

# The Sumter Banner.

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

J. RICHARDSON LOGAN, Proprietors.  
Wm. J. FRANCIS.

"God—and our Native Land."

TERMS—Two Dollars Per Annum  
In Advance.

VOL. VII.

SUMTERVILLE, S. C., MAY 3, 1853.

NO 27.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Bachelor and the Baby.

There was no one at home except baby's mother, and baby, and I. Baby had just gone to sleep, when baby's mother remembered a trifling commission which she had promised to execute for me in the village. With an injunction to touch the cradle if the baby awoke, she departed, leaving me proud of my new employment, and lulled by past immunity into a state of fatal security. History is full of similar examples. With one eye on my book, and the other on the cradle, like a faithful watch dog, I listened to the retreating football that should have warned me, but did not, look out for squalls. I had no idea of the awful responsibility which I had taken upon myself, or I should have shrunk from it as a cat does from water, or a mastiff from a churning machine. In fact, I rather suspect that I felt, in a trifling degree, ambitious that baby should open one eye—only one—that I might have the pleasure of shutting it again. Unwary Mortal! How little do we know when we are well off! My ambition was but too soon to be gratified; I had yet to learn by bitter experience how weary is the lot of those who—tend to babies.

I wonder whether infants are conscious in their sleep of their mother's absence, and know that an opportunity has arrived for "cutting up their didoes?" The baby over whose slumbers I had become the guardian genius—how the flies pitched into its nose!—was as sound asleep as any body could be when its mother departed; but no sooner had her shadow faded from the room than symptoms of wakefulness began to appear. First came a sigh; then a chuckle, that said as plain as chuckle could say, "Now for some fun;" then one eye opened and shut, then both began peeping about, till the head seemed inclined to bob off the pillow.

I felt a little nervous at these symptoms—only a little. "Pooh!" said I to myself; "a roll or two of the cradle will soon settle your business, youngster." But it did not. Baby was bound to have a spree. It knew that "its mother was out." That big, bothersome blue-bottle fly, too, tired of watching for the ship over the clock face, started on a voyage of discovery on its own account, and the first promontory which it reached was the nose of the baby, a tempting spot upon which it landed for refreshment, buzzing most villainously as it did so. It was a ticklish landing, however, and baby soon drove it off with a sneeze that astonished its nerves, and mine, too, more than the fly's, for the fly was accustomed to ticklish situations, which I was not. Baby was thoroughly roused. Up went its round, chubby arm; but a rock of the cradle soon sent that back to its place. I did rock that cradle beautifully. The little head rolled to and fro as easily as if it had been sustained on a toy mandarin's neck. I could not help admiring myself for the way in which I did it, and I am sure that any reasonable baby would have gone to sleep again, if only for compliment's sake; but the baby in the cradle didn't. The moment the rocking ceased, up popped the little head, like Judy's in the show, with a small peevish cry. That cry! it was like the "fizzing of the fuse" of a powder magazine, sure to end in an explosion.

Were you ever roused in the middle of the night by the maid of-all-work coming in her slippers and night cap, to inform you that the house was on fire? Did you ever stand near a Dutchman who was weighing gunpowder with a lighted cigar in his mouth? Did you ever stand over the boiler of a Mississippi steambot, and expect every moment to be landed on the tree-tops half a mile inland? If not you cannot conceive my horror when I heard that cry. I was in a cold perspiration from head to foot. I have no doubt that hailstones as big as pears might have been picked off my forehead. I rocked for dear life, and baby bounced about like a ball of Indian-rubber. But it was all useless. I sang all the songs that I could think of, from the cabalistic "Hushaby" to "Cease, rude boreas!" I tried tenor, and I tried bass; but the baby did not know the difference. It seemed to think it all base. The louder I sang, the louder it cried. It was bawl and squall; and squall bent. The

cry peevish became the cry indignant, and the cry indignant became the squall imperative. Blue-bottle buzzed with delight, and danced a hornpipe on the window, while the clock kept up a tantalizing "go it! go it!"

In an unlucky moment, I lifted the little tempter out of the cradle. Never, never, never, will I commit such an act of thoughtless imprudence again! Before I did so, I could have truly sung with the poet, "The white squall raves;" but afterwards, she fiercest blasts of boreas seemed belching from that little throat.

In the hope of quieting the tornado, I took it in my arms, waddled it to and fro in the room; tossed it up and down till my shoulders ached; dandled it on my knee, now the right one, now the left; but nothing would do. Like an eastery gale, that multiplied squalls seemed to be endless. I felt really alarmed. I was completely terrified. I saw visions of convulsions and such like fits that infant "flesh is heir to." If I had been in the city, I am sure that a crowd would have collected. I might have been taken up and accused of an attempt to commit infanticide; perhaps been published in the papers as a wretch guilty of cruelty to dumb animals. Dumb! How I wished that the dear family organ had been dumb! I even envied the deaf men that pick up cinders.

I looked at the clock and exclaimed, in despair, "When will the mother return?" and the clock answered with mocking monotony, "Not yet! not yet!" Blue-bottle had ceased its buzzing, and returned to its old quarters over the dial-plate, to which for the reappearance of the ship; perhaps asking, as impatiently as I did, the question, "When will she return?" while the clock continued to repeat, unceasingly, "Not yet! not yet!"

I knew not what to do, and mused a dozen times to the door, hoping to see the coming relief. But the walls of the distant church and the houses beyond were thick, and I could not look through them. The brook was laughing in the sunshine, and murmuring joyously as it glided over the stones, and I felt a strong temptation to pop the piping part of baby into it. I am sure the clock cried mockingly, "Do it! do it!" But the thought of a coroner's jury restrained me; a country jury of Dutch boors, with short pipes in their mouths, and skulls two layers of brick thick.

There was a rooster upon the fence, flapping his wings and crowing like a Trojan—I do believe it was over my perplexity; the pigs were grunting in their sty, pulling each other's ears for amusement, and a cow was giving nourishment to her calf in a distant field. Suddenly, a bright idea struck me. I seized an old tobacco pipe that had been stowed away upon the mantel-piece, and immersing the bulb in a tumbler of water, thrust the stem into baby's mouth. Baby was no genius. I became satisfied of that in a minute. It is an attribute of genius to accomplish its desires with imperfect instruments. There was no stoppage in the pipe. I tried it myself.

I was at my wits' ends, and laid the baby on the floor, crammimg my fingers into my ears. I was of no use. I could not shut out the sound. It was like a thousand "bear piercing pipes" drilling me through and through. I was riddled with screams that touched like galvanic wires on every nerve. The clatter of a three-story cotton mill, with a hundred girls talking of new bonnets through the din, was nothing to it. All the locomotives in the Union, tortured into a state of agony, would alone compare with it. But mill and locomotive might be stopped, and baby could not be quieted even for a moment. Any thing but a baby's lungs would have been worn out by such an abuse of power. But their strength only increased, seeming to acquire new pipes at every blast. What would I not have given for the sight of a petty-coot bearing down to my relief. Never did Robinson Crusoe on his desert island gaze more longingly over the ocean in search of a sail, than I did down the road for a bonnet and curls. I could have smiled lovingly on the fastest dogger that ever lickered in the West Indies, or the thickest scrub that pays her devotions to the doc's steps. But the feminine, like other useful commodities, had all vanished, when most wanted. Even the cat, accustomed to nursing as she was, even the cat, sensible creature, had disappeared. Like the distressed hero of a novel, I was left to my own resources, and had no resources left. There was the baby flopping about on the floor like a porpoise on a ship's deck, as if lying on its beams ends was a natural position. I fought it a dozen times, but over it went again, as if all its ballast had shifted to the head. I brought the shovel and tongs and the bellows from the fire-place, but baby would not look at them, not a bit of it; although I took the trouble to blow the bellows

in the blue bottle's face, and sent the threads on the carpets flying about the room. Even the clothes-brush and nutmeg-grater proved no attraction, and I broke a suspender button hopping about on all fours. If I had stood on my head, and shook the pennies out of my pockets, it would have had no effect. Even a lump of sugar would not bribe it to be quiet. It made wry faces at the mirror, and pitched savagely into the pillow, turned indignantly from the tea-kettle, and squared off at the rolling-pin. If I had given it the carving-knife, I do verily believe that it would have cut off its own head, and made two squalls instead of one; I forbore. Give me credit for my magnanimity! I forbore.

For nearly a mortal hour—an age—was I thus kept in a state of frenzy. My hairs stood up "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." They have always stubbornly refused to lie down smoothly since. If my trials had lasted much longer, I should certainly have had a "gray head upon young shoulders." Perhaps I should have sunk into the grave with a nervous fever, and had "Died of baby nursing" for an epitaph upon my tombstone. Fortunately for the public in general, and me in particular, I was spared such a catastrophe by the return of the mother, who burst panting into the room at the critical moment when my Job-like patience had miserably perished, by degrees, as the water leaks from a broken-hooped bucket. With what a feeling of relief did I look up at the old clock as it announced to me, in its most cheerful tones, "She's come! she's come!"

Would you believe it?—but I'm sure you can't, the fact seems too great an enormity—that little piece of perversity was as quiet as a lamb in a minute! Why the mother was so deceived, that she actually called it her "precious lamb!" I heard her, and was astounded. I wonder she didn't feel sheepish; I know I did. Lamb, indeed! If that was being a lamb, what would it be when it became mutter? Why, it was fast asleep again in no time, and laughing in its dreams over the fun it had enjoyed. Didn't I vow never to be caught alone with a baby again? If ever I am, may I be served in the same manner again.—*Lady's Book.*

From the New York Spirit of the Times.  
**The Major's First Declaration.**

"I always was," said the Major, slowly filling his glass, what you might call 'a bashful man' among the women. I am as bold as a lion with the men, but some how, when I find myself in the company of ladies, I feel my valor 'oozing out at my finger's ends.' It's a kind of constitutional weakness of mine, decidedly provoking to myself, and troublesome to my friends, and what's worse, I don't get rid of it, and on this account it was most likely that I lived to be twenty-eight, and had never made love to mortal woman.

Well, about this time (when I had celebrated my twenty-eighth birth day) the old gentleman (that is the Major's senior) had a claim against government that needed 'nursing,' and so he sent me on to Washington to attend to it. He gave me letters to several Hon. M. C.'s, with instructions never to stop worrying 'em until I got the bill passed; as this would probably take some time, he recommended me to a quiet boarding-house, where I would find 'all the comforts of home,' cheerfully furnished at the rate of five dollars a week. The boarders were numerous, but select, comprising, I was surprised to find, quite a number of claimants besides myself, and all equally sure of success. But a most lovely vision, the very first day at dinner, put all claims and claimants out of my head. Oh, what radiant breathing beauty! The rose, said the Major, falling into a poetical vein, the rose blended with the lily in her complexion, and her eyes—Oh, heavens! I cannot describe her eyes.—But there she sat right before me, and I had to stare at her, do what I would. By Jove, my boy, just you fall in love right off, at first sight, as I did, and sit opposite your innamorata at dinner, and—well you won't eat much, I'll warrant; any how I didn't sleep much either. I didn't know the lady's name, and I was too fearful of discovering my feelings to ask any one, but I resolved to wait patiently for an introduction. "And then," thinks I, "I'll go in for her, that is if she ain't married, and I'll win her too."

I had noticed at dinner that a pale, meek appearing little gentleman, who sat beside her, seemed by

his attentions likely to prove a rival, but I felt that if I could only conquer my foolish timidity, my personal attractions (here the Major gave an approving glance at the opposite mirror) would carry the day. The next evening I got an introduction.

"Captain Brown," (I was only Captain then,) said the landlady, "allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Triplett."

"Widow," thinks I, and I entered rather timidly into conversation. I felt all my old awkwardness return upon me, and so I let her do all the talking, simply because I had nothing to say. At length a bright idea struck me.

"Madam," said I, "those are beautiful bracelets of yours," (she wore a pair of braided hair.)

"Yes," said she with a sigh, "it is the hair of my late husband. Poor man, he has gone to a better home!"

"Ah! ha!" thinks I, "a widow for sure."—Well, I redoubled my attentions, saying "nothing to nobody," so fearful was I of being suspected, and I even carried my caution so far as at all times to avoid the presence of the meek gentleman; whose name even I did not enquire after, and as we never happened to meet at an opportune moment, I got no introduction to him; and this state of things rather pleased me, and so the time passed away, till at length my bill passed also, and I must go.

The evening previous to my departure I concocted a beautiful speech, in which, in choice language, I offered my hand, heart, and fortune, to the blooming widow.

The next morning, assuming as brave an exterior as possible, (in fact, I believe I had all the outward bearing of the lion.) I strolled into the parlor, and by good luck I found the lady of my affections alone.—Like a swimmer who plunges at once into the stream, I began my oration immediately on entering the room.

"Madam," said I, "I hardly know in what terms to—to—(Here the d—d queer feeling in the legs that I always have when I am particularly embarrassed, came upon me powerfully, and I lost all presence of mind.)

"The fact is," said I, "that I'm a going off in the morning, and before I leave this spot, I—that is—(oh, Lord! how my head swam.) You see—(here I fell on my knees, and before she could prevent me, seized both her hands.) 'The fact is—I love you—I do—upon my word I do—I love you awfully—there's no use trying to hide it—and I can't cure it—it's worse than fever and shakes—it is—Oh, I hope you love me—do you?'"

"Young man," said a stern voice behind me, "What are you saying to my wife?"

I sprang upon my feet in an instant, and saw the meek little man standing, black as a thunder cloud, before me.

"Why!" I cried, turning to the lady, "I thought you were a widow!"

"This," said she sweetly, "is Mr. Triplett, my second husband."

"Well," said I, "what did he do?"

"Oh, Lord!" said the Major, "I don't know what he did, I fainted."

**Affecting Incident.**

I recollect one member of Congress, who was always rallying me about our Congressional Temperance Society.

"Briggs," he used to say, "I'm going to join your Temperance Society as soon as my demijohn is empty." But just before it becomes empty he always filled it again. At one time, towards the close of the session, he said to me—"I am going to sign the pledge when I get home—I am in earnest," continued he; "my demijohn is nearly empty, and I am not going to fill it again." He spoke with such an air of seriousness as I had not before observed, and it impressed me; so I asked him what he meant—what had changed his feelings?

"Why," said he, "I had a short time since a visit from my brother, who stated to me a fact that more deeply impressed and affected me, than any thing I recollect to have heard upon the subject, in any temperance speech I have ever heard or read.

"In my neighborhood is a gentleman of my acquaintance, well educated, who once had some property, but is now reduced—poor! He had a beautiful and lovely wife, a lady of cultivation and refinement—and a most charming daughter.

"This gentleman had become most decidedly intemperate in his habits, and had fully alarmed his friends in regard to him. At one time when a number of his former associates were together, they counselled as to what could be done for him.

"Finally, one of them said to Linn, 'why don't you send your daughter away to a certain distinguished school?' which he named.

"Oh, I cannot," said he, 'it's out of the question. I am not able to bear the expense. Poor girl! I wish I could.'

"Well," said his friend, 'if you will sign the temperance pledge,' I will be at all the expense of her attending school for one year.'

"What does this mean?" said he.—"Do you think me in danger of becoming a drunkard?"

"No matter," said his friend, 'about that now, but I will do as I said.'

"And I," said another, 'will pay the rent of your farm a year, if you will sign the pledge.'

"Well these offers are certainly liberal, but what do you mean? Do you think me in danger of becoming a drunkard? What can it mean! But, gentlemen, in view of your liberality, I will make an offer. I will sign it 'if you will!'"

"This was a proposition they had not considered, and were not very well prepared to meet; but for his sake they said we will, and did sign, and be with them.

"And now, for the first time, the truth poured into his mind, and he saw his condition, and sat down bathed in tears.

"Now," said he, 'gentlemen, you must go and communicate these facts to my wife—poor woman! I know she will be glad to hear, but I cannot tell her.'

"Two of them started for that purpose. The lady met them at the door, pale and trembling with emotion.

"What," she inquired, 'is the matter? What has happened to my husband?'"

"They bid her dismiss her fears, assuring her they had come to bring her tidings of her husband—but good tidings—such as she would be glad to hear.

"Your husband has signed the temperance pledge—yes, signed in good faith."

"The joyous news nearly overcame her—she trembled with excitement—she wept freely, and clasping her hands devotionally, she looked up to Heaven, and thanked God for the happy change. 'Now,' said she, 'I have a husband as he once was, in the days of our early love.'

"But this was not what moved her," said the gentleman. "There was in the same vicinity another gentleman, a generous, noble soul—married young—married well—into a charming family, and the flower of it. His wine-drinking habits had aroused the fears of his friends, and one day, when several of them were together, one said to another, 'let us sign the pledge.' 'I will, if you will,' said one to another, till all had agreed to it, and the thing was done.

"This gentleman thought it rather a small business, and felt a little sensitive about revealing to his wife what he had done. But on returning home, he said to her:

"Mary, my dear, I have done what I fear will displease you."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, I have signed the temperance pledge."

"Have you?"

"Yes I have certainly."

"Watching his manner, as he replied, and reading its sincerity, she entwined her arms around his neck, and laid her head upon his bosom, and burst into tears. Her husband was affected deeply by the conduct of his wife, and said:

"Mary, don't weep; I did not know it would afflict you so, or I would not have done it; I will go and take my name off immediately."

"Take your name off!" said she; "no, no, let it be there. I shall now no more solicit in reference to your becoming a drunkard. I shall spend no more wakeful midnight hours. I shall no more steep my

pillow in tears.'

"Now for the first time truth shone upon his mind, and he folded to his bosom his young and beautiful wife, and wept with her. Now, I can't stand these facts, and I am going to sign the pledge."—*Speech of Gov. Briggs of Lowell.*

### Letter of a Turkish Fegy.

The following amusing letter, says the New York Evening Post was written by a Turkish eadi to a travelling friend of Mr. Layard, in reply to some inquiries about the commerce, population and antiquities of the city in which he resided, and which shows the writer to have been the rarest specimen of a fegy of which we have any knowledge. Whenever any one shall hereafter have occasion to show how a conservative runs to seed, writes and thinks, let him turn to the following letter from Judge Inaun Ali Zadi, which Mr. Layard has kindly preserved, to illustrate the feelings with which his curious researches inspired the imperturbable Mussulmen among whom he was conducting them. Addison never painted a more exquisite caricature than is embodied in this sober letter of the eadi, and no historian has ever developed so compactly the philosophy on which the impetrate anthropomorphism of the oriental civilizations rest:

*My illustrious friend and joy of my liver:*

The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses, nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules, and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, this is no business of mine.—But above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it.

Oh my soul! oh my lamb! I seek not after the things which concern thee not, thou earnest unto us, and we welcomed thee; go in peace.

Of a truth thou hast spoken many words, and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one, and the listener another. After the fashion of thy people, thou hast wandered from one place to another until thou art happy and content in none. We (praise be to God) were born here, and never desire to quit it. It is possible, then, that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understandings? God forbid.

Listen, oh my son! There is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God! He created the world and shall we then ourselves into him in seeking to penetrate into the mysteries of his creation? Shall we say, Behold the star spinneth round the star, and this other star with a tail goeth and cometh in so many years? Let it go! He from whose hand it came will guide and direct it.

But you will say unto me, stand aside, oh man, for I am more learned than thou art and have seen more things. If thou thinkest that in this respect thou art better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in the things I care not for, and as for that which thou hast seen I defy it. Will much knowledge create thee a double belly, or wilt thou seek Paradise with thine eyes?

Oh my friend! If thou wilt be happy, say, there is not God but God! Do no evil, and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death, for surely thine hour will come.

The Meek in Spirit (El Fakir.)

IMAUM ALI ZADI.

**THE NEWSPAPER.—ELOQUENT EXTRACT.**—The following extract is taken from a sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. Adams of New York:

"Why is anything made public, but the belief that it will be of interest to others? Why is it announced that Isaac and Rebecca were married on a certain day last week, but on the supposition that it will give you pleasure to know it. And then lower down on the sheet, under the startling head of deaths, your eye runs along always with apprehension lest it fall on some well known name, and reads that the aged father, the young child, the beloved wife, the rich, the poor, the admired, the honored, the beautiful are gone: as it is not taken for granted that even strangers will have a sigh for the afflicted, and the world respond in sympathy to the incursions of a common foe?"

"Read in this light, the commonest advertisements which crowd our papers have a kindly order about them. Say not, with a cynic sneer, as though you were doubtful whether there was anything honest in the

world, when a store keeper advertises his wares, that it is all sheer selfishness, for it is pleasant for one to announce a fresh supply of tallow and wool, hard ware, or muslins, is it not just as pleasant for one who wishes to know it? When a brace of young partners in trade insert their virgin advertisement, informing the world how happy they shall be to wait on customers, can you read it without entering into their new career?

"Business advertisements! Waste paper! You know not what you say. Those ships which are to sail for every harbor in the world—those fabrics which have arrived from every commercial mart on the earth, this iron from Russia, tea from China, cotton from Georgia, sugar from Louisiana—do they not 'preach to us at the corners of the streets, at the entering in of the gates, in our docks, and in our custom houses and exchanges, sermons on the mutual dependence of mankind?"

**A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.**—We find the following paragraph in the Utica Herald. They have all the elements of romance, but are related as real incidents in the life of an unhappy man:

Major Hicks, a keeper of the toll gate, on the plank road between Richland station and Pulaski, was found dead in his bed on Thursday morning last. He probably died of apoplexy. He was a miserable old bachelor, and for years rented his house and lived in his barn, in Pulaski. He lived alone, separated from sympathy, and leaving no place desolate in the social circle.

We knew the old Major well. It was only week before last we saw him standing in the door of his den as we passed by. He looked the very embodiment of hard times and desolation. He was a singular creature. He married when quite young, and after living with his wife a short time, left her and suddenly disappeared, no one knew where. His wife, after living alone a number of years, supposing him dead, solaced her grief at his absence in a second marriage. She had lived with her second husband but a short time, when suddenly one day Major "turned up" and claimed his spouse. The wife clung to her new lord; the interloper was in despair; the Major was inexorable. After maintaining an attitude of siege for some time, he proposed that if the second husband would fork over \$5,000, he would leave them unmolested. This was granted, and the Major vanished a second time. After squandering this sum—which it took him but a short time to do—he returned and renewed hostilities. He insisted upon another \$5,000 as a condition of perpetual non-interference. This was also finally granted. Having received this, the Major repeated him of his former evil course, joined the temperance society, and retired to spend the remainder of his days in solitary grandeur. He managed to live on the interest of this last \$5,000 for the past fifteen or twenty years. We remember when the Major looked sleek and trim, and was regarded as quite an oracle among schoolboys and village idlers. But owing to one or two demonstrations of a rather savage nature, he had fallen into disgrace, and been rather shunned, if not feared, for some years.

**IN CHARACTER.**—The following amusing circumstance is stated to have occurred at a fancy ball given in Washington City, recently. It was understood that every person was to dress in character, and an usher was stationed at the door of the saloon, to announce to the company within, the different characters as they entered. Two young ladies appeared at the entrance.

"Your characters?" asked the usher in a whisper.

"We do not appear in costume to-night," said the two young ladies. "Two young ladies without any characters," bawled out the usher, at the top of his voice.

**TOILET OR ELEGANCE FOR GENTLEMEN.**—For preserving the complexion—temperance.

To preserve the breath sweet—abstinence from tobacco.

For whitening the hand—honesty. For the Moustache—the razor.

To remove strains—repentance. Easy shaving soap—ready money.

For improving the sight—observation.

A beautiful ring—the family circle. For improving the voice—civility.

The best companion at the toilet—a wife.

To keep away moths—good society.

To promote sleep—dispense with the latch key.