

The Sumter Banner

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

JOHN S. RICHARDSON, JR.,
PROPRIETOR.

"God—and our Native Land."

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PUBLISHER.

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THE SUMTER BANNER

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Every Wednesday Morning
BY
John S. Richardson, Jr.

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. All subscriptions are expected to be paid for in advance.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of 75 cents per square for the first; Fifty cents for the second, and Thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion under three months. Official advertisements inserted at twenty-five cents for each insertion.

Single insertions One Dollar per square. Semi-Monthly, Monthly and Quarterly advertisements charged the same as single insertions.

Business cards of five lines and under inserted at Five-Dollars a year.

Three Months advertisements.—One square \$1 00, two squares \$1 50, three squares \$2 00, four squares \$2 50.

Six Months advertisements.—One square \$1 75, two squares \$2 50, three squares \$3 25, four squares \$4 00.

Yearly advertisements with the privilege of changing three times, one square \$10 00, two squares \$18 00, three squares \$25 00, four squares \$33 00, and five squares \$40 00.

A square to consist of the space occupied by 12 lines of non-ion type.

All job work cash, and transient advertising paid for in advance.

Obituary notices and tributes of respect over 12 lines charged as advertisements.

All advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be published until forbid and charged accordingly.

Communications calculated to promote private interest, or recommendations of candidates for offices of honor, profit or trust will be charged for as advertisements.

Announcing a candidate Five Dollars a year. For all marriages the printer's fee is expected.

poetry.

[Selected.]
Sing to me of Heaven.

I've heard you sing of earthly honors
All overhanging with fading flowers,
Now sing to me of heaven!
Though earth's young buds may open fair
There is a poison in the air,
A blight on every blossom there,
O sing to me of heaven!

I'm fainting with the dust and strife
That fills the battle field of life;
O sing to me of heaven!
The white-robed angels gently move
Among the happy fields above,
And all their words are breathed in love,
O sing to me of heaven!

I sigh for peace; earth knows it not,
That hope and love, will sorrow blot
O sing to me of heaven!
And amidst the music of that sphere
Where breaks no noise, falls no tear,
In calmness rolls the eternal year,
O sing to me of heaven!

Ave, sing! for I am longing so
To that delightful rest to go,
The holy rest of heaven!
Your notes will make my spirit strong
To rise o'er mortal grief and wrong,
And listen to the angel's song;
O sing to me of heaven!

Assassination in Constantinople.

The following letter, though we have reason to believe its details perfectly true, reads like a leaf taken from the "Arabian Nights."

CONSTANTINOPLE, Jan. 20.—Many of our readers will doubtless remember that this capital has for some length of time been the scene of many mysteriously perpetrated robberies of houses, and the equally mysterious and sudden disappearance of many an English private or A. B. This "killing work" reached its climax about May or June last, at the time when so many troops were quartered in and about this city. Some people regarded these acts of bloodshed as nothing more than the result of some midnight brawl, others considered them the works of Moslem fanaticism. But the fact was never satisfactorily accounted for, nor did the many investigations of the police ever succeed in obtaining any clue as to the perpetrators until very lately, when the mystery of these deeds was cleared up. And it is a great blessing that the villains have been at last secured, as the cases of murders were again becoming very frequent. On the 2nd of January a gipsy came to the chief cavass, or superintendent of police, and offered to disclose the haunts of a gang of murderers, on payment of a reward of 1,000 piastres. Though immediately secured, he refused to divulge a single fact without the promise of the above sum. The threat of immediate execution was next tried on him, when the gipsy, in order to save himself, declared the whole as a gipsy story. Hereupon he was sent in charge of a cavass to the prison, but neither vans nor handcuffs are in fashion here, and the gipsy managed to make his escape again. Next morning he was found dead in the open street, with four deep gashes in his breast. It is supposed that the gang got wind of the gipsy's intention to betray them, and, accordingly, quietly dispatched him, to render him harmless for the future.

In the evening of the 3d, as some cavasses were making their rounds in one of the streets of Galata they observed two men, carrying a large bag between them, apparently with much difficulty. The policemen suspected

them, by their manner to have committed some theft, and accordingly, to escape observation, got into the shade of a dead wall, to allow the others to approach. But this plan failed for the moon that moment re-appearing from behind a cloud, threw her light full upon the dead wall, whereupon the two men let fall their bag and took to their heels. The bag was found to contain the body of an English soldier, with a bullet through his head.

On the night of the 6th, three French soldiers, walking through one of the streets at Pera, suddenly came upon two Greeks, carrying the body of an English sailor. Suspecting the commission of a foul deed, the Frenchmen unsling their rifles, which hung at their sides, and gave chase to the Greeks, who instantly dropped their burden and ran off. The chase continued, up one lane and down another, for some time, when the pursued suddenly halted and gave a loud, shrill whistle. Suddenly the previous empty lane was crowded with dark figures, who rushed on the unfortunate Frenchmen, who had thus nobly endeavored to avenge the death of the English sailor. They fired, and made a gallant stand for some time until the overwhelming numbers bore them down, stabbing and clubbing them, without mercy. Soon after, some cavasses passing by, the ruffians disappeared again as quickly as they had come to the rescue of their fellow murderer, but not without leaving two of the Frenchmen dead. The third lived just long enough to make his statement to the police, who instantly searched all the neighboring houses, courts, and alleys, but without finding anything suspicious whatever.

A former member of the Gades Volunteer Corps who has been obtaining a scanty livelihood here by executing all sorts of commissions, where, by he not infrequently came in contact with some of the crew of all nations, volunteered to find the haunts of this mysterious gang, as he had been generally depended upon, his tender was accepted, and a dagger and a revolver given him for protection. On the morning of the 6th he was loaded outside of Pera. A cavass, who has also volunteered to solve the mystery, likewise fell a victim, and was picked up one morning covered with dagger wounds and perfectly dead.

On the 11th, however, the mystery was solved. It happened as follows: A Pole of the name of Glabaz and an Italian, Pisani, whose name happened to occupy the same room. The Italian led a very free and easy life, was seldom at home, and does not appear to have been a novice in gambling either. After having been out all night, Pisani entered their common dwelling on the morning of the 11th, with a ejected look, which caused his friend the Pole to demand of him what ill luck he had had. Pisani answered, that he had lost all his cash that night at play, and had even to leave his gold watch as security for a borrowed sum, adding, "I shall go and redeem my watch directly or the rascally host will change it—and I would not lose that watch for the world. Hang these nameless streets and numberless houses! I should despair of finding the cabaret again but for a clever trick of mine; as I left the house I cut a large cross on the house door with my knife—that is my only guide, but it is a mark which the old rascal cannot easily efface." He took all his money and every valuable trinket he possessed, and departed determined to lose all or win his money back. Glabaz had a presentiment that something would go wrong, and determined to go in search of his friend if he did not make his appearance by next morning. Morning came, but no Pisani; and Glabaz therefore set out to carry his resolution into effect. He had vainly dived about fruitlessly for about an hour, when he entered a small cabaret to refresh himself with a glass of rum. He gave the host a piastre, and demanded his change in paras. In one of these paras he had only the day before scratched his name with a nail, and recognised it as belonging to Pisani, who must have given away that para. He therefore entered into conversation with the gin-shop keeper, asked him whether an Italian had been here lately, and whether he had played at his house. The man evaded the question, and his name appeared all together so odd that Glabaz quietly took his departure in order to have a look at the street door. Sure enough, there was the cross hurriedly scratched on the outside. Turning into the next street, he met a file of policemen attending on some arabas, which contained the bodies of those who had all victims in the past night. There were 14 corpses; of these 7 were English, 4 French, Pisani lay lifeless there too. No doubt could now exist as to who the perpetrators of all these crimes were, and where their den was;

and on that same day the whole premises were surrounded by military, who effected the capture of 15 men and 8 women, all of whom will no doubt meet the punishment they so richly deserve.

A visit to Wakulla Spring in Florida.

After many a month of weary wandering, my friend and I found ourselves, on a pleasant morning in March, in the little capital of Florida. While we were enjoying our coffee with a number of gentlemen, one of them asked, "Have you been to Wakulla?" We were obliged to confess that we had never even heard of such a place. With a look of astonishment, he proceeded to account its wonders. We listened as incredulously as you, dear reader, are about to listen to my description. We resolved, however, to visit the spot; and presuming with all due respect for your extensive geographical knowledge, that you know no more of them than we did, I make no apology for giving you an account of our visit to the wonderful fountain.

With a one-legged negro as guide, *compagnon de voyage*, and driver of a pair of horses, whose legs collectively had not much more elasticity than his, we started on our journey. Our road, which presented the usual variety of sand and stumps, lay through an almost unbroken pine forest. All along our way we noticed great numbers of those depressions, or "sinks," as they are called, which are so common in limestone regions. Subterranean streams forced their way through the fissures of this soft rock, and rapidly wear away the sides of their channels. Thus as many suppose, were produced the great limestone caves, which are found in the Southern and Western States. Some times the channel is worn so nearly to the surface of the earth that their thin crust breaks through, and thus a valley or "sink" is formed. We saw scarcely a brook or a spring on the road to warn us of our approach to the great fountain of Wakulla. At length after driving about fifteen miles, we entered the grounds of a planter.

After a gentle descent of a quarter of a mile, we reached a beautiful grove, in which were the unmistakable evidences of many a picture from Tallahassee. We knew that Wakulla was a favorite resort for such enjoyments, and were therefore confident that our wooden-legged Phœbus had guided his steeds aright.

Taking a narrow path, we passed through some dense underwood; and suddenly we were standing on the edge of a basin of water, about one hundred yards in diameter. It is almost circular. The thick bushes were growing to the water's edge, and leaving their heads beneath its surface. We stepped upon a skiff, and pushed off from the shore. Some immense fishes attracted my attention, and I seized a spear to strike them. The boatman laughed, and asked how far I supposed they were beneath the surface. I answered, "about four feet." He assured me that they were at least twenty feet from me, and it was so.

The water is of the most marvellous transparency. I dropped an ordinary pin in the water 40 feet deep, and saw its head with perfect distinctness as it lay on the bottom. As we approached the centre I noticed a jagged, grayish, limestone cliff beneath us. It was pierced with holes; through these openings we seemed to look into unfathomable depths. The boat moved slowly on. We hung trembling over the edge of the sunken precipice, and far below it lay a dark, yawning, unfathomable abyss. From its gorge comes pouring forth with immense velocity a livid river.

"Flood upon flood hurries on, never ending,
And it never will rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is labouring the birth of the sea."
One little boat, floating on an element as transparent as the air above, seemed hovering midway between two worlds.

Pushing on just beyond the mouth, I dropped a ten-cent piece into the water, which is there one hundred and ninety feet in depth, and saw it clearly shining on the bottom. This seems incredible. The water must possess a magnifying power, for such a piece of money were lying at the foot of a tower one hundred and ninety feet in height, it could not be seen so plainly from the summit. We moved on towards the South side, and suddenly we perceived the water, the fishes, which were darting hither and thither, the long flexile roots, and the wide bladed, luxuriant grasses upon the bottom, all arrayed in the most brilliant prismatic hues. The gentle swell, occasioned by the motion of our skiff, gave to the whole an undulating motion. Deathlike stillness reigned around. All seemed magical and unreal. The boyish dreams, which I used to have after reading the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, were

actualized. A more fairy like scene I can scarcely conceive.

The water, which is here poured forth, forms, by itself, a river. The planter, who lives on the banks, brings his cotton to the spring, puts it on rafts, and thus transports it to St. Marks. We saw what was said to be the remains of a Mastodon, which had been taken from the fountain.—The triangular bone below the knee measured six inches on each side.—How the animal came to perish there, is a question open to discussion.

The Indian name for this spring is beautifully significant. Wakulla means "The Mystery." It is said that the Spanish discoverers of this fountain plunged into it, with almost frantic joy. They supposed that they had found the long sought "Fons Juventutis," or Fountain of Youth, which should rejuvenate them after their exhausting marches and battles.

Speech of Zachariah Spicer.

On the question, Which enjoys the greatest amount of happiness, the bachelor or the married man?
Mr. President and gentlemen—I rise to advocate the cause of the married man. And why should I not? I claim to know something about the institution. I do. Will any gentleman pretend to say that I do not? Let him accompany me home. Let me confer with him with my wife and seventeen children, and decide.

High as the Rocky Mountains tower above the Mississippi valley, does the character of the married man tower above that of the bachelor. What is a bachelor? What was Adam before he got acquainted with Eve? What but a poor, shiftless, helpless, insignificant creature? No more to be compared with his after self than a mill-dam to the great roaring cataract of Niagara. [A pause.]

Gentlemen, there was a time I wish to say, when I too was a bachelor; and a more miserable creature you would hardly expect to find. Every day I toiled hard, and at night I came home to my comfortless garret—no carpet, no fire, no nothing. Everything was in a clutter, and the words of the poet:

"Confusion was monarch of all I surveyed."
Here lay a pair of pants, there a dirty pair of boots; there a dirty play-bill, and here a pile of dirty clothes.—What wonder that I took refuge at the gaming table and bar-room. I found it would never do gentlemen, and in a lucky moment I vowed to reform.—Sincerely had the promise passed my lips, when a knock was heard at the door, and in came Susan Simpkins after my dirty clothes.

"Mr. Spicer," she says, "I've washed for you six months, and I haven't seen the first red cent in the way of payment. Now I'd like to know what you are going to do about it."
I felt in my pocket book. There was nothing in it, and I knew it well enough.

"Miss Simpkins," said I, "It's no use denying it, I haven't got the jewelry. I wish for your sake I had."
"Then," said she promptly, "don't wash another rag for you."
"Stop," said I, "Susan, I will do what I can for you. Silver and gold will do, they are at my service."
"Are you in earnest?" says she, looking a little suspicious.

"Never more so," says I.
"Then," says she, "as there seems to be no prospect of getting my pay any other way, I guess I'll take up with you other."
Enough said. We were married in a week; and what's more, we haven't had cause to repent it. No more at times for me, gentlemen. I live in a good house, and have somebody to mind my clothes. When I was a poor miserable bachelor, gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a weasel. Now I am as plump as a pouter.

In conclusion, gentlemen, if you want to be a poor, ragged fellow, with out a coat to your back, or a shoe to your feet; if you want to grow old before your time, and as uncomfortable generally, as a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, I advise you to remain a bachelor; but if you want to live decently and respectably, get married. I've got ten daughters, gentlemen, [overpowering applause,] and you may have your pick.

Mr. Spicer sat down amidst long continued plaudits. The generous proposal with which he concluded, secured him five sons-in-law.

Names.—Emma is from the German, and signifies a nurse; Caroline, noble-minded; George from the Greek, a farmer; Martha, from Hebrew, bitterness; the beautiful and common Mary is Hebrew, and means a drop of salt water, a tear; Sophia, from Greek, wisdom; Susan, from Hebrew, a lily; Thomas, from Hebrew, a twin; Robert, from German, famous in council.

MAXIMS TO GUIDE A YOUNG MAN.

—Mix equal quantities of spirits of vitriol and lemon juice, shake it well wet the spots with the mixture, and in a few minutes rub with a soft linen until they are completely effaced.

A VERY USEFUL RECEIPT.—[It] dishes sometimes leave whitish marks on varnished tables when set, as they should not be, carelessly upon them. To remove it, pour some lamp oil on the spot and rub it hard with a soft cloth, then pour on a little spirits and rub it dry with another cloth, and the white mark will disappear, leaving the table as bright as before.

GUM ARABIC STARCH.—Get two ounces of fine white gum arabic, and pound it to powder. Next put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, (according to the degree of strength you desire,) and then, having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning, pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water, stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in the usual manner, will give to lawns (either white or printed,) a look of newness, to which nothing else can restore them, after washing. It is also good (much diluted,) for thin white muslin and bobbinet.

To PRESERVE A BOUQUET.—A florist of many years experience gives the following recipe for preserving bouquets for a universal period, which may be useful to our lady readers: "When you receive a bouquet, sprinkle it lightly with fresh water. Then put it into a vessel containing soap-suds, which will rotify the roots, and keep the flowers as bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning and lay it sideways, the stalk entering first, in the water. Keep it there a minute or two, then take it out, and sprinkle the flowers by the hand with water. Replace it in the soap-suds, and it will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. The soap-suds need changing every three or four days. By observing these rules, a bouquet can be kept bright and beautiful for at least a month, and will last still longer in a very passable state; but the attention to the fair but frail creatures, as directed above, must be strictly observed, or the last rose of summer will not be left faded alone, but all will perish."

Be just before you are generous.
Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.
Save when you are young to spend when you are old.
Never think that which you do for religion is time or money misspent.
Always go to meeting when you possibly can.

Read some portion of the Bible every day. Often think of death and your accountability to God.
Read over the above maxims at least once a week, Saturday night.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.—It is not to watch children with a suspicious eye; to frown at their merry outbursts of innocent hilarity; to suppress their joyous laughter; and to mould them into melancholy little models of octogenarian gravity.

And when they have been in fault, it is not to punish them simply on account of the personal injury that you may have chanced to suffer in consequence of their fault; while disobedience, unattended by inconvenience to yourself, passes without rebuke.

Nor is it to overwhelm the little culprit with a flood of angry words; to stun him with a deafening noise; to call him by hard names, which do not express his misdeeds; to load him with epithets, which would be extravagant if applied to a fair t of ten fold enormity; or to declare with passionate vehemence, that he is the worst child in the village, and destined to the gallows.

But it is to watch anxiously for the first rising of sin, and to repress them; to counteract the earliest workings of selfishness; to suppress the first beginnings of rebellion against rightful authority; to teach an implicit and unquestioning and cheerful obedience to the will of the parent, as the best preparation for a future allegiance to the requirements of the civil magistrate, and to the laws of the great Ruler and Father in heaven.

It is to punish a fault because it is a fault; because it is sinful and contrary to the commands of God; without reference to whether it may not have been productive of immediate injury to the parent or to others.

It is to reprove with calmness and composure, and not with angry irritation; in a few words fitly chosen, and not with a torrent of abuse; to punish as often as you threaten, and threaten only when you both intend, and can remember to perform; to say what you mean and infallibly to do as you say.

It is to govern your family as in the sight of Him who gave you your authority; who will reward your strict fidelity with such blessing as he bestows on Abraham, or punish your neglect with such curses as he visited on Eli.—*Religious Herald.*

Valuable Receipts.

An ox's gall will set any color—silk cotton or wollen. I have seen the color of coffee, which faded at one washing, fixed by it.

To REMOVE IRON SPOTS ON MARBLE.—Mix equal quantities of spirits of vitriol and lemon juice, shake it well wet the spots with the mixture, and in a few minutes rub with a soft linen until they are completely effaced.

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brought mother," until the disputants came to blows; but why they permitted their passions to carry them so far is, we think, at present, not very clear to their own minds. At any rate, the real cause of the quarrel was the Turkey. Had there been no Turkey to be coveted or quarrelled about, there would, of course, have been no quarrel. We hope our correspondent is enlightened.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE BURNETT TREATIES.—The decision of the great literary prizes—of one of \$9000, and another of \$3000—to the authors of the two best treatises on "The Being and Attributes of God," has just been announced. The successful competitors were found to be—for the first prize, the Rev. Robert Anchor Thompson, A. M., Louth, Lincolnshire; and for the second, the Rev. John Tulloch, manse of Kettins, Cupar Angus, Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's, Scotland.—There were 208 treatises lodged.—The judges were Professors Baden Powell, Henry Rodgers, and Mr. Isaac Taylor. They were unanimous in their judgment. The sealed envelopes were opened in the Town Hall, Aberdeen, by Mr. John Webster, advocate, in the presence of the other trustees and a large assemblage of the principal citizens. The essays varied in length, from a few sheets to six volumes, and several of them were written in female hand. Several other candidates, and one in particular, were declared to have attained high excellence. It may be recollected that the first competition took place in 1814, at which time the amount of money accumulated was \$8000, and as the testator in his will had appointed that three-fourths of the sum should be given to the author of the essay declared to be of the most merit, and the remaining part to the next best, the amounts to be awarded were respectively \$6000 and \$2000. Fifty six essays were on that occasion sent in; and the judges decided that Principal Brown of Marischal College, Aberdeen, was the winner of the first prize, and the Rev. John Bird Sumner, now Archbishop of Canterbury, the winner of the second.—*Presbyterian.*

GRASSHOPPER INSECTS.—A correspondent of the Horticulturist says: "Some time last summer while budding some peaches, I found that ants had taken possession of some ten feet in one row. They very earnestly resisted my attempts to incommode the trees, inflicting many unpleasant wounds on my hands and arms. In order to disperse a pint of fine guano along the little ridges. This I noticed little collections of winged ants, huddled close together, and seeming to be quiet, while those without wings ran about in great agitation. The following day not a single insect could be found where the day previous they appeared to be innumerable."

To which we add the following from an unknown source: "We had a very fine melon patch, which was well high destroyed by the striped bug. The vines had commenced running, and in two or three days the bugs had stripped nearly every leaf. As a desperate remedy we applied a handful of guano on the top of the hill as far as the vines had run, taking care that it did not fall on the leaf. In twenty-four hours not a bug was to be seen; the vines had assumed a healthy and vigorous growth, and are now loaded with fruit. The experiment was not one vine only, but hundreds.—*Country Gentleman.*

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—A poor woman said to be 90 years of age, was waiting outside the doors of the Cheltenham Theatre two hours before their opening, having walked eight miles to see "Jane Shore." Mrs. McGibbon, who was to be enacted the heroine, deeming such devotion to the drama madness, asked her dresser, who narrated the circumstance, if the poor creature had her intellects. "I don't know, ma'am," said the girl; "she's gotten summat tied up in her pocket-handkerchief."

A correspondent in Ottawa county, Michigan, from whom we are a ways glad to hear, gives us the following "scene in the Mayor's Court, at Grand Rapids." Mayor Church presiding.—Witness called up to be sworn by the clerk:

Clerk. "You do solemnly swear—"
Mayor, (with dignity.) "Stop!—The witness will hold up his right hand."

Clerk. "The man has no right hand, your Honor."
Mayor, (with some asperity.) "Let him hold up his left hand, then."
Clerk. "He has had the misfortune to lose his left hand also, as your Honor will perceive."

Mayor, (savagely.) "Tell him to hold up his right leg, then; a man cannot be sworn in this court without holding up something! Silence, gentlemen, our dignity must be preserved."
(Witness sworn on one leg.)
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Mayor, (with dignity.) "Stop!—The witness will hold up his right hand."

Clerk. "The man has no right hand, your Honor."
Mayor, (with some asperity.) "Let him hold up his left hand, then."
Clerk. "He has had the misfortune to lose his left hand also, as your Honor will perceive."