

# 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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## THE SUMTER BANNER

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### HOW TO EDUCATE A MAN OF BUSINESS.

In the education of a business man, it must never be forgotten that his future life will be a life of action, and not of study. Great care must, therefore, be taken that the health be not impaired, in a strife for useless honors, that the feelings be not suffered to grow over sensitive in reclusive contemplation, nor the mind lose its spring and elasticity under a load of cumbersome and unpractical learning. It has been said that at least one-fourth of the students of colleges leave them with impaired health full one-half are too sensitive to bear the rude jostlings of the world; and perhaps, two-thirds of the balance have some defect that would seriously mar their happiness and usefulness. It is wonderful how many parents spend their money which they can ill spare, to unfit their sons for all future usefulness. A collegiate education cannot be recommended, and if attainable is not desirable. A counting house is the business man's college. When the youth has finished his course of preparatory education at a school or private seminary, under the charge of an able instructor, who teaches as much by conversation, as by a prescribed course, he should go into a counting house, whatever may be his future occupation. It is there that he will learn order, method, and obedience, and acquire a knowledge of life, and business of life. It is there that he will learn the value of time, and the value of money—two very important things to know. Whatever of conceit he may have brought from the village academy is soon rubbed out of him. He learns to obey, to submit to, and be patient—to endure reproach without anger and to bear contradiction with good humor. He is obliged to keep his wits about him, to decide quickly, to have accurate eyes, and truthful ears, and to learn that there are just sixty minutes in an hour. A counting house education will be of advantage to every man, whatever his future occupation may be. A moral education need not be dwelt upon.—This is especially a work of self-cultivation. No one's principles can be called temptation proof, but those which are the result of logical conviction, and for which repeated sacrifices have been made. As ability to communicate varied and practical knowledge by conversation is a qualification that especially fits man to be a teacher, it should not be overlooked in the selection of one.

Frederick's Treatise on Business.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.—Professor Lee, in a note of his translations of the travels of Von Batta, says, "The following account of the man in the moon, I had from the mouth of a New Zealander: A man named Celano once happened to be the first and coming near a well by moonlight, he intended to drink; but a cloud coming over the moon prevented him. He then cursed because it refused to give him its light; but upon this the moon came down and took him up forcibly together with a tree on which he had laid hold; and now there is now seen continued the Zealander, with the tree, just as he was taken up. I would merely remark, that it is by no means surprising that vulgar credulity should be much the same all the world over; but that it should arrive at almost precisely the same results, is curious enough."

A good story is told of a rustic youth and a country girl, who sat facing each other at a husking party. The youth, smitten with the charms of the beautiful maid, only vented his passion in sly looks, and now and again touching Patty's foot under the table. At that time there being no bloomers, the girl either fearful of the purity of her stockings or determined to make the youth express what he seemed so much to feel, she advanced a little while longer in silence, when she cried out: "Look here, if you love me, tell me so, but don't dirty my stockings?"

## THE SILVER SIXPENCE.

"Do you see here," said a ragged little boy to a group of young, gaily dressed urchins, as he came up from Market street wharf, in Philadelphia; "Do you see here—I've a silver sixpence!"

They all set up a hearty laugh.—"Why," said Jeremiah Budd, whose father was a wealthy shipper, "I have got six silver dollars to spend on Christmas, and that fellow is proud of a sixpence!"

Theodore heard it, and looked thoughtfully on the ground for a moment; then recollecting himself, Six dollars to spend," muttered he; "but sixpence to keep is better than that."

Theodore kept his sixpence in his pocket, carefully wrapped up, for several weeks; when one day his uncle, who kept a fruit-shop at the corner of the alley where he lived, said to him,—"Theodore, your sixpence don't grow any in your pocket; you should plant it."

The little boy understood him better when he told him, if he pleased he might buy some fruit in the market with it, and stand in his shop and sell it out again. He embraced the offer—doubled his money the next day—and went on until he had no room for his increased stock in his little corner.

His uncle, observing the thrifty and, withal, honest turn of the boy, finally took him into his store as an assistant, and allowed him privilege to trade in sundry specified articles on his own account. The close attention to business, the most careful management of his small funds, and the run of good luck, as it is called, which generally runs to those who are saving, industrious, and prudent, in the course of three or four years enabled him to go into partnership with his uncle, and to extend his business to double his former amount.

Having trimmed his sails right at first, it became a kind of second nature with Theodore, to keep what sailors would call close to the land, and he made headway astonishingly now.—Soon after he was twenty one he was enabled to buy out the whole stock of a drygoods merchant, and go into business on his own account entirely.—Still he prospered—commenced importing—changed his business finally for a wholesale concern—embarked in the India trade—and at last married a fine girl, whose fortune was but a little inferior to his own; and it was said after that occurrence he was not worth less than half a million.

Theodore now lived in an elegant house in Arch street, kept his carriage, and had everything in pretty style; yet he attended to his business. That he might never lose sight of his good fortune, the silver sixpence was blended with the arms on his carriage; it formed the seal with which he stamped his letters; and he had one of the coin—used to say the very identical one he first owned—fastened upon his desk in his counting-room. Remembering thus constantly that by small means he had risen, he still, amid much well bestowed charity and in the constant practice of true benevolence, looked well to small things, and never forgot how to reckon cents as well as dollars.

Thus smoothly were Theodore's affairs going forward, when one sultry day, just as he had entered his counting-room, a thin, squalid figure presented himself at the counter, and asked for employment. He wore a threadbare suit of black, an old hat, and his shoes were almost ready to drop from his feet.

"In what capacity," asked Theodore, "do you wish for employment?" "In any capacity," was the reply; "but sir," continued the stranger, wiping a tear from his eye with his coat-leeve, "my father was a merchant, and he brought me up to his profession. I should therefore be glad of employment as a clerk."

Theodore looked at the man closely. He imagined he saw some lineament he remembered.

"What is your name?" he added. The stranger hesitated a moment, hung down his head, and replied in a low voice, "Jeremiah Budd."

"Ah!" said Theodore, recollecting him instantly; "and you have got clear of your six dollars long ago, I fancy Jeremiah."

"Yes," said Jeremiah, with a sigh, "but I have not forgotten the ragged little boy with the silver sixpence.—I had been half as careful of my thousands as he was of his pence, I should not have been here friendless and penniless this day."

There was a half triumphant smile on Theodore's face as he took the hand of the visitor, which seemed to spring from self-complacent feeling, which was excusable, because it arose partly from the consciousness of his ability to aid one whose imprudence had caused his misfortune, but who seemed to confess his error. He took the applicant into his employ, and in the pro-

cess of time restored him to the business-doing world—an active, prudent, and valuable man.

The lesson taught in this story is too plain to need a word in addition. I will simply ask—where is the needy man who has not spent more money foolishly in his life, than would be necessary to make him comfortable now?

## The Spirit Bluff.

### A Tale of St. Charles.

When leaves by the wind of autumn are stirred  
When the quick wild bark of the wolf is heard,  
When the owl his dismal warning hoots,  
And a vivid flash the lightning shoots,  
A spirit from the Indians say,  
Is seen around you bluff to play.

Near the flourishing village of St. Charles rears one of these majestic bluffs, which so frequently are found on the banks of Fox river, and which add so much to the beauty and scenery of its silver waters. It is situated a little south or east of the village. Along its summit are several ancient mounds; which have, probably, for ages, been the burial places of the natives, and one recently has been chosen as the resting place for the dead of this village and immediate vicinity. The east and south side are washed by a small brook, called the Cedar or Bluff run; while, along its base, at the west, rolls the river in its long and silent grandeur, its shores still untouched by the hand of civilized man; on the east and south east rises the beautifully rolling prairie, dotted here and there with the fields of the emigrant settler. The beauty of the scenery from this point is such that the travellers who have gazed with delight at other bluffs and points on the river, are struck with uncommon interest on beholding this spot; and on leaving it, often turn and linger still, as if enchanted, to gaze at its beauties. It is called the "Spirit Bluff," and a tale is told of it of so much interest, that many a heart is made sad at its recital. For a number of years no Indian has been seen to pass over its summit; but, by a circuitous path, all go round it, for a dark eyed Indian maid, they say, is seen to hover around it.—Some forty-five years ago, there was, in the nation of the Pottowatomies, an aged chief, whose name was Wayshikee, and who was, in 1836, still remembered by the old Indian traders at Chicago and other points on that beautiful lake. It was in the time of this Chief that one of the most melancholy transactions that ever occurred among the Pottowatomies nation took place at this bluff. Ononibidga, the only daughter of Wayshikee, was dear to her parents and the boast of her tribe. Contrary to the wishes of her family she formed an ardent attachment to a young hunter of her tribe, and one whom she knew to be strongly attached to her. But, when asked in marriage of her parents, he was refused, and likewise learned that her daughter was intended by them for another, a young brave of distinction. The latter had acquired a fame by deeds of valor rendered his nation, and the many captive whites he had taken along the shores of Lake Erie, and even among the nation of the Senecas. At the mention of the young hunter wishing Ononibidga in marriage, her family pressed the brave to urge his suit with her, which he did with ardor and unceasing assiduity, but she refused him and persisted in her preference for the young hunter. So the commendations of her friends in favor of the brave, she replied that she had chosen one after her own mind—one who would spend his life with her; and by his profession, would provide for her subsistence, and secure her comfort and happiness; but, if she accepted the brave, he would be constantly bent on some deed of daring exploit, he would be absent from her, exposing himself to danger, and perhaps death, on some distant battle field, leaving her a widow, to tread alone the path of this unfeeling world. Ononibidga's expostulations were of no avail with her family or friends. They, at length, by stratagem and some other means, succeeded in driving the young hunter to some distant land, from which he never returned; or at least, was never more seen among his tribe; and then, by harsh means, began to compel her to accept for her husband the brave, whom they had chosen. But, to all her expostulations and assertions that she could never love any other but her young hunter, and that rather than have the brave whom she so much disliked, she would live alone in the depths of the solitary forest, they paid no regard. Ononibidga, to this time, had been the joy and delight of her family, and been indulged more than was usual for the females of her tribe. Her brother had expressed a wish that she might, if possible, be persuaded, rather than compelled to accept the brave

for a husband. In order to remove some of her objections, they took measures to make some provision for her future maintenance and presented to the brave all that in their simple mode of living, an Indian could desire. At about this time a party was formed to go to the Red Pipe Stone, on the shores of the Mississippi, above the falls of St. Anthony, to procure some of the charmed stone for their pipes. The parents and brothers of Ononibidga were of the party, and she herself was also one with them. It was on their assembling at this bluff, previous to their departure, that they offered their presents to the brave. Encouraged by these, he again renewed his suit, but was, as heretofore, unsuccessful.—Her family and friends, angry at what they supposed unjustifiable obstinacy on her part, remonstrated severely, and even used threats to compel her to obedience.

"Well, then," said Ononibidga, "you have left me no hope. I told you I did not love him, and that I would not live with him. I now wish to remain single, but you will not allow me even that poor boon. You say you love me, and that you are my parents, my brothers and my friends; yet you have driven from me my hunter; and I will never love another. You have forced him to roam an outcast from village to village, and from tribe to tribe, and, this moment, perhaps, he is alone, far from his native tribe, none with him to assist in building his wigwams or spreading his skins for his bed, none to wait upon him, when faint and weary with the labor of the chase, sighing to the night winds for his Ononibidga. Is not this enough? Would you have me joyful when my hunter is far away?"

But she could not repress her passion even here, and before others could speak, she resumed: "What! I marry another, one on whom I can never place my affections, and with whom I can never be happy? If this is your love for me, be it so. But soon you shall have cause to regret your course." Saying this, she withdrew, and while they were busy in making preparations for the festival, (determined upon uniting her with the brave that day,) she would her way to the top of the bluff; and calling to her friends, addressed them thus: "You thought to compel me, that you shall see how certain I can defeat your plans." She, then commenced singing her death song, sweet, or by far than the dying echo of the evening vesper, as the still breeze wafted it softly toward the regions of the blest. She then rushed with the swiftness of a deer toward the river.—Her friends, to rescue her, rushed all possible haste; calling on her name with hearts ready to burst with anguish; assuring her that her hunter should be restored, if she would desist. "It is in vain. You are too late," she replied, as she paused a moment on the brink of the precipice. Then, with a mighty bound, she plunged into the river; and before her friends could reach the spot, its chrysal waters had closed over her forever.

Such was the story told me by an aged Indian in 1836. And while telling it the stillness of his age forsook his limbs and the feeling of youth again renewed his age, while the tears trickled down his furrowed cheek. And he was the beloved young hunter who had once more and for his last time, returned to behold the spot where once had trod the last steps of his Ononibidga.

## A Short Story.

BY DICKENS.

On his last voyage home, the captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attractions—a phrase I use as one being entirely new, and one you meet with in the newspaper. This young lady was beloved intensely by five young gentlemen passengers, a d in turn she was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference for either. Not knowing how to make up her determination in this dilemma, she consulted my friend the captain. The captain being a man of an original turn of mind, says to the young lady "jump overboard and marry the man that jumps after you." The young lady struck with the idea, and being naturally fond of bathing, especially in warm weather as it then was, took the advice of the captain, who had a boat ready manned in case of accident.—Accordingly, the next morning, the five lovers being on deck and looking very devoutly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea head foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and her four lovers got out again, she says to the captain "what am I to do with them now, they are so wet?" Says the captain, "take the dry one." And the young lady did, and married him.

We don't believe a word of it.

## Visit to the Ugly Man.

BY SIMON SGOOS.

As we stepped over the low fence, I heard the hum of a spinning wheel, and another moment, one of the sweetest rosiest faces I ever beheld looked out the door. It was Lucy Wallis, the pretty daughter of the Ugly Man! Saluting us modestly, she asked us in—and to be seated—and resumed her work. There are a few more lovely girls than Lucy. In her moist blue eyes was a blended expression of mirthfulness and something more tender, that went into your heart without ever asking leave. Clad in a home-spun frock, coarse, but tastefulness in its colors and adjustment. And oh! how brilliantly spotted—her fingers tipped with the blue of the indigo tub—her little feet in buck skin moccasins—she plied her task industriously; now with an arch toss, shaking into place her rich auburn hair; and now, with a bound forward gracefully catching the thread that had slipped from her fingers. Sweet voiced, too, was Lucy Wallis, as she stood at her wheel, spinning two threads. One of cotton on her spindle, and the other of gossip with my excellent and loquacious friend Dick McCoy. Plague take the girl! She has made me forget her ugly father! Mr. Wallis and his wife were from home when we got there—having been on a visit to a sick neighbor—but in half an hour they returned.

"That they come!" said Dick, as he heard voices outside the cabin, "take a seat and don't be scared!" "You've never seen daddy, have you Squire?" she asked, slightly coloring and putting. "Never have—always had a curiosity," but the wounded expression of the girl stopped me, and in another moment the ugly man was before me.

Truly had McCoy said "nothing on the breathing earth could match him." His face generally had the appearance of a recently healed blister-spot. His prominent eyes seem ready to drop off his face, and were almost guiltless of lids. Red, red, red, was the most prevailing color of his countenance—even his eyes partook of it. His mouth—ruby red, looked as if it had been kicked very lately by a rough-shod mule, after having been originally made by gouging a hole in his face with a nail grub! The *tout ensemble* was horrible, unspeakably ugly.

"So you've come to see the ugly man, have you Squire?" I've heard of you before. You're the man that took the sense of this country, last I was in Georgia, then. Well, you're mighty welcome. Old woman, fly round, get something for the Squire and Dick to eat. Lu-y, hain't you no fresh aiggs about?"

Lucy went out at his suggestion, and her father went on: "They call me ugly, Squire, and I am. My fat er before me was the ugliest man that ever lived in Hancock county. But I'll give you my experience after supper. Belikes you have heard that I've been thro' the ruffs. No! Well, when we got something to eat, I'll tell you more about it, old woman for heaven's sake, you fly round!"

The old lady did "fly around" and Lucy got the "aiggs," and between them they got an excellent supper. The purity of the table cloth, the excellence of the coffee, and the freshness of the eggs, not to mention Lucy's good looks, were more than a set-off against the ugliness of Billy; so that Dick and I continued to eat quite heartily, to the evident gratification of our hospitable, though ugly entertainer.

Supper over, old Billy drew out his large soap-stone pipe, and filling and lighting it, he placed it in his mouth. After a whiff or two, he began:

"It's no use argifyin in the matter—I am the ugliest man now on top of the earth. That's my nuther like me! I am a crowd by myself. I alters was. The first I knowed of it though, was when I was bout 10 years old. I went down to the spring branch one mornin, to wash my face, and as I looked in the water, I seen the shadow of my face! That's the last time I've seen my countenance—I darsen't but shet my eyes when I go to the water."

"Don't you use a glass when you shave?" I inquired.

"Glass! Thunder! What glass could stand it—would bust if it were an inch thick. Glass!—pish!"

Lucy told her father he was "too bad, and that he knew it was no such thing," but the old man told her she was a "sassy wench, and to hold her tongue."

"Yes," he continued, "it's so; I've not seen my face in forty years, but then I knows how it looks."

"Oh, you was not uncommon hard favored when you was a young man," said old Mrs. Wallis.

"Uncommon! I tell you when I was ten years old a fly would'n't lit on my face—and it can't be much wuss now! Shet up, and let me tell the Squire my experience."

"Its no use," put in Lucy, "to be running one's own self down that way, daddy, it ain't right."

"Runnin' down! Thunder and lightning Lucy, you'll hav me as good looking as John Buzeman your sweet heart." As he said this old Bill looked at me and succeeded in covering the ball of his left eye, by way of a wink. Lucy said no more.

The old man continued: "Well hard as I thought it'd be to get a wife, fust thing I knowed, I had Sally, here, and she is, or was, as pretty as any of 'em."

Old Mrs. Wallis knited convulsively and coughed slightly.

"However, she never kissed me afore we was married and it was a long time arter afore she did. The way of it was, we had an old one-horned cow, mighty ornery (ordinary) lookin', old as the north star, and poor as a black snake. One day I went out to the lot—"

"Daddy, I wouldn't tell that," said Lucy in a persuasive tone.

"Blamed if I don't though—it's true, and ef you don't keep still, I'll send for Buzeman to hold you quiet in the corner."

"Yes, I went out to the lot, and thar sure as life was my 'old woman swing to the cow, and the old thing flyin round and cutti' g up all sorts of shins. Ses I, 'what the deuce are you up to old woman?'—And with that she let go and told me she was trying to practice kissing on old Chery, and she thought arter that she could make up her mind to kiss me."

"Old man you made that I've heard you tell it before—but you made it," said the old lady.

"Well, well, I told her, Squire, ses I, come down to it, shet your eyes! hold your breath!—and upon that she bus-sed me so you might have heard it a quarter of a mile, and since that nobody's had better kissin than me. Now, that was my fust experience about being ugly, arter I was grown, and it wasn't so bad neither!"

"The next time my ugly fetters came into play, was in Mobile; was you ever thar? Greatest place on green yearth; steamboats, oysters, free niggers, furiners, brick houses—that is the place! I went down on a flat boat from Wetumpky, with old John Todd. We had a fust rate time of it till we got most to Mobile, and the steamboats would run so close to us that the sloshin, would pretty near capsize. They done it for devilment. How old John cussed, but it done no good. At last ses I, I'll try 'em; ef thar's emy strength in cussing, I'll make 'em ashamed! So the next one came along, cavorting and snorting like it was wine right into us, and did pass in twenty feet. I ris up on a cotton bag and ses to the crowd—and there was a most almighty one on the guards of the boat—ses I 'You infernal racketmaking, snorting sons of—'"

"Afore I could get any further in my cussin the crowd gin the most yearth-shakin' howl that ever was hearn—and one feller, as they were broad side with us, hollered out, 'It's the old He ugly himself; Jeminy what a mouth! With that thar was something rained and rattled in our boat like hail, only heavier; and directly me and John picked up a peck of buckhorn handled knives."

Old Mrs. Wallis looked to Heaven, as if appealing there for the forgiveness of some great sin her ugly consort had committed, but said nothing.

"So I lost nothing by being ugly that time. Arter I got in Mobile, how ever, I was bothred and pestered by the people stoppin in the street to look at me, all dirty, and lightwood smoked as I was from being on the boat."

"I think I'd cleaned up a little," interposed Lucy.

"Old woman aint you got narry cold tater to choke that gal with? Well, they'd look at me the hardest you ever seen. But I got ahead of my story. A few days afore thar had been a boat bursted and a heap of people scalded and killed, one way and another. So, at last I went into a grocery and a squad of people folloed me in, and one 'lowed, ses he, its one of the unfortunate sufferers by the burstin of the Franklin; and upon that he axed me to drink with him, and as I had my tumbler half way to my mouth, he stopped me of a sudden—"

"Beg your pardon, stranger—but," ses he.

"I don't it, its like I was gwine to drink, and I thought the whole of 'em would go into fits—they yelled and

whooped like a gang of wolve. Finally, one of 'em ses, 'don't make fun of the unfortunate; he's hardly got over being blowed up yet. Let us make up a pass for him.' Then they all throwed in and made up five dollars.—As the man handed me the change, he axed me, 'Whar did you find you self after the explosion?'"

"In a flat boat," ses I.

"How far from the Franklin?" he asked.

"Why," ses I, "I never seen her, but as nigh as I can guess, it must have been, from what they tell me, nigh on to three hundred and seventy-five miles. You oughter see the gang scatter. As they left ses one, 'it's him, it's the ugly man of all.'—N. Y. Dutckman.

## Not at Home.

This fashionable lie repeated daily and hourly at the doors of our "first families," will, we hope, be numbered among the things that were, ere many more years roll around. Ladies who teach it to their servants cannot reflect seriously upon the matter without feeling most deeply the degradation they bring upon themselves every time they cause it to be uttered. They are shocked at the depravity of the cook when she tells a lie to conceal the effect of some carelessness, and hold up their hands in holy horror when the chamber maid is detected appropriating a bit of lace finery; but is not their own sin the deeper dyed of the two? Most certainly it is. They not only deliberately tell the lie themselves, but they teach each others to repeat it for them; and not only that, but they do it without the shadow of a justifiable excuse. Oh, shame upon you, who are living in such meanness. You degrade yourselves, by such acts far lower than does the common thief who makes robbery his living.

"But what shall we say then?" is the usual queried reply to rebukes of such conduct. The most truthful and best answer we ever received in answer to the door bell at the house of a lady who was, fashionably speaking, "not at home," was one which conveyed the truth the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It was this: "Mrs.— is at home, but it will be inconvenient for her to see any person this afternoon." Such a message contains nothing chilling or repulsive, nor yet anything un ladylike and more than all this, it is the truth. Such a message a real lady might deliver in person, and none could hear without admiring it. Reader learn a lesson from this. Have you not some other fashionable lie besides that of "not at home," which you practice upon in your house or at your business?—*New York Sun.*

## Ups and Downs of Wall Street.

In walking up Broadway, a day or two since, our attention was arrested, in common with thousands upon the side-walk, by the appearance of a very dashing equipage. A pair of dandy horses, with rigolettes on their head, and an uncommonly high polished carriage. The whole turn-out, including the sable driver, may be fully described as "nigger fine." On glancing at the occupant of the carriage, who sat with folded arms, "alone in his glory," in the back seat, we were somewhat surprised to recognize a man, who, two or three years since, was apparently in very different circumstances—hard up, we may say, for "such a thing as a five dollar bill." On expressing some astonishment at this brilliant appearance and remarkable metamorphosis, a friend explained the secret by saying that the Fifth Avenue noble in the dashing vehicle had been gambling in stock—and had won!

Presently we met another gentleman in "high feather," who but a year or two ago was known as "a inn-duck" in Wall street. "That man," said our friend, "has had a lucky turn of the cards. He has made a hundred and fifty thousand dollars within the past year on the fall of Cumberland Stock."

And this is the way sudden fortunes are made in New York; and this accounts for the sudden appearance of those *nouveau riches* who "astonish the natives" by dashing in such dazzling splendor through Broadway. When you see a very glittering equipage rolling through the streets, you may be pretty sure that its owners play seasaw in Wall street, or—*keeps a house up town.*—*N. Y. Mirror.*

SPUNKY.—A Virginian, speculating on a possibility of a division of the surplus revenue among the several States, says: "We should rejoice to see every dime of it sunk in the Potomac, rather than to hear of the re-ception of a solitary cent of it by Virginia."

An Irish officer upon seeing a beautiful picture sketched upon a wall in America, exclaimed, "It is a fine painting—but it was never done in America."