

The Sumter Banner.

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

W. J. FRANCIS, PROPRIETOR.

"God—and our Native Land."

TERMS—\$2 IN ADVANCE.

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THE SUMTER BANNER
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TERMS,
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ONE DOLLAR per square for a single insertion. Quarterly and Monthly Advertisements will be charged the same as a single insertion, and semi-monthly the same as a weekly one.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SLIGHTED ONE.

"Man was made to mourn."

The sentiment at the head of this sketch appears to meet the approbation of many persons. Indeed, some authors take pleasure in repeating the very words. Why this should be the case is the question. Do not such persons know that they assert a palpable falsehood? It is true that some persons do mourn, and that some have a great share of suffering in this world—sufficient, indeed, to afford them an excuse for mourning. But to assert roundly that "man was made to mourn," is to assume a position that cannot be sustained by a course of sound reasoning. When you look upon a chair, you at once conclude that it was made to sit upon. When you see a coach, you know it was made to ride in; and when you see a watch, you are certain that it was made to keep time. The fact is palpable upon the face of it. But suppose you see somebody break up a chair and use it for firewood, would you then be justifiable in saying that chairs were made to boil the tea kettle with? So if you saw a tin kettle tied to a dog's tail, would you say that dogs' tails were made on purpose to support tin kettles, and the latter articles were intended as ornaments to be suspended from the tail of a dog? Again, if you saw a man on a scaffold with a rope about his neck, would you declare that such was the end of a man's creation? On the contrary, we can produce good authority to show that the very worst use which you can make of a man is to hang him.

Let us then examine the creature man and see if we can discover those infallible marks of design that would warrant us in proclaiming that he was made to mourn. Firstly, man is said to be the only laughing animal in existence, for we cannot call the noise of a hyena a laugh. With much more propriety could we say that man was made to laugh. Other animals can mourn. The cow utters loud complaints at the loss of her calf, the dog whines and howls, and the emerald weeps. But man only can laugh. There are many things which he can do, and he possesses also the organs for accomplishing them. He can do many things much better than he can mourn. If man was made to mourn, all creation would be hung in black. It is a fact almost self-evident that man was not made to mourn.

Those, therefore, who give themselves up wholly to grief, act an unnatural part. They do not subserve the purposes of creation—they deny themselves the only consolation apart from the brutes, which belongs to their physical nature. But such an individual will plead in extenuation of his monstrous and continued sorrow, that he has been visited by some "peculiar misfortune." That is no valid excuse. They cut off heads in France, and where there is a more merry and careless people? A Frenchman invited to a ball, though headed in the afternoon, would take his head under his arm and go to the ball in the evening. Every misfortune is peculiar. Every source of unhappiness sends us bitter waters: otherwise it would not be unhappiness: but why permit grief to overcome you? You thus chase from you those resources which are calculated to alleviate your grief; for it remains to be as true now as in the days of Collins, that "pale melancholy" sits retired. Nobody cares to meddle with her. The eye aches when it is fixed on an impenetrable blackness, and turns for relief to the soft green of the soul—to those cheerful hillocks on which the sun-beams rest as they glance through the foliage of leaves and blossoms. The world shrinks from those who can impart no pleasure.

Many a fair one has given herself up to all-devouring grief on the account of disappointment in love. "She has been disappointed," is supposed to be a sufficient reply, when the sad downcast eye, the trembling lip, and

pallid visage have drawn the attention of a stranger to some neglected, forlorn maiden, who shrinks from the gaze of others, and sits in a distant part of the room, wrapped in a speechless sorrow, "like patience on a monument."

We knew a light-hearted damsel once who had the misfortune to fall in love. She fancied one, who was in most respects her inferior, and certainly so in point of sincerity. She gave him her heart embalmed in sighs, and its incense went up to him like the perfume of a holocaust from the plains of Israel. In return he gave her fair words. He was without feeling, but he could discourse; he had no heart, for nature had worked it all up into a tongue, and like the serpent, it wrought into venom on those who placed dependence on the words which flowed from it. The maiden became attached to him. She supposed that his admiration was equal to hers, that was not his intention to dishonor her, for that would have involved the possession of some feeling on his part. He had none. His vanity was gratified by her love, and he permitted her to love on. Why she did love him was difficult to tell. An ordinary person set off by a fashionable dress, was all that he could boast of. In the course of a few months he left her and sought another due.

Here was food for sorrow. Here was a maid forsaken—true love crossed, and a real loving heart betrayed! The sickly pall of grief fell over her visage. Her bright eyes became dim and wandering. Her head drooped, and she scarcely seemed sensible of the presence of others. Her response to their words was faint and low. She was like a fading flower whose stem was bruised.

The cause was a desperate one; for who can administer to a mind diseased, and last of all, diseased by hopeless love? She loved to sit for hours together, by the side of a running brook, with her eyes fixed upon the stream, and if a cloud came over the sky, and the drops of rain began to fall, it was slowly and carelessly that she moved off to a retreat in the very heart of the grove, where the thicket was blackest and seenest. There she would sit and weep. She would repeat the name of him who had deserted her, as if there were no other names more musical—she would bring before her mind's eye his features, as if there were no other features more comely—and would ponder over the fine things he had said to her, as if more ingenious and pleasing things did not remain to be said.

Thus for eighteen months she lingered on refusing to be comforted, and whenever a word was drawn from her, it breathed only of the hopelessness of her lot, and the weariness of blighted existence.

Remarkable as the fact may seem, her runaway lover, having visited distant lands, and become cloyed by the vanities of this gay world, did, most unexpectedly, return to the town where the *melancholy dove* abided, presented himself to her, and repeated his vows in truth and sincerity. In this event there was more truth than poetry, and this may also be said of the substantial puddings and tarts which graced the board on their wedding day.

Now seven long years have passed, and our plaintive desolate heroine, counts four bouncing boys when she ranges the dishes on the table. She is a notable house-keeper, and if her husband intrudes too carelessly on a washing day or is guilty of any other inadvertency which seems to invade her province, her voice is lifted up against him with no uncertain sound. For his part, he is a valiant trencher man, and an enterprising grocer. His wife is careful of the peace, and sees that nothing goes out of the family in a profane manner. She likes her husband for just what he is worthy; she thinks him a "provider," and a decent sort of a body, but she wishes him to keep on his own side of the house, and she will manage her own affairs. She wonders that she ever pined and wept at his desertion, for she is sure that since her marriage she has seen fifty men as good as he—when she is particularly angry, she says better.

Sad, sorrowful pining, and melancholy maids, if you cannot get husbands, you are free from many cares and anxieties—rejoice. Have you been deserted by a lover? mourn not, but arouse and seek some other source of enjoyment; for the sorrow you feel is a grief of inexperience. Had you married him, a few years would have shown you that your fine fancies were but the dreams of ignorance, and that he for whom you now mourn, was worth just so much and no more.

CARDS.—They were too thrilling for me when I was grave, and too dull when I was cheerful.—*Johnson.*

The Mysterious Mansion.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH END.

"A made a fine end, and went away, an it had been any christum child; a parten even just between twelve and one, e'ed at turning o' the top."—*Dame Quickly.*

Many years ago, there stood on the upper horn of Moon Street, and not more than a stone's throw from Frizel Square, a low bottle-browed mansion, bearing indubitable marks of antiquity. The moss covered its dilapidated roof; the drapery of the spider and the moth hung in thick festoons about its windows; and the melancholy swallow annually built her nest under its eaves. Unlike the dwelling-houses of modern days, it belied not into the street to attract the admiration of the vulgar; but chose rather to retire from the public eye, and enjoy a halcyon repose in the quiet neighborhood of a congregation of pig-sties. Its whole appearance was that of isolated age, shrinking from the folly and bustle of the world, to muse in silence on its waning strength and increasing years.

The date of this venerable building baffled the memories of the most pains-taking old women of the time. Gravy Scraggs, who had talked away her sight and hearing in Deacon Quiddle's chimney, fairly owned it was erected "before her day." Doctor Hodge-podge, a grey-headed bachelor, who had worn a pair of leather small clothes out of the recollection of the generation about him, remembered being measured there for his freedom suit; which was full fifty years ago, come the season for string beans. "I recollect it," he used to say, "as if 'twas yesterday. The tailor was James List, a yellow-haired man, who was so corpulent he could hardly sit on the bench. Bless me, how time does pass!" In fine, it was one of those pestilent old mansions, to be found in most ancient places, which afford matter of eternal conjecture to the prosing black-heads of the neighborhood.

It is not to be supposed that such a mysterious edifice should be without a corresponding occupant. To repeat one half of the stories that were told of old Haggelwetter would exhaust the lungs of a town-crier. He was a grisly old Dutchman, that drank more gin and smoked more tobacco than was necessary to perfume the atmosphere for a league;—and then he would swear—bless my soul! if his oaths had been uttered in intelligible English, the very building would have trembled so as to topple down his head. And then, too, he had been tumbled about on the salt sea so long as to have lost the mastery of his legs, and he was as likely to stagger in one direction as another, in spite of his will. Moreover, it was said he had been a sinful freebooter, who had mortgaged his soul to the devil for more than it was worth, and there was no telling how much gold he had stowed away in sly corners about the old building. But then he was a tremendously fierce old fellow, and wore such a threatening pair of whiskers, that nobody dared to venture within pistol-shot of his house; nay, his very name, whispered after candle light made one tremble like a gravedigger at the sight of a ghost.

It is a sage remark, that Time, though it can do every thing else, is unable to stop people's tongues. One generation of talkers passeth away, and another cometh to take the word out of their mouths. Though a man should exist to eternity, he would never outlive the bad opinion of his neighbors. Thus was it with Haggelwetter. Not even his fiery whiskers could repress the voice of scandal. As he advanced in years, he also increased in bulk. He was naturally thick set and puffy; but he now seemed blowing up like a bladder. Folks noticed this, and predicted he would eventually explode like a torpedo. "He is," they said "in his sinfulness like a corn that is parching before the fire; he will swell and swell, and anon go off in a tremendous puff! It is astonishing, mankind will bring upon them such judgements, by dealing with Satan!"

The usual place where the character of old Haggelwetter was discussed, was the shop of Solomon Soper, a famous blood-letting barber; and the time, towards the close of a drowsy summer's day. Here the blacksmith, the sexton, the skipper of the *Win-nismit* ferry boat, and old Dozy, the watchman, would sit and spin out their tedious tales until it really seemed as if they did not think how time was wearing away. Deacon Quiddle, also would occasionally offer a sententious remark on the subject, as the barber elaborately adjusted his queue; and as for Master Solomon, he would fret and chatter about it all day long. It seemed to be the primary object of his existence occupying all his time, and absorbing all his faculties, to grumble at the mysterious wealth of Haggelwetter and to bewail his own poverty.

I doubt whether there was ever such a snarling, discontented barber as Solomon Soper in the whole world. His thin, weasel face, his ungainly form, his fractious disposition—all were remarkable. There is in the profession of shaving, something that warms the heart, while it elevates the understanding; it will smooth the asperities of an irascible temper, and relax the grim features of misanthrope into a grin of universal suavity. But it was ineffectual with Solomon. Avarice, like a worm, had eaten into his heart and withered him up like a dried hazel-nut. Envy and bile had yellowed him like a quince, and made him as sour and as crabbed. His eternal fretfulness was past endurance. The dullness of the times, the niggardliness of customers, the mystery of Haggelwetter, excited continual murmurings. He would declaim on these grievances, in passing his razor over the throats of his customers, with such a frenzied vehemence, that, in trembling alarm, they would try to sooth him by promises of double remuneration for his labour. In these transports, razors, soap, pimples, or even throats, appeared to him of no consequence. It grew at last to be almost as much as a man's life was worth to sit down in his chair.

Perhaps this consideration operated with others to reduce the custom of his shop. Perceiving his business decline, he became more and more penurious and passionate. He abstained altogether from the use of soap, alleging that hot water was preferable to lather for softening the beard. To this the unfortunate occupants of his chair grinned a melancholy assent; they did not dare to do otherwise. He also substituted candle-end for pomatum, and rye meal for hair-powder; and finally ceased to sharpen his razors, or to wash his napkins, because they wore out so fast. It was outrageous it was intolerable—his customers were nearly flayed alive!

But while he harassed the nerves, and scarred the viscous of his guests, he was not more easy with himself. Continual murmurings and complaint had worn upon him until he was as poor as a snake. He was like a barber that had talked himself to the very edge of the grave. What had he to live for? His shop was deserted, his customers were continually dropping away, and he was nearly distracted. To be sure, old Haggelwetter stuck to him, but the time might come when even his extensive chin would be withdrawn. In fine, he sunk into the deepest despondency and would spend whole hours in melancholy anticipation of the period, when himself, his brush and his razor, would be left in the bleak world alone.

One night he was sitting in his shop buried in a profound reverie. Never before had he felt so depressed and forlorn. A long day had passed away without depositing in his pocket a single penny; and he had stormed and raged until he sunk down in a state of exhaustion. His head leaned back on the chair; his eyes were half closed and his whole frame was relaxed and powerless. It was towards the close of autumn, when the crickets chirp in their shrillest tones and an occasional gust of wind, will sweep around the house, and moan plaintively in the key-hole for admittance. It was, in fact, the appropriate season for reveries and visions.

As Solomon Soper sat musing in his chair, it seemed to him as if some wonderful change had taken place before him. His shop had gradually assumed the appearance of the interior of a church; the black crickets which had hopped about the floor were transformed into human beings, dressed in the sable habiliments of mourners who formed a funeral procession, and slowly marched up the grand aisle, raising the solemn anthem for the departed. How full, how deep, how rich was the volume of harmony that swelled on his ear! But for whom was the requiem? A melancholy presentment filled the soul of Solomon. Was it for himself? Or had the jaws of death snapped up another of his customers? He was alarmed. Mean while the procession reached the centre of the church; the chant ceased; the velvet pall was uplifted; but he strained his eyes in vain to read the inscription on the coffin lid. As he gazed still more sharply, the spectacle slowly faded away, and he found himself standing alone in his shop. A huge winding sheet was on the point of extinguishing his candle. He snuffed the light with his fingers. The bell struck twelve. Soon after a knocking was heard at the door. It slowly opened and a muffled figure entered, which proved to be the black domestic of Haggelwetter. It had always been the private opinion of Solomon Soper that this character was old Clawfoot himself in disguise.

"The old smoker is dead," she said in a hoarse whisper. The unfortunate barber clapped his hand quickly to his forehead and staggered back. "What!" he cried in a tone sharp even to fierceness, "my last customer gone!" He wrung his hands in agony of grief. "None of antics, Master," croaked the hag with a sneer of derision. "He is gone to his place; I have laid him out and called up Deacon Quiddle to make him a coffin. He must be buried at low water mark before the chance of tide. And hark you! See that you come speedily with your tools and shave him for the last time." She slammed the door and left the barber to his cruel reflections.

It was long past the hour of midnight when the wretched Solomon started on his melancholy errand. As he closed the door, his eyes fell on that party colored staff, the mysterious ensign of his profession. It shone in the dim light like a spectre waiting as if to marshal him into the dwelling of the dead. This appalling idea haunted him in his progress through the streets; and more than once he cast his eyes over his shoulder, expecting to behold it stalking at his heels. Arriving at the place of destination, he paused a moment to wipe the drops of terror and fatigue that started upon his brow. With a trembling hand he lifted the latch and entered. The black domestic was crouched down in a corner of the kitchen chimney, moaning and muttering to herself. All the diabolical stories he had heard of the mansion and its inmates thronged on his memory at the sight. His countenance turned to a deadly paleness; his knees smote together with fear; and he essayed in vain to speak; he could not utter a word. An accidental turn of the head discovered him to the hag. She arose, and without saying a word, ushered him to the fatal chamber, set the light and withdrew.

There is something in the visit of a barber to the couch of death, that is calculated to arouse all the tender sensibilities of the breast. To enter the silent room, to approach the cold and extended form, to gaze on the unconscious features of one he had known in joyous life, cannot but excite the most saddening emotions. It is beyond the power of language to describe; nothing but the warm imagination can conceive what pangs of anguish rend the bosom of the barber, when, for the last time, he takes and old friend by the nose!

With more than ordinary sensibility, Solomon Soper gazed around on the scene of desolation before him. The hour, the place, the occasion, all urged their commingled terrors upon his imagination. A ruinous chamber, faintly perceptible by a flickering lamp; a dreary stillness, disturbed only by the sighing of the wind, or the squeaking and gibbering of the rats behind the wainscot; a stifened corpse, waiting, from his hand, the last sad office of his profession. His teeth chattered at the spectacle. He wished to retreat, but some mysterious power, like fascination, drew him toward the remains of his departed friend.

With a noiseless step he approached the solitary couch. He uncovered that countenance upon which it had been his happiness to operate for so many years; and which now, would shrink beneath his razor no more. It was necessary to make a great effort. With a trembling hand he softly held the nostril of the body, whilst with the other he applied the blade. Just then he was startled by a singular noise. His heart was in his mouth. He paused and looked around. At this awful moment the body slowly opened its eyes and fixed them upon him with a hideous stare. It appeared to turn the barber into stone.—Breathless, motionless—he stood like a marble statue. His very soul seemed escaping with the glance which he fixed upon the corpse. "Thousand doxvils! Let go my nose!" roared a voice of thunder.

The barber turned a somersault of fifteen feet in the air, and dropped on the floor as dead, as a sturgeon.

This affair made a wonderful talk at the North End, and served to bring the old mansion into still worse repute. Doctor Hodge-podge would never believe that poor Solomon came within the house by mortal means; and, to his latest day, would snarl his wig when he heard old Haggelwetter bluster about "der tam tam barber dat come to shave him in dis sleeps."

Preocious reasoning weakens the understanding, while preocious emotion breaks down the physical structure, and robs the child not only of the gladness of infancy, but of that elastic spring which is the great preserver of happiness in after life.

CITY AND COUNTRY BRED PEOPLE.
We find in the Union an address of Francis P. Blair, esq., (the old editor of the Globe) to the Agricultural Association of Montgomery county, Maryland, delivered at Rockville, on the 8th instant, from which we give an extract that may be read with pleasure and profit:
Men who have made fortunes in our cities, begin now to appreciate the value of country life, however averse or unsuited to it they may have been rendered by habit. The common guide book of Paris, which is put into every traveller's hands, has this note under the head of population: "Families constantly residing in Paris soon become extinct. The effects of this mortality are observed to be more active upon males than upon females."—What is true of Paris is true of every city in the world. There is not, probably, a man in London, Paris, New York or Philadelphia, who can say that his great grand father, his grand father, and his father, successively lived and died in the city of his residence. There is no such thing as the survivor of three generations that have undergone the decomposing power of a city atmosphere, assisted by city pursuits. A city, then, may be said to die out once in a hundred and fifty years, so far as regards those rooted generations that live, and move and have their being only in a city's precincts. Whoever, then, would have succession in his family—that desires to transmit his name and wealth by perpetuating his race—would at some period of his life take his leave of walls and pavements, and crowded thoroughfares, and fix his abode in the midst of the rustling foliage, the green fields, clear streams, and sweet air, untaunted by stagnation in the walled streets and alleys and sewers.

There is another observation in regard to cities which induce thoughtful men, who take pride in their posterity, to remove from them when they have accomplished the objects for which they are sought. How many millions of children educated in cities with the utmost care, have passed away without reaching distinction among his countrymen. It is remarkable that children born in cities, generally exhibit precocious talents; they have the easiest access of every species of learning; they are stimulated to exercise in the schools by pride, vigilance, and solicitude, which is spirited up by the stiring society around; they have the advantage of imbibing an early knowledge of the world, and have almost in infancy the manners, the ideas, and self-possession of polished society.—But although the great cities of the Old World and of the New World sent forth probably one hundred of these fully educated youths, to test their strength in the high pursuits of life, for one country adventurer, yet it is found that almost all the distinguished men who shine in the service of the country or in the liberal professions are country born and bred.

The hot-beds of cities bring forward their plants more rapidly; but those springing from the native soil, and braving the rude seasons and rough culture of the country, are found to have the best stamina. Look over the list of great men who figured in our revolution, and it will be found that almost to a man they were country born and bred. Search the annals of the revolution in England from the reign of the 1st Charles to the 3d William. These were the times that tried the souls of men in the mother country. The French revolution filled Paris with innumerable great men, the offspring of the provinces. If we scan our own quiet times whence come the illustrious men who have filled the chief magistracy, and given fame to Congress and our State Legislatures? I do not know one that has not made his way from some rural district to the high places of the republic. And so, too, it has been with our great merchants and mechanics who have flourished in cities; trace them, and you will find that the impulse that gives them this lead brought them from the fields of some village to try their fortunes in the city. The men who thus build themselves up in the marts of business have generally the sagacity to see that life in the country is the natural state, that in the city an artificial existence; and if not too much possessed with the spirit of getting, which gain is too apt to engender, they retire to the scene from which they emerged.

This is particularly marked in public men, who almost invariably seek to close their career at some homestead which they would make their monument. From this feeling we have our Mt. Vernon, Monticello, Montpelier, Hermitage, Ashland, Marsfield, and Fort Hill. And how natural the wish of every independent nature to have a home—a little domain where its offspring may have space to grow full stature, where the moral character may be formed on its cherished principles, where the age and infirmity of the declining head may have the required privacy and repose, and where the prospect of the grave itself is softened by the sense that it would often be viewed by fond and kindred eyes. The idea of a hereditary patriarchal home brings a thousand endearing associations with it, both to parents and children, and the affections which grow up in it become apart of it. A sense of this makes the possessor labor to improve it—to impress his own character upon it; to adorn it with taste—to enrich it with fruit, and to hand down his memory in every permanent edifice he may build, and every noble tree he may plant; and with the consciousness that he will be blended in the thoughts of his children, who are to succeed him in the enjoyment of the blessings he thus prepares for them, he will seem to enjoy himself through a long futurity.

A "Young American" Candidate for the Texas Legislature.
The following address to the voters of Galveston county, by Col. Jack Mills, a noted character in Texas, and a candidate for legislative honors, is quite rich:
TO THE VOTERS OF GALVESTON COUNTY.
I have been strongly urged by my numerous friends (who are a No. 1.) to become a candidate to represent you in the next Legislature. Like a true patriot I have consented to sacrifice my private interests to the public good. Without vanity, I may say, all who know me will admit, that if elected, I will originate and execute many acts in Austin that no one of the candidates before you will attempt. I pledge myself that I will keep a watchful eye over the morals of legislation and legislators. No one who knows me will doubt, if I choose to exercise the power, that members will be compelled to observe the rules of propriety, instead of indulging, as I fear is too often the case, in nocturnal revels, at improper places and unseemly hours. Reform is necessary. I am the man to effect it—in fact, the only man that can and will do it.

I am a Jeffersonian, Jackson Democrat—in truth I was so born.

I am progressive—I may say a fast one.

I go for the greatest good to the greatest number.

I am in favor of giving homes to the homeless, and houses to the houseless.

I advocate the education of the masses by a tax upon wealth.

I believe that earth, air and water is a gift of the good God to all. That all are entitled to as much as are necessary for their use. More than this is monopoly, and I oppose all monopolies.

I am in favor of Banks, if a plan can be invented to establish one to loan money to the poor, industrious, honest man, without security.

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There is another observation in regard to cities which induce thoughtful men, who take pride in their posterity, to remove from them when they have accomplished the objects for which they are sought. How many millions of children educated in cities with the utmost care, have passed away without reaching distinction among his countrymen. It is remarkable that children born in cities, generally exhibit precocious talents; they have the easiest access of every species of learning; they are stimulated to exercise in the schools by pride, vigilance, and solicitude, which is spirited up by the stiring society around; they have the advantage of imbibing an early knowledge of the world, and have almost in infancy the manners, the ideas, and self-possession of polished society.—But although the great cities of the Old World and of the New World sent forth probably one hundred of these fully educated youths, to test their strength in the high pursuits of life, for one country adventurer, yet it is found that almost all the distinguished men who shine in the service of the country or in the liberal professions are country born and bred.

The hot-beds of cities bring forward their plants more rapidly; but those springing from the native soil, and braving the rude seasons and rough culture of the country, are found to have the best stamina. Look over the list of great men who figured in our revolution, and it will be found that almost to a man they were country born and bred. Search the annals of the revolution in England from the reign of the 1st Charles to the 3d William. These were the times that tried the souls of men in the mother country. The French revolution filled Paris with innumerable great men, the offspring of the provinces. If we scan our own quiet times whence come the illustrious men who have filled the chief magistracy, and given fame to Congress and our State Legislatures? I do not know one that has not made his way from some rural district to the high places of the republic. And so, too, it has been with our great merchants and mechanics who have flourished in cities; trace them, and you will find that the impulse that gives them this lead brought them from the fields of some village to try their fortunes in the city. The men who thus build themselves up in the marts of business have generally the sagacity to see that life in the country is the natural state, that in the city an artificial existence; and if not too much possessed with the spirit of getting, which gain is too apt to engender, they retire to the scene from which they emerged.

This is particularly marked in public men, who almost invariably seek to close their career at some homestead which they would make their monument. From this feeling we have our Mt. Vernon, Monticello, Montpelier, Hermitage, Ashland, Marsfield, and Fort Hill. And how natural the wish of every independent nature to have a home—a little domain where its offspring may have space to grow full stature, where the moral character may be formed on its cherished principles, where the age and infirmity of the declining head may have the required privacy and repose, and where the prospect of the grave itself is softened by the sense that it would often be viewed by fond and kindred eyes. The idea of a hereditary patriarchal home brings a thousand endearing associations with it, both to parents and children, and the affections which grow up in it become apart of it. A sense of this makes the possessor labor to improve it—to impress his own character upon it; to adorn it with taste—to enrich it with fruit, and to hand down his memory in every permanent edifice he may build, and every noble tree he may plant; and with the consciousness that he will be blended in the thoughts of his children, who are to succeed him in the enjoyment of the blessings he thus prepares for them, he will seem to enjoy himself through a long futurity.

A "Young American" Candidate for the Texas Legislature.
The following address to the voters of Galveston county, by Col. Jack Mills, a noted character in Texas, and a candidate for legislative honors, is quite rich:
TO THE VOTERS OF GALVESTON COUNTY.
I have been strongly urged by my numerous friends (who are a No. 1.) to become a candidate to represent you in the next Legislature. Like a true patriot I have consented to sacrifice my private interests to the public good. Without vanity, I may say, all who know me will admit, that if elected, I will originate and execute many acts in Austin that no one of the candidates before you will attempt. I pledge myself that I will keep a watchful eye over the morals of legislation and legislators. No one who knows me will doubt, if I choose to exercise the power, that members will be compelled to observe the rules of propriety, instead of indulging, as I fear is too often the case, in nocturnal revels, at improper places and unseemly hours. Reform is necessary. I am the man to effect it—in fact, the only man that can and will do it.

I am a Jeffersonian, Jackson Democrat—in truth I was so born.

I am progressive—I may say a fast one.

I go for the greatest good to the greatest number.

I am in favor of giving homes to the homeless, and houses to the houseless.

I advocate the education of the masses by a tax upon wealth.

I believe that earth, air and water is a gift of the good God to all. That all are entitled to as much as are necessary for their use. More than this is monopoly, and I oppose all monopolies.

I am in favor of Banks, if a plan can be invented to establish one to loan money to the poor, industrious, honest man, without security.

I am a "Young American." I adopted their boundary—east by the rising, and west by the setting sun; north by the Arctic expedition, and south—as far as we please. This is a great country, and less than this would not suit our purposes. I abhor old fogies, whether as politicians, warriors, husbands or lovers. I wish this distinctly understood.

I disavow the creed of "all things unto all men," but adopt it decidedly as regards the ladies.

I am for woman's rights on the largest scale. If we do not yield them equality, I fear they will refuse to multiply and replenish the earth, as they have threatened to do. And every unprejudiced mind must admit that they become our wives not to pleasure themselves, but us. I am too modest to enumerate all my good qualities for office. I leave all self-praise to my competitors. I think, however, without vanity, I may say that, if elected, I will be more distinguished than any representative you have had. You will be proud of me. My name will be familiar to all, and daily seen in the public prints.

I am an old Texan—one of the founders of Galveston. I have shed much blood for the good of the people. I have done the State some service. I ask in return your votes. I will see most of you before the election, and will address you before the public.

I am opposed to the habit of treating, but when invited will be happy to take a glass with any one. In this particular I make no distinction in politics.

JACK MILLS.
P. S.—I forgot to say that I am in favor of the next war.

The rudest instrument in the hands of a skillful and patient mechanic, will produce better work than the most highly finished, in the hands of him who has neither skill nor patience.

The holder of a mirror is not responsible for the reflection.