

# The Sumter Banner.

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

WILLIAM LEWIS,  
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"God—and our Native Land."

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## THE DAUGHTER.

A TOUCHING STORY.

When the tyranny of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formidable enemies of his usurpations was Sir John Cochrane, ancestor to the present Earl Dundonald. He was one of the most prominent actors in Argyle's rebellion, and for ages a settled gloom hung over the house of the Campbells enveloping in common ruin all who united their fortunes in the cause of his chieftains. The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He was surrounded by the king's troops. Long, deadly and desperate was his resistance, but at length, overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner, tried, and condemned to die upon the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and his jailer awaited the arrival of his death-warrant to lead him forth to execution. His family and friends had visited him in prison and exchanged with him the last long heart-rending farewell. But there was one who was the pride of his eye and of his house; even Grisel, the daughter of his love. Twilight was casting a deep gloom over the grating of his prison house; he was mourning for a last look of his favorite child, and his head was pressed against the cold, damp wall of his cell, to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like the sting of fire, when the door of his apartment swung on its unvoiced hinges, and the keeper entered, followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and commanding, her eyes dark, bright and fearless; but their very brightness spoke of sorrow—of sorrow too deep to be wiped away—and her raven tresses were parted over her brow pure as the polished marble.—The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered.

"My child! my own Grisel!" he exclaimed, as she fell upon his bosom.  
"My father, my dear father!" sobbed the miserable maiden, as she dashed away the tears that accompanied the words.  
"Your interview must be short, very short," said the jailer as he turned and left them, for a few minutes, together.  
"God help and comfort thee, my daughter! I added the unhappy father, and he held her to his breast, and he printed a kiss upon her brow. "I feared that I should die without bestowing my last blessing upon the head of my own child, and that stung me more than death, but thou art come and the last blessing of my wretched father."  
"Nay, forbear!" she exclaimed; "not thy last blessing; not thy last! My father shall not die."  
"Be calm, be calm, my child!" replied he; "would to heaven that I could comfort thee, my own. But there is no hope—within three days thou and all thy little ones will be—"  
"Fatherless, he would have said, but he the words died on his tongue."  
"Three days!" replied she, raising her head from his breast, but she added eagerly pressing his hand, "my father shall live! Is not my grand father the friend of father Peter, the confessor and master of the king, from him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die."  
"Nay! nay, Grisel," returned he, "be not deceived—there is no hope—already the king has signed the order of my execution and the messenger of death is now on the way."  
"Yet my father shall not die!" she repeated emphatically, and turning to her father, said calmly; we part now, but we shall meet again."  
"What would my child," inquired he, eagerly, gazing anxiously on her face.  
"Ask not now, my father," she replied—"ask not now, but pray for me, and bless me—but not with thy last blessing."  
He pressed her hand to his heart, and wept upon her neck. In a few moments the jailer entered and they were torn from the arms of each other. On the evening of the second day after

the interview we have mentioned, a wayfaring man crossed the bridge at Berwick, from the North and proceeded down Marygate, sat down on a bench by the door of an hostelry on the side of the Street nearly fronting where what was called the "Main guard." He did not enter the inn for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his headquarters a few years before, and where at some earlier period, James the Sixth had taken up his residence when on his way to enter the sovereignty of England. The traveler wore a coarse jerkin, fastened round his body by a leather girdle, and over it a small cloak, composed of equally plain materials. He was evidently a young man, but his beaver was drawn down, so as almost to conceal his features. In one hand he carried a small bundle and in the other a pilgrim's staff. Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting a few minutes rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and threatened to be a night of storm, the clouds were gathering black, the sudden gusts of wind were moaning along the streets accompanied by heavy successive drops of rain and the face of the weed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee if thou intendest to go far in such a night as this," said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him and proceeded to cross the bridge.  
In a few minutes he was upon the borders of the wide, desolate and dreary moor of Tweedmouth, which for miles presented a desert of white, fern stunted heath, here and there covered with thick brush-wood. He slowly toiled over the steep hill, braving the storm, which now raged in its wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of furnished wolves, hurrying its hungry echoes over the heath. Still the stranger pushed onward until he proceeded two or three miles from Berwick, when as if to brave the storm, he sought shelter amidst the crab and bramble bushes by the way side. Nearly an hour had passed since he sought this imperfect refuge and the storm had increased together, when a horse's feet was heard spashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the head, and the traveler stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.  
"Dismount!" cried the stranger sternly.

The horseman benumbed and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms, but in a moment, the hand of the robber quitted the bridle, grasping the breast of the rider, and dragging him to the ground. He fell heavily on his face and for several minutes remained senseless. The stranger seized the leathern bag which contained the mail from the north and flung it on his shoulder, he led across the heath.  
Early on the following morning the inhabitants of Berwick were hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed, but no trace of the robber could be obtained.  
Three days had passed, and Sir John Cochrane yet lived. The mail which contained his death warrant had been robbed, and before another order for his execution could be given the intervention of his father, the Earl of Dundonald, with the King's confessor might be successful. Grisel now became his constant companion in prison, and spoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than his first despair. But ever that hope bitter as it was, perished.—The intervention of his father had been unsuccessful—and a second time the bigoted and would be despotic monarch signed the warrant for his death, and in little more than one day that warrant for his death would reach the prison.

"The will of Heaven be done!" groaned the captive.  
"Amen," returned Grisel with wild vehemence, "but my father shall not die!"  
Again the rider with the mail reached Tweedmouth, and a second time he bore with him the doom of Cochrane. He spurred his horse to his utmost speed; he looked cautiously before and behind, and around him, and in his hand he carried a pistol ready to defend himself. The moon shed a ghastly light over the heath rendering desolation visible and giving a spiritual embodiment of every shroud. He was turning the angle of a straggling copse when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to dash right in its ears. At the same moment his horse reared more violently and he was driven from the saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was upon his breast, who, bending

over him and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said—  
"Give me thine arms or die!"  
The heart of the King's servant failed in him, and without venturing to reply, he did as he was commanded.  
"Now go thy way," cried the robber solemnly, "but leave me thy horse, and leave the mail—lest worse come upon thee."  
The man therefore arose, and proceeded towards Berwick, trembling; and the robber, mounting his horse which he had left, rode rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane—the officers of the law waited only the arrival of the mail with his second death warrant, to lead him to the scaffold, and the tidings arrived that the mail had been robbed. For yet fourteen days the life of the prisoner would be prolonged. He again fell on the neck of his daughter and wept, and said—  
"It is good—the hand of heaven is in this."  
"Said I not," replied the maiden, and for the first time she wept aloud—"that my father should not die!"  
The fourteen days were not yet passed when the prison door flew open, and the old Earl of Dundonald rushed to the arms of his son. His intervention with the confessor had been at length successful, and after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had as often failed in reaching its destination, the king had granted his pardon. He hurried with his father from the prison to his own house, his family were clinging around him, shedding tears of joy; and they were marveling with gratitude at the mysterious providence that had twice intercepted the mail when a stranger entered. He was habited, as we have before described, with a coarse jerkin; but his bearing was above his condition. On entering he slightly touched his beaver but remained covered.

"When you have perused those," said he, taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them into the fire!"  
Sir John glanced on them, started and became pale—they were his death warrants.  
"My deliverer!" exclaimed he, "how shall I thank thee—how repay the preserver of my life? My father, my children thank him for me!"  
The old Earl grasped the hands of the stranger, the children embraced his knees; and he burst into tears.  
"By what name eagerly enquired Sir John, "shall I call my deliverer?"  
The stranger wept aloud, and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grisel Cochrane fell upon the cheek.  
"Gracious Heavens!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father—"My own child!—my own Grisel!"

## The Richest Man in Virginia.

GENTLEMEN—I have thought, for sometime, I would write for your paper something in relation to the richest man in Virginia, and the largest slaveholder in the Union, and perhaps in the world, unless the serfs of Russia be considered slaves; and the wish expressed in your paper, a few days ago, to know whom it was so wealthy in Virginia, induces me to write this now.  
Samuel Hairston; of Pittsylvania, is the gentleman. When I was in his section, a year or two ago, he was the owner of between 1,600 and 1,700 slaves, in his own right, having but a little while before taken a census. He also has a prospective right to about 1,000 slaves more, which are now owned by his mother-in-law, Mrs. R. Hairston, he having married her only child. He now has the management of them, which makes the number of his slaves reach near three thousand. They increase at the rate of near 100 every year; and he has to purchase a large plantation every year to settle them on. A large number of his plantations are in Henry and Patrick counties, Virginia. He has landed property in Stokes, alone, is assessed at \$600,000. His wealth is differently estimated at from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000; and I should think it was nearer the latter. You think he has a hard lot, but I assure you Mr. Hairston manages all his matters as easy as most persons would an estate of \$10,000. He has overseers who are compelled to give him a written statement of what has been made and spent on each plantation, and his negroes are all clothed and fed from his own domestic manufacture; and raising his own tobacco crop, which is immensely large, as so much clear gain every year, besides his increase in negroes, which is a fortune of itself.  
And now for his residence. I have travelled over fifteen States of this Union, and have never seen anything comparable to his yard and garden,

except some in the Mississippi delta, and none of them equal to it. Mrs. Hairston has been, beautifying it for years; and a good minister, in preaching near the place, and describing Paradise, said, "it was as beautiful as Mrs. Hairston's," or, as a friend who had visited Washington city for the first time, remarked, that "the public grounds were nearly as handsome as Samuel Hairston's." He is a plain, unassuming gentleman, and has never made any noise in the world, though he could vie with the Brucers the McDonough's and Astor's; and it is strange, that while their wealth is so extensive with the Union, he is not known 100 miles from home. I believe he is now the wealthiest man in the Union, as Wm. B. Astor is only worth about 4,000,000, and the estates of city people are vastly overrated, while Mr. Hairston can show the property that will bring the cash at any moment.

Mr. Hairston was raised within a few miles of where he now lives, in Henry county. He has several brothers, who are pretty well to do in the world. One of them, Marshall Hairston, of Henry, owns more than 700 negroes; Robert Hairston, who now lives in Mississippi, near 600,000 and Hardin Hairston, who has also moved to Mississippi, about 600 slaves.—George Hairston, of Henry, has given most all of his property to his children reserving only about 150 slaves for his own use. This, I believe, is a correct statement of the circumstances of the Hairston family.

COSMOPOLITE.  
Richmond Whig.

## Arsenic Eating.

In some parts of Lower Austria and Syria, and especially in the hilly region towards Hungary, there prevails among the peasantry an extraordinary custom of eating arsenic.  
It is eaten professedly for one or both of two purposes: First, that the eater may thereby acquire freshness of complexion and plumpness of figure. For this purpose, as will readily be supposed, it is chiefly eaten by the young. Second, that the wind may be improved, so that long and steep heights may be climbed without difficulty of breathing. By the middle-aged and the old it is esteemed for its influence, and both results are described as following almost invariably from the use of arsenic.

To improve their appearance, young persons, of both sexes, have recourse to it, some no doubt from vanity, and some with the view of adding to their charms in the eyes of each other. And it is very remarkable to see how wonderfully well they attain their object—these poison eaters are generally remarkable for blooming complexions, and a full rounded healthy appearance. Dr. Von Tschudi gives the following case, as having occurred in his own practice: "A healthy but pale and thin milkmaid, residing in the parish of H—, had a lover whom she wished to attach to herself by a more agreeable exterior. She therefore had recourse to the well known purifier, and took arsenic several times a week.—The desired effect was not long in showing itself, for in a few months she became stout, rosy-checked, and all that her lover could desire. In order however to increase the effect, she incautiously increased the dose of arsenic and fell a victim to her vanity.—She died poisoned—a very painful death." The number of such fatal cases, especially among young persons, is described as by no means considerable.

For the second purpose—that of rendering the breathing easier when going up hill—the peasant puts a small fragment of arsenic in his mouth, and lets it dissolve. The effect is astonishing. He ascends heights with facility, which he could not otherwise do without the greatest difficulty of breathing.  
The quantity of arsenic with which the eaters begin is about half a grain. They continue to take this quantity two or three times a week, in the morning fasting, till they become habituated to it. They then cautiously increase the dose as the quantity previously taken seems to diminish in its effect. "The peasant K—," says Dr. Von Tschudi, "a hale man of sixty, who enjoys capital health at present, takes for every dose a piece about two grains in weight. For the last forty years he has continued the habit, which he inherited from his father, and which he will transmit to his children."

No symptoms of illness or chronic poisoning are observable in any of these arsenic eaters, when the dose is carefully adapted to the constitution and habit of body of the person using it. But if from any cause the arsenic be left off for a time, symptoms of disease occur, which resemble those of arsenical poisoning; especially a great feeling of discomfort arises, great indifference to every thing around, anxiety about his own person, deranged

digestion, loss of appetite, a feeling of overloading in the stomach up to the throat, spasms in the throat, pain in the bowels, constipation, and especially oppression in the breathing. From these symptoms there is only one speedy mode of relief—an immediate return to arsenic eating.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## A Beautiful Story.

The most beautiful and affecting incident I know, associated with a shipwreck, is the following: The Grosvenor, an East Indianman, homeward bound, goes ashore on the coast of Caffraria. It is resolved that the officers, passengers and crew, in number one hundred and thirty-five souls, shall endeavor to penetrate on foot across trackless deserts, infested by wild beasts and savages, to the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good Hope; with this forlorn object before them, they finally separate in two parties—never more to meet on earth.

There is a solitary little child among the passengers—a little boy of seven years old, who has no relation there; and when the first party is moving away, he cries after some member of it who has been kind to him. The crying of a child might be supposed to be a little thing to men in such great extremity, but if touches them, and he is immediately taken into the detachment, from which time forth, this child is sublimely made a sacred charge; he is pushed on a little raft across a broad river by the swimming sailors; they carry him by turns through the deep sand and long grass, (he patiently walking at all other times) they share with him such pruned fish as they find to eat; they lie down and wait for him when the rough carpenter, who becomes his especial friend, lags behind. Beseet by lions and tigers, by savages, by thirst and hunger, by death in a crowd of ghastly shapes, they never—O Father of all mankind they name be blessed for it!—forget this child. The captain stops exhausted, and his faithful coxswain goes back and is seen to sit down by his side, and neither of the two shall be any more beheld until the great last day; but, as the rest go on for their lives, they take the child with them. The carpenter dies of poisonous berries eaten in starvation, and the steward, succeeding to the command of the party, succeeds to the sacred guardianship of the child.

God knows all he does for the poor baby; how he cheerfully carries him in his arms when he himself is weak and ill; how he feeds him when himself is gripped with want, how he folds his ragged jacket round him, lays his little worn face with a woman's tenderness upon his sunburnt breast, soothes him in his sufferings, sings to him as he limps along, unmindful of his own parched and bleeding feet.—Dividing for a few days from the rest, they dig a grave in the land and bury their good friend the cooper—these two companions alone in the wilderness—and then the time comes when both are ill, and beg their wretched partners in despair, reduced and few in number now, to wait by them one day. They wait by them one day, they wait by them two days. On the morning of the third they move very softly about, in making their preparations for the resumption of their journey; for the child is sleeping by the fire, and it is agreed with one consent that he shall not be disturbed until the last moment. The moment comes, the fire is dying—and the child is dead.

His faithful friend the steward lingers but a little while behind him.—His grief is great, he staggers on for a few days, lies down in the desert and dies. But he shall be reunited in his immortal spirit—who can doubt it—with the child, where he and the poor carpenter shall be raised up with the words, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

## Advice to Young Women.

Trust not in uncertain riches, but prepare yourself for every emergency in life. Learn to work, and not to be dependent upon servants to make your bread; sweep your floors and darn your own stockings. Above all things do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves—and their aged parents by the work of their hands, while you care for and receive into your company those lazy, idle popinjays, who never lift a finger to help themselves as long as they can keep body and soul together, and get sufficient to live in fashion. If you are wise you will look at the subject as we do; and when you are old enough to become wives, you will prefer the honest mechanic, with not a cent to commence life, to the fashionable loafer, with a capital of ten thousand dollars. Whenever you hear remarked, "Such a young lady has married a fortune," we always

tremble for her future prosperity.—Riches left to children by wealthy parents, often turns a curse instead of a blessing. Young women, remember this, and instead of sousing the purses of your lovers, and examining the cut of their coats, look into their habits and their hearts. Mark if they trade, and can depend upon themselves; see if they have minds which will lead them to look above butterfly existence. Talk not of beautiful white skin, and of the soft, delicate hand—the splendid form and the fine appearance of the young gentleman. Let not these foolish considerations engross your thoughts.

## Treating.

Treating is pretty much as our Southern brethren say, a Yankee custom. All over Yankeeedom, if a man is dry, he first looks up somebody to treat and then a bar. In a company which is dry habitually every hour or two, he is the lucky man who learns not to mention his desire to imbibe until another has expressed himself; he gets his treats and save his coppers longest. But is no great gain after all. For whoever is treated must treat at times, or grow contemptible before his companions. Down East a man died who was a prodigious sponge. When he died it was thought the meanest man on earth ceased breathing. In town meeting the people talked over a monument for them, and the epitaph decided on was this: "He never stood treat in his life." Treating is a very costly business. It multiplies the price of a drink by the number of thirsty fellows that run in the company. It is very unwise, since it makes as a supplement to each one's appetite, the appetite of every other. You pay for drinks for fellows who don't feel like drinking; and for fear of losing your share, you drink with those who treat when you had rather not. The English style is better. If a company of young fellows go to a bar in London, each pays his own bill. It keeps accounts square. It simplifies matters. There is no double entry in memory, and there is less left on the mind to burden it. Treating has made drunkards of troops of promising youths; and there is a great army of them—sons of our rich men and children of the poor, all on a footing—now in training to take their places, so fast as the apoplexies and congestions, and other fashionable diseases which replace *diluvium tremens*, and the troubles that used to be in vogue with hard drinkers, shall pick off the present supply. It is a foolish, thriftless custom. It is almost enough of itself to keep a young man from ever getting rich.

## REVENUE OF THIEVES IN ENGLAND.

—Did any of our readers ever ask—how much does a thief earn? This is a financial problem which should receive a clear and satisfactory solution. There are clerks, tradesmen, artists, clergymen, officers, and journalists, who have not as large an annual income as some expert thieves. A clever thief can always show you some ready cash. He gets so many bales of silk, hampers of plate, caskets of jewels, bundles of bank notes, and all cash boxes full of glittering coin, that he can afford to live in luxury. The aggregate gains of successful depredaters is really astounding to plodding souls, who never trouble themselves about the revenues of the dishonest. But it is high time to enquire into the matter. We find, then, the forty four thieves are ascertained to have stolen money, plate, watches, jewelry, shop goods, and other property, amounting to more than twenty thousand pounds; and that during a single year, the metropolitan police accounted for stolen property worth forty thousand pounds. We need not wonder at all this. Gentlemen are so reckless of their pocket books, ladies of purses, and tradesmen of their goods, that it is easy for a trained thief to secure valuable booty; and a member of the predatory class never throws away a chance of obtaining rich plunder, and plenty of it. We must not omit to remind our readers, that a large number of thefts, burglaries and street robberies are never punished. The plunder goes to minister to the sensual propensities of the successful depredatore, and the public rarely get to know anything about the amount of property taken. Some illustration pertinent to this remark are known to us. A man confessed to us that he drove a dozen sheep out of Smithfield, and remained unpunished.  
In another case a woman held up thirty bright sovereigns which she had stolen, and which she was then spending in the most shameless manner; and not far from where she stood is a public house in which a person was robbed by two thieves of £300. They are still at large. Even the petty thief manages to steal a half a dozen of handkerchiefs per day, and does not think from thirty shillings to two pounds weekly, extraordinary gain.—We know a juvenile thief who can

make ten shillings a day, and who often does so in a single street. One young man (he is now reformed) stated that he had stolen as much as a hundred and fifty pounds at one time; and during his career of crime, upwards of four thousand pounds' worth of silver plate. Such facts as these show that reformatory institutions are a great pecuniary and moral boon to the entire community.—*English Paper.*

## A GRATEFUL NATION.

—A wronged man I have been—more wronged than this world tells of; forever the public good has guided me in suffering and in action; but when falsehood is in vigorous activity, with encouragement and support and power; when even from the judgment seat insolence and oppression are dealt forth, the dignity of human nature gives a right, without imputation or vanity, to avow good services. To me, also, as an inspired truth, has come that passionate burst of eloquence with which Charles Fox repelled enmity. "There is a spirit of resistance implanted by the Deity in the breast of man proportioned to the size of the wrongs he is destined to endure." This spirit prompts me to vindicate a claim to better usage.

I have won victories, subdued a great kingdom by arms and legislation, so as to enable a million of human beings to enjoy life and lift their heads in freedom. I have opened a vast field for commercial enterprise by the Indian government by millions; and in a moment of imminent peril saved the Anglo Indian Empire from ruin more formidable than ever before menaced its stability. The return has been twice to drive me from high and honorable positions, and all but proclaim me a public enemy. In Parliament vilified by men without truth or honor, out of it libeled, and from a bench with vulgar insinuations protection against slander. I leave my actions to history.—*Sir Charles Napier.*

## PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

—When a man sounds his own trumpet, he sure there's a crack in it. How few women deal in more than the bare necessities of conversation. There are minis as well as streets, that want draining. The glove that a duces wears to-day may cover the hand of her housemaid tomorrow, cleaning the grate. The best word in many books is "Finitis." He that confesses to one particular weakness, has many more in reserve. How few comes within ear shot of Fame! The tears of his hearers are the preacher's applause. Mammon ties as many marriage knots as Cupid. A heart once given should be "not transferable." He that says, "I know a secret," will tell it if pressed. Friendship often ripens, under the seed of intimacy, into love.—*Diogenes.*

## QUALIFICATIONS.

—Somebody has very truly remarked that,  
A good wife exhibits her love for her husband by trying to promote his welfare, and by administering to his comfort.

A poor wife "dears" and "my loves" her husband, and wouldn't sew a button to his coat to keep him from freezing.

A sensible wife looks for her enjoyment at home—a silly one abroad.

A wise girl would win a lover by practising those virtues which secure admiration when personal charms have failed.

A simple girl endeavors to recommend herself by the exhibition of frivolous accomplishments and a mawkish sentiment, which are as shallow as her mind.

A good girl always respects herself, and therefore always possesses the respect of others.

A HORRID THREAT.—The Freeman's Journal—the organ of Archbishop Hughes—alluded to the manifestations of dislike which the presence of Bedini has called forth in various places in this country in the following characteristic manner:  
"If the result of this damnable agitation, created and fostered by the daily papers, should happen to end in a general slaughter of misguided men by each other, and a consequent firing of the city in some two hundred places at once, in what repute will the community, sobered and taught wisdom by commercial ruin, hold the miserable newspaper men who will have brought on so fearful a catastrophe."

Can any of our readers peruse the following appeal, and retain a dry eye? If they can they must be strong hearted:  
Oh, Sally dear, the evening's clear,  
Thick flies the chimney's swaller,  
The sky is blue, the field's in view,  
All fadin' green and yaller.  
Come let us stray our toilsome way,  
And view the charms of water—  
The barking dogs, the squealing hogs,  
And every roasted eater.