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From the Model American Courier. Blondel and Richard Cœur deLcon.

BY S. A. STUART. PART 1st.

"A form more active, light and strong, Ne'er shot the ranks of war along, The modest, yet the munly mien, Might grace the court of maiden queen.

It was moonlight-most pure and lovely-bathing mountain and valley, river and plain-smoothing off the jagged and harsh outlines that day. light brought forth into glaring deformity, and shading into softness, with its veil of silver, beauties that were almost too brilliant, when seen by the

Twas a true lover's evening—just such a time as fond hearts speak best gazed around on the fair scene, now of love, with the pale planet looking gorgeous with the hues of the dying down upon them as she had ever done day; and the rose tints thrown o'er before and since. It was now beaming the water only served to remind him upon two beings, with hearts as loyal of home, far distant, as lovely, and oh! upon two beings, with hearts as loyal and true as ever beat beneath her rays. The gentle Alice, old Sir Robert's fair daughter, had stolen forth with her maiden, to keep her tryste with her lover here in the greenwood; and the timid maid started every now and then as the rustle of the foliage, stirred by the wight breeze, came upon her large of home, far distant, as lovely, and oh! how longed for. He had wandered full many a mile, seeking for him where he had not found as a solid worn, weary, and spiritless, he stood—as I said before—in the shadow of the old frowning castle.—A horn hung near the gate, and resting before he could summon sufficient by the night breeze, came upon her before he could summon sufficient ear—and her sweet lips trembled, breath to wind it, he blew a blast—though he, who now stood at her side, another—still another. No answer holding the little hand in his fond clasp came to his sumons—and he throws it was a stalwart form, who seemed fully from him, as almost exhausted he capable to do his duty in protecting sinks on a rock, just bathed in the the young maiden.

"I must beste, else my good father voice. "Oh! how I wish that he loved you, and then you could come 'neath his own roof. Indeed, Sir Minstrel, I like not these forbidden interviews."

'Tis our last, gentle Alice-at least for a long time," sighed the young man. "Ere I again behold you, my feet must travel over many a league. So, give me some moments vet, whilst I swear, beneath this pure light to love thee ever as now, and to cling to your memory, whether in court or in camp, on the battlefield or at tournament-and to hold it as precious as I now do the moments you so grudgingly grant me."

Not grudgingly. Do not say it, for you know full well how angered is my father against you. Yes, certes! though I be his only child, he would send me forth from his love as ingrate. were he aware that I met you, Blondel. Oh! you know all this, gentle sir, but you cannot say his hatred to one of your calling! Furthermore, he declares that no vassal of France shall ever wed his Saxon Alice."

And yet, our noble King, Richard, he of the Lion Heart, for whom your father still mourns, and sighs to see him on his rightful throne, to the crushing of the usurper Lacklandeven he, my friend and master, is of Norman blood-his mother a princess of France. But, I blame not you, my Alice; an old man's prejudice is ever strong. Only promise to love me, and to keep faith with me, whilst I wander forth in my pilgrimage. Smi e on me, my gentle one, and pray our lady, and the holy saints to have me in their holy keeping; say, in your own honied tones-haste thee back. to thine own Alice, for she will not be light of love."

"I do bid you hasten back, when you have fulfilled your noble mission; and I need not tell you that my orison shall ever be to the Holy Mother and the blessed saints, that you may return safely to our fair country- alas merrie England no longer! But, in the mary lands you must traverse, you w'll see fairer maidens, who will gladly smile on the gallant minstrelthe devoted friend of England's cap-

tive King." When the sun shines, we see not the stars-even so will my love for von keep bright the memory of your gentle loveliness; and hinder me from bestowing thought or glance, save in conitosy, upon other maidens; whether she be fair or bomely, the palace dame or the peasant damsel. Nay, nay, my now pale and trembling with the re own Alice, you well known that I newal of hope, "Can it be? Is it

shall cherish your memory both fondly and proudly; and that through all my dreary pilgrimage, my thoughts will turn to your love, as my star of hope, wishing no higher happier reward than the right of claiming this little hand, when England-again the merricshall see her Lion on the throne."
"God grant it!" softly murmured

"Bless you, dear Alice, for that prayer. And now I will call Margery and go with you to the postern." "Oh! no, you must not go indeed.

t were safer by far to let us speed alone; for my father's huntsmen are lurking about, and should they see you, I dread the consequences. Let us say farewell, even now; I pray we may soon meet under happier auspi-If it will cheer you on your pilgrimage, know that you will carry eve ry hope and every prayer of Alice of Branteyne along with you; and, the most joyful sound she can hear, will be thy voice, when thou returnest to

my country, had the loving, sorrowing maiden bent her head in tears on her lover's bosom, as they thus bade each other adieu in that old forest, 'neath the moon's mellow rays.

The Troubadour, o'er many a plain, Hath roamed unwearied, but in vain."

The sun was sinking behind the ine-clad hills of Germany, when a traveller, weary and foot sore, stood the weary, to enter. The heart of the pilgrim sank sadly within him as he

sun's parting beams. " Oh! Richard, my will awaken,' said the sweet, trembling have I not encountered for thee! and yet 'tis in vain. Through the fair plains of my native Provence, in the hostile land of France, have I sought tidings, but without isuccess; and now my heart is sinking hopelessly within me; and I feel as if I could lay down here-aye! even here, beside these inbospitable walls, and die, were it not for the thought of my fair-haired Alice. Sadly, most sadly, comes into my mind the remembrance of our happy days, ere you, my King, were wedded to the stately Berengaria, or I had knelt in homage at the feet of my gentle ladyelove, Alice of Branteyne. Ah! joyous indeed, were those days! And, when tired with our more manly sports, we seized the harp, and made the walls echo again with songs of battle and of knightly deeds. Even now, exhausted and despairing, one of

> And the minstrel unstrung from his back the small dust-covered harp, o'er which his fingers wandered in melody wild, yet beautiful, till at last break ing forth in fuller and more inspiring notes, he joined to the accompaniment the music of his mellow voice :-

our oldfamiliar airs is straying through

my brain, as if it would fain have

Thine, hour is come, and the stake is set, The Soldan cried to the captive Knight-And the son sof the prophet, in the orgs, are

To gaze on the fearful sight

But, be our faith, by your hps confesced The faith of Mecca's shrine, Cast down the red cross that marks thy vest And life shall yet be thine."

The minstrel paused in his song, and swept the strings in a melodious symphony, for it was the place where his kingly companion usually chimed

with the refrain. Hark! what sounds come now to his ear? Is it the sighing of the eve ning's breeze, that, pitying his loneline-s, thus brooding over the memory of the heart, has shaped its sympathy into the following faintly echoed words that are now borne on the quiet sum-

mer air :-"I have seen the flow of my bosoni's blood And gazed with undannted eye; I have Lorne the bright cross thro' fire and

sword, And think'st thou I fe: r to die!

I have stood where thousands, by Salem' towers,
Have fallen for the faith divine, And the faith that cheered their closing

hours, Shall be the light of mine." "Holy Mary!" gasped Blondell.

my King that I have at last discovered?" And gasping with new ardor, and chanting forth with renewed strength the third stanza, in order again to hear the refrain, and thus give certainty to his awakened hope :--Art thou the sun of a noble line,

In a land that is fair and blest ! And dost not thy spirit, proud captive pine Again on its shores to rest! Thine own is the choice to hail once more The soil of thy fathers birth,

Or to sleep, when thy lingering pangs are o'er, Forgotten, in foreign earth."

He paused. Again is the strain eaught up! This time, so loudly and distinctly to his expectant car, that he cannot think it the sighing of the breeze or his own imagination :-

There are hearts that still, thro' all the past, Unchanging, have loved me well;

there are eyes, whose tears were stream ing fast, When I bade my home farewell;

But better they wept o'er the warrior's bier,
Than the Apostate's living strain;
There's a land, where those who loved
when here,
Shall meet, to love again."

"Tis he. Thank God! My prince my king"—And could Alice have seen him in thankfulness prostrate him self, she would have still better loved the noble heart in whom she trusted. Now, with his whilome weary eyes radiant with joy, he tore a scrap of parchment from his scroll upon which he tremblingly traced words of hope and cheer, then attaching it to the arrow, provided as a messenger, he sent it whirling through the air, now so still, into the casement, from whence he heard the song, and where he had just

seen the scarf waving.

Again came that sigh forth, as he stood gazing, with his heart on his lips. flutter of the silk, than he turned tonewed strength, and a heart nerved to any endurance for England.

On the scrip he had penned : wave thy searf, and I will back to England at once, to ransom thee with and faithful people to redeem their loved monarch with the sword.

"In haste, thy faithful servant. " BLONDEL."

PART III.

"The festal board shall be rightly crowned mile linights and heightane revel round And a thousand harps, with joy shall ring, When merrie England hails her king.

Once more in the dim old woods were the lovers met; but this time tis not to witness how those fond hearts speak; but, to see how old Sir Robert, of Branteyne, greets his king and much loved sovereign, Richard Plantagenet, surnamed the Lion-heart. He approaches the old baronial mansion, with a chosen retinue of brave hearts, and true, that have scarcely left his side since his arrival from his prison keep, far in the forests of Germany, On his right rides an old noble, full of years and of honors; on his left his faithful minstrel friend, Blondel. Behind rode other nobles and his men-A'-arms.

Now we do not see the troubadour in his tattered, travel-stained doublet and worn out sandals, but eased bravely in purple and gold-with his laces, his ewels, his plumes, and perfumes-for ie comes thus finely decked out to woo for his bride, the fair Alice. Nor comes he empty handed to do his woong, for his grateful, and ever generous ting has given him broad lands, and rich, and he now rides side by side to speed him in his suit.

And there, in covered gateway, by the side of her father, stands the gentle lady of his love, with smiles and blushes flitting o'er her sweet face, as she stands to greet her sovereign.

The quick eye of love has noted Blondel as he thus rides; and her little heart is beating rapturously at the thought of this meeting. Though in courtesy and fealty her knee is bowed to the king, yet her woman's heart is bent in humbleness to welcome her minstrel back to England, and her love. Yes : though Richard be well beloved, and claim the first words from those coral lips, yet her blushes her smiles of welcome are the meed of her heart's sovereign and lover.

"My own Alice "--he has whisper ed, in tones the echo of an Eolian harp, so soft, so sweet-"Dost thou, in deed, joy to see me back in your fair land? And may I now claim thy little hand as my brightest reward?"

" Most welcome art thou, the trusty and sincere, to England and my home: but, thou well knowest, that though I love thee entirely, yet I cannot bid you take that which is my father's to bestow. But, see! The king is now moving on, and we must follow."

And into the wide old hall did they

arranged by the hospitable old knight. "My old friends," said the king, addressing Sir Robert, who stood in attendance, "It gives me much joy to be under thy goodly roof once again-our lady and the good Blondel be thanked -and if thou wouldst still add to the measure of my content, grant me one request. See, I do not command as a king, but carnestly entreat as thy Nothing ever disturbs him.

"Oh! my liege, speak not thes!" deprecated the knight, as he essayed to bend his knee, but was prevented by Richard. "Thou knowest full well

"Sayest thou this in good sooth?" replied the king. "Then be not an gered, that I dispost of one parcel according to my wishes. Ho there! Some one summer the Lady Alice.— And come hither ilso, my good Blondel, for I have a unighty debt I would fain pay, even though it be by poach-

ing on anothers provity." Here the rustling of silk, and the slight, quick step i timid love, and the Lady Alice is bending before the king, with her light curls floating around, veiling he fair, blushing face, and by her side keels the dark-hued. but handsome mastrel of Provence, whose noble fore, in its pride and strength, seems lile the oak to the tendril, when compared with the fragile, shrinking maiden The king, rising, joins their hands, and speaks the word of betrothal ere the amazed old father

has the power to Aterrupt them. And then how could he remain in anger with that gentle girl, whose dove like, pleading eyes, are swimming in tears of hope and ahppiness, as she looks up to him! He looks at Blondel; he allows to pass in review No sooner did his eye catch the first through his mind his constancy to his wards the north, and sped on with re-pewed strength, and sped on with re-tarily, to fulfil with zeal his noble pilgrimage, despairing, yet still clinging with the tenacity of devotion, to some shadow of hope Vest even he must reward. And shall he, Robert of Branteyne,-always foremost in fealty broad pieces, or stir up thy mourning and homage—shall he be unwilling to

give his part, in recompence to his Sovereign's deliverer! He again looks upon the pair, and his heart softens still more, as he catches the look of tenderest devotion, which Blondel throws upon the young girl. Acting from these motives, he in the store wanting to see him.replaces the tiny hand of his child in that of the noble minstrel, saying:

"Take, then the reward of thy devetion to thy king, and of thy constan-cy to thy lady love. My prejudice must vanish before the weight of my gratitude. May the prayer of her father be answered, that henceforth ye may be as happy as your pare love and loyalty deserve."

And the old hall echoed again and again with a glad shout, unrestrained even by the kingly presence; and many a wassail bowl was drained that day, to the health of the brave minstrel and his lady love, fair Alice of Brantevne.

Translated from the French of Alphon --- Karr The Little Mysteries of Great Writers.

Some excite their brains by means of tobacco. Gavarni smokes without ceasing, like a steam engine. He fires up in the morning, and only goes out at night.

Engine Suc, when he occupied the poetic retreat, in the street Pepiniere, would close his chamber her netically and write in darkness. But his writ ings were not less radiant with light on that account. This reminds me of the Italian poet who begged his cat to lend him the green fire of its eyes, by which to write.

Victor Hugo, when he dwelt in Pars, made nearly all his verses while promenading along the canal, near the Bastile. At the present it is upon the beach of the Isle of Jersey, that he labors amid the wild screams of the sea gulls.

Janin, far from shutting himself up, composes in the midst of conversation,

and while talking of something else. Balzac lived during the day like the rest of the world-he looked, he listened, he talked with his friends. but said nothing resembling his writings; he was gay and full of laughter. He went to bed at six-rose at midnight and drank a cup of coffee. Then he was endued with a double capacity -then he became luminous-he knew everything-then he revealed all he had observed-then he expended what he had gathered during the day-tnen he sketched those admirable pictures and disclosed those startling revelations. His day-life a dream-his night-life a reality.

As for Alexander Dumas, I believe he had no recourse to any secret manœuvre. He never stopped-he wrote all go, with its roaring fires piled high and talked with equal animation .king seated himself in the chair of state, coat and his gallowses-like a man vertiser.

stripping to fight-and then he never paused. I remember going to see him one day at Havre, at the Hotel Frascati. He went down with me in the garden; I left him a moment to speak to an acquaintance. When I came back, Dumas had returned to his desk, resumed his unfinished line, and completed some dozen besides .-

I do not know how Lamartine com poses; I suppose ha dictates. In 1848 when he had purchased by so great an outlay of devotion, fatigue and danger, the ingratitude of France, I went often that I and all that I have belongeth to to see him in the morning a little bethee, to do as thou wilt, now and at fore day. I always found him in the bath, and more than once, he said such beautiful things, so grand, so admirably expressed, that I took pen and paper and wrote them down as he spoke and left them on the table. France could not, I thought, afford to loose such brilliant creations, and I fancied to

I learn from one who was forthing with Chateaubriand, that he had a very singular method for creating that ex-citement of the brain, which most writers seek through the aid of tobacco; he would promenade bare footed on the cold marble floor, and thus the same sort of irritation of the mucous membranes which proceeds cold in the head was produced.

There are some who take other people's books and diligently copy

FRANKLIN AS A BOOBSELLER.

The following story, of Franklin's mode of treating the enimal, called in those day's 'lounger,' is worth putting into practice occasionally, even in this age and generation:

One fine morning, when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a lounger stepped into the store, and spent an hour or two looking over the books, &c, and finally taking one in his hand, asked the shop-

boy the price.
'One dollar," was the answer.
'One dollar,' said the lounger, 'can't you take less than that?'

'No, indeed one dollar is the price. Another hour had nearly passed, when the lounger asked, 'Is Mr. Franklin at home? 'Yes, he is in the printing office.' 'I want to see him said the lounger

The shop-boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was Franklin was soon behind the counter,

when the lounger, with book in hand, iddressed him thus: 'Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for this book.

'One dollar and a quarter,' was the ready answer. 'One dollar and a quarter? Why

your young man asked only a dollar.' 'True said Franklin, 'and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar then than to have been taken out of the office.' The lounger seemed surprised, and

wishing to end the parley of his own making said, 'Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it. 'One dollar and a half.'

One dollar and a half? Why, you offered it you self for a dollar and a quarter.

'Yes,' said Franklin, 'and I had better have taken that price then, than e dollar and a half now.

The lounger paid down the price. and went about his business-if he had any-and Franklin returned into the printing office.

A BLACK-HEARTED VILLIAN .- The Huatsville (Texas) Items says: "A man named John M. Dowling came here a few weeks ago to work as a tailor, with B. M. Clopton, of our town. He is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., and went to Murfreesboro'. Tenn., some years ago, where he married a young lady of wealthy connexions, named Miss Mary Smith. The lady acquired some property from her relations, in the way of negroes, and as the two concluded to come to Texas, the slaves were sold, and Dowling retained the money. They had one child, since dead, and the wife is now enciente. A week ago, Dowling gathered all the money and other valuables of his wife, and sloped, leaving her perfectly destitute. He went to New Orleans, and is thought will go back to New York. He is about five feet nine inches high, sallow complexion, and the point of his proboseis looks towards the heavens, as if it scorned connection with his mouth. How the lady ever came to marry him, is a mystery to us, for she is a very handsome woman. But there is no accounting for taste. What effect he had left her were sold a few days ago, and a fund was raised by Messrs. Binford and Clopton, enough to send her back to her friends. She left in the stage on Wednesday, a broken-hearted, deserand cheeringly, and where the old When he set to work, he took off his ted, plundered woman .- Edge field Ad- boat, her white dress and raven tress- order that it might irritate the brain

The Beautiful Maniac.

"The fire that on my bosom prays, Is lone as some volcanic isle,
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile."

In the morning train from Peters-burg, there was a lady closely veiled, in the same car with ourselves. She was dressed in the purest white, wore gold bracelets, and evidently belonged to the highest classes of society Her figure was delicate, though well developed, and exquisitely symetrical; and when she occasionally drew aside her richly embroidered veil the glimpse of the features which the beholder obtained, satisfied him of her extreme loveliness. Beside her sat a gentleman in deep mourning, who watched over her with unusual solicitude, and several times when she attempted to rise, he excited the curiosity of the passengers by detaining her in her seat.

Outside the cars all was confusion passengers looking to baggage, porters usual hurry and bustle attenuing the departure of a railroad train. One shrill warning whistle from the engine,

and we moved slowly away.

At the first motion of the car, the lady in white started to her feet with one heart-piercing scream, and her bonnet falling off disclosed the most lovely features we ever contemplated. Her raven tresses fell over her shoul der, and clasping her hands in prayer, she turned her dark eyes to heaven What agony was in that look! What beauty, too, what heavenly beauty, had not so much of misery been stamped upon it. Alas! one look told a mel-

ancholy tale. "——she was changed
As by the sickness of a soul; her mind'
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things,
And forms, impalpable and unperceived
Of others sight, familiar were to hers."

Her brother, the gentleman in black was unremitting in his efforts to soothe her spirit. He led her back to her seat; but her hair was still unbound and her beauty unveiled. The cars rattled on, and the passengers in groups resumed their conversation. Suddenly a wild melody aros; it was the beautiful maniac's voice, rich, full, and inimitable. Her hands were crossed on her heaving bosom, and she waved her body as she sang with touching

hero steeps, And lovers around her are sighing, But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,

For her heart in his grave is iving ! "She sings the wild song of her own native

Every note which he loved awaking-Ah! little they think, who delight in he How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.' Her brother was unmanned, and he

wept as only man can weep. The air changed, and he continued-"Has sorrow thy young heart shaded, As clouds o'er the morning fleet! Too fast have those young days faded,

That even in sorrow were sweet ! If thus the unkind world wither Each feeling that once was dear; Come, child of misfortune! come hither I'll weep with thee, tear for tear."

She then sang a fragment of the

beautiful hymn-"Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy hosom fly.

up was prevented, and she threw herself on her knees beside her brother, and gave him such a mournful, entreating look, with the plaintive "Save me. my brother! save your sister!" that scarcely a passenger could refrain from weeping. We say scarcely, for there was one man (was he a man?) who called on the conductor to "put her out the cars." He received the open scorn of the company. His insensi bility to such a scene of distress almost defies belief; and yet this is, in every particular, an "o'er true tale." Should he ever read these lines, may his marble heart be softened by the recollections of his brutality!

Again, the poor benighted beauty raised her bewitching voice to one of the most solemn, sacred airs :

" Oh where shall rest be found, Rest for the weary soul."

And continued her melancholy chant until we reached the steamer Mount Vernon, on board of which we de seconded the magnificent James River. the unhappy brother and sister occupying the "ladies cabin." His was sorrow too profound for ordinary consolation; and no one dare intrude so far upon his grief as to satisfy his curiosity.

We were standing on the promenade deck, admiring the beautiful sceney of the river, when at one of the landings, the small boat pulled away from the shore with the unhappy pair, en route for the asylum at ---. was standing erect in the stern of the

returned, and the steamer moved on for Norfolk. They were gone! that brother with his broken heart, that

sister with her melancholy union of beauty and madness.—Courier. Kossuth again in the

Field. It seems that this is not a free selfgoverning people. It seems that the executive and legislative officers chosen by the people of this country liave to answer for their official acts at the bar of Europe, and that M. Kossuth is the high presiding functionary at that bar. The most august legislative tribunal in the world, the United States Senate, in the exercise of undisputed powers-powers not questioned in this country—is taken to task by that notorious individual for its refusal to ratify the nomination of Mr. Sanders as consul to London. He has addressed a long letter to a gentleman of

this country, to operate upon the for We yield to no one in the most affectionate kindness to Mr. Sanders. No or a could more rejoice at his prosperity and happiness than ourselves; none could more regret the occurrence of t thing tending to injure or to mortify him.

But our relations to Mr. Sanders cannot in anywise affect our estimate of the officious interference of any European power, or any European prince, leader, or demagogue with the affairs of this government.

By what right does Kossuth seek to influence the counsels and the actions of this government? He is not a native of this country—he is not a naturalized citizen. His home is in Europe. His interests and ambitions are all there. When a fugitive and a wonderer, he was welcomed to our shores like a friend, and was feted like a prince. His progress through this country was

a succession of triumphs. Cities opened their gates to him with gladness, and their populations flocked to greet him. Our hearts poured out to him and his attendants the sincerest sympathy, and our treasures were bestowed with lavish prodigality. His only feeling towards us should be one

gratitude. But how does he requite our kindness? He returns to Europe and writes letters designed and calculated to dissatisfy our adopted citizens with the actions of our government. He "She is far from the land where her young seeks to transfer to our peaceful shores the strifes, the wars and convulsions of Europe. A wanderer from his own country, without crown, sceptre, office cr power, he crects himself into a monarch over the foreign pulation of the United States, and haughtily issues his orders and his edicts to them .-Does he forget that his countrymen here are free? Does he forget that they have solemnly renounced their allegiance to all foreign kings, princes, potentates and powers, and taken the oath of allegiance to this free country? He treats them as if they were a foreign host, encamped amongst us to carry out European views and projects. He seeks to influence, in favor of his plans abroad, the votes they have acquired in right of their naturalization. He seeks to prejudice them against the United States Senate, because that body has not thought fit

to act as he would have them act. We believe that M. Kossuth, when amongst us, did more by his vanity, Another attempt was made to rise his ostentation and his officious insolence to injure the cause of European do. He alighted amongst us as a god; he departed from us a humbug. He went up like a sky-rocket; he came down like a stick.

Washington Sentinel. STIMELANTS OF GREAT MEN. It is interesting to notice the differ-

ent articles which have been taken by eminent men, as stimulants of mental faculties. It is interesting as showing how diametrically opposite means may procure the same effect in various systems; and it is interesting as showing how much the mind sympathizes with the body. Haller drank plentifully of water when he wished for great activity of the brain; Fox, for the same purpose used brandy. The stimulants of Newton and Hobbes were the fumes of tobacco; those of Pope and Fontenelle, strong coffee. Dr. Johnson at one period of his life, was a great wine drinker; but in the latter part of it, found strong tea a good substitute. Don Juan is said to have been written under the influence of gin and water, and it is reported that a certain legal lord of great learning and talent plies himself hard with port when he wishes to shine. Pitt was a great drinker of wine; Sheridan, also, was fond of his bottle. Dr. Paris tells us, that when Mr. Dunning wished to make an extraordinary display of eloquence, he always put a blister plaster on his chest a few hours before he was to speak, in es fluttering in the breeze.-The boat by sympathy during his speech, *