learn that each little act of charity and kindness bringeth its own sweet reward.

### CHAPTER III.

Can hearts in which true love is pledged By want or woe be dissuaded?

H. NEZLE.

The mother of Alice Prescott, though dying in the most abject poverty and distress, had been reared amid affluence and ease. The only daughter of wealthy parents, and joy of the household, each and every little childish whim had been indulged. As she grew up to womanhood, her superior beauty and accomplishments won the love and admira-

tion of all, while the proud heart of her father revelled in dreams of a high and wealthy alliance.

But the independent spirit of Ada Elwin nurtured by the indulgence of childhood spurned the idea of marrying for a high station in life; and when in opposition to the expressed commands of her aristocratic father, she was united to the poor, but noble-hearted William Prescott, to whom she had long yielded the first and purest affections of her heart, the door of her father's stately mansion were closed against her forever.

For several years after their marriage prosperity smiled upon them. Possessed of a brave and persevering spirit, and cheered by the constant companionship of her who was dearer to him than aught of earth, William Prescott struggled manfully with poverty. But soon, however, sickness overtook him, and misfortune seemed to hover around their path. With nothing but his own firmness and self-sacrificing spirit to depend upon, he continued to labor till disease had fastened too firmly upon him to be longer resisted. Then all efforts to arrest its progress failed, and the death angel bore him away from earth.

Bowed down by poverty and affliction, and too proud to ask for assistance from him who had rudely expelled her from the home of her sunny infancy, Ada Prescott sought to earn a scanty pittance by her needle, to support herself and Alice, her only darling child.

But, unused to labor, and naturally of a frail and delicate constitution, she soon sank under the heavy burden; while Alice endeavored with her tiny hands, her kind and noble-hearted benefactor, a sister, several years his senior, who in a measure supplied the place of the mother, (she, together with the father having died a few years previous to the commencement of our narrative,) and a young brother, who, although fourteen years of age, was still the pet of the household.

And not alone by them, but also by those with whom he associated, was Frank Leyton a general favorite. His lively, joyous disposition, combined with a noble, generous spirit, which developed itself in his intercourse with those around him, won the affection and esteem of all; while the energy and perseverance which he displayed in the pursuit of knowledge, gave promise of a brilliant scholar.

Under the genial sun of kindness the grief and sadness of the little Alice soon passed away, even as the glistening dew-drop at morn melts before the rising beams of the glorious king of day. The sunny joy of infancy again usurped its place within her heart, and beamed from her sunny eye, and the song of gladness again gushed forth in all the freedom and joyousness of childhood.

In her gentleness and love, she endeared herself to those around her, and like a ray of sunlight seemed by her sweet presence to illumine her new home. Ere many weeks had passed away, the warmest affection had sprung up between Frank and herself; an affection which after years but served to strengthen and mature.

### CHAPTER IV.

She looked up and smiled on the many glad faces.

The friends of her childhood who stood by her side, But she shone o'er them all, like a queen of the Graces.

When, blushing, she whispered the oath of a bride.

J. T. FIELDS.

Eight years have passed away since Alice Prescott became an inmate of the stately mansion of the Leytons; and now, upon a clear, cold evening in November, when we again glance towards it, we hear the glad sounds of laughter and song. Many a fair form and sparkling eye meet our gaze, but none can vie with yonder fairy one, who, robed in white satin, stands before the man of God, leaning confidently upon the arm of the proud and happy Frank Leyton.

With all the fervor of youthful affection they pronounce the sacred vows of eternal constancy; and as they turn to receive the glad wishes and congratulations of their many friends, we recognize in the sunny tresses and azure eyes of the gentle bride, the little flower-girl, rescued from poverty and death by the noble-hearted Arthur Leyton.

And now as he kisses her fair brow, and softly whispers "sister dear, be regret that little act of benevolence! Ah, not long since has he learned to treasure the hour in which he met the little orphan, and the incident which served to show him the true character of the haughty heiress, Emily Warner; for in the sweet companionship of a gentle, loving wife, whose heart overflows with kindness and charity to all, and in the endearing smile of his

little protege, he has forgotten the proud beauty.

Several weeks had passed away since the marriage of Frank and Alice, when one afternoon as she was seated in the parlor, a servant entered and handed her a note. The hand-writing not being familiar, she hastily broke the seal, and read as follows:

Madam—By the will of Charles Elwin, Esq., recently deceased, you are left heiress of fifty thousand dollars, bequeathed to his only daughter, Ada Prescott, if living; if not, the legacy was to descend to her children. Having made inquiry, and discovering yourself to be the legatee, we have the honor of acquainting you with the fact.

Yours, &c.

And now, kind reader, we will leave the orphan in the possession of happiness and wealth, and glance at the haughty heiress, Emily Warner, who long since learned the cause of her lover's coldness and desertion.

For a time she sought amid the halls of gaiety and mirth, to banish his image from her heart; and though she strove to join as ever in the merry laughter and ringing jest, she soon found that the phantom, pleasure, was not there.

Years have passed away, and she has never married; though in relieving the wants of the poor and needy around her, speaking kindly words of comfort and hope to the sorrowing and broken-hearted, she has strewn her own path with blessings, and found the precious boon of true happiness; and now, in the heartfelt thanks of those, she has kindly relieved, she has learned that acts of charity and love do indeed bring a sweet reward.

FIRST LOVE.—Wm. M. Thackeray, Esq., the distinguished novelist and lecturer, thus discourses on the intensely interesting subject, which forms the captain of this article:

"Can any one lay his hand on his waistcoat and conscientiously say, 'Until I saw the present Mrs. Jones, I never was in love in life?' Can any man say so? He is a poor creature, if he can; and I make no doubt he has had at least forty-five first loves since he began to be capable of admiring at all. As for the ladies, then, of course, I put out of the question; they are fresh, no doubt; they never fall in love until mamma tells them that Mr. So-and-so is an amiable young man, in every way eligible; they never flirt with Captain Smith at a ball; and sigh as they lie at home in bed, and think what a charming dashing fellow he is; they never hear the young curate read his sermon so sweetly, and think how pale and interesting he looks, and how lonely he must feel in his curate house, and what a noble work it would be to share the solitude, and soothe the pains, and listen to the delightful doctrine of so excellent a man; and never think of attaching themselves to any mortal except their brother, until he brings home a young friend from college, and says, 'Mary, Tom Atkinson admires you hugely, and is heir to a thousand a year!' They never begin the attack, as I have heard; but their young hearts wait like so many fortresses, to be attacked and carried after a proper period of siege—by blockade, or by bribery, or by capitulation, or by fiery escalade."

"Whilst ladies persist in maintaining the strictly-defensive condition, men must naturally, as it were, take the opposite line, that of attack; otherwise, if both parties held aloof, there would be no marriages; and the hosts would die in their respective inaction, without ever coming to a battle. Thus, it is evident, that as the ladies will not, the men must take the offensive. I, for my part, have made in the course of my life, at least a score of chivalrous attacks upon several strongly-fortified hearts. Some times I began my work too late in the season, and winter suddenly came and rendered further labors impossible; sometimes I have attacked the breach madly, sword in hand, and have been plunged violently from the scaling ladder into the ditch; sometimes I have made a decent lodgment in the place, when—bang blows up a mine, and I am scattered to the duce! and sometimes when I have been in the very heart of the citadel—ah, that I should say it!—a sudden panic has struck me, and I run like the British out of Carthage!"

PROFESSIONAL BREVITY.—"I say, Doctor, when I raise my arm up in this way it almost kills me." "You fool! what do you raise it up for then!"

Punch says he really cannot profess to understand the mystery of spirit-rapping; but he has seen several authenticated cases in which a devotion to spirits has caused many to be with-out a rap.

## Murder by Mistake.

The following homely but interesting narrative is related in one of the English magazines. It proves that dreams are not always to be disregarded, and shows that there is sometimes a remarkably strong sympathetic connection between ones sleeping ideas and waked motives of others:

"Five and twenty years ago, as I was returning home one evening from St. Cere, I was overtaken by a storm. I was on horse-back; and my horse, alarmed at the hail and lightning, became restive, and refused to go a step in advance. I dismounted, and taking the reins, attempted to urge him forward, when fortunately I perceived lights ahead. I proceeded towards them, and at length reached a miserable hovel. Upon raising the latch, I discovered a man and woman covering over a wretched fire, employed in weaving baskets. Good evening to you, my friends," I said in the dialect of the country; "but sorry weather this." The worthy denizens of the hut cast on me looks any thing but gracious; however, that caused me but little concern.—I asked them to make room by their fire, assuring them I was willing to meet any expense I might incur, and proceed to throw a heap of faggots on the embers without the slightest ceremony. "Do you take us for inkeepers?" inquired the female, in a shrill angry tone. I took out my purse and gave her a five franc piece.

"The sight of the coin mollified her at once. 'Ah!' said the horrid old witch, 'I see you are a good gentleman and kind; and she resumed her task. The storm however, raged with unabated violence. The gale threatened to carry away the hovel, and my horse stood neighing and pawing the ground under the shed where I had fastened my foot, yet I could scarcely reckon upon finding a sleeping apartment in that miserable abode.

"Well, sir," said the woman, "it would be a sad thing to go beyond the doors this night, as this. We are but poor folks, and have no bed worthy for such a fine gentleman; but if you don't mind going up there, (pointing to a ladder and a kind of garret,) at any rate you will be able to keep yourself dry."

"Somehow the woman's looks did not please me at all. However, there was no help for it, besides I was fresh from the army, and no milkop; and so I climbed up accordingly, and gained my loft forthwith. I then stretched my cloak across the worm-eaten boards that composed the floor, and in spite of storm and wind, was soon fast asleep.

"Strange enough, but I had scarce fallen asleep, when I must needs set to dreaming, I imagined myself saugly seated with the girl of my heart at my side, when on a sudden I perceived surging high above her head a face most grizzly to behold. It was the same that gazed my gentle hostess of the hovel. She had a hatchet in her hand, and made as though to strike me. I strove to rise and take flight, but in vain—my limbs refused their office. On my examining them more closely, I discovered they were severed at the joint. The change thus suddenly wrought in them had the effect of arousing me from my slumber, and dispelling the fearful vision. At any rate, wake up I did, and found myself still in the garret, with my head pillowed on my cloak. I bent my head to listen if I could hear aught, but save the howling of the storm, all was silent. Somehow or other, I could not rid myself of the painful impression occasioned by my dream. It struck me to indulge in a peep through one of the many chinks of rotten, worm-eaten boards, and accordingly I proceeded to take an observation of things that might be passing below. The man and his wife were still bending over the fire, but they had discontinued their work and were conversing in low whispers.

"I tell you, there's more coin in that purse than you could earn during the rest of your lifetime," said the female.

"Well, what then? Why, take it, to be sure! Catch tight hold of his legs, and mind the rest of him follows them; then pitch him down the hole, and leave the rest for me," showing a muson's mallet in her hand.

"We'll lay him down somewhere on the road, and folks will think that he was killed by a fall from his horse," and as she spoke she extinguished a sort of nondescript lamp used by the peasantry in those parts.

The fire was long since out, so I could see nothing. They continued to whisper, but it such low tones as to be utterly inaudible. I trust I am not a greater coward than my neighbors; still I own I felt very much the reverse of comfortable, for it remembered that I had not a single offensive weapon about me. For a moment I considered the notion of jumping down the trap door, and clearing the ladder at a single spring; but said ladder was very rickety, and had I missed my footing,

Heaven alone can tell what would have been the result. Moreover, I had but brief time for reflection, for I suddenly felt a slight vibration at the trap door, which made me shudder from head to foot.

The man was climbing the ladder, and each round, as he mounted, creaked beneath his weight. By this time I had succeeded in raising myself noisily on my knees at the edge of the trap-door. With a thick beating heart, and eye, ear and limb to their utmost tension, there I waited in an agony of apprehension. Suddenly amid the darkness, a form appeared before me, and I felt its hand in contact with my person. I sprang on my feet, clutched the individual by the throat and hurled him backwards.—His foot slipped, and he fell heavily from the ladder.

"I have him safe!" exclaimed the woman; and at the same time I heard the sound of a heavy blow, then a piercing shriek, followed by another blow, and then nought save the howling blast and pattering rain. With her own hands she had slain her husband!

"I had not nerve enough to descend the ladder. I occurred to me perhaps I might be able to work my way out through the roof, and so I did. I found my horse at the place where I had made him fast, and proceeded forthwith to tell my story to the authorities. The female was brought to trial and sentenced to death; and as in those days there was no such thing as circumstances in extenuation, she was duly executed.

THE WHOLE STORY IN A NUT SHELL.—The Albany Knickerbocker, under the head of "Independence and Progress," tells the whole story of our nation's birth and greatness, and progress in the arts and sciences, in a remarkably short paragraph for a theme so comprehensive. The style is rather racy, but decidedly "to the point."

"It is seventy-seven years ago to-day since Uncle Sam was born, and what an eventful seventy-seven years they have been. Seventy-seven years ago the United States was a remote circumstance; they now compose the second commercial nation in the world. In three quarters of a century they have revolutionized the whole world, built up an empire, licked our mother, and fenced in a continent. In less time than it took Methuselah to get out of his swaddling clothes, we have made more canals, tamed more lightning, and harnessed more steam, and at a greater cost in money, than the whole revenues of the world could have paid for the day he got out of his time.

In seventy-five years we have not only changed the politics of the earth, but by their wearing apparel; cotton shirts being as much the offspring of the United States as ballot boxes and Democracy. Since the Fourth of July, 1776, the whole world has been to school, and what is better, has learned more common sense than was taught in the previous four thousand years.—The problem of self-government has been solved, and its truth made as immortal as Washington or yellow corn. Its adaptation to all the wants of the more aspiring nation, has been made most signally manifest. Under its harmonious working, a republic has grown up in an ordinary lifetime that would have taken any other system of government a thousand years to have brought about. Yes, in less than it has taken some green house plants to arrive at maturity, we have built a nation that has spread itself from Maine to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; a nation that has caught more whales, licked more Mexicans, planted more telegraph posts, and owns more steamboats, than any nation that has ever lived or ever will live. For all this, we again say, thank God, and praise Thomas Jefferson.

WHY MR. BUCHANAN NEVER MARRIED.—A correspondent of the New Haven Palladium, writing from Lancaster, Pa., briefly records the reason: "A short distance from the city is the country residence of Hon. James Buchanan, American ambassador to the court of St. James. Its general appearance at once indicates that no fair hand is there to train the creeping vines or budding roses to their befitting place—as you are aware that the honorable gentleman still remains in single blessedness! The story is briefly told. Paying his addresses to a young and beautiful lady of this city, each became deeply enamored, and they were engaged. On a given evening, she requested his company to a party at a friend's, which he declined on plea of business engagements. Circumstances rendering it necessary he, late in the evening, gallanted a young lady to her home, and on the way—they met.—Mortified and chagrined at what she deemed unfaithfulness and desertion, and imagining the worst, she left the city early in the morning, and returned, a corpse. Such is the sad story of

his early love, nor can the high places of distinction and trust make him forget, nor the wreaths of honor that encircle his brow bury the memory of the early loved and lost."

## Jamaica.

Mr. Wood, the new Consul at Valparaiso, on his way thither touched at Jamaica. In a letter to a way friend in Ohio he describes the condition in which the sudden and general emancipation of the negro slaves in Jamaica has reduced that magnificent island.—An act of misguided philanthropy has been the ruin of both whites and blacks; and the miserable race which it was designed to bless, appear to be fast relapsing into a state of utter barbarism. The following is an extract from Mr. Wood's letter, which appeared in the National Intelligencer:

"About 10 o'clock A. M. we came in sight of Jamaica. Mountains appeared, rising several thousand feet.—On nearing the land we took on board a black pilot, ran close in with the shore about thirty miles to Port Royal, and entered the harbor of Kingston, which, you know, is on the south side. We were close in with the land from the time we reached Jamaica until we entered the harbor. We saw many plantations, the buildings dilapidated; fields of sugar-cane half-worked and apparently poor, and nothing but that which will grow without the labor of man appeared luxuriant and flourishing. The island itself is of great fertility, one of the best of the Antilles; but all the large estates upon it are now going to ruin. In the harbor were not a dozen ships of all nations; no business was doing, and every thing you heard spoken was in the language of complaint. Since the blacks have been liberated they have become indolent, insolent, degraded, and dishonest.—They are a rude, beastly set of vagabonds; lying naked about the streets, as filthy as the Hottentots, and I believe worse.

"On getting to the wharf, the first thing, the blacks of both sexes, in great numbers, perfectly naked, came swimming about the boat, and would dive for small pieces of coin, that were thrown them by the passengers. These they would catch in the water or pick from the bottom. They never fail, though the wa or is twenty five feet deep.

"The harbor of Kingston is spacious and secure. The city is old and in ruins. On entering it the stranger is annoyed to death by the black beggars at every step, and you must often show them your pistols or an uplifted cane to rid yourself of their importunities.

"We were here twenty-four hours, took in four hundred tons of coal, which was all brought on board by black women in rags, in tubs carried on their heads.

"The whites are very civil and courteous. They seem delighted to see Americans, say the island is ruined by legislation and the neglect of home Government, and most of them are desirous of getting away.

"I hope the abolition of slavery everywhere will not be attended with the same consequences that it has in Jamaica—to ruin both black and white; but no one visits Jamaica without the most thorough conviction that the liberation of the slave has spoiled him and ruined his master. I have however, time for no more comments on the subject."

DR FRANKLIN'S TOAST.—Long after Gen. Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin had chanced to dine with the English and French Ambassadors, when, as near as we can recollect, the following toasts were drank:

By the English Ambassador: "England—The Sun, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the Earth."

The French Ambassador, glowing with natural pride, but too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank:

"France—The Moon, whose mild, steady and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in the darkness, making their dreariness beautiful."

Dr. Franklin then rose, and with his usual dignity and simplicity, said: "George Washington—The Joshua, who commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

Men, like books, have at each end a black leaf—childhood and old age.

Graves are but the foot-steps of the angel of eternal life.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never apart.

He who dreads giving light to the people, is like a man who builds a house without windows, for fear of lightning.

Our sorrows are like thunder clouds, which seem black in the distance, but grow lighter as they approach.