

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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THE SUMTER BANNER.

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TERMS.

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The number of insertions to be marked on all advertisements or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.
ONE DOLLAR per square for a single insertion. Quarterly and Monthly Advertisements will be charged the same as a single insertion, and semi-monthly the same as now ones.

A THRILLING STORY. THE TWO SPIES.

As early as the year 1790, the block-house and stockade above the mouth of the Hoekhoeck river, was a frontier post for the hardy pioneers of the North-Western Territory.—There Nature was in her undisturbed ivory of dark and thick forests, interspersed with green and flowering prairies. Then the forest had not heard the sound of the woodman's axe, nor the plow of the husbandman opened the bosom of the earth. Then those beautiful prairies waved their golden plume to the God of Nature, and among the most luxuriant of these were those that lie along Hoekhoeck valley, and especially that portion of it on which the town of Lancaster now stands.

Here the tribes of the North and West met to counsel, and from this spot led forth the war path in different directions. Upon one of these occasions, when the war spirit moved mightily among the sons of Nature, and the tomahawk leaped in its scabbard, and the spirits of their friends who had died in the field of battle visited the warrior in his night visions and called loudly for revenge, it was ascertained by the garrison stationed above the mouth of the Hoekhoeck river, that the Indians were gathering in great numbers for the purpose of striking a blow on some post of the frontiers.—To meet this crisis, two of the most skilled and indefatigable spies were despatched to watch their movements and report.

McClelland and White, two spirits that never quailed at danger, and as unconquerable as the Libyan lion, in the month of October, and on one of the balmy days of Indian summer, took leave of their fellows and moved on through the thick plum and hazel bushes with the noiseless tread of panthers, armed with their unerring and trusty rifles. They continued their march, skirting the prairies, till they reached that most remarkable prominence, now known by the name of Mount Pleasant, the Western termination of which is a perpendicular cliff of rocks of some hundreds feet high, and whose summit, from a Western view, towers to the clouds and overlooks the vast plains below.—When this point was gained, our hardy spies had a position from which they could see every movement of the Indians below in the valley.

Every day added a new accession of warriors to the company. They witnessed their exercises of horse racing, running foot races, jumping, throwing the tomahawk and dancing; the old sachems looking on with indifference, the squaws engaged in their playful gambols. The arrival of a new warrior was greeted with terrible shouts, which, striking the mural face of Mt. Pleasant, were driven back in the various indentations of the surrounding hills, producing reverberations and echoes as if ten thousand fiends were gathered at a universal levee. Such yells would have struck terror to the hearts of those unaccustomed to Indian revelry.

To our spies this was but martial music—strains which waked their watchfulness, and newly strung their courage. From their early youth they had always been on the frontier, and were well practiced in all the subtlety, craft, and cunning of the Indian warfare, as well as the ferocity and blood-thirsty nature of the savage warriors. They were, therefore, not likely to be ensnared by their cunning, nor, without a desperate conflict, to fall victims to their scalping knives and tomahawks. On several occasions, small parties left the prairie and ascended the mount from the Eastern side. On these occasions, the spies would hide in the deep fissures of the rocks on the West and again leave their hiding place when their uninvited and unwelcome visitors had disappeared.

For food, they depend on jerked venison and corn bread, with which their kachicks were well stored.—They dared not kindle a fire, and the

report of one of their rifles would have brought upon them them the entire force of the Indians. For drink, they depended on some rain water which still stood in the hollows of some of the rocks; but, in a short time this store was exhausted, and McClelland and White must abandon their enterprise—or find a new supply. To accomplish this most hazardous enterprise, McClelland, being the oldest, resolved to make the attempt; and, with his trusty rifle in his hand, and their two canteens strung across his shoulders, he descended by a circuitous route to the prairie, skirting the hill on the North, and under the cover of the hazel thickets he reached the river, and turning to a bold point of the hill, he found a beautiful spring within a few feet of the river, now known by the name of Cold Spring, on the farm of D. Talmadge, Esq.—He filled his canteens, and returned in safety to his watchful companion. It was now determined to have a fresh supply of water every day, and this duty was performed alternately.

On one of these occasions after White had filled his canteen he sat a few moments watching the limp elements as it came gurgling out of the bosom of the earth, when the light sound of foot-steps caught his practiced ear, and upon turning around he saw two squaws a few feet from him. Upon turning round the foot of the hill, the eldest squaw gave one of these far-reaching whoops peculiar to Indians. White at once comprehended his perilous situation. If the alarm should reach the camp or town, he and his companion must inevitably perish. Self-preservation compelled him to inflict a noiseless death on the squaws, and in such a manner, if possible, to leave no traces behind. Ever rapid in thought, and prompt in action, he sprang upon his victims with the rapidity and power of a lion, and grasping the throat of each, sprang into the river. He thrust the head of the eldest under the water. While making strong efforts to submerge the younger, who, however, powerfully resisted him, and during the short struggle with this young athletic woman, to his astonishment addressed him in his own language, though in almost inarticulate sounds.

Releasing his hold, she informed him that she had been a prisoner for ten years, and was taken from below Wheeling, and that her brother and herself were taken prisoners, but he succeeded on the second night in making his escape. During this narrative, White had drowned the elder squaw, and had let her float off with the current, where it would not probably be found out soon. He now directed the girl to follow him, and with his usual speed and energy pushed for the mount. They had scarcely gone half way when they heard the alarm cry come quarter of a mile down the stream. It was supposed some party of Indians, returning from hunting, struck the river just as the body of the squaw floated past. White and the girl succeeded in reaching the mount, where McClelland had been no indifferent spectator to the sudden commotion among the Indians.

The prairie parties of warriors were so immediately to strike off in every direction, and White and the girls had scarcely arrived before a party of some twenty warriors had reached the Eastern activity of the mount, and were cautiously and carefully keeping under cover. Soon the spies saw the swarthy faces as they glided from tree to tree and from rock to rock, till their position was surrounded, except on the West perpendicular side, and all hope of escape was cut off. In this perilous condition, nothing was left but to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and this they resolved to do, and advised the girl to escape to do and the Indians, and tell them she had been taken prisoner. She said no, "No; death to me, in the presence of my own people is a thousand times sweeter than captivity and slavery. Furnish me with a gun, and I will show you how I can fight as well as die. This place I leave not. Here my bones shall lie, bleaching with yours, and should either of you escape you will carry the tidings of my death to my few relations."

Remonstrances proved fruitless.—The two spies quickly matured their plan of defence, and vigorously commenced the attack from the front, where, from the very small back bone of the mount, the savages had to advance in single file, and without any covert. Beyond this neck the warriors availed themselves of the rocks and trees in advancing, but in passing from one to the other they must be exposed for a short time, and a moment's exposure of their swarthy forms was enough for the unerring rifle of the spies. The Indians being entirely ignorant of how many were in ambush, were more cautious how they advanced.

After bravely maintaining the fight

in front, and keeping the enemy in check, they discovered a new danger threatening them. The arch foe now made evident preparations to attack them on the flank, which could be more successfully done by reaching an isolated rock lying in one of the ravines on the southern hill side. This rock once gained by the Indians, they could bring the spies under point blank shot of the rifle without the possibility of escape. Our brave spies saw the utter hopelessness of their situation, which nothing could avert but a brave companion and an unerring shot.—These they had not, but the brave never despair. With this impending fate resting upon them they continued calm and calculating, and as unwearied as the strongest desire of life and the resistance of a numerous foe could produce.

Soon McClelland saw a tall and swarthy figure preparing to spring from a covert so near to the fatal rock that a bound or two would reach it, and all hope of life then was gone. He felt that all depended on one single advantageous shot; although but an inch or two of the warrior's body was exposed, and that at a distance of eighty or a hundred yards, he resolved to risk all; he coolly raised his rifle to his face, and shading the sight with his hand, drew a bead so sure that he felt conscious it would do the work. He touched the trigger with his finger, the hammer came down, but in place of striking fire, it broke his flint into many pieces; and although he felt that the Indian must reach the rock before he could adjust another flint, he proceeded to the task with the utmost composure.

Costing his eye towards the fearful spot, suddenly he saw the warrior stretching every muscle for the leap; and with the agility of a panther he made the spring, but instead of reaching the rock, he gave a yell, and his dark body fell and rolled down the steep valley below. He had evidently received a death wound from some unknown hand. A hundred voices re-echoed from below the terrible shout. It was evident that they had lost a favorite warrior, as well as being disappointed for a time of the most important movement. A very few minutes proved that the advantage gained would be of short duration; for already the spies saw a glimpse of a tall swarthy warrior cautiously advancing to the covert so recently occupied by his fellow-companion. Now, too, the attack in front was renewed with increased fury, so as to require the incessant fire of both spies to prevent the Indians from gaining the eminence, and in a short time McClelland saw a warrior making preparations to leap to the fatal rock.—The leap was made, and the Indian turned a somersault, his corpse rolled down the hill towards his former companion. Again an unknown agent had interposed in their behalf. This second sacrifice cast dismay into the ranks of their assailant, and just as the sun was disappearing behind the Western hills, the foe withdrew to a short distance, to devise some new mode of attack. This respite came most seasonably to our spies, who had kept their ground, and bravely maintained the unequal fight from nearly the middle of the day.

Now, for the first time, was the girl missing, and the spies thought that through terror she had escaped to her former captors, or that she had been killed during the fight; but they were not long left to conjecture. The girl was seen emerging from behind a rock and coming to them with a rifle in her hand. During the fight she saw a warrior fall, who had advanced some distance before the rest, and while some of them changed their position, she resolved at once, live or die, to possess herself of his gun and ammunition; and crouching down beneath the underbrush, she crawled to the place and succeeded in her enterprise. Her keen and watchful eye had early noticed the fatal rock, and hers was the mysterious hand by which the two warriors fell, the last being the most intrepid and bloodthirsty of the Shawnee tribe, and the leader of the company which killed her mother and her sisters, and took her and her brother prisoners.

Now, in the West, arose dark clouds which soon overprad the whole heavens, and the elements were rent with peals of thunder. Darkness, deep and gloomy, shrouded the whole heavens; this darkness greatly embarrassed the spies in their contemplated night escape, supposing that they might readily lose their way, and accidentally fall on their enemy; but a short consultation decided the plan. It was agreed that the girl should go foremost from her intimate knowledge of the localities, and another advantage might be gained in case they should fall in with any of the parties or outposts.—From her knowledge, she might detect the sentinels, as the sequel proved.

For scarcely had they descended a hundred yards, when a low whistle from the girl warned them of their danger. The spies sunk silently on the ground where, by previous arrangements, they were to remain till the signal was given by the girl to move on. Her absence, for the space of an hour, began to excite the most serious apprehensions. Again she appeared, and told them she had succeeded in removing two sentinels to a short distance, who were directly on their route. The descent was noiselessly resumed, and the spies followed their intrepid leader for half a mile in the most profound silence when the barking of a dog at a short distance apprized them of a new danger. The almost simultaneous click of the spies' rifles was heard by the girl, who stated that they were now in the midst of the Indian camp, and their lives depended upon the most profound silence, and implicitly following her footsteps.

A moment afterwards the girl was accosted by a squaw, from an opening in her wigwag; she replied in the Indian language, and without stopping still pressed forward. In a short time she stopped and assured the spies that the village was cleared, and that they had passed the greatest danger. She knew that every leading pass was guarded safely by the Indians, and at once resolved to adopt the bold adventure of passing through the centre of the village, as the least hazardous, and the sequel proved the correctness of her judgment. They now started a course for the Ohio river, and after three day's travel arrived safe at the block-house. Their escape and adventure prevented the Indians from making their contemplated attack, and the rescued girl proved to be the sister of the intrepid Cornelia Washburn, celebrated in the history of Indian warfare, and as the renowned spy of Capt. Kenton's bloody Kentuckians.

great to females also. All that we have said about preserving the health in the man, is as true of the opposite sex. But this is not the whole. The true foundation of beauty in woman is exercise in fresh air. No cosmetics are equal to these. The famous Diana of Poitiers, who maintained her loveliness until she was near sixty, owed this extraordinary result, in her own opinion, to her daily bath, early rising, and her exercise in the saddle. English ladies of rank are celebrated, the world over, for their splendid persons and brilliant complexions; and they are proverbial for their attention to walking and riding, and a few hours spent daily out of doors. The shallow cheeks, stooping figures susceptibility to cold, and almost constant ill-health, which prevail among the American wives and daughters generally, are to be attributed almost entirely to their excessive sedentary life, and to the infirmity caused by the same life on the part of their parent. A woman can no more become beautiful, in the true sense of the term, or remain so, without healthful exercise in the open air, than a plant can thrive without light. If we put the later into a cellar it either dies out right, for refuses to bloom. Shall we wilt our sisters, wives or daughters, by a similar deprivation of what is as necessary to their harmonious development?

In another aspect, the care of health is a more important thing than is usually supposed. There is no doubt that, as between city and country, the population of the former suffers most from want of exercise and fresh air, and that consequently the stamina, so to speak, of a city population, is inferior to that of a rural one. It is even said that in some cities; Paris for instance, few strictly town bred families last over a century, and that if the population was not continually recruited from the country, it would die out. It is an equally striking fact and one that lies within the observation of all of us, that the most energetic merchants generally, in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, have been originally from the rural towns or countries, whose well balanced health has not only produced well balanced vigorous, enterprising minds, but enabled them to endure an amount of fatigue which the average of their city bred competitors could not rival.

The public well, therefore, as well as the happiness of the individual, is concerned in this question of health.—Yet we Americans almost ignore it, and practically neglect it entirely.—The old Greeks had their gymnasiums for physical exercise, which were as much state institutions as common schools are now. Were not the Greeks wiser, after all, than we are, at least in this particular?

A CUNNING TRICK.

Dr. Willcott, the celebrated Peter Pindar, was an eccentric character, and had a great many queer notions of his own. A good story is told by one of his contemporaries of the manner in which he once tricked his publisher. The latter wishing to buy the copyright of his works, offered him by letter a life annuity of £200. The doctor learning that the publisher was very anxious to purchase, demanded £250. In reply, the latter appointed a day on which he would call and talk the matter over. At the day assigned, the doctor received him in entire diabolical, even to the nightcap; and having aggravated the sickly look of a naturally cadaverous face by purposely abstaining from the use of a razor for some days, he had all the appearance of a candidate for quick consumption. Added to this, the crafty author assumed a hollow and most supercilious countenance, such as would excite even the pity of a sheriff's officer, and make a rich man's heir crazy with joy. The publisher however, refused giving more than £200, till suddenly the doctor broke out into a violent fit of coughing, which produced an offer of £250. This the doctor preemptorily refused, and was seized, almost instantly, with another even more frightful and longer protracted attack, that nearly suffocated him—when the publisher thinking it impossible that such a man could live long, raised his offer and closed with him at £300. The old rogue lived some twenty-five or thirty years afterwards!

Mrs. Theckeray says, in the last number of the Newcomes, that without wishing to disparage the youth of other nations, he thinks a well bred English lad has this advantage over them, that his bearing is commonly more modest than theirs: "He does not assume the tall-coat; and the manners of manhood too early; he holds his tongue, and listens to his elders; his mind blushes as well as his cheeks; he does not know how to make bows, and pay compliments like the young French man, nor to contradict his seniors, as I am informed, American striplings do."

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Tale of a Pin.

In an early month of the year 1788 with a tolerable education, and with many qualifications for a financial life, Jacques Lafitte was seeking for a situation as clerk. He had high hopes and a light heart, for he brought with him a letter of introduction to M. Perregaux, the Swiss banker. But with all his sanguine anticipations and golden day-dreams, he was bashful and retiring. It was with a trembling heart that the young provincial appeared before the Parisian man of bonds and gold. He managed to explain the purpose of his visit, and presented his letter of recommendation. The broker quietly read the note. "It is impossible," said he, as he laid it aside, "that I can find room for you at present, all my offices are full. Should there be a vacancy at a more future time, I will see what can be done. In the meantime I advise you to apply elsewhere, as it may be a considerable period before I shall be able to admit you." Away went sunshine and prosperous visions! Disappointed and gloomy, Jacques left the presence of the polite banker. As he crossed with downcast eyes the courtyard of the noble mansion, he observed a pin lying on the ground. His habitual habits of frugality, amidst his disappointment, were still upon the watch. He picked up the pin, and carefully stuck it in the lapel of his coat.

From that trivial action sprang his future greatness; that one single act of frugal care and regard for little things, opened the way to a stupendous fortune. From the window of his cabinet, M. Perregaux had observed the action of his rejected clerk, and he wisely thought that the man who would stoop to pick up a pin, under such circumstances, was endowed with necessary qualities for a good economist; he read in that single act of parsimony an indication of a great financial mind, and he deemed the acquisition of such a man as wealth itself. Before the day had closed, Lafitte received a note from the banker. "A place," it said, "is made for you at my office, which you may take possession of to-morrow." The banker was not deceived in his estimate of the character of Lafitte, and the young clerk soon displayed a talent and aptness for his calling that procured his advancement from a clerk to a cashier; from a cashier to a partner; and from a partner to the head proprietor of the first banking house in Paris. He became a deputy, and then a President of the Council of Ministers. What a destiny for a man who would stoop to pick up a pin!

Gypsum for Gardening Purposes.

This valuable fertilizer is not yet half appreciated by Southern gardeners. As a manure for poor soils, it is invaluable; its chief benefit arises from its power of holding and fixing the ammonia which rises from manure already in the soil, and we look upon anything as manure that is food for plants, whether it comes from the stable or the swamp. From the sulphur in Gypsum, it is a great preventative of worms; gardens well dressed with it, Young cabbages and turnips sprinkled with Gypsum in their germinating state will be exempt from the ravages of the green worm. Guano is doubly increased in value by being sowed with plaster. The past dry summer has fully developed the utility of Gypsum; wherever we applied Gypsum to the unions, English peas, Irish potatoes, or melons, there we have had the finest crops, notwithstanding the drought.—We observe when there has been no dew at night, and all vegetation looks parched and dry, where Gypsum has been fully used in the garden, there is a dampness in the morning like a dew had fallen. It is asserted by an eminent Northern Horticulturist, that Gypsum is positively injurious to strawberries; we have no doubt but it stimulates the vine into too rapid a growth, and as we of the South want fruit instead of vine, it should be used cautiously. But for garden vegetables, where those vegetables have anything to feed upon, Gypsum is a great promoter of appetite by moistening the food ready for the rootlets to take up with their thousand mouths. It can be had in the New York market at about \$1 per barrel.—Exchange paper.

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THE NEGROES OF JAMAICA.—Jamaica, as it is, under the favorite British policy of non-interference, is thus represented by Bishop Kipp, in a letter published in the Churchman, dated at Kingston, where the steamer on which he embarked for California stopped "to coal."

"The streets, the Bishop says are crowded with the most wretched looking negroes to be seen on the face of the earth: Lazy shiftless and diseased they will not work since the manumission act has freed them. Even coaling the steamer is done by women.—About a hundred marched on board in a line with tubs on their heads, tubs and coal together weighing about 90 pounds) and with a wild song empty them into the hold. The men work a day, and then live on it a week. The depth of degradation to which the negro population has sunk, we are told, is indescribable. The inhabitants of Sodom were pure compared with them." "Once," said a gentleman to me, "you did not see an untidy negro in the streets. Now look at them, pointing to a group of squalid wretches. This is the unvarying testimony of the residents I have seen."

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.—Yesterday afternoon, as some workmen were excavating a cellar on Linton-street, a short distance below John street, they came in contact with a hard substance, about nine feet below the grade of the street, which after some trouble, was excavated and brought to light, and proved to be a human body in perfect state of petrification. This extraordinary specimen of the human race is a male, about five feet seven inches in length. The hair is cut very short, and seems to have been shaved in several parts, as its formation is perfect and apparently uninjured by time. The face is singularly formed, and differing in shape and expression from any of the races of the present age.

What is more remarkable the body is perfect in all its parts, every muscle fibre and sinew being perfectly developed. The color is rather of light gray, and in some parts approaches very near to the white man although this may have been produced by the action of the soil in which it has been buried, for ages. A number of eminent scientific gentlemen visited this remarkable and strange exhumation yesterday afternoon, but nothing of a definite character was arrived at relative to the cause, or what length of time it had lain there, although all agreed that several hundred years must have elapsed since it was buried.

Cincinnati Inquirer 1st.

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.—"I notice," said Franklin, "a mechanic among others, at work in a house erected near my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, and had a kind word and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits." "No secret, doctor," he replied; "I have got one of the best of wives and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and she is sure to be ready, as she has done so many things during the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak unkind to any body." "What induces then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotion?" "Speak gently, then, a happy smile and a kind word of greeting, after the toil of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far towards making a home peaceful and happy."

BARNEY TAYLOR OF "NUTMEG."—"On our return to the ship we visited a nutmeg plantation. The trees, which are from twenty to thirty feet in height, are planted in rows, at intervals of about 30 feet. The leaf is a dark green and glossy, resembling that of the laurel, and the fruit, at a little distance might be taken for a small round colored apple. When ripe the little husk splits in the centre, showing a scarlet net work of mace, enveloping an inner nut, black as ebony, the kernel of which is the nutmeg of commerce. The clove tree, not now in its bearing season, has some resemblance to the nutmeg, but the leaf is smaller and foliage more luscious and spreading. As we drove through the orchard the warm air of noon was heavy with spice. The rich odors exhaled from the trees penetrated the frame with a sensation of languid and voluptuous repose. Perfumes became an appetite, and the senses were drugged with an overpowering feeling luxury. Had I continued to indulge in it, I should ere long realized the Syberite's complaint of his crumpled nose-leaf."