

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

VOL. VIII.

SUMTERVILLE, S. C., OCTOBER 11, 1854.

NO. 50.

THE SUMTER BANNER
IS PUBLISHED
Every Wednesday Morning
BY
Lewis & Richardson.

TERMS.
TWO DOLLARS in advance, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents at the expiration of six months or Three Dollars at the end of the year.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Proprietor.
Advertisements inserted at SEVENTY FIVE Cents per square, (12 lines or less,) for the first, and half that sum for each subsequent insertion. (Official advertisements the same each time.)
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 a new one.

Original Poetry

For the Banner.

A fleeting cloud, a meteor's gleam,
An Eagle's flight, a troupe of dream,
A tale that's told, a scene of strife,
A constant warfare, such is life!

We meet, we love, affection glowing,
A hallowed rance round us showing,
In firmest bonds our hearts are bound—
But scarce 'tis done ere we must part!

The ties are broken, friends are gone;
Some called by duty's mandate on,
Some led by Interest's powerful hand,
Some snatched by death's chill, dread command.

And thus we live, still shifting changing,
Earth's wide domain unceasing ranging,
Mid joy and sorrow, light and gloom—
All bounded by the narrow tomb.

Why thus do tears 'mid happiest hours,
Like dew drops fall earth's sweetest flowers?

Why should life's brightest, mystic spell
Be broken by the sad farewell?

There let us rest;—Earth's not our home,
Strangers and pilgrims here we roam;
Oh! be this thought encouragement,
Till the last battle is fought and won.

As borne upon a river's breast
We tam would stop at times to rest
In the cool shade along its side—
Thus are we borne by life's sweet tide.

Yet swiftly on their river speeds,
But stretch all the flowing meads,
Whose brightness seems to bless the stream—
So through earth's waste let our life gleam.

And tho' we meet dark cares, deep woes,
In Heaven there is long, sweet repose,
Tho' here we part and mourn and roam,
There, there is found an eternal home!
URSULA.

Another Outrage.

The following is from a Texas paper.
Five gentlemen arrived in San Antonio, Sept. 4th, who are just returning from California, having come by the overland route from Mazatlan, on the Pacific—their names and places of residence are as follows:

Richard M. Head, Bbb county, Georgia; John W. Cole, Holly Springs, Mississippi; Jas. Schmeidler, Hamilton county, Tennessee; David Spring, Fort Smith, Arkansas.

From these persons we learn the following painful disclosure: In the city of Durango, Mexico, they learned in a private manner that there were some Americans in the city prison, and they afterwards got permission to visit them. They found them in a large stone dungeon of so filthy a description that it was almost impossible for visitors to remain in the entrance way but a few minutes. The Americans in confinement were three in number, and their names and former places of residence were as follows:

William Shirley, Broom county, New York; William Rodgers, Stark county, Ohio; John Gaines, Dayton, Montgomery county, Ohio. These men have been in this filthy dungeon four years and three months, and during two years of this time they were chained down to the floor, in total darkness, where they could not see any person but the one who fed there starving allowance. At the end of two years the huge chains around their ankles and wrists had worn the flesh off to the bone, and such was their horrid condition, that the chains were removed to save their lives and keep them in misery the longer. The flesh partly healed over these wounds, leaving the most heart-rending scars, which were all seen by the five persons whose names are mentioned above.

They state that they were imprisoned on the charge of murdering and robbing a man for his money, and they state also, that from some fact which they are in possession of, the person who committed the murder escaped.

they have been trying to get a trial, at a hearing is refused them. They have written letters to the American Minister in Mexico several times, and they have reason to believe that he has never received them.

Our informants learned from many respectable Spaniards in Durango, that it was impossible to get evidence to convict them; and the great mass of the people believe them innocent. The youngest of these prisoners, John Gaines, of Dayton, Ohio, is only 17 years old. The interview which our informants had with the heart-thrilling scene—and on taking their leave, they begged them in the most feeling manner to relate their circumstances to the American people, and if possible to send news to their friends of their condition, and send them relief. The above statement is of the most reliable character—these persons witnessed it with their own eyes, and they are persons of undoubted veracity, and some of them have long been known to some of our citizens.

For the sake of humanity, let there be something done in this matter. If a citizen of the United States has any protection abroad, let it be known. For what object do we have a Minister in Mexico? Our government should regard the rights of each citizen of our country, and hold them as sacred as the rights of one of the States of our Union. Let the alarm be sounded in the ears of every American that three of their brothers are confined with our cause, and are famishing with hunger and dying in chains, in a dark loathsome dungeon in the city of Durango, Mexico.—[Texas.]

A Wonderful Lake.

The following extracts are from the correspondence to the *Courier & Enquirer*, of Mr. E. Meriann, who is now travelling about the sources of the St. Lawrence:

"Another point of great interest, I examined on the north side of the water shed, on the high lands of Champlain, on a flat piece of ground, in deepening a spring, a black rock was reached, which had the lustre and compactness and color of anthracite coal, but it lacks the essential quality of being combustible. I obtained several specimens for my geological collection. On the high land the apples were of exquisite flavor and most beautiful tint—the most splendid fruit I have seen anywhere. East of this point on the top of a hill in Montpelier I examined a wonderful lake—this lake is in the apex of a high hill—and is in the bottom of a circular indentation, like the crater of an extinguished volcano. The form of the crater is like that of the inside of a teacup, it is about 200 feet from the upper rim to the water. The water has a depth of more than three hundred feet, and when looked at from the top of the bank has a bright green color, but on being lifted in a glass is found to be perfectly transparent. Trees that fall into the water of the lake become encrusted with a green coating, that on being exposed to the air became stone. The boys in the vicinity get small sticks out of the water thus encrusted and cutting out the woody part make whistles of the stone encrustation. Another lake called the Lower Green Lake connects with this circular lake by a little run that appears to have found its way through an opening. I examined the round lake in the evening first by moon light, I was alone and stood upon its mysterious rim under the shade of a noble tree, with sink-holes around me, endeavoring to gather from the impressive scenery new thoughts. It is a wonderful place to commune in silence with one's self. [I listened attentively to see if any noise came from below; nothing of the kind was perceptible. The next morning, before the sun had risen, I again repaired to the banks of this deep basin, and could, in that state of atmosphere which on a clear morning precedes sunrise, discover gases rising from the bottom of every portion of the lake; its surface was in a state of ebullition from the escape of the gases from below. At the lower lake I spent some time—there with the striking of a stick on the surface of the water, I caused bubbles to form on the surface and as these were waited toward a rock I stood upon, which gently sloped into the lake, having a white surface, I noticed that the sun's rays were brought to a focus by these bubbles, in a fine pointed star. It was an interesting observation, and I continued it for an hour with a deep interest.

On the borders of this lake in a cool November morning I came upon a garden of flowers—beautiful and splendid beyond description—they were frost flowers and the growth of the previous night. In shape they resemble the white pond lily—but the stem was unlike that aquatic flower, being only of a few inches in length; these frost flowers were as large as the white lily, and rose but a little

above the ground. The outer leaves were opaque on the edges, and the stem portion perfectly transparent; the inner leaves were but little different, but the shades between the opacity and transparency were so harmonious and beautiful that I was perfectly enchanted when I examined them, and without taking a second thought I plucked one from its stem and carried it near a mile. It at length melted in my hand. I felt sorry that I had removed it, but consoled myself with the reflection that it was not lost, that it still existed although in a more expanded form and would again have form of beauty and brilliancy. The earth where the bed of frost flowers were found was wholly unlike any earth I had ever before seen—it was a mealy substance nearly the color of tan made of pulverized bark and quite dry.

In the same level piece of ground the son of the farmer who owns it was ploughing several years ago, and while following his team with his back toward the lake he heard a roaring of water behind him—he looked back and saw the lake overflowing land in great waves—he hastened his team and fled to his home alarmed and alarmed; but when he returned with his father to see what had been done, the lake had resumed its place and its quiet. When I first approached the border of this lake, I found, on the surface what appeared at first view to be pumice stone, but I found on examination that it was heavier, and was a sort of concrete formed by the water. On driving on the shore of the lake I found its waters very deep and its banks perpendicular, and had to me a frightened aspect. I returned at once to the nearest house and enquired if there was any danger in exploring the borders of the lake, and being assured there was none I returned and commenced my researches. Wood taken from this lake on being burnt gives out a sulphurous smell. The surface of these lakes are about three feet lower than the bottom of the Erie Canal on the great level between Syracuse and Utica, and the lakes are about eight miles from the great Salines of Onondaga, and probably belong to the great subterranean laboratory. Rice Lake is near by me—that lake is a great aquatic grain field, planted and cultivated by nature; here is a bountiful provision for the wild fowls in their journeying from North to South. It is the wild rice—the stalk is sometimes a dozen feet long, and takes root in the mud at the bottom of the lake, and reaches above the surface of the water several feet. The Indians enter these aquatic fields with their bark canoes, and with a pole turn the heads of the rice over to the inside of the canoe and then beat out the grain; the kernel is black and about the same size as the white rice of the South. I have eaten it made into pudding with the syrup of the maple juice for sauce and found it most excellent.

Killing a Russian.

The following is an extract from the letter of a British sailor describing his first fight. It is his own moral:

"We dispersed at a few hundred yards distance from the beach, to keep the coast clear whilst the boat's crew made prizes of the guns. The enemy had the advantage of the wind, and although knowing the country well, and a troop of them showed in advance. We were ordered to fire. I took steady aim, and fired on my man at about sixty yards. He fell like a stone. At the same time a broadside from the enemy disappeared, we could scarce tell how. I felt as though I must go up to him, to see whether he was dead or alive. He lay quite still, and I was more afraid of him lying so than when he stood facing me a few minutes before. It's a strange feeling to come over you all at once that you have killed a man. He had unbuttoned his jacket, and was pressing his hand over the front of his chest, where he wound was. He breathed hard, and the blood poured from the wound, and also from his mouth, every breath he took. His face was white as death, and his eyes looked so big and bright as he turned them and stared at me, I shall never forget it. He was a fine young fellow, not more than five and twenty. I went down on my knees beside him, and my breast felt so full, as though my own heart would burst. He had a real English face, and did not look like an enemy. What I felt I never can tell, but if my life would have saved his, I believe I should have given it. I had his head on my knee, and he grasped hold of my hand and tried to speak, but his voice was gone. I could not tell a word he said, and every time he tried to speak the blood poured out, so I knew it would soon be over. I am not ashamed to say that I was worse than he, for he never shed a tear, and I could not help it. His eyes were closing when a gun was

fired from the—to order us aboard, and that aroused him. He pointed to the beach, where the boat was just pushing off with the guns which we had taken, and where our marines were waiting to man the second boat, and then he pointed to the wood, where the enemy was concealed—poor fellow, he little thought how I had just shot him down. I was wondering how I could leave him to die and no one near him, when he had a something like a convulsion for a moment, and then his face rolled over, and without a sigh he was gone. I trust the Almighty has received his soul. I laid his head gently down on the grass and left him. It seemed so strange when I looked at him for the last time—I somehow thought of everything I had heard about the Turks and the Russians, and the rest of them—but all that seemed so far off, and the dead man so near!"
Hango Roads, May 22.

American Painters Abroad.

A correspondent of the *New York Times* gives a sketch of the American painters residing in Rome, from which we have culled the following extracts: "Page of New York, removed to Rome in the autumn of 1852, where one of his first works was a portrait of Charlotte Cushman, the actress. The likeness was capital, and all the soul and character of the accomplished actress were brought out in perfect fidelity. He next painted a portrait of Mrs. Crawford, the wife of the sculptor. The next portrait from his easel, was that of Browning, the English poet. There is a beautiful consistency in Page's whole character, as his greatness of talent and largeness of soul are equal.

Freeman, also of our city, has been a resident of Rome for 16 years. The last picture that he sent home, was one of 'The three Marys at the sepulchre.' It is a picture that tells the story well. It was low toned, deep and rich in color, and is pervaded by fine feeling. It reminds you of the works of Correggio in color and sentiment. He is now at work on a picture of Columbus, as a boy, applying for charity to the Monks at the gate of the convent.

Chapman has lately finished a large picture of Hagar and Ishmael in the desert. His oil-pictures of Italian life are beautiful gems. He has painted a great many landscapes of the Campagna of Rome, that are truthful to nature, and the effects of sunlight very skillfully managed.

Clephas G. Thompson, of our city, is residing here, where he has been for two years. The past winter he has been engaged upon portraits, in which line he is very good. He has painted a number of ideal pictures, among them, one that he calls the 'Circassian Girl,' that I much admire. It is a half length figure in a sitting posture, the arms crossed in front, with the hands in view, and the face—one of peerless beauty—looking upward. A manacle, and her sad expression tell the tale of her servitude. The features are classical, and her dark waving tresses are tastefully arranged. It is rich in drapery and color, correct in drawing, and a most lovely picture. He has many other works in his studio, which clearly show his fine feeling for the chaste and beautiful. He is a man very much liked here for his kind, genial and truthful nature, and holds a high rank as an artist.

Brown, the landscape painter, has painted a number of large landscapes of views near Tivoli. His drawings from nature surpass anything I ever saw.

Tilton, from Massachusetts, is a young man of great promise as a landscape painter. It is evident from his works that he takes Claude for his guide, whose works he studies more than nature.

Witherspoon, who is about to return to your city after a six years' European residence, much of which was passed at Rome, is beyond all question the best landscape painter we have here. He has in his studio a number of works, among them a picture of 'Nemi,' viewed from the shore of the lake. The subject has been painted repeatedly by eminent artists, but never better treated than by him. It represents the town on a high cliff that overhangs the lake, beyond which is a perfectly pure and magnificent Italian sky. He seems to have caught the very spirit of the place, which is the most picturesque and composing to the mind of the beholder of any in Italy. The lake reposes in a deep amphitheatre; high above the sea, it is surrounded by frowning cliffs which are surmounted with castellated battlements as if man had vied with nature in heightening the stern and rugged expression of the savage scene. The bed of the lake is evidently the crater of an extinct volcano, whose fires have, in long past ages, fantastically scarred the high and craggy

ing crags, all of which are mirrored in the limpid and quiet waters beneath, in which seems to be reflected not only the tints but the calm of heaven.

The picture I am vainly endeavoring to describe represents the scene at about sunset. The shadows and mists of evening are already collecting about the lake, and its shores rendered just indistinct enough to give chance to the imagination to conjure up strange and romantic fancies, and to people the gathering shades with the fabled spirits with which the classic poets were wont to populate such entrancing scenes. The whole picture is radiant with poetry and nature—romance and reality—blended like the light and shadow, and withal so cunningly that it captivates the mind like some delicious dream of a brighter world.

The correspondent of the *London Art Journal*, describing his visit to the various Roman studios, gives the following touching sketch of a gifted but unfortunate artist:

"As yet fame and prosperity had attended the efforts of those artists whose studios we had visited. But a sad change was now to meet us we picked our steps along an unutterably broken up, dirty lane, and then groped our way up a dark winding staircase to the next studio on our list. We were admitted with all the eagerness of that hope delayed which maketh the heart sick. There was an anxious, we look about the pretty woman (evidently the painter's wife) who received us and then instantly withdrew. Italian rooms; no carpet covered the brick floor, little furniture appeared anywhere the only embellishment were several large fresh pictures in old frames, all unsold productions of a meritorious but neglected artist. He—a poor, thin, shrivelled, grey haired man, sat painting in his little studio, dressed in a threadbare coat, and rose evidently startled and surprised at the entrance of visitors; it was easy to see that few came his way! A fine, spirited picture of the campagna, with admirable groups of cattle and peasants in the foreground, drawn like Paul Potter, and excellently colored, stood on the easel. Had this poor man been the fashion, how much and how justly would his picture have been praised? I asked them if it was a commission: 'No, I never have any commissions now,' he replied; with a heavy sigh. 'Was he going to send it to the exhibition of the royal Academie?' 'No, for he could not afford the expense, and he had no friend to ensure even a tolerable place.' I felt quite touched, but only ventured to say that I warmly and sincerely admired the picture of his easel.

"A pale gleam of pleasure stole across his face, and then faded by like the flame of a wanted lamp. On the walls were beautiful sketches of the landscape and animals,—one, a blood-red sunset, with an old man darkening the foreground, I admired greatly. I ought to add that this poor neglected man is one of the best animal painters alive, after Landseer. He has engraved a series of etchings that prove his talent; and there is a great picture by him of men on horse back chasing a drove of wild bullocks, galloping down into the foreground, which is really admirable. But what matters all this? it is two late now; the iron has entered into his soul, and he is painting, old, and broken-hearted.

"In the corner of the studio was a lovely female figure just sketched in. 'I shall never finish that portrait, begun twenty years ago now,' and he sighed again. I understand the allusion: that picture was the representation of the man which had been his fate. When it was begun, he was a rising artist, received in the magnificent saloons of a certain wealthy Roman nobleman, on a footing of equality with the rest of his professional brethren. The original of the head we were now looking at was a beautiful model who often sat to him, and whom he regarded with the lover's as well as the artist's eye. She was very good, very virtuous, sitting only for that fatal folk which worked him such woe. At last he married the model he was proud of his fair and honest wife, and in a moment of imprudent but pardonable enthusiasm, he took her with him to one of the great Roman nobleman's parties. Had she not been so surpassingly lovely, she might have passed unnoticed; but as it was, all eyes were bent upon her: a buzz went round the room of wonder and admiration, but with it there mingled gradually a whisper that the beauty had been a model.

"Both husband and wife were desired to withdraw, and from that day the painter's fate was sealed; no one employed him, no one received him: solitary and poor, he worked on, and children were born, and debts contracted, and misery gathered like a dark cloud around his household, until he became the poor pinched, faded man whom I now saw. It was his beautiful wife

who had opened the door and then quickly left us. Time had laid his heavy finger on her, too.—We had no opportunity of seeing more of her, for she never showed at our departure. What a world of wretchedness there is in all this, even as I write it; and yet every word is strictly, positively true.

(From the *Charleston Standard*.)

Compensation of Postmasters.

To Editors of Papers and Postmasters generally.
GENTLEMEN: Since the publication of the Postmaster General's report, considerable discussion has arisen in relation to the ultimate success of the cheap postage experiment. It is not my object, at least in this communication, to participate in this discussion. I wish, however, to call the attention of the press and the people to the fact that the Postmasters, especially at the medium size offices, are not half paid for their laborious and responsible services. No one has alluded to this defect, and the reason is perhaps that no one is aware of its existence but the Postmasters, who being directly interested feel a delicacy in urging the matter.

But, gentleman, is it proper that Postmasters should, in the small offices, labor and give their services to the government; ought they to be paid or not? They have laborious duties to be performed and they bear a heavy responsibility; they deal with all kinds of people, and frequently, whilst in the faithful discharge of their duties, have they to suffer the unjust censure of those who hold them personally responsible for every failure and derangement of the mail service.

It is impossible to narrate the injustice which Postmasters suffer, and to which they are daily exposed. The Postmasters do not ask remuneration for the unpleasantness thus occasioned, but they demand of their country a fair compensation for their labors. In small offices, we have no paper, time, nor desk furnished us by government.

Before the postage on letters was reduced, many of the small offices were worth double the amount they are now. By the act which reduced the postage, the labors of the Postmaster have been vastly increased, while their pay has been greatly diminished; unless some provision is made for the payment of the Postmasters, honest and capable men will not long be found in such capacities.

Upon behalf of the Postmasters in the United States, I solicit the co-operation of the press in an effort to do justice to a useful body of public servants. Now, gentlemen, we more or less are interested in your behalf, will you not speak a word for us; many of us deliver a number of your papers free out of our offices, which we would like our friends to read, but at the same time, we, as officers of Uncle Sam, ought to be cared for.

A POSTMASTER.

A Traveller's Experience of Woman.

I have observed among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that wherever found they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action; no haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenious, more liable in general to err than man, but in general also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man, it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of wandering Tartar, hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, I ate the coarse morsel with a double relish.

Ledgard's Letters.

How to Get Rid of Mosquitoes in the Night.—Mosquitoes, says an exchange, love beef blood better than they do any that flows in the veins of human kind. Just put a couple of generous pieces on plates near you bed at night, and you will sleep undisturbed by these pests. In the morning you will find them full and stupid with beef blood, and the most stuck-up dry-as-a-cork.

Poetry.
SELECTED.
Pain-opsis.
Loves suggest of yonder BAKER'S
"My first shall ever face upon your
right, and ere long you shall hear my voice
no more."

Dark was the heart when first I loved
The tinting of a fairer face
Which seemed to say, "Come, hear the
world!"

And Reason's voice approved I soon
For I had seen the path of sin
Was nothing more than I had longed to
Unholy Time's swift march the while
Ravished with a calm eye, and yet
But not the evening's glow to see

A voice would speak, "With me, my
Gains then momentary are, and
My heart was broken by the vain
Music—peruse me weary and
Lace had broken her own Fall
Then, then, that voice of the path of sin
Lure drew, yet warning gently gave
"In vain thou tread'st the path of sin
Life is no usque—Death is no dream!"
Oh man, O God! thy name I heard,
And sick at heart, I sought the place
Where thou should'st point unto the Lord
And tell us of the Prince of Peace.
And "thou shalt trumpet-tongue proclaim
The Curse, the Cure, the gift of Life
His holy name in vain I name,
Tears brought no calm, nor prayer relief.
Enclosed in Sin's magic zone
I hope did no clue of grace reveal;
Sneeringly domineered to roll, roll on
Even as a wheel within a wheel!"
"Then, let my pride; I bent me low
And at the Cross I knelt, and
Aid now, hear the angel's word:
In thy smile, smiles I saw the God!
"Thou say'st, 'we part, but ere long
My voice you shall hear no more!"
No!—Beneath with His spear's searching
Memory will keep those tones of power!
Those warning eyes—those melting tears,
The hand still pointing unto God
Present shall be in coming years
In smile or shade along Life's road
When of our Savior's love shall move
Devotion's sirens' tears shall move,
Will we not thank him, Heaven sent
To us, to that Savior's love?
Servant of God, whose union comes
E'en from the great white throne of Heav-

en, where so'er a wanderer roams
Without a hope or blessing given,
Gleam and glow the Eternal youth
In some Life's bright perennial ever
play'd that, with those thou led'st
to Truth
shine, an undying star forever!

—C—L
Anderson, August 25th 1854.
—Vision of Ezekiel 1, 16.

Dr. THORWELL.—The anticipated transfer of this gentleman from his present position to the head of the Theological Seminary in Columbia has been discussed in the South Carolina Presbytery. A writer from Pendleton to the Spartanburg Express says:

"The meeting of the Presbytery was an interesting one, composed of much talent and ability, and every thing passed off nicely. I was present on one occasion when quite a warm and animated discussion took place between Dr. Adger, Judge Whitner, and the Rev. Mr. Humphreys in relation to the great question of removal. Dr. Thorwell from the South Carolina College, and placing him at the head of the Seminary in Columbia.

The discussion took place during an informal and intercollegiate meeting of Presbytery, more to ascertain the opinion of the ministers and of the present time to take any action as a body on the subject.

"Dr. Adger advocated his removal, while Judge Whitner, Mr. Humphreys opposed it. Dr. Adger, as his ways is, was clear, concise, and direct, and the others seemed to get quite warm and excited on the subject. I think the grave and important question should be fully weighed and discussed in all its aspects."

The Kansas Seal.—We have just seen the seal of the Territory of Kansas, engraved by Robert Lovett at Philadelphia, according to the design of Governor Leavenworth. It consists of a shield with two supporters and surmounted by a scroll, motto, and is emblematic of the life of the pioneer and the agriculturist. The lower compartment of the shield contains the buffalo and the hunter—the upper contains the implements of agriculture. The left hand supporter is a pioneer with his sack of flour, leggings, rifle and tomahawk; whilst on the right is the Golden State with her wheat, and at her feet, the Golden Rule, has a fallen tree and axe. The motto is a beautiful and striking allusion to the pioneer and the agriculturist. The motto is, "The Golden Rule of the Pioneer and the Agriculturist." The whole design is, we think, well devised, highly suggestive, and in excellent taste.
Easton (Pa.) Argus.

The New Poet.—Gerard Manse, the young English poet, is a laborer operative. At the age of eight years he commenced work in a silk factory for 6d. a week. His father was a poor cana, boatman, earning the wages of ten shillings a week. From this social position, the young poet has struggled until his fame as a writer is fast becoming familiar to the minds of the old and new worlds.