

THE SUMTER BANNER.

VOLUME I.

SUMTERVILLE, SOUTH-CAROLINA, JANUARY 6, 1846.

NUMBER 10.

THE SUMTER BANNER,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY WILLIAM J. FRANCIS.

TERMS:
Two Dollars and Fifty Cents in advance, Three Dollars, at the expiration of six months, or Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, at the end of the year.
Advertisements inserted at 75 cents per square, (17 lines or less), for the first and half that sum for each subsequent insertion. The number of insertions to be marked on all Advertisements, or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.
One Dollar per square for a single insertion.—Quarterly and Monthly Advertisements will be charged the same as a single insertion, and Semimonthly the same as new ones.
For publishing Citations or the law directs three dollars will be charged.
All Obituary Notices exceeding six lines, and Communications recommending Candidates for public offices of profit or trust,—or puffing Exhibitions, will be charged as advertisements.
Accounts for Advertising will be presented for payment quarterly.
All letters by mail must be post paid to insure a punctual attention.

TO PRINTERS,
Type Foundry and Printers
Furnishing Warehouse.

The Subscribers have opened a NEW TYPE FOUNDRY in the city of New York, where they are ready to supply orders to any extent, for any kind of JOB or FANCY TYPE, and every article necessary for a Printing Office.

The Type, which are cast in new moulds, from an entirely new set of materials, with deep counters, are warranted to be unsurpassed by any, and will be sold at prices to suit the times.

Printing Presses furnished, and also Steam Engines of the most approved patterns.

N. B. A Machinist is constantly in attendance to do light work.
Editors of newspapers, who will buy three times as much type as their bills amount to, may give the above six months insertion in their papers, and send their papers containing it to the subscribers.
COCKCROFT & OVEREND,
Oct. 3, 1846, 16m 68 Ann St.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
THE SUMTER BANNER.

UNDER the above Title, it is proposed to publish a paper in the Town of Sumterville. The paper will be issued weekly, on the morning of every Wednesday.

It is believed, that Sumter District affords as many capabilities for sustaining a weekly newspaper, as a medium of Advertisement, General News and Business, as any of her sister Districts in the State; and, confiding in this belief, we invite, to our columns, the attention of those, both in this and the surrounding Districts, who may be desirous of advertising and see fit to do so. It is well known, that the support of a paper in general, depends not so much on the magnitude of its subscription list, as on the advertising patronage which it may receive. This is the case in cities. In a country Town, however, and District, as this is, we must depend on the patronage both of subscribers and advertisers. We hope, then, that our enterprise will not fail from want of encouragement.

A strict attention will be paid to the local interests of the Town and District, and we shall endeavor to keep up, if necessary, the spirit and enthusiasm, which now exists, in regard to the connexion of Sumter with Charleston and Wilmington, (N. C.) by Rail Road.

In Politics, THE BANNER will be strictly Democratic, and will give a firm support to the National Administration, so far as it conforms to the principles upon which it secured the support of the Democratic party at the South.

The assistance of a friend, fully competent to the task, has been secured for the editorial department. It is not deemed necessary to make an exposition of the great variety of matter that will be contained in the pages of our paper; suffice it say, that no pains will be spared to render it an acceptable visiter in every family in the District. The undersigned trusts, that the late failure in the attempt to establish a paper in this place, will not be permitted to operate unfavorably upon his enterprise.

The paper will be printed on a super-royal sheet, with five columns to the page, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, Three Dollars, at the expiration of six months, or Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, at the end of the year.

WILLIAM J. FRANCIS,
Proprietor and Publisher.

N. B.—For further particulars, as regards advertising, &c. see terms on first page. Communications on business, &c., and subscriptions and advertisements, will be received at this office.

Subscriptions and advertisements are solicited.

To the Public.
All persons are hereby cautioned against trading for a NOTE given by me to one Hotchkiss, for Eighty-five Dollars, as the article for which said Note was given, has proven to be entirely worthless, and I will not pay the Note, unless compelled by law.
JAMES E. WILSON,
Dec. 23, 1846.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Banner. DESPONDENCY.

There is a blank within the soul, a void within the heart,
A struggle for a feeling that life cannot impart;
Thick clouds of sadness hang above and shroud all hope in gloom,
And sorrow kills each budding thought, and makes the mind a tomb.

No tempest riles the sinking heart, no passion leaves its lair,
But sullen silence holds it back, in motionless despair,
And madness would be welcome, or death would shed a light,
When doubt and darkness keep the soul in everlasting night.

Vain is each wish that lifts the sight to rest on some bright spot,
For all around is desolate, forgetful and forgot;
Tears have a feeling in them like morning dew on earth.
They shed a moisture o'er the soul, expelling all its death.

But when the clouds are hanging beneath a burning sky,
The flowers and the foliage must wither, fade and die;
Tears are the outlet of the heart, when filled with deepest woe,
But when a stream is stagnant its waters cannot flow.

The Eagle feels the arrow that brings him from the sky,
And takes his last look at those scenes that quit his quivering eye;
His lofty spirit yet would rise when power gave it birth,
But vain the struggle with the weight that crushes him to earth.

Man hath an Eagle spirit, too, that makes its holdfast flight,
Amid those stars that brightly shed upon his path their light,
But smite his spirit in its course and hurl it back again,
A sigh will tell its ruin, where sorrow marked its reign.

Willow Grove, Dec. 25, 1846.

From the New Orleans Delta.
JACK MORAN.

Jack Moran was certainly the most original genius that we ever met with. He served in all the campaigns in the Florida war, and was present at the battles of Resaca de la Palma and Palo Alto. Jack is no fictitious individual, but a real flesh-and-blood animal, and in all human probability, at the very time that we write this he is either lounging about the Palo Alto House, at Point Isabel, or else shooting curlews and cranes in the marshes adjacent. Jack's headquarters were the sutler's store of our amiable friend H. — and to H. — Jack was "all in all." He blacked boots, carried down the horses, shot birds, drank whiskey, did all the "chores" and cursing for the whole party. The first acquaintance we had with Jack, was one fine morning directly after a rain. The back part of the store, (a mere ricketty-racketty shanty) was absolutely alive with frogs. Some one called out in the very richest Milesian brogue—

"Ah, Paddy, me boy, how are ye this mornin'! Jimmy, love, did ye slape well last night? By the luks o' yer coat I'm thinkin' that ye wur caught in the rain.—Never mind, Jimmy, you and I are one and the same; both of us disciples of the blisid Father Matthew, and cowl'd water is our maxim for ever and a day: Georgy, my lark, how's yer mother and all—oh, murder! murder! I've kilt him! I've kilt him!"

Jack burst into the store, with his hands before his eyes, apparently in the greatest agony of remorse.

"What's the matter, Jack?"
"Oh, I've kilt my darlin'! He was the loveliest o' em all—I nursed him since he was a babe, and now I've murdered him!"

"Murdered who, Jack?"
"Poor little Patrick, the little frog wid the speckled coat and the white stomach! I accidentally thro'd on his toe and broke his back!"

Just at this moment an elongated specimen of humanity, as yellow as saffron, and as weak as that same coffee, (which was so weak that it couldn't run down an inclined plane,) entered the store and inquired "for some—bird shot—to-shoot—them little birdees—that—was a comin' all around." At almost every word the poor fellow would have to stop and draw a long breath in order to give him strength sufficient to repeat the succeeding one; but Jack, although his heart was full of sympathy for the afflicted, could not resist the opportunity.

"Is it shot ye want?"
"Yes, I want—some shot—to-shoot—them there little!"

"Oh, I know what ye want. Is it for them wee bits o' birds that come hoppin' about about as thick as gooseberries in mackerel season?"
"Well, I don't—want—nothin'—else."
"By the powers, me boy, ye've come to

the right place; This is the only stor' (store) that they sell shot to kilt them same birdees, and its I am here to attend on ye. I've thried and thried to kilt 'em, but this is the only kind o' metal that will penetrate their hides."

Here Jack scooped up about a pound of buck shot, large enough to kill a bull, let alone birds not larger than sparrows.

"But," said the invalid, "I wanted muscad seed shot, I—" "Man alive," answered Jack, with seeming asperity, "I till ye these and no others are the shot. I rouled them in muscard, and ould Major Monroe, long life to him say I used to kill thousands and thousands o' birds ivery mornin' before noon for his breakfast."

Jack's logic had a great effect on the "green un," and he actually sold him four pounds of buck shot to be used against birds tamer than chickens and not bigger than wrens!

Jack was a foraging party in himself—money was of no use to him—he had plenty of whiskey, two ould spavined horses, and as for powder and shot, why he always managed to get them somehow or other. He would kill a brace or two of plover, and then sell them for a fish; then he'd trade the fish off for whiskey and ammunition, or anything else that he might want. So he went on, a careless, light-hearted, liquor-loving creature, thinking of naught that might happen on the morrow.

Once, whilst on a shooting excursion on the plain outside the fortifications at Point Isabel, Jack happened to be our escort. In fact, he acted as pointer, and showed where the game lay. Suddenly he flushed a covey of partridges—we were about to fire when he shouted "hold on!"

"Jack, you're a fool! what did you do that for!"

"Ah, sir," said Jack, with a true sigh, "D'ye see that grave, yonder; not thin narrow dirt piles, but the grave there wid the muskets and bag'nets standin' round it. That, sir, is poor Ringgold's grave, and these is his partridges. They feed about there and seem to love his dust; I wouldn't kilt one o' 'em if I was starvin'!"

The lesson was simple, but touching. There, indeed, was the truly martial grave of the gallant Ringgold, and his friends, where

"Sadly and slowly they laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
Yet they carved not a line—raised not a stone—
But left him at ease in his glory!"

On another occasion, too, we noticed a spirit in Jack that was above all praise. An officer of the army was on furlough, (a term used, possibly, to save his feelings, for in fact we believe it was an eternal furlough;) he was very much addicted to temperance, which, in all probability, was the cause of all his infortune. One morning, after a carouse, he woke up and found that some person had cut the shoulder straps from his military coat. Naturally sensitive, this insult drove him almost distracted, and as a dernier resort, he again had recourse to the bottle. About noon he was a perfect maudlin—friendly, poor, and disgraced almost beyond redemption, he had none to succeed him, and would not have turned up his heel to save his life."

All around were laughing, sneering, scoffing; but poor Jack Moran, the poor drunkard soldier still had a heart that welled up the purest streams of sympathy. He took charge of the disgraced officer, and treated him with the tenderness of a brother.— "Ah, gintlemen," said Jack, "I know that I am not the likes o' ye—for I like to get drunk, and be my sowl! I'd be drunk all the while if me fortune could afford it.—Ah, poor Captain—I knew him when he was a man, and a braver nor a better sager niver stood in shoe leather. If ye'd seen him as I have, wid his beautiful wife along side o' him, his bright sowl by his side, and his eye sparklin' wid the bright hope, ye'd not laugh at him now. The bloody Injun Seminoles ruined his sweet lady—if they'd murdered her it would have been a blessin'—but no matter, he's niver bin the same man since!"

As noble a heart as ever beat in man's bosom dwelt in the breast of poor Jack Moran!

From the Spirit of the Times.
ADVENTURE OF A BASHFUL
"LOVER."

His name was DANPHOLE—we used to call him "Jackass" for short. Heaven help me if he should see this story. I hope he don't take the "Spirit." Among his many misfortunes—for he was cock-eyed, red-haired, and knock-kneed—he numbered that inconvenient one of bashfulness, he was fond of ladies, although when in their presence he never opened his mouth if he could help it, and when he did speak he used both hands to help him talk—in fact he was a young man of "great actions." Jack, one warm day, fell in love; he had just graduated at College, and began to think he must seek the Ladies society; he was getting to be a man, and it looked manfully to have a "punchant." So Jack fell in love with the sweetest, liveliest, most hoydenish girl in the square, but how to tell his love! there

was the rub. He had heard a good deal of the "language of the eyes," and he accordingly tried her, but whenever he looked particularly hard at the window where Miss Emily was in the habit of sitting, some person on the other side of the street would invariably bow to him, thinking he was endeavoring to catch *their eye*. He has despised expressive eyes ever since.

At length Jack obtained an introduction through his sister and with her he called several times, but she was obliged to leave the city for a season, and as each interview had only increased his ardor, he finally determined upon "going it alone." Long before the hour fixed upon by custom for an evening visit, he found himself arrayed in his best. Blue coat, metal buttons—black cassimere pants, (said pants being a "jeetle" tighter than the skin,) and a spotless vest. The Journals of the day state as an item of information that the Thermometer ranged from 75 to 80 degrees. Jack swears it was a hundred!

As the hour gradually drew near, Jack found his courage and perspiration oozing out together, and he almost determined to pool of and stay at home. He concluded, however, he'd take a walk past the house and see how he felt. By the time he reached the house he firmly concluded not to go in, but seeing no signs of life there, he thought it probable that no one was "at home," and since he had proceeded so far he'd proceed farther, and leave his card. No sooner determined than concluded.— In a reckless moment he pulled the bell—the darned thing needn't make such a "cussed" noise. The door was opened as if by magic, and the servant girl politely asked him to walk in. "Miss Emily was all alone in the parlor, and would be delighted to see him!"

Oh Lord! here was a fix! Go in a dark parlor with a pretty girl all alone! It was too late to retreat, the girl had closed the front door and was pointing the way into the parlor where "Miss Emily was sitting all alone." Being perfectly convinced that no choice was left him, into the dark room he walked or rather sidled. All was perfect chaos to his eyes for a moment; then from the deepest gloom came forth an angel voice—"bidding him welcome and draw near." To obey the order was the work of a moment, as he supposed—but he little dreamt of the obstacle Fate had thrown in his way. He knew full well the stream of Love had many ripples, but full grown snags entered not into his calculation. Judge therefore of his astonishment at being tripped up almost at the fair one's feet, by a fat stool with pithier legs which chance or a careless servant had placed exactly on his road to happiness.—Over he went, and as the tailor had not allowed for an extra tension of muscles, and sinews, he not only "procured" a tumbler but also a "compound fracture" of the black pants afore-said, said fracture extending all across that point which comes in close contact with a chair. Having picked himself up as carefully as circumstances would allow, the smothered laugh of Miss Emily "not setting him forward any," he at last succeeded in reaching a chair, and drawing his coat tails forward to prevent a disagreeable expose, sat himself down with as much grace as a bear would be expected to exhibit when requested to dance on needles. The young lady, who was almost suffocated with laughter at the sad mishap of the bashful lover, felt truly sorry for him and used all her powers of fascination to drive it from his mind, and eventually succeeded so far as to induce him to make a remark. And on this rock he split, for just at that moment she discovered she had lost her handkerchief. "What had become of it? She was sure she had it when he came in! It must certainly be somewhere about! Haven't you it under you Mr. Danphole? Jack was sure that couldn't be so! but poor Jack in venturing an answer could not possibly get along without raising his hands, and of course he must drop the coat tail. In his anxiety to recover the missing "vip'er," he even ventured to incline his body so as to get a glance on the floor. As he did so the fracture opened, and behold there lay as the lady supposed, her property. It was the work of an instant to seize the corner, and exclaim—"Here it is, sir, you needn't trouble yourself. Raise a little, it is under you!" at the same time giving it a long pull. Alas, the tail was now told—no escape—nothing short of a special interposition of Providence could save his shirt.— But what should he do? Another, a strong pull, evincing on the part of the young lady a praiseworthy determination to obtain the lost "dry goods," coupled with the request to "Get up sir, you're sitting on it," determined him, and in the agony of the moment, grabbled with both hands a fast disappearing strip of linen, which encircled his neck, he exclaimed in heart-broken accents, "For God's sake Miss Emily, leave my shirt collar!"

THE SADDLE ON THE OTHER HORSE.—One Daniel Hines, of New Bedford, Mass., recently recovered \$20 of Eliza Ann Smith for a breach of promise to marry. We think that Eliza got rid of Daniel pretty cheap.

RECEIPTS.

COLORED INKS.—Inks of various colors may be made from a strong decoction of the ingredients used in dyeing, mixed with a little alum and gum arabic. Any of the ordinary water-color cakes employed in drawing, diffused through water, may also be used for colored inks.

WILLOWS ABSORB MOISTURE.—An instance is related where fruit trees were in bad condition from the subsoil retaining too much moisture. The planting of willow trees near them was followed by a restoration of health. This result was attributed to the willows absorbing the superabundant moisture.

TO CURE SORE BACK IN HORSES.—When your saddle has scalded the back of your horse; get some white ash; clean and free from grit, sprinkle them over the sore; put your blanket on carefully, and then you may saddle your horse and "go ahead;" there will be a new skin over it before night.

BUTTERED EGGS.—Put a piece of butter in a saucepan, and melt it, adding a little milk. Break the eggs into a basin, and pour them into the saucepan. Season with salt and pepper, and continue stirring the eggs till they are sufficiently cressed. Serve on pieces of toasted bread.

FOOD.—For young chickens nothing is better than Indian corn dough, until they can eat corn or the refuse of wheat. They will eat the latter in a few days, and small grain corn in less than three weeks. The sooner they get to eat grain the better.

A correspondence of the Ledger communicates the following recipe for cleaning kid gloves, sun shades, silks, &c., without injuring or changing the color:

Dip a clean white rag in a small quantity of camphine oil, rub the article to be cleaned until the soil or grease is removed; then take a dry rag and rub the article until perfectly dry. It will then regain its former beauty, and look equal to new.

BALSAM OF TURPENTINE.—Melt by a gentle heat black rosin 1 lb.; remove the vessel from the fire and add oil of turpentine 1 pint.

FOOD FOR DUCKS.—Wet meal or wheat bran for a week or two, kept in a coop or place that they can go at pleasure. After some time, a rich wash made of any kind of vegetables—nothing better than parsley, thickened with the husks of Indian meal. It will not do to keep both sorts of ducks for breeding on the same dung-hill.

PICKLING CUCUMBERS.—To each hundred of cucumbers put a pint of salt, pour in boiling water sufficient to cover them; let them stand twenty-four hours, the vessel closely covered; they are then to be taken out and wiped dry without breaking the skin, and put in the jar in which they are to be kept. Boiling vinegar is then put to them, the jar closed tight, and in a fortnight delicious hard pickles are produced, as green as when they were upon the vines—the best vinegar must be used.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Boil a quart of milk, and stir in Indian meal till it is nearly as thick as you can stir it with a spoon, then add a tea-spoonful of salt, a cupful of molasses, a tea-spoonful of ginger or ground cinnamon, and cold milk enough to make a thin batter. Boil in a thick bag four hours, or bake the same length of time. Care should be taken that the water does not stop boiling while the pudding is in. Pudding made in this way, with the addition of a quart of chopped sweet apples, and baked from four to six hours, will be found delicious.

THE BEST TIME TO APPLY PAINT.—It has long been a subject of inquiry, says an exchange paper, as to the best time to apply paint to the clapboards of houses for durability. Repeated experiments have been made, within twenty-five years past, which have resulted in the conviction that paint applied between November and March, will stand more than twice as long as that which is spread in the other months of the year. The component parts of the paint form a hard substance on the surface of the clapboard, nearly as hard as glass, and not easily erased, or even cut with a sharp knife, and will not soon wear off; whereas when paints are applied in the months of July and August, and more especially if in a severe drought, the oil penetrates into the wood like water into a sponge, and leaves the lead nearly dry, which will soon crumble off.

A person who had been listening to a very dull address, remarked that every thing "went off well," especially the audience.

TO MAKE HARD WATER SOFT.—Add to one bucket of water, warmed, one ounce of carbonate of soda, which renders it soft as rain water.

"Get out of the way old Dan Tucker, You're too late to come to supper!"

This popular saw is changed, in the course of advancing refinement, so as to read— "Will the venerable Daniel Tucker, Esq. have the goodness to withdraw for a few minutes, as in consequence of his late arrival, it will be wholly impossible for him to take his evening refreshment at the first table."