

MOUNTAIN BANNER

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MOUNTAIN BANNER,

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Spirit of the Times.

YOU CAN TAKE MY HAT.

BY UNCLE TOBY.

We were once coming over the railroad from Washington city to Baltimore when we observed a peculiar sort of man sitting hard by—a tall, slim, good natured fellow, but one who somehow seemed to bear the impress of a person who lived by his wits, written on his face. A friend, who was with me, answered my inquiry as to who he was, and at the same time asked me to keep between the object of my notice and himself, lest he should come over to our seat, as my companion said he knew him, but did not wish to recognize him there.

"That is Beau H—," said he, "a man that is universally known in Washington as one of the most accomplished fellows in the city, always ready to borrow of, or drink with you. He never has any money; however, and I am curious to know how we will get over the road without paying, for he will surely do it some way."

"Probably he has got a ticket—borrowed the money to pay it with, or something of that sort," said I.

"Not he. Beau always travels free, and boards in the same way. He never carries in his hand, wit or trick, will you miss it?"

"What a shocking fellow! What he has got on!" said I, observing the dilapidated condition of his trunk.

"It's some trick of his, doubtless, for the rest of his dress, you will observe, is quite genteel."

"Yes, I see."

My friend went on to tell me how Beau had done his tailor out of a receipt in full for his last year's bill, and the landlady at his last boarding, and various other specimens of his ingenuity and wit.

"He owed me ten dollars," said my friend, "but in attempting to collect it of him one day, I'll be hanged if he didn't get ten more out of me; so I think I shall let the matter rest there, for fear of doubling the sum once more."

At this moment the conductor entered the opposite end of the cars to gather the tickets from the passengers, and give them checks in return. Many of them—as is often the case with travellers, who are frequently called upon, on populous routes, to show their tickets—had placed theirs in the bands of their hats, so that the conductor could see that they were all right and not trouble them to take them from their pockets at each stopping place. I watched Beau to see what his expedient would be to get rid of paying for his passage. As the conductor drew nearer, Beau thrust his head out of the car window, and seemed absorbed in contemplating the scenery on that side of the road. The conductor spoke to him for his ticket—there was no answer.

"Ticket, sir," said the conductor, tapping him lightly on the shoulder.

Beau sprang back in the car, knocking his hat into the road, and leaving it in one minute nearly a mile behind. He looked first at the conductor, then out of the window after his hat, and in a seeming fit of rage exclaimed—

"What the d—! do you strike a man in that way for? Is that your business—is that what the company hires you for?"

"I beg pardon, sir; I only want your ticket," replied the conductor meekly.

"Ticket! O, yes, it's all very well for you to want my ticket, but I want my hat," replied Beau, bristling up.

"Very sorry, sir, really. I merely wished to call your attention, and I took the only means in my power," said the conductor.

"You had better use a cane to attract a person's attention next, and hit him over the head with it if he happens to be looking the other way!" replied the indignant Beau.

"Well, sir, I will apologise to you again if you wish. I have done so already once," said the now disconcerted conductor.

"Yes, no doubt, but that don't restore my property that's gone."

"Well, sir, I cannot talk any longer—I'll take your ticket, if you please," said the conductor.

"Supposing you stop the train, and go back and see?" said the hatless Beau, with indignant scorn depicted on his face.

"Well, sir, I shall pass you free over the road then," replied the conductor, attempting to go on with his duty.

"The price of a ticket," said Beau, "is one dollar; my beaver cost me a V.—Your good sense will at once show you that there is a balance of four dollars in my favor at any rate."

The conductor hesitated. Beau looked like a gentleman to one not perfectly well posted up in the human face; he was well dressed, and his indignation appeared most honest.

"I'll see you after I have collected the tickets," replied the conductor, passing on through the car.

Beau sat in silent indignation, frowning at everybody until the official returned, and came and sat down by his side.—Beau then, in an earnest undertone, that we could only over-hear occasionally, talked to the conductor like a "Dutch uncle," and we saw the crestfallen man of tickets pay the hatless passenger four dollars.

The trick was at once seen through by both my friend and myself, and the next day, over a bottle of wine at the Monument House, Beau told us he was hard up, hadn't a dollar, picked up an old hat at Gadsby's hotel in Washington, put his cap in his pocket, and resolved that the hat should carry him to Baltimore; and it did, with four dollars in the bargain.

The Marriage Altar.

Judge Charlton, in a recent eloquent address before the Young Men's Library Association at Augusta, Ga., thus sketches the marriage scene:

"I have drawn for you my pictures of death; let me now sketch for you a brief, but bright scene of beautiful life. It is the marriage altar; a lovely female clothed in all the freshness of youth and surpassing beauty, leans upon the arm of him to whom she has given up herself forever. Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and tell me, if you dare, that there is no happiness on earth. See the trusting, the heroic devotion, which impels her to leave country, parents, for a comparative stranger. She has launched her frail bark upon a wide and stormy sea; she has handed over happiness and doom for this world, to another's keeping; but she has done it fearlessly, for love is the power that has made her a Christian."

"O, wo to him that deceives her! O, wo to him that forgets his oath and his manhood!"

Her wing shall the eagle flap,
O'er the false hearted,
His life-blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere his life be parted.
Shame and dishonor sit
On his grave ever;
Blessings shall hallow it,
Never! O, never!

We have all read the story of the husband, who, in a moment of hasty wrath, said to her who but a few months before had united her fate to his, "If you are not satisfied with my conduct, go, return to your friends and to your happiness."

"And, will you give me back that which I brought to you?" asked the despairing wife. "Yes," he replied "all your wealth shall go with you—I covet it not."

"Alas!" answered she, "I thought not of my wealth—I spoke of my maiden affections—of my buoyant hope—of my devoted love; can you give these back to me?" "No!" said the man, throwing himself at her feet.—"No! I cannot restore these; but I will do more—I will keep them unsullied and unstained. I will cherish them through my life, and in my death, and never again will I forget that I have sworn to protect and to cheer her who gave up to me all she held most dear." Did I not tell you that there was poetry in a woman's look—a woman's word? She is here! the mild and gentle proof of love winning, from its harshness and rudeness, the stern and unyielding temper of an angry man. Ah, if creatures of our sex only knew their strongest weapons, how many of wedlock's fierce battles would be unfought—how much of unhappiness and coldness would be avoided!

Seeing the Elephant.

A new version of this classic phrase, as applied to France, will be found on another column—for which Punch takes the credit—and very creditable it is to that licensed jester, whose sympathise in the matter are all on the right side.

The idea is most admirable, and capable of much more general service than its proprietor has put it to—for how many gentlemen are in social life, among our own citizens, "possessed of moderate means, a small house, common feelings of humanity, and—an Elephant?"

The man too poor to live comfortably—too honest to make the interest of his debts his income—and yet too proud to confess his poverty and go to hard work—has a very large Elephant to lug about.

The woman whose head has been turned by Godey's or Graham's Lady's Book, and who slights the manly and hard-working mechanic next door, to throw sheep's eyes at some flashy adventurer, all brass about the face and waistcoat, will find in the long run that she

too has won an Elephant in the raffle, with an empty trunk to boot—which the labor of her hands will have to fill.

The Old Gentleman of high means, who starves himself in advance, that his young gentleman may start with dignity or a profession afterwards, will find that he has ensured for both a spot at the Elephant.

The Rich Man, who attempts to make his money pass current with the community for what it cost him—whether it be character, intelligence, liberality, or any other good quality—will find that he too has only "won his Elephant" in the raffle.

The People that pinch themselves in private for display in public, and postpone all their hospitality for "the session," have a small Elephant, but a very troublesome one to take care of.

The Politician who, salavering the people with professions and never gives them any performances—who is everybody's friend before election-time, and nobody's immediately after—who has a keen eye to his own interest, and a very blind one to those of the community at large—who does not march steadily forward to his post, but rides at full speed on some popular hobby—will also in the long run exchange it for his Elephant.

The Belle who permits her hand to be wrung too often without yielding it up to some swain, will find that in the raffle of matrimony she has also drawn worse than a blank.

The Beau, who trusts more to his beard than his brains in winning his way with woman, will find no house-room for himself finally, but had better apply to the barber, or take passage for California.—The hairy-stocracy has had its day.

But we fear our comments are about as clumsy as the animal that suggested them, so will close this chapter of the Natural History of Society, with—

The Editor who attempts to please everybody, instead of doing even-handed justice to all, and performing his duty, or who pays attention to the whims and prejudices of every subscriber who may deem him his servant—will in the long run, also be left solitary and alone with it of course.

The Grave of Burr.

A correspondent of the Louisville Journal, writing from Princeton, New Jersey, gives the following account of a visit to the grave of Aaron Burr:

"We envy not the man who can unmove gaze on the grave of Col. Burr. It is one of the most sad and desolate places that we have ever seen. There is no monumental pile or sculptured marble standing over it, to evince the respect or affection of a single living soul. Not even a rough unhewn stone marks the head or the foot of him who once held such sway over the minds and feelings of men. Wild grass and poisonous weeds form the sod that partly covers him. The rest of the surface of the grave is sterile clay, yielding no verdant plant or shrub. The stranger treads upon the grave and regards it not, but he is told that he stands over the remains of Burr."

How changed the scene when from this unmarked spot we turn to the sleeping place of the latter of Burr. Over it there is no towering monument, but there is a massive tombstone on which are chiseled the deeds of the honored and loved President of New Jersey College. The grave of the son is only designated by its being at the foot of the father's.

Immediately to the left of President Burr, is the tomb of Jonathan Edwards. "Secundus nemini mortuorum" is written on it, and no one conversant with the life and character of the man would erase the characteristic inscription. Still afterward and in regular order are the tombs of Samuel Davis, Samuel Finley, Witherspoon, and Samuel Stanhope Smith—each loved in life, lamented in death, and embalmed in the memory of a grateful posterity.

The proximity of Col. Burr to those loved and distinguished men renders his fate still more melancholy. Their untimely deaths make his vicies seem ten fold vicious. They shut out the few deeds in his life, which might under other circumstances palliate his bad conduct.

As the visitor stands over the grave, many scenes in the checkered and eventful life of Burr crowd upon his recollection. He remembers the 6th of February, 1756, Burr first saw that light, through which misdirected zeal led him to so many deeds of woe. He calls to mind the death of both his parents while their boy was only three years old; the handsome fortune that was bequeathed an orphan son; the four days' absconce from his preceptor, when, as he was but a child of four years' growth; the runaway from Mr. Edwards for the purpose of going to sea while he was in his eleventh year; and the entrance of Princeton college at the early age of twelve, where he graduated at sixteen, taking the honors of his class in spite of a moral character that evoked much disapprobation. He reflects upon him as a valiant soldier in the American Revolution, a soldier in the celebrated expedition of Armand to Quebec; as an aid to General Putnam, and a confederate of the title to Lieutenant Colonel. He follows him to the study of law and admits, hence to the Albany bar, in 1782; to the Senate, thence to the second place in the high gift in 1791, and to the second place in the high gift of the American people, in 1801. He beholds him—the destroyer of New York bar; the ruler in litigation at the New York bar; the established, intolerable licentiousness; the great river, or of an Empire beyond the great river, or of which he was to be Emperor, and the Crescent City the great Capital. He sees an arraigned before the tribunal of his country, and acquitted before the tribunal of that over proud, which he had for want of that over proud, which he had for stretching gunning had enveloped in impenetrable clouds. And, finally, he follows him from Staten Island, where, in 1836 he ended his miserable career, to the cemetery at Princeton, N. J.

be interred with the honors of war, and to moulder in a grave upon which the curses of injured virtue and the rewards of vicious ambition are to rest forever.

The life, the death, and the grave of Col. Burr carry their own moral. The simple facts tell a tale that needs no comment. Words need not inform us that genius, however transcendent, unless virtue be one of its elements, can attain no eminence on which an unclouded sun will forever beam.

Etiquette.—When passing a dwelling, as a general rule, it is not polite to look into the window; but when a pretty woman is sitting by it for the ostensible purpose of being looked at, you may be considered uncivil and ungenerous if you do not cast in an admiring glance.

Dean Swift's Hatred of Foppery.—Dean Swift was a great enemy to extravagance in dress, and particularly to that distinctive ostentation in the middling classes, which led them to make an appearance above their condition in life. Of his mode of reproving this folly in 1722 persons for whom he had an esteem, the following instance has been recorded. When George Faulkner the printer returned from London where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bag wig, and other fopperies. Swift received him with the same ceremonies as if he had been a stranger. "And pray, sir," said he, "what are your commands with me?" "I thought it was my duty, sir," replied George, "to wait on you immediately on my arrival from London." "Pray sir, who are you?" "George Faulkner the printer, sir." "You George Faulkner, the printer! why you are the most impudent, bare-faced scoundrel of an impostor I have ever met with! George Faulkner is a plain sober citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace, and other fopperies. Get you gone you rascal, or I will immediately send you to the house of correction." Away went George as fast as he could, and having changed his dress he returned to the Deanery, where he was received with the greatest cordiality. "My friend George," says the Dean, "I am glad to see you returned safe from London. Why, here has been an impudent fellow with me just now, dressed in a laced waistcoat, and he would fain pass himself off for you, but I soon sent him away with a flea in his ear."

A gentleman, who at breakfast the other morning broke an egg, and disturbed the repose of a sentimental looking biddy, called the waiter and insinuated that he did not like to have a bill presented "till he had done eating."

What Imagination Did.—An elderly lady from one of the adjacent towns called recently on friend Williams, to make a few purchases of dry goods. It happened to be one of those raw days of which we have had so many this spring, and the old lady was cold. She came in rubbing her hands and remarking how very chilly it was, having a chilly shiver when she came.

"The shiver," she said, "when I came, her old hands were stooped down and rubbed and warmed his hands, and then, after selecting some goods and paying for them, they started on their way, remarking "what a comfortable thing a good stove is in a cold day."—Chickopee Mirror.

A Hint to Bachelors.—A lady named Mary Ann Aldridge, had occasion to send a note to a gentleman, and put two r's into her first name in the signature, thus—"Marry Ann Aldridge." The man was a bachelor and consequently took the hint; he married Ann Aldridge.

The Gentleman.—No man is a gentleman who without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is a vulgarity for which no accomplishments of dress can ever atone.

Show me the man who desires to make every one happy around him, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give just cause of offence to any one, and I will show you a gentleman by nature, and by practice, though he may never have worn a suit of broad cloth, nor ever heard of a lexicon. I am proud to say, for the honor of the species, that they are men, in every throbb of whose hearts, there is a solicitude for the welfare of mankind, and whose every breath is perfumed with kindness.

"I never knew any man," says an old author, "who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian;" which reminds us of the old lady who thought that every calamity that happened to herself a trial, and every one that happened to her friends a judgment.

Extremes Meet.—A jolly tar having strayed into a show at a fair, to have a look at the wild beasts, was much struck at the sight of a lion and tiger in the same den. "Why, Jack," said he to a messmate, who was chewing a quid in silent amazement; "I shouldn't wonder if next year they were to carry about a sailor and marine living peaceably together!"

"Ay," said his messmate's companion, "or a man and his wife!"

"Are those rooms to let?" said a polite gentleman to a handsome young lady as he placed his foot across the threshold. "Yes, sir." "And are you to be let with them?" "No, sir! I'm to be let alone!"

Steady Drink.—Riding in a stage coach a short time since, we happened to have among others for a fellow-passenger, an ardent teetotaler, who was descending eloquently upon the great value and many excellent qualities of water, and especially of its prime necessity as a beverage; declaring that nothing could be substituted in its place, etc.; when an old gentleman who had been listening with evident impatience, remarked with rather a contemptuous look; "I haven't nothing to say again water; I think it's very good in its place; but for a steady drink, give me rum." I shud like to have seen teetotaler's face when he heard the reply. All the passengers looked grave for a second or so, (for the a-sin-jon-ic was also rather astounding,) and then burst into a roar that made the stage-coach ring a din. Knickerbocker.

Eligibly Located.—We clip the following from a Western paper:

"To rent a house on Mellow Avenue—located immediately along side of a fine plan-garden, from which an abundant supply of the most delicious fruit may be stolen during the whole season. Rent low—and the greater part taken in plums."

Is it the Bet—A good looking fellow of ours, a day or two since, related the following: At one of our staid, respectable gentlemen, in a white coat, and buff vest, offered to "spot" that he would close his eyes, and by taste name any sort of liquor in the bet was taken, and the process of win-losing commenced forthwith. "This is George Oard," said the fat gentleman, tasting in wine glass; "and this is—this is whiskey," and so on through the hotels "manifest" of hardware. A wag then poured a few drops of pure water into the glass and handed it to the connoisseur— "This is—ah—this is—(tasting again) by thunder! gentlemen, I lose the bet. I never had such liquor before."—Boston Mail.

Good Answer.—A facetious fellow having unwittingly offended a conceited puppy, the latter told him he was "no gentleman."

"Are you a gentleman?" asked the droll one.

"Yes, sir," replied the fop.

"Then I am very glad I am not!" replied the other.

An Eloquent Portrait of the Saviour.—The following is a description of the person of Jesus Christ, as it was found in an ancient manuscript, sent by Publius Lantulus, President of Judea, to the Roman Senate.

There lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ.

The barbarians esteem him as a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtues as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped—his aspect amiable, reverent. His hair flows in those beautiful shades which no unadorned colors can reach, falling into graceful curls below his ears, agreeably couching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head, like the head dress of the sect of the Nazarenes. His forehead is smooth and large; his cheek without spot, save that of a lovely red; his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin and parting in the middle like a fork. His eyes are bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majestic counsels with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language.—His whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave and strictly characteristic of so great a being! No man has seen him laugh, but the whole world behold him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears, that the multitude cannot withhold their joining in sympathy with him. He is moderate, temperate and wise. In short, whatever this phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems at present a man of excellent beauty and divine perfection, every way surpassing the children of men.

Equality.—A contemporary very justly remarks that notwithstanding all the fuss we make about "equality" in this country, we are sadly lumbugged on the subject. The fact is, and we can see it, theoretically speaking, all men are equal.

able rights, except poor men. All men who do not pay their honest debts are great scamps, except those who cheat on a large scale. All men are great sinners except those who belong to the church. All men are allowed to think and speak freely, except those who are not orthodox. All men are gentlemen, except those who work for a living. All well-dressed and accomplished women are ladies, except factory and servant girls.

"My knapsack is packed, and I am ready for the last march."

The above were the last words of the veteran hero, Gen. Gains.

The Mouth.—The mouth is the frankest part of the face. It can least conceal the feelings. We can hide neither ill-temper with it, nor ego. We may affect what we please; but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose upon them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another; or rather it expresses the same emotions, but in greater detail, and with a more impressive tendency to mobility. It is the region of smiles and dimples of a trembling tenderness, of sharp sorrow, of a full and breathing joy of candor, of reserve, of caring care, of neutral sympathy.—Leigh Hunt.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?
Peoples not long since rushed into the office of Squire Rivers, and hastily directed a deed of real estate to be drafted.

"To whom is the estate to be conveyed?" inquired the squire.

"To George Bitters," replied Peebles.

"Bitters, Bitters, a singular name; are you sure you have it right? Isn't it Bitters, or Bitts?"

"Not it is Bitters and nothing else."

And Peebles vanished like a sky-rocket.

The deed was duly drawn up, running through-out appeared the "said Mr. George Bitters, &c., with all the legal repetition usual in such cases. Next day the purchaser called for his deed.

"What's all this?" exclaimed he, on casting his eyes over the instrument; George Bitters! Who is he?"

"Your name sir, I imagine," responded the Squire.

"My name! no such thing, sir, my name is not 'Bitters,' it is Stoughton Geo. Stoughton." On being informed of the mistake, Peebles very quietly remarked that if Stoughton and Bitters were not synonymous words, he didn't understand English language.

A Washington correspondent of the Courier and Enquirer states that Senator Breese has withdrawn from the contest for the Illinois Senatorship, and to defeat Gen. Shields, throws his influence in favor of McClelland. It is believed that Shields will be elected.

It is estimated that there have been built in the United States, from the year 1824 to the year 1848, 2,310 steam boats. The present rate of steam boat building is about two hundred per annum.