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"God and our Father Land."

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BY W. K. S.

The Exiles of Wisbaden.

By an inconceivable fatality, by an obstinate caprice of fashion, Wisbaden has never been treated according to its deserts. Situated one league from the Rhine, between Magence and Frankfurt, Wisbaden is a delightful town, and far surpasses Baden, its fortunate rival. But Baden is nearer France, and this neighbourhood notes its fortune. The Russian Lords, who are not permitted to come to us, approach our frontiers as near as possible: for want of better, they find at Baden a reflection and an echo of France; Baden, then, will enjoy its reputation until it may please the Emperor of Russia to forbid this sojourn to his noble shores. If you would find at once, and at your pleasure, company and retirement, a crowd and solitude, noise and silence, go to Wisbaden. Elsewhere the whirlwind carries you away with it, pleasures pursue you, joyous voices incessantly resound in your ears; but there you are allowed to be alone, fashion exercises no tyranny, and you need only partake of the pleasures and entertainments which are offered you, as you feel disposed. Wisbaden is wonderfully adapted for those who have a book to write, or a pain of the soul to heal: there you find, side by side with the liveliest diversions, the necessary shelter for profound meditations, and for melancholy reveries.

The charm that Wisbaden possesses had kept in its bosom for some time, four young persons exiled from their native country. Each found there from time to time a friendly voice; he could converse of his countryman and that was a consolation which must have been dear and precious to those who had lost everything else. A common misfortune had brought together the four exiles, and they had at once made mutual disclosures to each other in confidence, with regard to their misfortunes.

One of them, Baron Ladislav de L., was Captain in the service of a sovereign whom we shall not name. His misfortunes had their origin in a romantic love.

The countess Alexina Medianoff, widow of a general-officer, a young lady of the highest distinction and of the greatest beauty, was obliged to leave her province and come to prosecute in the Capital a law-suit in which the greatest part of her fortune was involved. Resolved to live in retirement, the countess dwelt in a little house between the city and the country, at the extremity of a suburb. This house had been left to her by an aunt. Although so well concealed, and so attentive to keep herself removed from the world, the countess could not, however, escape the looks of all; and she soon inspired two passions, both of them dangerous, one for him who experienced it, the other for her who was the object of it. The two adorers of the countess were Captain Ladislav, who met her at church, and the sovereign of the country, one of the most powerful Princes of Europe, who met her walking.

The young Captain, possessing little but his cloak and his sword, kept himself in the modest and timid reserve of a love which hopes but little. He watched the hours when the countess was in the habit of going to the house of her men of business; he followed her at a distance; in order to approach and to speak to her, he lavished more science and skillful combinations than would have been requisite to gain a victory at the head of an army.

As we might suppose, the Prince was not so discreet as the officer. He set to work in a different manner, and as a man who had never found resistance. Disdaining the delicate approaches of a sentimental strategy, in his advances he made use only of the cavalier courtesy, and the confident and daring gallantry, which suit a crowned head; but his advances were very ill received. Then surprise and vexation irritated the passion of the monarch; he threw himself into a thousand extravagances; he exposed his anger and his desires, and he ended by putting into play the abuses of power, and the violent means which he could dispose of.

For instance, the countess lost her law-suit. The forms and the duties of justice were outrageously violated on this occasion; the Prince had written the decree, the judges pronounced it.

In this matter, the Prince had made use of a sufficiently plausible reasoning: he had said to himself with an ingenious wisdom:

"I shall more easily succeed in conquering the rebel, when she shall have been reduced to poverty."

But this time the monarch had deceived himself. The virtue of the countess did not allow itself to be deceived by misfortune, and when she was offered a splendid palace, full of luxury and of riches, she replied, "I prefer my humble house in the suburb."

The bull wounded in the flank by the sword of the picador is not more furious than was the Prince, when he felt the goading severity of this reply. He swore to break through all obstacles, and to employ, if necessary, his entire absolute power to impose a favorable termination on the adventure so unsuccessfully commenced.

One evening, the countess had gone to dine in the city: she had left home at four o'clock, and was returning at midnight. Her carriage traversed the deserted suburb without accident. In front of her house extended a little park, enclosed by an iron railing, was open that evening, contrary to custom. The carriage passed rapidly through an alley of chestnut trees, & stopped; instead of getting down from his seat, the coachman amazed, rubbed his eyes, and looked around him.

"Why do you not open the door for me?" said the coachman, getting impatient. The coachman obeyed, with a start, and, as he opened the door, he saw the countess, who was seated in her turn. The house had disappeared, and there remained no trace of it. Motionless and silent, the countess was a prey to the most acute emotion, when an aide-camp of the Prince presented himself before her, and said:

"You have no longer a house, madame, but you have always a palace." His mission fulfilled, the aide-camp retired.

"I understand!" exclaimed the countess, "but I do not surrender!" Then added she, getting again into her carriage, "John, drive me to the Place d'Armes, number 7, to the house of Captain Ladislav." Imagine what was the astonishment of the Captain when his servant came to wake him, and to tell him that a lady wished to speak to him.

"A lady? at one o'clock in the morning!"

"Yes, Captain."

"And who is this adventuress? Do you know her? Has she mentioned her name?"

"Yes, Captain; she said her name was the countess of Medianoff!"

The countess appeared: "I have come in here," said she, "countess of Medianoff, and widow of a general; I shall go out of it as a baroness of L.—and wife of a Captain. For you love me, Ladislav, and I offer you my hand."

A few words sufficed to explain to the Captain the position of affairs—a position which was of course productive of much delight to him. But alas! his delight was of short duration. Captain Ladislav was destined to receive more than one visit that night. An officer of the provost-marshal arrived, followed by four soldiers, and brought with him a warrant, with orders to transport the Captain immediately to Siberia. Resistance was impossible: The countess fainted, and Ladislav was dragged off by the guards.

During the journey to Siberia, he managed to escape, and reached Wisbaden. Up to that time his steps to obtain some news of the countess had had no success. The three companions in misfortune of Captain Ladislav were an Italian, Count Lucio Irsi; a Pole, Count Paul Laminski; and a Frenchman named Fernand de Senaizos. The Pole had been exiled in consequence of the misfortunes of his country; less interesting from his position, Fernand had only left Paris and France to escape from his creditors, and to wait until an uncle, a millionaire, of whom he was the sole heir, would consent to pay his debts, or pass into the other world.

Large, well-made, brave, ardent, proud, generous, essentially good and mild, when calm, but capable of the most terrible excesses when passion governed him, Count Lucio Irsi had received from nature one of those rare

and complete organizations which unite all brilliant qualities and all dramatic virtues. He was at once full of wit, of passion, and of uncultivated genius. Had he been carefully brought up, and tempered by an English Education, he would have perhaps become a second Lord Byron. He had never employed himself in poetry, when one day in anger, he composed a satire, a masterpiece of spirit and of vigor; surprised at finding this weapon in his hand, he made use of it once, and then thought no more of it. The desire for movement and activity, the impetuosity of his character, the restlessness of his Italian blood threw him amongst the discontented and conspirators.

Placed in the first rank of the aristocracy, he considered it a great and noble thing to take the part of the people; if he had sprung from the people, he would have done every thing to elevate himself to the condition of a nobleman. With his tall person, his powerful voice, his courage, his fortune, his name, his eloquence, and his indefatigable ardour, the count possessed every thing requisite to create a revolution; but it would have been impossible for him to remain twenty-four hours the hero and the master of events which he would have produced, for all his qualities fell of splendor and vivacity, wanted vigor and stability. He was a man of the first shock—and of quick and immediate action, the General of the advanced guard who brings on the action, but his role could go no further. As imprudent as bold, Count Lucio easily allowed himself to fall into the snares of the power which he threatened. Proscription struck him, and he lost his fortune, without having rendered any service to his country.

Exile only fortified and extended the generous thoughts of liberty for which Count Lucio had sacrificed himself. Endowed particularly with a persuasive and captivating mind, he had no difficulty in making his companions adopt the vast plans which he had conceived for the emancipation of all Europe. Wisbaden became, then, the centre of numerous liberal ramifications. Lucio and his three friends constituted themselves members of a permanent and general conspiracy; they kept up an active correspondence, and they prepared for events which were sooner or later to break out.

Suddenly the countess of Medianoff arrived at Wisbaden. After many torments and efforts, she had at last succeeded, she said in escaping from the stratagems and the violence of the tyranny which beset her. Ladislav thought he was near the summit of his wishes, and fell on his knees to take with a respectful passion that hand which had been offered to him. But the countess replied to him with a smile:

"I now, Baron, I have time to wait until you have courted me in a suitable manner. I am no longer that persecuted woman who took refuge in your house, in the middle of the night to place her honor under your safe-guard."

"She no longer loves you, and perhaps she has never loved you," said Lucio to the disconsolate Captain.

Lucio wished to examine thoroughly the doubt which he had conceived and manifested with regard to the sentiments of the countess for Captain Ladislav. He displayed all the power of captivation which was so natural and so easy to him. The countess listened to him graciously, and the Italian fell desperately in love. Nothing was more difficult than to avoid being subdued by the wit, the grace and the truly marvellous beauty of the countess of Medianoff. Fernand very soon submitted himself to the empire of this enchantress. Of the four exiles, Laminski alone, sustained by his hatred for everything that was Russian, remained insensible to the attractions of the countess Alexina. The affairs of Europe were somewhat neglected by the conspirators of Wisbaden; but however, love did not cause them entirely to forget the duties which they had imposed on themselves. They assembled some times at the house of one, sometimes at that of another, to hold counsel. Precisely at this period, different circumstances of a very grave nature presented themselves, and political passion outweighed for a moment every other passion in their generous souls. Unhappily the secret rivalry which had sprung up between them, could not fail to produce a lamentable result.

Ladislav said, one day, to Lucio:

"You have betrayed me."

"If you mean by that I love the countess Medianoff, you are right, Ladislav."

"It is an injury which destroys

our friendship, and for which I demand satisfaction from you."

"To-morrow morning, then, Captain!"

The next day the four exiles betook themselves to the appointed ground. "Before we permit you to cross swords, we require you, Laminski and myself, to inform us of the subject of your quarrel."

"It is impossible," replied Ladislav. "Why?"

"Because the reputation of a woman is interested in the secret."

"A woman?" replied Fernand, "I guess, and will tell you her name; it is the countess Medianoff. You do not answer? It is she."

"Well" replied Lucio, "supposing it were she?"

"In that case," replied Fernand, "I would tell you to put up your swords, for it is not worth while for two friends to cut each other's throat about a woman who deceives them both. And if you should think that the duel is indispensable on such an occasion, I must demand permission to enter into the game, not as a witness, but as a combatant, for I myself must go for something in the injury committed, and the injury received; I also have loved the countess, I have told her so, and she has encouraged my passion."

The three friends embraced. Ladislav alone had his heart deeply wounded; his love was too old, and too well tried to succumb thus under the double treachery. "This woman must quit Wisbaden immediately," said Lucio, "I am going to her house."

When Lucio returned from the countess, he was pale, his features were in great trouble and disorder.

"I have learned a terrible secret!" cried he, "Listen to me:"

"When I left you, I went straight to the countess; she was out; I told her waiting-woman that I would stay until she returned, and I entered her boudoir. There was on the table there a large letter folded, and addressed to a merchant of Frankfurt. I do not know why, but an irresistible desire seized me to know the contents of that letter. I took some paper, which I folded carefully, I imitated, as well as I was able, the writing of the countess on the envelope, and placing the false letter on the table, I took possession of the true one, which I opened. Do you know what there was under the address of the excellency the Prime Minister of * * * * * and this letter—here it is—read it, and tremble! It contains the exact disclosure of all our projects; the list of our friends, of our correspondents, of our associates; the plan of all our enterprises!"

"But" said the Pole Laminski, "how then has the countess learnt our secrets?"

"Through me," said Lucio, in a stifled voice; "through me! The day before yesterday, when you had assembled at my house to deliberate upon the last news that we had received, the countess was concealed in a closet; she heard everything, and what she did not perfectly understand, I explained to her, I who had every confidence in her, and who believed in her hatred for the Prince, whom she had so long resisted; but I have no more doubts on the subject; after your departure, Ladislav, she yielded, and then came to Wisbaden to act as a spy upon us. Every disloyal, every disgraceful, at once!"

"And now," said Fernand, "this woman is mistress of all that future which we are preparing; she knows every thing she will tell every thing!" "She will tell nothing!" cried Lucio in a terrible voice, and he added in a low tone,

"It is for me to repair my fault, and to make her atone for hers."

"Three days after there was the following announcement in the Frankfurt Gazette:

"An unfortunate event had just taken place at Wisbaden.

The countess Alexina Medianoff was found drowned in her bath."

FORMATION OF HABITS.—Success in life depends, in a great measure, on the early formation of our habits. Whether our grand object be wealth or fame, or that nobler one, exalted virtue, we must shape our habits to that object, or we shall fail. What enabled Franklin to obtain the highest honors of philosophic fame; to stand, as he expresses it, "before kings," and what is better, to live in the memory of his countrymen? The early formation of good habits. The perusal of his autobiography, which no young man should omit, will show what those habits were. What made Girard the richest citizen of our country, and the benefactor of his race? The formation of early habits of frugality, disinterestedness and self-denial. Such habits are not formed in a day, nor will they result from a few faint resolutions. They are the result of continued effort.

POETRY.

REUBEN AND FERRELL.

A PATHETIC BALLAD—BY MR. K. K. BLIKINS.

In Manchester a maiden dwelt
Her name was Phoebe Brown
Her cheeks were red, her hair was black,
And she was considered by good judges,
To be all odds the best looking girl in town.

Her age was nearly seventeen—
Her eyes were sparkling bright—
A very lovely girl she was,
And for a year and a half there had been
A young man paying attention to her, by the name of Reuben Wright.

Now Reuben was a nice young man
As any in the town,
And Phoebe loved him very dear,
But on account of his being obliged to
work for a living, he never could make himself
agreeable to old Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

Her parents were resolved
Another she should wed,
A rich old miser in the place;
And old Brown frequently declared that
rather than have his daughter marry Reuben
Wright he'd knock her in the head.

But Phoebe's heart was brave and strong,
She feared not parents' frowns;
And so to Reuben Wright, so bold,
I've heard him say more than fifty times,
that, (with the exception of Phoebe, he didn't
care for the whole race of Browns.

So Phoebe Brown and Reuben Wright
Determined they would marry—
Three weeks ago last Tuesday night,
They started for old Parson Webster's,
determined to be united in the holy bands of
matrimony, although it was tremendously dark,
and rained like Old Harry.

But Captain Brown was wide awake;
He looked up his gun,
And then pursued the loving pair;
"They started 'em when they got about
half way to the 'arson's, and then Reuben and
Phoebe started off upon the run.

Old Brown then took a deadly aim
Towards young Reuben's head,
But, oh! it was a bleeding shame,
He made a mistake, and shot his only
daughter, and had the unpeakable anguish of
seeing her drop right down stone dead.

The anguish filled young Reuben's heart,
And vengeance crazed his brain;
He drew an awful jack-knife out,
And plunged it into old Brown about
fifty or sixty times, so that it's very doubtful
about his ever coming to again.

The briny drops from Reuben's eyes
In torrents poured down,
He yielded up the ghost and died;
And in this melancholy and heart-rending
manner, terminated the history of Reuben and
Phoebe, and likewise old Captain Brown.
THE END.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GREAT OBJECT OF LIFE.

The true cultivation of a human being consists in the development of great moral ideas; that is, the ideas of good, of duty, of right, of justice, of love, of self-sacrifice; of moral perfection as manifested in Christ, of happiness and immortality of heaven. The elements or germs of these ideas, belong to every soul, constitute its essence, and are intended for endless expansion. These are the chief distinctions of our nature; they constitute our humanity. To unfold these, is the great work of our being. The light in which these ideas rise in the mind, the love which they awaken, and the force of the will with which they are brought to sway the outward and inward life,—here, and here only, are the measures of human cultivation. These views show us, that the highest culture is within the reach of the poor. It is not knowledge poured on us from abroad, but the development of the elementary principles of the soul itself, which constitutes the true growth of a human being. Undoubtedly, knowledge from abroad is essential to the awakening of these principles. But that, which conduces most to this end, is offered alike to rich and to poor. Society and experience, nature and revelation, our chief moral and religious teachers, and the great quickeners of the soul, do not initiate a small caste into their mysteries, but are ordained by all, to be lights and blessings to all.

GERMS OF THOUGHT.

A good action is its own reward. It is better to suffer wrong than to do it. Goodness thinks no ill where no ill seems. Truths, like roses, have thorns about them. Hasty climbers have sudden falls. Attempt not to fly like an eagle with the wings of a wren.

He who hunts two hares, leaves one and loses the other.

The face of truth is not the less fair of all the counterfeit vizards that have been put upon her.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

A punctual man can always find leisure, a negligent one never.

The mind, in proportion as it is expanded, exposes a larger surface to impression.

TO PREVENT BOTS IN HORSES.

A person of much experience in veterinary science is never troubled with this disease in his horses. His simple practice during the fall months, is to keep a greasy cloth in the stable, and once a week rub with it such parts of the animal as may have been attacked by the fly. Grease destroys and prevents the eggs from hatching.

Gerusalem Telegraph.

IGNORANCE IN ENGLAND.

We are sure our readers will be as much surprised as we were in reading the statement below. It is lamentable that in the nineteenth century, and in the country which assumes to be the fountain of civilization and christianity, such woful ignorance should exist. The extract made is from the charge of the Recorder to the Jury at Liverpool. He said:

"One man had been found entirely ignorant on religious subjects, believing that Christ had been stoned to death, and not that he was crucified. Another, a pipemaker by trade, had never heard of Jesus Christ. Another did not know who his Redeemer was, but could partly guess. Another was entirely ignorant on the subject; did not know the meaning of Redeemer; knew not where Christ was born, but believed he was twice crucified—first in heaven and the second time in hell; he had no idea whatever of what became of the soul after death. Another knew not the Redeemer, nor who Jesus Christ was. Another (who has been five years in Liverpool, a laborer) could not say who his Saviour was—had no idea; did not know what would become of him after death; had heard of Jesus Christ, but did not know what he was. And so, said the learned Recorder, with regard to the female prisoners, one woman knew not the name of her Redeemer; had heard of Jesus Christ, but had forgotten all about him."

SENSIBLONESS OFFER A PROOF OF ROTTENNESS.—While you say that the religion of your neighbor is like a garment that sets loosely upon him, be careful that yours is not like a glove, that fits either hand. Those who have the least piety are ordinarily the most censorious; a dishonest man is the first to detect a fraudulent neighbor. Set a thief to catch a thief.

A FACT FROM NATURE.—The white and the red ants, make slaves of the black ants, yet they are the very insects to which the Holy Scriptures refer us to learn wisdom. For every negro in slavery in the South, there are more than a hundred thousand negro ants in slavery in the same region.

Slavery, therefore, of the black to the white man is not incompatible with the economy of Nature. The institution cannot be founded in sin, or we would not have been referred to the insect slaveholding sinners, to learn wisdom.

ATTAR OF ROSES.—How IT IS MADE?—The roses of Ghazipoor, on the river Gangee, are cultivated in enormous fields of acres. The delightful odor from these fields can be smelled at seven miles distance on the river. The valuable article of commerce known as attar of roses, is made here in the following manner: Sixty pounds of roses are poured over forty pounds of water, and they are then distilled over a slow fire, and thirty pounds of rose water obtained. This rose water is then poured over forty pounds of roses, and from that is distilled at most twenty pounds of rose water; this is then exposed to the cold night air, and in the morning a small quantity of oil is found on the surface. From eighty pounds of roses, about 200,000, at the utmost an ounce and a half of oil is obtained; and even at Ghazipoor it costs forty rupees (\$20) an ounce.

"I wish I owned an interest in that dog of yours," said a neighbor in our hearing the other day, to another neighbor, whose dog would dart towards the legs of any one with whom he might be talking, and then "back up again, and look in his master's face, as much as to say, 'shall I pitch into him?' shall I give him a nip on the leg?" "An interest in my dog?" said his master, "what could you do with it?" "Why," replied the other, "I'd shoot my half within the next five minutes!"

IT'S A BORROWED HORSE.—A friend of ours, who was a few miles in the country lately, relates the following: A mile or so from the city he met a boy on horseback, crying with the cold. "Why don't you get down and lead the horse?" said our friend; "that's the way to keep warm." It's a borrowed horse, and I'll ride him if I freeze!"—[N. Y. Spirit.

THE CUBAN PRISONERS.—Hon. D. M. Barringer, U. S. Minister to Spain, has received a very flattering card of thanks from the Cuban prisoners, for his successful efforts in procuring their liberation.

A DOMESTIC NECESSITY.

Every household should have an inmate, a good natured, sensible, tidy, old lady. This important fixture should always be, if possible, a Grand Mother, or, as next best an Aunt; yet, so indispensable to the respectability, comfort and convenience of a well regulated household is the old lady, that if this system of housekeeping become general, it will become quite natural to find under the head of "Wants" in newspapers, inquiries for proper old ladies to supply the lack of dear old folks gone to the better home. Indeed, old ladies discovering themselves in demand, would keep in preservation much longer, nor begin to make winding sheets and grave caps full ten years before the great reaper came to gather in the sheaves of corn fully ripe. Old ladies are needed. Providence designed such to fill a large space in the domestic circle;—a class remarkable as living not for themselves but for others—the most beloved specimens of disinterested love on this side Heaven!

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—The Washington correspondent of the New York Times, in a special despatch to that paper, says, grave and serious charges have been made to the Secretary of the Interior against John W. Ashmead, esq., of Philadelphia, U. S. District Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. The parties preferring them were informed that the Department of State had exclusive jurisdiction in the premises, and thither the charges will probably be carried.

Mr. Ashmead conducted the prosecution for the United States in the famous treason trials against the Christiana murderers. Perhaps the charges refer to his conduct in these cases.

PIETY IN THE LOFTY AND THE LOW.—The piety of the humble and obscure is less imposing, but it is more vital, as it is more simple, than that which emanates from unapproachable superiority. The mountain torrent may dash downward magnificently to the plain, and roll on in splendor to the ocean; but it is the little streamlet, winding around in the valley, and revealing here and there the traces of its brightness and purity, that fertilizes and refreshes the earth.

PLEAS OF ALL NATIONS.—A London exhibitor announces a show of "200 flags of all nations," and among them "Kossuth on four Austrian flags," and "Louis Napoleon on the Russian flag Hercules, aged 5 years."

QUESTION FOR DOCTORS.—How is it, that while all other fevers run to the head, the Kossuth fever runs to the feet?

Answer by the Burlington (Vermont) Sentinel: "The fever that takes to the feet is spurious."

"Is really no revealing
Of fever in Saxon or Celt;
It isn't a matter of feeling,
But merely a matter of felt!"

COMPLIMENTARY—VERY.—A writer in the Southern Press says of Ohio: "I am not surprised at any folly, absurdity, or extravagance committed by this great lubberly State, which has increased so fast that it has outgrown its discretion. At this moment it breeds more pigs and pig-headed politicians than any State of the Union!"

A CAPITAL PEN.—The Milwaukee Advertiser thus sums up the hanging question. "After a careful consideration of all the arguments for and against capital punishment, we have come to the conclusion that the 'debt of nature' should never be paid, if it can't be collected without an execution."

A DEFINITION.—We are at last enabled to answer a question frequently propounded by a country correspondent.

"What is a Bloomer?"
"One who pants for notoriety."

"Why, Tom, my dear fellow, how old you look?" "Dare say, Bob, for the fact is, I never was so old before in my life."

"I declare," said Simon one day to his father, "our Sally has got to be so lamed that I can't understand above half what she says; 'twas only this morning that she stuck so on to tater and mo on to lasses."

"Shocking times!" as the old woman said when the lightning knocked her over the wash tub.

Mrs. Partington says it is a curious provision of nature that hens never lay when eggs are dear, and always begin when they are cheap.

CONFIDENCE SOLICITED GENERALLY BETRAYS.—Never trust a person who solicits your confidence, for in nine fifths of the cases he will betray it.