

The Sumter Banner.

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

WILLIAM LEWIS, JOHN S. RICHARDSON, JR., PROPRIETORS.

"God— and our Native Land."

TERMS—\$2 IN ADVANCE

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TERMS.

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THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

The clock struck eleven. A woman sat by the fireside, rocking her baby to sleep.

The room was a small one; it was a poor workman's home, yet there was an air of neatness and comfort, about it. The floor was swept clean, the fire burned brightly and crackled in the chimney, and the few articles of furniture which were neatly placed about the room shone in the firelight, their clear polish reflecting the merry blaze of the flame.

Yet the woman seemed to be sad at heart, though the elements of comfort were about her. She sighed from time to time as she glanced at the cot in which her baby was laid. The child moaned uneasily in its sleep for it was sick—ill.

She stooped down to gaze at it.—A hectic spot burned on either cheek, while its lips were parched and pale. The poor babe tossed its head uneasily from side to side, and seemed all unconscious of the rocking of the cradle, which now ceased to lull it to its wonted slumber. The distressed mother wrung her hands and wailed within herself.

But suddenly she started and rose up at the sound of a footstep on the pavement without. She listened,—the step passed by; and she sank back in her chair again.

"Alas!" she sighed, "it is not he!—When will he come?"

She listened again. She approached the door, opened it, and looked out. All was still in the lonely streets; the hum of the city, though subdued and muffled by the falling night, still reached her ears from the distant thoroughfares. Over and above all—streets, lamps, and city throngingfairs,—languidly high up in the heavens—some of the clustering fields of stars, looking down, in their eternal, untypical gaze, on the turmoil, the sorrow, and the suffering of this lower world. The sight of those calm watchers—unvarying, imperishable, eternal,—is at times full of sadness and melancholy; at least, so now did this lone woman feel, and sadly she turned back into her little nook, where her child lay. She closed the door, and sat down again by the cradle.

All was hushed again, and now she listened to another distant step in the street without. Again she stood by the door. The clocks of the city were booming the hour of twelve far and near.

The step approached; it was unsteady! She knew that step, and her heart quailed at its sound. She knew its meaning. Ah how bright she once looked at hearing the elastic tread of her lover, and after that of her husband—for it was he! But now it brought with it only sadness, despair, and a grim foreboding of sorrow to come.

Yet she received him as of old—kissed him as he entered, and welcomed him home again, as she had always done.

"It is very late, William," she said. "Well! what of that?" "It's lonely sitting up." "And who told you to sit up? Nobody asked you. What business have you to sit up?" and he hiccupped.

The poor woman burst into tears. "Crying again, woman! Well, what good will that do? You don't think I care for your crying?" "I'm afraid not, William." But go to bed, and we shall talk things over in the morning.

"Talk things over? What have you got to say, that you can't say it now? You're going to scold me, I suppose; but it's all of no use." "No, William; you know well enough I am no scold. I have never spoken an angry word to you yet, since I became your wife, and I will not. If a husband cannot be got to love his wife and have a regard for her comfort without scolding, it were better to give him up at once," she said, seriously.

"Why, Kate! what do you mean? I know you have been a good wife, and an affectionate one; but can't a

man stay out when he likes, without his wife setting a crying when he comes home? But come—let's to bed." "No, William; I must nurse our child. He's very ill."

"What! ill? and I didn't know of it! What's the matter?" "I can't tell; but he's feverish and restless, and I must watch by him for the night. Go to bed now, like a good, kind fellow. I hope it will be all well in the morning."

"Well, be it so. But I must have a kiss of the baby before I go." And he approached the cradle for the purpose.

Intoxicated though he was, he could see how much the child suffered; it moaned and tossed about as if in pain. He would, however, have lifted the child up in his arms, but the mother disallowed him—it was too ill for that. He stopped down, and, staggering, would almost have fallen over the cradle but the wife held him back.

"Oh, William," she cried, "leave the child alone! You are not fit to touch him. See you frighten him! Go now!" He staggered back, looking confused and ashamed. "Well, I am sorry for this, but I'll do my best. Poor dear little Willie!"

He was about to retire, when turning back he said hastily, as if the thought had for the moment sobered him—

"But if the child should die?" "Then, God's will be done," said the mother sobbing.

"Oh, let me fetch a doctor," he cried with a look of alarm, "I'll bring one in a few minutes; let me go!"

"I have seen to that, William; the doctor has been and done what he could. Now go!"

And he went staggering to his sleeping chamber, from whence the sound of his labored breathing shortly proceeded; and the drunken snoring of the husband, the wailing moan of the sick child, and the occasional deep sighs of the watching wife and mother, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the night in that sad little household.

The morning's light peered in through the window blinds, and still found the mother by the child's cradle. She watched the baby by her first-born, calling to mind its sweet winning ways, its prattle, and its bright look. But now, alas! there was but the quivering, clammy lips, through which the child's soul seemed fluttering. Its shortening breath labored on, and its upturned eyes were half veiled by the convulsed lid. Senseless, unconscious, and helpless, never had that child been more dear to its mother's heart than now; yet love could not save it; sorrow could not ransom it. There was a long breath, a sigh, a gurgling sound in the throat, and then quiet; it was the quiet of death. Yet still the mother watched for him that could not hear her weeping.

At length the morning fairly broke. It was broad daylight, and the husband rose from his couch with red eyes and heated brain. His step was unsteady as he entered the apartment, where still sat the mother and her dead child.

"It's late," said the husband, advancing; "I shall not be in time for work. Why did you let me sleep so long?" "Poor little Willie!" was all she could sob out in reply.

"What's the matter? he asked—and then pausing a moment, he seemed suddenly to recollect the events of the past night. "I think you said the child was ill."

"He's dead!" "O, God!" he exclaimed, "it cannot be." He looked down into the cradle, and there lay the child, calm and placid as if in sleep, yet breathing not, and with the hue of death upon its cheek. He groaned, and sunk into a chair by the cradle side, unable to speak.

But suddenly there passed through his mind the visions of the past; and he thought of the sweet prattle of his child on the evenings of his return from labor,—of the delight he had felt in watching his growing intelligence,—of his arch wiles and playfulness—and then of the patient love and care of his wife, now bowed down in silent grief beside him.

"O, Kate, this is a sad sight. Our poor, dear child!" and the strong man hid his face in his hands, and sobbed audibly.

She took his hand. He looked up through his tears, and said—"I have been very cruel and selfish towards you. Do you not hate me?" "No, no!" said the weeping wife; "no, William, but here, by the body of this, our first-born, let me speak to you of the past."

"Not now, not now?" "William, I must; I have thought of it during the night, while I waited for you, and watched by your child and mine; and now I feel it to be

right to speak to you, though it is in sorrow."

"Be merciful to me!" "I have no word of reproof for you, William; but I would speak to you as your wife, whom you promised to love and cherish till death."

"I did! I did!" "You took me, a girl, from my father's house and home, where I was happy. You loved me."

"True! and I love you now." "I believe you, William. Well, I was young, with little knowledge of the world, but I tried to make your home as happy as mine had been before. I labored to make it cheerful and bright for you. I sought to attract you to my side, and keep you at home with me and the dear child there, after your hours of daily labor were over."

"You did, Fate. No wife could have been more kind and good." "William, I prayed for you; I thought but of you, I lived but for you." "Oh, spare me. I know, I feel, how cruel I have been!"

"No, only thoughtless. When sober you have always been kind and loving; but when you have spent your evenings away from us, and come in late—"

"I have been harsh and cruel—I know it now."

"Dear William, one other word and I am done. Let me have some of your evening leisure spent beside me. I will try to make you happy. Sit beside me while I work; and if I do not so much as the companions whom you meet with elsewhere, teach me, and I will learn."

"Oh, Kate, said William, sobbing, "I never felt your love so dear to me as now. Here, by the body of this dear child. I solemnly promise that I shall be as you say. I will forsake those haunts of dissipation in which my soul had well nigh been lost, and seek peace, and pardon, and happiness, again, by your side."

And as time passed on, the memory of the dead infant was guarded as a precious treasure; for its death had been sanctified to both. The promise solemnly made by its cradle coffin, had been kept, and peace and blessings descended in rich abundance upon the happy cottage home.

The Hump-backed Cousin.
Behold an extraordinary occurrence of the latter days. If it were not an extraordinary occurrence, one need not relate it.

A father of a family inhabiting the Rue de Michodiere, relieved last summer, a letter from his nephew, who was in the employ of Hyder Abad.—The letter concluded thus:

"I have received the portraits of my two cousins, Marie and Margaret. I have never had the pleasure of seeing them, as I have lived with Hyder Abad since my youth, but I am sure these portraits are resemblance. I will arrive at Havre by the ship Ingos Ego, about the first of October, and on my return I am determined to marry the beautiful Mar—"

The breaking open of the letter had destroyed the rest of the name. It is impossible to tell if the cousin asked Margaret or Marie in marriage. The two sisters united previous to this time, have commenced to live in misunderstanding, each of them positive that it was the rest of her name which was torn off in breaking the seal.

The father employed his diligence in calming the anger of his daughters, when a servant sent in advance, arrives from Havre, announcing that his master went to Paris with the evening train.

The servant overwhelmed with questions, replied that his master was ruined, and that he had moreover, on his left shoulder, the horrid protuberance, which caused according to Plautus, so many misfortunes to Escop the Phrygian.

The two cousins determined to remain single forever, before marrying a cousin hump-backed and round.

As they took this oath for the twentieth time in twelve hours, the cousin arrives. The Uncle warmly embraced him, the cousins make a polite bow, and turn away their eyes. The uncle then explains the incident of the torn letter and asks the intentions of his nephew.

"It is my cousin Marie whom I came to marry," he replied.

"Never—never screamed Marie; 'I am contented with my condition, and shall remain it.'"

"I know," said the nephew, "that my deformity effects the sight of women, but in time the eyes of women become habituated to all things. I know, also that my commercial prospects are not prosperous. Thrown very young into the diamond business, the only employment of Hyder Abad, I lost there all the fortune of my father, but I had acquired experience—I am young active, and industrious. These are riches in themselves."

"Yes, yes, hump-backed and round," muttered Marie aside, in a bantering tone.

"Poer young man," and she adds, "my cousins I am refused, and you pay no attention to it."

"And by whom refused?" inquired her cousin.

"But to your cost, by you, since you prefer my sister to me."

"Eh bien!" said the cousin, "will you accept me if I ask you in marriage from my Uncle?"

"I will engage my father to let my cousin live."

"What!" exclaimed the hump-backed, "do you consent, my lovely Margaret to—"

"Save the life of a relative. Indeed, I'll not waver a moment."

"This is very well of my daughter," said the uncle, affected by the scene.

Remonstrances have not spoiled you. I have a very small income, but I ought not to abandon the son of my brother in misfortune. I will keep him here as a humped, for where there is enough for three, there is for four."

The cousin threw himself at Margaret's feet saying—

"You have saved the life of an unfortunate man."

A little distance, Marie uttered to herself, "My sister has fortune. As for me, I would let hump backed cousins die."

The pressed Margaret's hand, bowing to Marie and left to change his travel bag attire.

The uncle and his daughters were at the table and awaited their guest.

The servant announced the cousin of Hyder Abad.

The two girls uttered two screams, but on different keys. They see enter a charming young man, tall, without a hump-back, who embraced Margaret, and placing before her a basket, he says to her, "Behold your marriage portion."

It was a basket of diamonds. It was recovered the hump, which had thus arrived free of duties.

"See what I have carried on my shoulders," said the cousin, "from Bombay to Havre, to offer it to that one of my cousins who would accept me with my false poverty and forged deformity."

There was great joy in the house, which, as it may seem, was participated in by Marie. It is true that Marie loved her sister dearly, without detesting the dimension.

A Dancing Professor.

As the following brief dialogue is intended for those whom it may concern, it is to be hoped it may be received in the same kind spirit in which it is presented.

"I have been distressed and perplexed, my dear Mary, by the rumor that you were present at the public ball on Thursday night, and were the guest among the gay. Will you permit me to ask you if you regard such worldly conformity as consistent with the profession of religion which you have publicly made?"

"M. — Eliza, I do not choose to make you my father confessor. We must judge for ourselves in such matters.—I was at the ball, and I enjoyed it exceedingly. For my part, I can see no harm in such innocent amusements, and I suspect the sincerity of those who are righteous overmuch."

"Our long intimacy, Mary, might lead you to give me credit for at least good motives in touching upon this subject. We united with the church at the same time, and took upon ourselves the vows of christian discipline. Our promise was to renounce the world and all its vanities, and the sentiments you then confessed were, that you had taken up the cross and would humbly follow the Saviour. You would have been shocked had a proposal been made to you then to attend a ball, and why should you take so different a view now? You then professed that the services of God and preparation for eternity were the chief objects of life, have you any good reason for adopting a different opinion now?"

"I view matters differently now. I then acted under the impulse of enthusiastic feeling, but I take a more

liberal view of Christianity now. It was not designed to diminish our pleasures, and I might as well go out of the world as to adhere to your strait-laced notions. I intend to enjoy myself, and have no intention of being a moping and sanctimonious professor."

"I see, Mary, you are not in a mood to be reasoned with. You say you have changed your opinion; may it not be for the worse? You say you believe you are right, and I am wrong. I suppose you do not neglect prayer?"

"M. — Of course! say my prayers."

"E. — Then bear with me while I dictate a short prayer, which I hope you will offer to-night before you retire to your bed. It is this: 'O Lord, when I professed thy religion I engaged to live a strict and holy life.— Now I find that it is not necessary. I love the pleasures of the world, and I expect thy blessing while I pursue them. Thou dost not, I am sure, require me to be thinking of religion all the time, and to be always as grave as if death was at the door. I must act as other people do, and I dislike those who insist I should take up the cross and follow Christ. I know I can be as good a christian in a ball room as any where else, and I intend to hold to this conviction until my dying hour. Amen!' Dear Mary, try if you can repeat this prayer seriously, in the quietness of your chamber, this night. Adieu." — *Dissident.*

The Big Trees of California.

All new countries are noted for wonders; and often they are credited for many more and greater wonders than they really possess. California, since the Yankees got hold of it, has been cracked up to be a great country, and full of wonders. When it was first announced to be full of gold, people shrugged their shoulders, and shook their heads, and would not believe it. But after she poured her gold into the Stat's coffers for a few years at the rate of fifty millions of dollars a year, people began to set it down as a fixed fact, and to look upon it as "a regular business transaction." The stories about the big trees and big vegetables of California, when they were first told, were generally taken to belong to the Munchausen and Sinbad-the-Sailor school; but now they are well attested by thousands of witnesses, and nobody doubts them.

A single Irish potato, raised from seed carried from the Atlantic States, weighed seven pounds, so that a single one, cut up into small potatoes, would make a heaping half peck. We have seen one ourselves brought from there weighing four pounds. And we have seen California beets brought to New York, weighing fifty pounds a piece. We have seen accounts of turnips and onions grown there weighing thirty or forty pounds a piece. It is not to be supposed that all vegetables grow to such monstrous sizes but some of them undoubtedly do. Why they do so, we must leave to the agricultural chemist to find out. Perhaps it may be because the soil is manured with gold.

Let not the reader be excited by these statements to greater desire to migrate to California. We believe emigration to that part of the Republic needs no stimulus. It is already as great perhaps as is beneficial to the whole country, and probably too great for the benefit of the individuals who go. A few are individually benefited, but probably three-fourths of them would have been better off to have remained in the old States.

But about those big trees, four hundred feet high, a hundred and ten feet in circumference, and thirty-five feet in diameter—it is a big story, but it must be swallowed, not the tree but the story, for it is true. A gang of hands, instead of gold digging, have been digging into one of the trees, and after boring and digging away for about a month, they got it down. We have seen a piece of the bark brought to New York. It was about a foot thick, of a flaky, velvety, spongy texture, and a brown chestnut color. The wood of these trees in appearance is something between pine and red cedar. It is said to be fine for some kinds of cabinet work. A Massachusetts man who is in California, has written to his brother at Springfield some account of these trees and particularly of the one which has been got down. One can hardly help feeling a little indignant at the Lilliputians for slaying the mighty giants, who had braved storm and tempest for three thousand years. We add from the Springfield *Republican* the account given by the latter writer:

"The 'big trees' (for there are one hundred and thirty one of them over ten feet in diameter, standing on the limits of a few acres) stand in Mammoth Tree Valley, about thirty miles north of Sonora, in Calaveras county. The Mammoth tree which has been felled, was bored down with long augers and took four men twenty-two days to

get it down. The stump stands about six feet above the level of the ground, and its top has been made level and smooth, which required sixteen days' work. I measured it from the inside of the bark across to the inside of the bark, and it measured 25 feet, and it is perfectly sound clear to the heart.

The bark to the height of 52 feet, has been taken from the trunk in sections, and sent to the Fair in New York.—

If the top half of the tree were taken off, so as to make a level surface, a stage coach with four horses might be driven on it, from the top towards the tip, a distance of 116 feet, it being at this length ten feet in diameter. At the length of 280 feet, it is four feet in diameter. At this point it was broken off in falling, and the top was broken into fragments so fine I could not measure them; but its height had been taken before it was felled, and set down at 300 feet. It is called *arbutus*, but it is not fully decided to what variety it belongs. It is a little curious that no other trees of the same kind can be found less than seven feet in diameter, and this tree is estimated by a scientific gentleman from San Francisco to be 1,100 years old.

"There are many others still standing, of the same kind, which are not so large as this, but not so old. One, called Uncle Tom's Cabin, has a more commodious room in it than many miners' cabins. There are some large ones blown down, and one I must not fail to describe. It was evidently decayed before it fell, and in its fall broke off sixty feet from the roots. Their part is hollow, and I cannot give you a better idea of its size than by telling you that I rode my horse through it from end to end. At the end where it broke off, the shell is very thin, and as I sat on the horse I could not reach my hand to the inner surface, over my head; but half way through, the shell was as much as three feet thick over my head, and more than that under the horse's feet, and here it was necessary to lean forward. But this is not the largest.— There is another one blown down, which measures 110 feet in circumference and 410 feet in length. This too is hollow, and if the hollow were en- larged a little it would make a very good rope-walk." — *U. S. Journal.*

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.—Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral; both stood on a rude scaffolding constructed for that purpose, some forty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture gazing at it with intense delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved backwards slowly, surveying critically the work of his pen- cil, until he had neared the very edge of the plank upon which he stood.

At this critical moment, his companion turned suddenly, and almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath; if he spoke to him it was certain death—if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind and seizing his wet brush, flung it quickly against the wall, splattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward and turned upon his friend with fierce imprecations; but startled at his ghastly face, he listened at the recital of danger, looked shudderingly over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him.

So, said a preacher, we sometimes get absorbed in looking upon the pictures of this world, and in contemplating them, step backwards, unconscious of our peril, when the Almighty dashes out the beautiful images, and we spring forward to lament their destruction, into the out-stretched arms of mercy, and are saved.

THISTLES OF THE HEART.—Bad habits are all the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will spring a new crop of weeds. A few years ago a little boy told his first falsehood. It was a little solitary thistle seed, and no eye but God's saw him as he planted it in the mellow soil of his heart. But it sprang up, O how quickly; and in a little time another, and yet another, seed dropped from it to the ground each in its turn bearing more and more thistles. And now his heart is all overgrown with this bad habit; he is a thorough liar, and it would be as difficult for him to speak the truth, as it would be for the gardener to clear his hand of the noxious thistles, after it had once gained a footing in the soil.

"Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbor, "to ask you to come and take tea with her this evening." Did she say at what time, my dear? No, ma'am; she only said she would ask you and then the thing would be off her mind; and that was all she said."

Resolved. That this Convention respectfully recommends that, if necessary, special sessions of the Legislature of such States be called for the purpose of taking into consideration this plan; and that a committee of one member from each State represented in this Convention be appointed to draft a charter of incorporation for such company, and lay the same before the Governors of the said several States, and the National or General Councils of the Cherokee, Creek and Choctaw nations, requesting each of said Governors to the convene the Legislature of his State, in order to consider the same, and take such other steps in regard to such road as may be necessary and proper, if, in his opinion, it should be expedient to do so, and especially praying the Governor of Virginia to lay said draft of a charter before the Legislature of that State with his views in regard thereto; and requesting said Councils of the Cherokees, Choctaws and Creeks to act therein, to recognize such company, grant rights of way through their national lands for any branch or branches of said road that may pass through the same, and enact such other laws as shall secure to the South, so far as may be in their power, the exclusive benefits and advantages of the commerce of the Pacific, and of the wealthy provinces of Mexico intended to be traversed by said road.

Resolved. That this Convention recommended that power be given to said corporation, by its charter, to negotiate with Mexico for, and purchase, if necessary, a right of way through her territory to the Pacific Ocean, or to some point on the Gulf of California; to stipulate with that government that in the event the same is granted, no higher rates or charges shall ever be imposed, or exacted for passage or transmission over said road on citizens of Mexico than on those of the United States; and to agree that the Company will maintain military posts along said road, will in all times submit to the jurisdiction and laws of Mexico, and claim no political rights, nor attempt to colonize the country.

Resolved. That in the opinion of this Convention, the Southern States, corporations and people are entirely able to build said road, and that no time should be lost in doing so; that it is as easy to commence it now as ten or twenty years hence, and it can as easily be completed in ten years as in a century; and that it is the duty of every Southern man, to himself, his children and his country, to engage earnestly in this great and indispensable measure of security, as well as of wealth, and of political and commercial power to the South.

MAT AND LEAN.—A man praising porter, said it was so excellent a beverage, that, taken in great quantities, it always made him fat.

"I have seen the 'ino," said another, "when it made you lean."

"Last night?" asked the eulogist.

"Last night—against a wall."

Walking-sticks are of ancient date. In Genesis we read of Eve presenting Adam with a little Cain.

The Convention.

The following are the resolutions adopted by the Convention, and which may be termed its *action*. They repudiated all begging from the Federal Congress, and have declared that they will rely on themselves, on their own energies, to carry out the grand scheme proposed—that of building a Southern Pacific Railroad. Speaking of the organization to effect that purpose, they say:

Resolved. That to effect this organization, this Convention respectfully advises the incorporation, by the Legislature of the State of Virginia, of a Southern Pacific Railroad Company, with a capital sufficient to build such road from the point or points and by the route indicated in the second resolution—of which corporation the several Southern States above mentioned, the several cities therein, and the several railroad companies therein, shall be invited to be corporation, together with such other companies and individuals as may choose to subscribe for stock, including, if they desire it, the Cherokee, Choctaw and Creek nations of Indians, west of the Mississippi.— That said States be invited to take stock in such corporation to the amount of not less than two millions of dollars each, to be raised and secured in such manner as the Legislature of each such State shall direct. That each of said cities and railroad companies be invited to subscribe for stock to such amount as it means will admit. That the existence of said corporation be recognised by each of said States, and such powers be vested in, and such franchises and capacities granted to it by the Legislature of each such State, as may be necessary to effect the object of the organization; and that in its directory each such State be equally represented.

Resolved. That this Convention respectfully recommends that, if necessary, special sessions of the Legislature of such States be called for the purpose of taking into consideration this plan; and that a committee of one member from each State represented in this Convention be appointed to draft a charter of incorporation for such company, and lay the same before the Governors of the said several States, and the National or General Councils of the Cherokee, Creek and Choctaw nations, requesting each of said Governors to the convene the Legislature of his State, in order to consider the same, and take such other steps in regard to such road as may be necessary and proper, if, in his opinion, it should be expedient to do so, and especially praying the Governor of Virginia to lay said draft of a charter before the Legislature of that State with his views in regard thereto; and requesting said Councils of the Cherokees, Choctaws and Creeks to act therein, to recognize such company, grant rights of way through their national lands for any branch or branches of said road that may pass through the same, and enact such other laws as shall secure to the South, so far as may be in their power, the exclusive benefits and advantages of the commerce of the Pacific, and of the wealthy provinces of Mexico intended to be traversed by said road.

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