

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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From the Olive Branch.

Kate Huntley's Exaggeration.

"Oh, there are thousands!" said little Mrs. Huntley to her dress-maker, who was measuring silk by the yard—"thousands and plenty." Just then she caught a sly glance from her young husband, as he looked over her paper. She knew it was in rebuke for the exaggeration. So she said laughing, "I can't help it, William if I was to die, so just let me talk as I please. I don't hinder you." William Huntley had never been pleased with this peculiarity of his pretty bride. The habit of exaggeration, he knew, led to embellishment, and embellishment led to unscrupulous falsehood. Ever since their wedding-day, he had tried seriously to check this propensity. But alas! he found, like many another lord of creation, that

"When woman won't she want, And that's the end of it." Never was the young and handsome Kate Huntley more valuable, or in better spirits than to-day. The magic of the colors and rich silks, and the winning smile of the little dress-maker, who was a droll genius in the way had set her tongue on hinges, and she indulged her besetting habit with perfect abandon.

The Huntleys were to have a small party in the evening and Mr. H. determined to try an experiment which he had long had in contemplation. So when the ladies had assembled, and the gentlemen were fast dropping in with the rest came young Huntley, looking quite flushed and nervous.

"Why are you so late, Mr. Huntley?" asked his wife, looking with mock displeasure.

"My dear, if it had been to make my last will and testament, I couldn't have come sooner," he said earnestly. "I have been working like a dray horse; thousands of clerks to oversee, twenty thousand cart loads to ship off, millions of accounts to attend, besides it has been hotter than ovens all day!"

By this time, every eye was upon him—astonishment and mirth predominant; but our young husband took it coolly, wiped his heated brow, and as unconcerned and innocent as if he had done nothing to attract attention; but his wife's rosy cheek grew rosier.

"What do you think of L's new book?" asked a young gentleman as the conversation turned on literature. "Heavenly!" exclaimed Huntley, roosting his eyes and casting a half-turquoise glance towards his wife. "It sets me in a perfect rapture—I feed on ambrosia and drink nectar. If I could see the author I should certainly take my heart in my hand and give it to him."

A smile went round the assemblage. "By the way, I've been round to Allen's new house," he added, following up his advantage. "Happy Allen! what a situation! Soft, balmy airs, blowing over salt marsh loaded with vapors—a palace of a house—two stories high and painted yellow—glorious trees—cut down within a foot of the ground—splendid garden—with one bush—and a wilderness of pigweed—charming view—flats on every side—delightful pond—peeping here and there under the thick green scum and duck weed—I should think Allen would be as happy—I can't think of any thing less than a king."

By this time the company was pretty well initiated into Huntley's secret. The ladies laughed faintly, for they were every one of them guilty in a greater or less degree of hyperbole—as perhaps you may be reader. They rallied, however, and jested with their tormentor, but he sustained his part admirably throughout the evening—

Every song that was sung bid fair to get him in raptures. If he told the truth, he was intending to die twenty times—transported out of himself with joy twice as often; never so delighted in all his life, every five minutes—and by the way he flicked his thousands, one would have thought him cashier of the Bank of England. Every thing was "sublime or horridly," every word

man "beautiful as an angel," or homely as a "hedge fence."

In vain his pretty wife endeavored by all the masonic signs of wedlock, to stop her roguish husband; and she could scarcely keep her equanimity till the last guest had gone. Then she burst into a passion of tears and "would not be comforted."

"Come, Katy, tell me how it looked and sounded, said Huntley, half relenting that he had vexed her so. "You know you looked ridiculous," she answered through her sobs; "you know you mortified me half to death. I wish—mother—had been—here; you wouldn't have dared to treat me so—I shall never hold up my head again in society. I thought I should die."

"Now, Katy," replied her husband, despairing at the failure of his efforts, "how do you think you sounded yesterday, when you declared your neck was broken because you tripped over a bush? or when your dress-maker fitted your dress you said it was a mile too large? Were not these expressions fully as ridiculous as mine?"

Katy reflected a moment. "I don't see as I can help it," she said, pettishly. "I have talked so ever since I was born."

"Is there any need of such extravagance, Katy? Let your usual good sense answer."

"Why, no, I suppose not," answered Katy, only pausing a very little; "but I can't help it. Ever body talks so."

"Not every body, Katy. Come—what shall I get you, if you only break yourself of this odious habit? I'll buy you a beautiful pony."

"Oh, delightful!" exclaimed Katy. "I'd do anything in the world for such a gift—yes I'll stop it if I have to cut my tongue out!"

"Oh, Katy! Katy!" cried her husband, "you are incorrigible!"

But Katy did try, and you may, dear reader, succeed as well as she.

From the South Carolinian.

MISS ELLEN BRENNAN IN CAMDEN.

MISS ELLEN BRENNAN, June 7, 1854. Messrs. Editors: The Philadelphia Carolina favored our community last night, for the first time, with a specimen of her inspiration with the genius of song. A very decided sense of appreciation of her talents and execution had preceded her advent through the liberal commendations everywhere bestowed on the young artists by those whom heretofore she has favored with her presence and charmed with her melody. And yet it must be confessed we had prepared ourselves to attribute a large share of these liberal plaudits of the press to the local sentiment which attaches to native excellence. We had heard the acknowledged queen of song in her palmy days, and been borne by the spirit of her heavenly strains to what we had deemed an inaccessible height, far above the stars, and we had been let down again in safety by a conviction of the timid, trustful, winning womanhood of the Swedish enchantress. We had heard the fair Ellen (in bad taste, he said,) called the "Lind of America," and we had feared that the spirit of humbug had been invoked by the rapping media, which so frequently mar the excellence of public entertainments. We knew Miss Brennan was not a Lind, still we trusted that her appellation of "Mocking Bird" might be appropriate.

Well, we went to the concert of Miss Ellen Brennan at Temperance Hall," announced through the Camden Journal. Johnston knows what we mean when we say the elite of Camden were there assembled. Lords of the Waterees, with their courtly dames and high-bred daughters, professional gentlemen of talent, learning, and extensive usefulness; merchants of high character, enlightened, and liberal minds, and large means; mechanics of intelligence, industry and skill; and an array of lovely concomitants which would have adorned the dress circles of any theatre in America.

Mr. Koepfer's introduction on the piano forte scarcely relieved the anxious but dignified suspense of that numerous assemblage. Miss Brennan at length deigns to smile upon the expectant throng. She is natural, but not easy; not graceful, but winning; not beautiful, but captivating. Her smile is lively, humorous and pleasing, and a light beams and twinkles in her dancing eyes absolutely irresistible. The most vinegar-faced old shrew in christendom would humanize at Miss Brennan's person.

"My home! my home! my happy home! My heart fondly clings to thee!" bursts upon us, and the spell is broken. She stands revealed. We make no allowance for youth, for naivety; our hearts tell us that she is one of nature's loved and gifted ones. A child of genius, gifted with the power to reach the heart, to raise the passions, to lull, to soothe, to agonize at will.

We make no apology for our want of cultivated and scientific taste, nor for the destitution of that much more

common commodity—a critical jargon of technicalities. We do not seek to detract from our encomiums, worthless though they may be, because we, in common with the great uncultivated world, have hearts to be moved, cares to be lulled, and pains to be soothed, and spirits to be roused, by the chords of music—whether gushing with the mountain brook, or breaking upon the pebbly beach with the ocean wave, or bursting from the lips of the "Carolina Mocking Bird." The echoes of the "Swiss Song" had decidedly a touch of "The Lind" in them; but an originality characterized even those ventriloquist trills for which the Swede was so famous, and with which our petite Carolinian distinguished the execution of that delightful song. The Prima Donna, and that universally admired "Di Tanti," with its exquisite prelude of *Una Vee*, won all hearts; and the comicities of "The Submissive Wife," as personated by Miss Ellen, caused the audience for the first time to forget their considerate decorum, and was loudly encouraged. By the way, the peculiarities of a Camden audience, when not understood, might be discouraging to a stranger in one respect: Noisy applause is here voted a nuisance, and an evidence of disrespect to the audience and the performer. We appreciate, but do not rap an expression of our approbation. The universal and enthusiastic commendations of the audience, interchanged among themselves during the performance and since, so far as we have had an opportunity of knowing, pronounce this as decidedly the most successful concert given in Camden. We have heard but one regret expressed, and that was that the concert announced for this evening is to be at half-price. The fact is, we are proud of our Carolina Birding, and want you to know it.

CAMDEN.

TEMPERANCE MATTERS.

At the recent meeting of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance held at St. Johns, New Brunswick a gavel, the emblem of his office, was presented to the Hon. J. Belton O'Neill, of this State.

The officer who presented it made a very pretty speech, concluding with the following sentiments:

"Few of us have had the pleasure of visiting your country on errands of benevolence; yet are we not ignorant of the fact, that the hearts and homes of our brethren in the United States have been freely opened to our delegates, and that acquaintances have been formed by them that have ripened into friendships; and we should be wanting in respect for ourselves and our guests, and in fidelity to the cause of temperance, were we not to attempt a requital in kind of your generous hospitality. May the reunion of to-day bind us still closer to our common cause, and add another thread to the woof which is lengthening day by day under the busy hands of toiling men."

And now, brother, be pleased to accept this emblem of the trust and authority conferred upon you by the suffrages of your brethren—the members of the Superior Branch of our organization—in token of our esteem for yourself, and our cheerful obedience to its rule and government. That you will wield it with that wisdom and discretion which befit one so highly exalted in the esteem and confidence of his brethren, is the merited trust of those by whom it is presented; and may the blessings of Heaven rest upon your official labors.

To which Judge O'Neill replied as follows:

Grand Worthy Patriarch: In the name of myself and my brethren of the National Division of North America, I tender you and your brethren our thanks for the very kind and flattering reception which we have received. No better testimonial of your good will and confidence could have been given than in the immense number of the people of these Provinces who are thronging our order. Certainly nothing could have been more gratifying to our feelings as men, as strangers, and as Sons of Temperance.

We are rejoiced, as citizens of the adjoining republic, to testify on the soil of your sovereign our love for you, respect for her, and our union with you in this great work of reform. In this we are sure that your Queen and our Government cannot fail to perceive that there is nothing inconsistent with duty to either.

We have rejoiced to meet you, brethren, in the republic of which we are citizens, and we shall rejoice still more to renew and repeat again and again the pleasures which we have enjoyed in this association.

In common with you, we trust that to-day will be long remembered, as the glorious reunion of the States and Provinces in Love, Purity, and Fidelity to Temperance, and that it will ever

be proudly remembered is one of your best days.

Finally, Grand Worthy Patriarch, be assured that this symbol shall be always treasured as your and your brethren's kind appreciation of this annual session in your city. To you and your brethren, and the people all around us, we tender our best wishes for your and their health and prosperity, and for the extension of temperance throughout your borders.

From the Santa Fe Gazette, April 22. Trial for Murder in New Mexico.

TWO MEN SHOT FOR WITCRAFT.

We publish the trial of the Nambé Indians, which took place at the March term of the United States District Court, in Santa Fe. It presents one of the most singular state of facts that could be imagined, and will be considered by our readers in the United States as something both new and strange. The offence for which the two deceased, Romero and Tofalia, were put to death, was that of witchcraft and sorcery. They were both shot by the defendants named in the indictment, with a gun, a short distance beyond the border of the Pueblo. Who would have imagined that the scenes of the early days of Salem would be re-enacted in the middle of the nineteenth century, and that, too, among a class of people hardly one step more civilized than the savage?

That our readers may further understand this singular case we will say a word or two in regard to the Pueblo Indians. They are a class of people who are supposed to have been originally wild and savage, like the other Indian tribes of the Territory, but were converted to Catholicism in the early days of the Spaniards, when they first occupied this country. They were then gathered into small villages, and so have always remained, up to the present time, scattered through the length and breadth of the country. For all legal purposes they have been recognized as distinct communities, and are a quiet and harmless race of people. They elect their own officers, but are not taxed, nor enjoy any of the rights nor bear any of the burdens of citizens. They retain their primitive dress of skins, and in general appearance differ from the wild Indians of the plains and mountains. Such, in brief, are this singular people, who put four of their number to death for the supposed crime of witchcraft. They profess the Catholic religion, but are wretchedly ignorant and superstitious. Many have supposed them wholly independent of the laws of the United States and this Territory, but this point, when made by the defence on the trial, was not listened to by the Court, which decided that all persons within the limits of the Territory were alike subject to the criminal laws of the country. This is an important point settled, as regards the Pueblo Indians, and henceforward they will be sensible of the fact that they cannot commit crimes without being liable to punishment. And we hope that the non-recognition by our laws of the supposed crime of sorcery and witchcraft, and that those who injure witches are liable to be punished, will have a tendency to prevent similar proceedings in future.

The Nambé Indians were as much frightened as though they had been found guilty, and the trial will serve the same purpose as though they had been punished with death or imprisonment; and we venture to say that in future no more witches will be killed in Nambé. Although the act of the killing was sufficiently proved to the jury, there was no evidence it was done in the county of Santa Fe, without which they could not find them guilty. The trial was conducted in three languages—English, Spanish, and the dialect of Nambé; and during its continuance a deep interest was manifested.

A CHILD'S SYMPATHY.—A child's eyes! those clear wells of undefiled thought; what on earth can be more beautiful? full of all hope, love and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest; in joy, how sparkling; in sympathy, how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the great pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think; speak to it of the holy things of your religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you fear will not love in return—it will take, it is true, no measure or soundings of your thought; it will not judge how much you should believe, whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek; but its whole soul will incline to yours, and engraft itself, as it were, on the feeling which is your feeling for the hour.—Mrs. Norton.

Anecdote of the Late Sir C. Napier.

Sir Charles was married to a lady of strong though gentle character, and he delighted in relating an adventure, which once befell the pair, very characteristic of both. He and lady Napier were riding one evening, unattended, on the summit of the Mahabeshwur Hills. The sun had just set; the pathway was narrow, bordered on one side by jungle, and the other by a deep precipice turning suddenly to his wife, he desired her to ride on at full speed immediately to the nearest village and to send some people back to the spot where she left him, and not to ask him the reason why he sent her. She obeyed—hear it, ye inquisitive and disputatious wives—in silence. It was no slight trial of her courage as well as of her obedience, for the way was lonely and beset with many possible perils; but she rode rapidly and boldly forward, and gained a village at some distance in safety. The party met Sir Charles, however, about a mile from the place, following in his lady's track; and he then explained the reason or his strange and unquestioned command.

He had seen, as they slowly walked their horses, four savage eyes gleam at him through the jungle and believed that they belonged either to a tiger or cheebah—the hunting leopard. He was aware that if they both rode off, the creatures, following the instinct of their nature, would be sure to chase them. He feared lest if Lady Napier knew the fearful kind of peril they were in, she would be startled and unfit to make any attempt at escape, or at least that she would not consent to his judicious plan; so he tested her obedience, as we have seen, successfully. He remained himself confronting, and probably controlling the wild beasts with his eagle eye; for after a short gaze, and a muttered growl, they retreated into the jungle, and he was free to follow his wife.

REMARKABLE STONE.—A FACT FOR THE CURIOUS.—We have frequently heard of the existence of a stone said to possess the power of attracting poison ejected into the system from the bites of animals, reptiles and insects. We regarded the story of its existence, however, like that of the "Philosopher's Stone," a mere creation of the imagination.

We were informed, recently however, by an intelligent and reliable gentleman of the county, and a member of the last Legislature, that his mother-in-law has such a stone in her possession; that it has been in possession of different members of the family for two or three generations, and that although it came from Scotland, no account can be given by any one how it was first obtained.

This stone, he informed us, is very hard, of a porous nature, dark greenish color, and not more than an inch or two long, that he has applied it in numerous instances to persons bitten by spiders and snakes, with entire success, and in one instance only, (owing to a great delay,) out of a great many, did it fail to afford speedy relief, and effect a complete cure.

On applying the stone to the wound, it instantly adheres, and remains until saturated with the poison, and then drops off. On placing it in warm water, the poison is seen to come out in greenish spangles, when the stone may again be applied until a complete cure is effected.

This is a description of the nature and qualities of this singular and valuable stone, which perhaps but few persons would be inclined to believe, although literally true. We are not aware that the existence of such a stone is known to the scientific world at all.—*Spirit of the South.*

[In connection with the above, we are reliably informed that such a stone as is above described has, for twenty years past, been in possession of the family of the late Mr. John King, living on what is called Church Hill, in Richmond, Virginia; and that during that time its qualities in counteracting the effect of poison, as alluded to, have been many times successfully tested.—*Ed. Union.*

PREMATURE BURIAL.—A shocking instance of premature burial is related in a *Manheim Journal*. A woman who, according to the official register, had died on Easter Monday, in child bed, was duly buried. The cure of the parish, whose house was close to the cemetery, afterwards hearing news from that place, called a medical man and ran to the cemetery—but it was too late. The unfortunate woman was found turned on her side in the coffin, weltering in her blood, but still warm. Her real death appeared to have been preceded by a severe struggle, as the coffin had been forced open, and the woman had torn her hair from her head. She could not have been dead many minutes before

the persons arrived. The subject of premature burials has excited the attention of the French Government, and it is proposed to establish dead houses, where the bodies of deceased persons may be kept until decomposition commences, which is now universally allowed to be the only sure evidence of death. Similar houses have long since been established in many parts of Germany.

Appeal to the Young of South Carolina.

In behalf of the Calhoun Monument Association.

The following appeal to the young, we clip from the Charleston Courier:

"There once lived in our midst a great and good man—great, or he would not have so well merited the illustrious name he won—good, or we would not wish to speak of him to you. For forty long years he was the brave champion of our State; and asked no other fate than to spend health and strength in our service.

At length, but not until time had silvered his hair, the Angel of Death summoned his spirit home to God.—In his dying hour did he forget us? Oh no, the last prayer that trembled on his pale lips, was a plea for strength to plead once more our cause. Need I tell you that this good man, whose whole life was an exhibition of virtues, and whose crowning beauty was total forgetfulness of self, was our beloved Calhoun.

Where is the child that does not feel a throb of delighted pride at belonging to that State of which this good man was the chief ornament? Who can, who will, refuse their aid in erecting a Monument to his honored memory? Now we earnestly invite you all to come generously forward and subscribe your name and five cents, and thus assist in erecting a memorial of grateful love. By contributing this small sum, you will constitute yourselves members of the Calhoun Monument Association, and your contribution none will turn away from, with indifference and neglect. It will be a proud moment for the youth of Carolina, when they can point to some stately Monument gleaming brightly beneath a Southern sky, and say "we helped to place it there." Come nobly forward then and give your aid to this glorious cause, and the most beautiful wreath placed upon Calhoun's tomb, will be that chaplet woven by the children's love. E.

THE DEAD OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—Sarah E. Saymore, of Keopport Ky., one of the passengers on board the unfortunate boat John L. Avery, thus closes an interesting letter descriptive of the scenes on board the sinking vessel:

"To indulge in anticipation of that harmony of interest which must eventually emancipate the world from the thralldom of mammon, may we not suppose that when the earth shall again have undergone one of those changes, designed to fit it for the abode of beings more typical of the Divine nature; when in process of general fertilization, the mountains shall be sunk and rolled over by the ocean, whose present depths, with all their treasures, shall be thrown up and explored as historical reminiscences, while the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies, in their turn, sink into channels for mighty streams of water, and the bed of the Mississippi be elevated, forming a track over hills and dales, that then will open to the naturalist and the geologist a vein of curious and doubtful inquiry? It is natural to man, whenever he finds a vestige of the human form, to associate with the relic some idea of religious worship; and will not two thousand miles of the narrow path of the Mississippi, which is now being rapidly paved with human bones, and coins, and other evidences of intelligent beings having inhabited the earth, suggest to the mind of the contemplative a lengthened pilgrimage, where life, sacrificed in the hardships of the way, was supposed to be a passport to immortal bliss? And will not the track be followed, with all the world intent upon the result, expecting the labor to be crowned with a discovery of the ruined temple of the Juggernaut of their idolatrous worship.

"Surely an order of beings advanced but a grade beyond ourselves heavenward, will never, without other record than this to be found in the strata of the earth, be able to surmise that one-half the present world has been sacrificed to the recklessness of competition."

WHERE IS NEBRASKA?—Nebraska is bounded easterly by Minnesota and Iowa, on the west by the Rocky Mountains, on the south by a continuation of the southern boundary of Iowa, running due west to the Rocky Mountains, about as far south as the city of New York. The northern vein is in the 49th parallel of latitude, which is further north by 240 miles than the north-

ern part of New York State and Vermont, as far north as Wisconsin, and Lake Superior, and further north than any part of the New England States.

Hypocrisy is a funny fellow! It walks into church of a Sunday morning, sleek, clean-shaven, well clad, and as smiling as a man with a new wife for the third time. It joins in the anthem, responds to the prayers, listens attentively to the sermon, and shakes hands with the deacons and other celebrities. It is as free with the women as rouge or prepared chalk, and talks to young girls with the greatest freedom and consequence. The missionary fields is its especial care; all the neighbors are drummed up to come "forward," and aid a benevolent "obj-ject." Some of the neighbors subscribe large sums, and others throw in small amounts—the large contributors get their names into the paper, while the small ones are content with the feeling of having done their duty. This same hypocrisy we have seen severely prayerful of a Sunday, and on Monday it bartered a pair of gaiters with a courtizan. It has been known to turn up its eyes with horror at the uttering of an oath, and before fairly recovered from the shock, to swindle a laboring man out of money which should buy his children bread. It is a very nasty thing. It affects disgust at dirt in the streets, while it lives in dirt within doors. It is prevalent in some cheap groceries in the shape of short weights; is exhibited in wet goods, predominates in coffee, is powerful in milk, and—it's everywhere, even in the weather.—Where- ever you meet the fellow, shake him off; eschew his acquaintance, don't let your wife know there is such a character. Better be a Mormon, a thengary, a street contractor or extortor, than a hypocrite. It's a hazardous ballast, if you paddle your own canoe!

MISS ELLEN BRENNAN.—This lady gave us one of her delightful concert of Temperance songs last night. She was admirably assisted by Mr. Koepfer, of Columbia. Her audience was a large and brilliant one. The sweet singer never sang more sweetly. Although much indisposed for a day or two previous, she had rose like the lark to her task of song, and held us all entranced by her exquisite melodies. Every one said it was the rarest of treats, and all leaned forward to catch the faintest modulations of her lovely voice.—Never have we seen an Edgfield audience more entirely gratified; and never did our community give better evidence of their taste and discernment.

May blessings attend the pathway of this child of song, and may fortune favor her with the richest prizes in the lottery of life.—*Edgfield Advertiser.*

TALENT.—Homer was a beggar; Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Bofius died in jail; Tasso was, often distressed for five sillsings; Cervante died of hunger; Milton ended his life in obscurity; Bacon lived a life of meanness; Spenser died of want; Dryden lived in poverty and died of distress; Otway died of hunger; Lee in the streets; Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield was sold for a trifle to save him from prison. Fielding lies in the burying ground of an English factory; Savage died in prison; Chatterton destroyed himself; and John Keats died of a broken heart.

JENNY LIND.—The N. Y. Tribune, of Saturday, publishes the following extract from a private letter from Vienna:

"A few days since, I called at the Hotel zum Romischen Kaiser to pay my respects to Jenny Lind Goldschmidt. She has a decided penchant for America and Americans; and, moreover, as I happened to be well acquainted with some of her Boston friends, I was made doubly welcome. She informed me of her expectation to settle permanently in the United States, mainly on account of her child, a bright little boy. She has been giving concerts in Vienna, in a quiet, unassuming way.

She spoke of a Boston Sabbath as a delightful luxury. Here the Sabbath is made a gala-day by all classes.—Public persons must keep open rooms as on other days of the week, and the people go from the church to the theatre, as if both were dedicated to the Most High.

The Jenny Lind of former days has become the dignified Madame Goldschmidt of the present. She appears somewhat older, but retains the frankness and simplicity of manners which have characterized her above all others.

POWERFUL MAGNET.—A lecturer was dilating upon the power of a magnet defying any one to show anything to surpass its power, when a man mounted the stand and told him that a woman was the magnet of magnets. "For," said he, "if the loadstone can attract iron a foot or two, there was a young woman, who when I was a young man, attracted me thirteen miles to have a chat with her."