

# The Sumter Banner.

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

WILLIAM J. FRANCIS, PUBLISHER  
MANUEL M. NOAH, EDITOR.

Our Country—Right or Wrong—Our Country.

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## THE BANNER.

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Rev. F. B. RUST, is a travelling Agent for this paper, and is authorized to receive subscriptions and receipts for the same.

## Choice Miscellan.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

### "LA MARSEILLAISE;"

OR,

GENIUS, DESPAIR AND TRIUMPH.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

It was during the early days of the great Revolution of 1789, in the year 1792, when a young officer in delicate health took up his quarters in the city of Marseilles for the six months of his leave of absence.—It seemed a strange retirement for a young man, for in the town he knew no one, and in the depth of winter Marseilles was not a tempting residence. The officer lived in a garret looking out upon the street, which had for its sole furniture a harpsichord, a bed, a table, and a chair. Little but paper ever entered that apartment, where food and fuel both were scarce; yet the young man generally remained indoors all day, assiduously writing, or rather dotting something on paper, an occupation he alternated with music.

Thus passed many months. The young man grew thinner and paler, and his leave of absence appeared likely to bring no convalescence. But he was handsome and interesting, despite his sallow hue. Long hair, full beaming eyes that spoke of intelligence, and even genius, frankness of manner, all prepossessed in his favor, and many a smile and look of kindness came to him from beautiful eyes that he noticed not, nor cared to notice. In fact, he rarely went out but at night, and then to walk down by the booming sea, which made a kind of music he seemed to love. Sometimes, it is true he would hark about the theatre door when operas were about to be played, and look with longing eye within but he never entered; either his purse or his inclination failed him. But he always examined with care the name of the piece and its author, and then walked away to the seashore, to muse and meditate.

Shortly after his arrival in Marseilles, he visited, one after another, all the music-sellers and publishers in the town with a bundle of manuscripts in his hand; but his reception was apparently not very favorable, for he left them all with a frowning air, and still with his bundle of manuscripts. Some had detained him a long time, as if estimating the value of the goods he offered for sale; but these were no more tempted than the others to try the sale uses character of the commodity. The hoble he lodged in had attached to it a large garden. By permission of the landlord, the young man often selected it for his evening walks, and, despite the cold, would sometimes sit and muse in a rude and faded bowyer under a will at one of the gables.—Here he would occasionally even sing, in a low tone, some of his own compositions. It happened once or twice that when he did so a female head protruded from a window above him, seeming to listen. The young man at length noticed this.

"Pardon, lady," said he, one evening; "perhaps I disturb you?"

"Not at all," she replied; "I am fond of music, very fond, and the airs you hum are new to me. Pray, if not a rude question, whose are they?"

"Citoyenne," he answered, diffidently, "they are my own."

"Indeed," cried the lady, with animation; "and you have never published them?"

"I shall never try—again," he murmured, uttering the last words in a low and despairing tone, which, however, reached the ears of the young woman.

"Good night, citoyen," said she, and she closed the window.

The composer sighed, rose and went to take his usual walk by the seashore; there, before the grandeur and infinity of the ocean, and amid the murmur of its billowing waves, to forget the cares of the world, his poverty, and his crushed visions of glory and renown—the day-dream of all superior minds—a dream far oftener a punishment than a reward; for of those who sigh for fame, few indeed are successful.

Scarcely had he left the house, when a lady, habited in cloak and hood, entered it; and after a somewhat lengthened conference with his *convoisier*, ascended to his room, and remained there about an hour. At the end of that time she vanished. It was midnight when the composer returned. He entered with difficulty, the Cerberus of the lodge being asleep, and ascended to his wretched room. He had left it littered and dirty, without light, fire or food. To his surprise a cheerful blaze set its rays beneath the door. He opened it, not without alarm, and found his apartment neatly ordered, a fire burning, a lamp, and on the table a supper. The young man frowned, and looked sternly at the scene.

"Who dares thus insult my poverty?—Is it not enough that I am starving with cold and hunger, that I am rejected by the world as a useless and wretched thing, incapable of wielding either sword or pen, but I must be insulted by charity? Fire, light, and food, all sent to me by one who knows my necessity! And yet who knows? Perhaps my mother may have discovered my retreat. Who else could have acted thus? My mother, I beseech thee both for thy action and for respecting my concealment!"

And the invalid officer sat down to the first hearty meal he had eaten for weeks. He had left home because his friend wholly disapproved of his making music a profession, and wished him to employ his leave of absence in learning another occupation. His mother so pressed him, that he saw no resource but a soldier's last chance—a retreat. For two months no trace of the fugitive had been seen—two months spent in vain effort to make his chosen career support him; and now, doubtless, his mother had found him out, and had taken this delicate way of respecting his secrecy and punishing his pride.

Next morning the young man awoke with an appetite unknown to him of late. The generous food of the previous night had restored his system, and brought him to a natural state.—Luckily, sufficient wine and bread remained to satisfy his craving, and then he sat down to think. All his efforts to get his music sung or played, or published, had been in vain. Singers knew him not, publishers declared him unknown, and the public seemed doomed never to hear him, because they never had heard him; a logical consequence very injurious to young beginners in literature, press, music, and all the liberal arts. But he was determined to have one more trial. Having eaten, he dressed and went out in the direction of the shop of the Citizen Dupont, a worthy and excellent man, who in his day had published more music, bad and good, than a musician could have played in a life-time.

"You have something new, then, citoyen?" said Dupont, after the usual preliminaries, and after apologizing to a lady within his office for leaving her awhile. "As my time is precious, pray play it at once, and sing it, if you will."

The young man sat himself at the harpsichord which adorned the shop, and began at once the "Song of the Army of the Rhine." The music publisher listened with the knowing air of one who is not to be deceived, and shook his head as the composer ended.

"Rough—crude—but clever. Young man you will, I doubt not, do something good one of these days; but at present I am sorry to say, your efforts want finish, polish."

The singer rose, and, bowing, left the shop, despair at his heart. He had not a sou in his pocket, his rent was in arrears; he knew not how to dine that evening, unless, indeed, his mother came again to his aid—an aid he was very unwilling to receive. His soul repunged from it for he had parted from her in anger. His mother was a Royalist, he was a Republican, and she had said bitter things to him at parting. But most of all, the composer felt one thing: the world would never be able to judge him, never be able to decide if he had or had not merit; and this was the bitterest grief of all.

That day was spent in moody thought. The evening came, and no sign again of his secret friend, whether mother or unknown sympathiser. Towards night the pangs of hunger became intolerable, and after numerous parleys with himself, the young man ascended to his room with a heavy parcel. His eyes were wild, his cheek pale, his whole mien uncertainly. As he passed the door of his lodge, *convoisier* gave him a ticket for the Opera, signed Dupont, who was co-manager of the theatre.

"Go thyself," said the composer, in a low husky voice, and he went up stairs.

Having gained the room, the unhappy and misguided young man sat silent and motionless for some hours, until at length hunger, despair and his dreary visions had driven away every calm good thought from his head, and then he dared quietly proceeded to carry out his dreadful and desperate intent. He enclosed carefully the window, stuffed his mattress up the chimney, and with paper stopped every aperture. Then he drew forth from his parcel charcoal and a burner, and lit it. Thus had the wretched man determined to end his sufferings. He had made one last effort, and now, in that solitary, dismal garret, he laid him down to die; and poverty and misery, genius and death, were huddled close together.

Meanwhile; amid a blaze of light, the evening's amusement had begun at the theatre. A new opera from Paris was to be played, and the prima donna was the young, lovely, and worshipped Claudine, the Jenny Lind of that time and place. The house was crowded, and the first act succeeded beyond all expectation; the audience were in ecstasy.

"She is a jewel," said M. Dupont, who, from a private box, admired the great supporter of his theatre. A roar of applause from the pit delighted at this instant the good man's years. Claudine, called before the curtain, was bowing to the audience. But what is this? Instead of going off, she has just signed to the orchestra to play. She is about to show her gratitude to the audience in verse. M. Dupont rubs his hands, and repeats twice between his teeth "She is a jewel!" But with ease and rapidity the band has commenced playing an unknown air, and the next instant M. Dupont is standing up with a strange and wild look. Hushed and still was every breath; the audience look at each other; not a word of communication takes place; men shudder, or rather tremble with emotion. But the first stanza is ended; and then a frantic shout, a starting of all to their feet, a wild shriek of delight, a cry of a thousand voices thundering the chorus, shows how the song has electrified them.

M. Dupont frowned, for the air and the song were not new to him; it was the "Song of the Army of the Rhine" he had refused that morning! But Claudine proceeds; again the audience is hushed in death-like silence; while the musicians, roused by an unusual degree of enthusiasm played admirably, and Claudine, still singing with the purity, feeling, and energy of her admirable voice, plunged her eyes into every corner of the house—in vain. At each couplet the enthusiasm of the people became greater, the anxiety of the singing more intense. At length she concluded, and never did applause more hearty, more tremendous, more uproarious, great the voice of a public songstress. The excitable population of Marseilles seemed mad.

When silence was restored, Claudine spoke—"Citoyens and citoyennes!" she exclaimed, "this song is both written and composed by a young and unknown man, who has vain sought to put in his composition before the public. Everybody has refused them. For myself, I thought this the greatest musical effort of the modern times; and as such I practiced it to-day; and, unknown to manager or author, I and the band prepared this surprise. But the author is not here. Poor and despairing, he is at home lamenting his unappreciated efforts! Let us awake him; let him learn that the generous people of Marseilles can understand and feel great music. Come, let all who have hearts follow me, and chaunt the mighty song as we go." And Claudine, stepping across the orchestra, landed in the pit, and, bareheaded, light dressed as she was, rushed towards the door, followed by every spectator and by the musicians, who, however, put on their hats, and even threw a cloak and cap on the excited and generous young songstress.

Meanwhile the composer's dreadful resolve was being carried out. The horrid fumes of the charcoal filled the room; soon they began to consume and exhaust the pure air, and the wretched youth felt all the pangs of coming death. Hunger, exhaust on, and despair kindled a kind of madness in his brain; wild shapes danced around him, his many songs seemed sung altogether, by coarse, husky voices, that made their sound a punishment; and then the blasted atmosphere oppressing his chest darkening his vision, his room seemed tenanted by myriads of infernal and deformed beings. Then again he closed his eyes, and soft memory stealing in upon him, showed him happy visions of his youth, of his mother, of love, and joy; of fields and the murmuring brooks

which had first revealed melody into his soul; and the young man thought that death must become, and that he was on the threshold of a better world.

But an awful shout, a tremendous clamor, burst on his ear: a thousand voices roar beneath his window. The young man starts from his dream, what is this he hears?

"Aux armes! citoyens,  
Formez vos bataillons," &c.  
What is this? he cries. "My Song of the Rhine!"

He listens. A beautiful and clear voice is singing; it is still his song of the people; and the poor composer's first wish is gained; he feels that he is famous.

But he is dying, choked stiff with charcoal. He lies senseless, fainting on his bed; but hope and joy give him strength. He rises, falls rather than dart across the room, his sword in hand. One blow shivers the panes of his window to atoms; the broken glass lass in the cool sea breeze and the splendid song! Both give life to the young man, and when Claudine entered the room, the composer was able to stand. In ten minutes he had supped in the porter's lodge, dressed, and come out, to be borne in triumph back to the theatre, where that night he heard amid renewed applause, his glorious song sung between every act, and each time gaining renewed laurels.

Ten days later, Ronget de L'Isle was married to Claudine, the prima donna of Marseilles; and the young composer, in gratitude to her and her countrymen changed the name of his song, and called it by the name it is still known by—"LA MARSEILLAISE!"

The death of George Washington Lafayette, son of Gen. Lafayette, is announced by letter from Paris. He accompanied his father to the United States, and deservedly shared the manifestations and regards of the American people. His dissolution took place at Lagrange, the family seat. The corpse was brought to the small private cemetery within the walls of the ancient convent of Poppus, where repose the dead of several noble families—De Noailles, De Grammont, Lamoignon, and others. On this spot, under a simple tomb, lies Gen. Lafayette. About two hundred of the immediate relatives, friends and acquaintances of the deceased son witnessed during the whole ceremony.—This increased the gloom of the scene, and near were the sepulchres of several victims of the Reign of Terror.—George Washington Lafayette was during the stormiest days of the first revolution, a member of the family of Gen. Washington, by whom he was formally adopted.

THE EXTENT OF OUR COUNTRY.—It has been computed that the U. States have a frontier line of 10,750 miles, a sea coast of 5340 miles, and a lake coast of 1160 miles. One of its rivers is twice as long as the Danube, the largest river in Europe. The Ohio is 600 miles longer than the Rhine, and the noble Hudson has a navigation in the "Empire State" 120 miles longer than the Thames.—Within Louisiana are bayous and creeks, almost unknown, that would shame by comparison the Tiber or Seine. The State of Virginia alone is one-third larger than England. The State of Ohio contains 3000 square miles more than Scotland. The harbor of New York receives the vessels that navigate rivers, canals and lakes, to the extent of 3000 miles, equal to the distance from America to Europe. From the capital of Maine to New Orleans is 200 miles further than from London to Constantinople, a route that would cross England, Belgium, a part of Prussia, Germany, Austria, and Turkey.—*Washington Republic.*

New Invention.—An important improvement in carriage-wheels has just been patented by Mr. Isaac B. ward, of Camden, New Jersey. It consists in casting the fellos of iron (afterward rendered malleable) from a beautiful pattern in segments of the circle of the required wheel, and uniting their ends together, and to the wrought iron tire by means of radial bolts passed through the tire and fellos, and countersunk in such manner that it is impossible for them to become disengaged before removing the nuts, or to break them by the application of a heavy blow to the tire; and yet, should it be required to remove one of the fellos and replace it by another, it can be done at once, as they are all cast of the same size and shape. One set of these fellos will serve for several tires and hubs, and are very durable. Wheels made of them present a very neat appearance, far superior to anything of the kind ever before made.

Mr. Editor:—I beg leave to suggest in addition to those whose names you have already published, the names of Col. MARY GREGG, of Richland, and Capt. FRANCIS SUMTER, of Sumter District as suitable persons to represent this Congressional District in the proposed Southern Convention to be held at Nashville. These gentlemen with Col. JAMES CHESNUT and MIXER CLINTON, Esq., alternates would be a very strong representation of the Congressional District. I have no objection to the other very worthy gentlemen named by you, except that in carrying out the precedent set by the members of the Legislative Caucus, it being thought desirable not to select delegates any of the members of the Legislature, so that the great Southern Convention may come direct from the people, and be as much as possible disconnected from the politics of the day. SOUTHERN RIGHTS.—*The Fairfield Herald.*

THE PRESENT YEAR.—A German newspaper has recently published a prophecy by a Benedictine monk, who died in 1847, the purport of which is that the present year, 1850, will be one of unusual prosperity. The different sects of christianity will in that year accord. The sultan will be poisoned and his empire will become christian. Russia will suffer much from a war like nation of the east. A German prince will found an eastern empire. Grain, fruit, lentils, and other vegetable will be so plentiful that the barns will be unable to contain them. The disease of the sweet potato will every where cease, and old men will not remember such a year of fruitfulness. The vine of this year will surpass that of the year of the comet.—*Foreign Paper.*

The Great Cow Case.—The case of James A. Maynard vs. Cummings Litchfield, is another exemplification of the results of appealing to the law. In this case the plaintiff alleged that the defendant, to whom he entrusted a cow worth \$100 or more, had, by negligence improper food, or some other cause, all owed her to die. Of course, in such a case all the cow knowledge of the Commonwealth was in requisition, and the matter was so mystified that two or three juries were totally unable to agree upon a verdict. At last a jury had been found who, after considering and sleeping on the matter for twenty six hours, agreed to give the plaintiff one dollar damages, each party paying his own costs, which it is said, will amount to \$1000 or more.—*Boston Traveller.*

CEDAR BRUSH FENCE.—This is quite a common fence in Virginia, and is occasionally seen in New Jersey and Delaware. If well built, it is a good and durable fence. It is most usually made in this way, first, throw up a ridge of earth about a foot above the level, and in this drive stakes on a line two to three feet apart, three and a half to four feet high, and then wattle in the cedar limbs, beating them down with a nail as compactly as possible.—This fence will last good as long as the stakes endure. Some leave the stakes about a foot above the fence at first, and drive them down as they decay, adding more brush at the same time, and thus the fence will last fifteen or twenty years, with less repairs than a common rail fence.

MILLEDGEVILLE FACTORY.—The Milledgeville Manufacturing Company have declared a dividend of 10 per cent. on its operations for the previous six months, payable 1st proximo. This factory began its operations on a comparatively small scale, gradually increasing its spindles and looms, until now it has in use machinery nearly equal to the full capacity of its power, and the extent of its buildings.—*Milledgeville Recorder.*

A CHEROKEE LAW, passed at their late council, makes it the duty of the sheriffs of the several districts, each, to summon a guard of four men to assist in searching for whiskey, and, if found, to spill it upon the ground. All the murders committed in the nation are caused by the use of whiskey.

Progress in the East.—Working models of railways, locomotive engines, and electric telegraphs have been ordered from England for the use of the Maharrata sovereign, whose curiosity has been aroused by what he had heard of those wonders.

THE AUTHOR OF 'SHIRLEY.'—The novel of Shirley, published as the production of Currer Bell is said to have been written by Miss Bronte, a lady of Bradford, in Yorkshire, who is of course the author of *Jane Eyre* also.

ENCOURAGING HINTS.—Don't be discouraged, if in the outset of life, things do not go on smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish for the future are realized. The path of life appears smooth and easy; but, when we come to travel it, we find it all up-hill, and generally rough enough. The journey is a laborious one, and whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find it to our disappointment, cheerless as possible, and to allow our way through the great crowded "hoping for little, yet striving for much," is perhaps, the best plan. Don't be discouraged, if occasionally you slip down by the way, and your neighbor treads over you a little; or, in other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you. Accidents will happen, mis calculations will sometimes be made; things will turn out differently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember, that fortune is like the skies in April, sometimes clear and favorable; and, as it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun, because to-day is stormy, so it is unwise to sink into despondency when fortune frowns, since, in the common course of things, she may surely be expected to smile and smile again. Don't be discouraged if you are deceived in the people of the world. From such sources as those you may be most unexpectedly deceived, and you will feel sore under such deceptions; but to these you may be come used: if you fare as other people do, they will lose their novelty before you grow grey, and you will learn to trust more cautiously, and examine their character closely, before you allow great opportunities to injure. Don't be discouraged under any circumstances. Go steadily forward. Rather consult your own conscience than the opinion of men, though the latter is not to be disregarded. Be industrious, be sober, be honest; dealing in perfect kindness with all who come in your way, exercising a neighbourly and obliging spirit in your whole intercourse; and, if you do not prosper as rapidly now as some of your neighbors, depend upon it you will be at least as happy.

THE POOR AT THE NORTH.—A Northern man, writing upon the social position of the laboring classes of the North, and the aristocratic castes into which wealth has divided the people says:—

"No one who has resided at the North will be willing to bend the alleged inequality in the rank of our citizens. It must be acknowledged that there has sprung up amongst us that odious of all species of aristocracy—the aristocracy of gold. Wealth has already attained a power which it must be admitted elevates it to a rank unapproachable to the poor. Already have we the upper, middle and lower ranks of society; and on one will presume to assert that any personal merit will entitle the unfortunate member of the lower caste to mingle with the higher. It is the inevitable consequence of the revolution which divides society into ranks that while one rises the other sinks. This has been the case at the North; and while the wealthy have attained rank and power, the poor have lost both. True, they still possess the elective franchise; but even in the exercise of this, they are driven in heavy and unreflecting masses by demagogues, or swayed by rich patrons and employers. Any one conversant with the influence attained by those whose capital, places them at the head of large numbers, will admit that whatever may be the cant of the politicians of the day, the irresistible force of circumstances has destroyed forever the boasted equality of the people. The climate of your Northern latitude, and the pursuits of our people, have prevented the introduction of slaves into the North; and we rejoice that it is so; but had the lower class of labor been performed by *servile hands*, we would not find the poor of our section of the Union occupying their present position.

Who can solve this problem?—Fill a wine glass to the brim with water, or, if possible, raise it in the glass even higher than the edge, by letting one drop fall at a time until the water presents a convex surface.—When this is done, drop into the glass as many common pins as will fill it, and the water will not overflow. This simple experiment may be very easily tried; but I never have seen it explained. Water is not compressible in a wine glass, and the pins are made of solid metal, yet the water in the glass remains as it was before the pins were dropped in.

PLANTING AND BUILDING.—It was a very just remark of an eminent author: "The work of the person who builds begin immediately to decay; while the works of him who plants commenced immediately to improve." Lord Bacon also remarked: "When nations arrive at civility and elegance, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were of greater perfection."

VERY HANDSOME.—The Hon. Eliza Whittlesey, General Agent of the Washington Monument, has received a letter from Capt. George W. Storer, commanding the U. S. frigate *Brandywine*, at Rio de Janeiro, enclosing three hundred and twelve dollars, contributed by the officers and crew of that ship to the Washington Monument. This liberal and patriotic subscription was headed by Com. Storer himself with \$30, and several of the crew subscribed \$5 each.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—Sally, don't I like you?  
'Law, Jim, I reckon so.'  
'But, don't you know it, Sally.—Don't you think I'd dare look cross at you.'  
'I s'pect you would.'  
'Well, the fact of it is, Sally, I—'  
'Oh, now, don't Jim—I feel all overish.'  
'And, Sally, I want you to—'  
'Don't say anything more, I shall—'  
'But, I must I want you to—'  
'O hush, don't I, oh—'  
'I want you to-night to get—'  
'What, so soon? Oh, no, impossible: Father and Mother will be angry at me.'  
'How, be mad at you for doing for me such a favor as to—'  
'Yes, dear me I'm so agitated.'  
'But there's some mistake, for all I want to have you do, is to—mend my shirt collar.'

The navy of the United States, including steam vessels, consists of seventy-five vessels, mounting 2,048 guns. The naval force of England consists of ninety-seven sailing vessels and one hundred and forty-one steamers.

CHESS BY TELEGRAPH.—Nashville and Louisville recently played a game of chess by telegraph. Louisville won in seventeen moves.

Production of Cotton.—In 1794 the amount of Cotton raised in the world was 490,000,000 of pounds, of which the United States produced two millions leaving 488,000,000 to be raised in other countries. In 1848 the United States produced 1,120,000,000 of pounds, and all other countries, according to an estimate in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, (Doc. 116, 4th vol. Ex. Doc. 185-6.) 440,000,000. So that while the United States have increased their production in geometrical ratio, the rest of the world actually produces now 48,000,000 of pounds less than it did sixty years ago. In 1818 Great Britain imported from the East Indies 247,659 bales of cotton, and from the United States only 217,580 bales. In 1840 she imported from the United States 1,246,791 bales, and from the East Indies 71,800 bales, which was more than she imported from those countries in any single year since 1818, with the exception of 1836, when 3,000 bales more were imported. Here, also, we have a great increase on the part of the United States, and a decline on that of the East Indies, the second country in the world in the production of this article.

LATEST FROM CALIFORNIA.—The Steamer Cherokee from California, arrived at New York on the 12th inst., with 244 passengers and \$320,000 in gold as freight, and as much more in the possession of the passengers. The elections had closed and resulted as follows: Peter H. Burnett, Governor; Jno. McDugal, Lieut. Governor; G. W. Wright, and E. Gilbert, Members to Congress—all Democrats. The election for Senators had not been decided, Gold is represented as being abundant, and prices for labor and clothing still high, boots of a stout quality were sold at San Francisco at \$96 per pair, and carpenters receiving \$16 per day.

THE VALUE OF TIME.—The secret of leisure is occupation. Have eight hours a day entirely devoted to business, and you will then find you have time for other pursuits. This, for some time to come, will seem to you a paradox, but you will one day be convinced of the truth, that the man who is the most engaged has always the most leisure. And remember, it is only Brahmins and Rajahs who think that they must move with head erect and uplifted gaze in order to govern men. To be a man above the world, you must, in every signification of the word, begin by being a man of the world; to have weight and influence with the people, you must understand them, you must mix with them. We hear so much of *la haute politique*, of the dignity in history, that the individual traits of character are lost sight of. A perfect simplicity is often the greatest refinement of diplomacy. All youth is arrogant, but arrogant above all youth is political or diplomatic youth.

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