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MISCELLANEOUS.

Solomon Swallow the Woman Tamer.

"Rule a wife and have a wife."
Solomon Swallow was a bachelor, and a rusty one, too; but, nevertheless, he had made up his mind to one thing, that he was the only man living who had acquired any knowledge of the art of taking care of a wife.
"All the married men are dolts," was Solomon's constant assertion. "There, for instance, is my neighbor, Tom Tangible; his wife makes a sort of three-legged stool of him: she moves in one corner, and then in another, and sits on him and walks on him as if he was nobody in the house, while he, poor man, takes it as easy as though it was the most natural thing in the world. Now that I were only Tom Tangible, I'd first write a series of matrimonial articles, and if Mrs. T. didn't abide by them, I'd submit her to the wholesome discipline of bread and water and a padlock; and might, perhaps, brighten her ideas touching her conjugal duties, by the application of a good cowhide. And there, again, are Evert Easy, Dick Snooks, and a host more of them in the same condition; but I—I'm the boy that will set them all right, if they only follow my example after I have condescended to endow some fortunate female with the legal claim to the title of Mrs. Swallow!
"Well, Solomon," said a neighbor to him one morning, "as you are always boasting of your skill in managing a wife, how comes it that you are not married?"
"Why, because I have not perfected my system! You poked your head into the noose without making any preparation, and hence Mrs. Evert makes what she likes of you. But I go to work logically. I begin by studying the erudite works of Zingrubaze "On the philosophy of woman's holding her tongue." I then read several treatises "On the effect of bread and water discipline in making good wives." Shakespeare's "Taming a Shrew" furnished me a few excellent practical lessons. And I am now generalizing all the systems into one, which shall carry the sway in all future generations, and convert the plague of matrimony into a blessing. In the course of a year or so," added Solomon, "my 'Rules for the Regulation of a Woman' (I intend to publish it) will be completed, and then I shall take me a wife."
And Solomon was as good as his word, for at the age of thirty-five, feeling himself prepared to give battle to any woman in or out of the land of the Amazons, he got married. At this important period Solomon was as puffy, comfortable-looking a little fellow as you'd meet in a day's walk, for, albeit the crown of his head never stood full five feet from the heels of his boots, he was of proportions that would have done honor to an alderman, or even a Lord Mayor; and his gait, especially when walking with anything in the likeness of a woman, was as pompous as a Sultan's, while, at such times, his countenance always assumed an expression that could not have brooked the approach of female familiarity. The lady whom Solomon had chosen for his "worse half" was apparently a lamb-like creature, so that the chances were very fair that she would not only be a tractable wife, but that Solomon would require no help from his system to make her so.
Now, Solomon had the forbearance not to interfere with his lady's sayings and doings on the night of the wedding, nor is it recorded that he assumed special authority on the next morning; but about six o'clock the next morning he softly insinuated to his sleeping partner that it was time to get up.
"And," he added, "when breakfast is ready you may call me, but be sure and not burn the toast."
"Breakfast and toast?" said Mrs. Swallow, "why, what do you mean?"
"Why, my dear—I mean, madam, that I have begun my system."
"And won't you get up, too?"
"Yes, when breakfast is ready and my stockings aired!"
Mrs. Swallow was about to reply, but she checked herself, as she was ashamed to say much to him on so short an acquaintance; but though in the present instance she did exactly as she was bid, she resolved in her heart that it was the last time she would get up at six in the morning to prepare breakfast.
At eight o'clock, everything being ready, Mrs. S. called Mr. S.
"Breakfast is ready, Mr. S."
"Is the toast made?"
"Yes."
"Not burned?"
"No."
"Are my stockings aired?"
"Yes."
"You'll do," quoth Mr. S. and to

breakfast he went, having received the services of the blushing Mrs. S. to assist him in dressing.
The breakfast, however, did not turn out to be the thing it had been cracked up for. The toast was done a little too much, and the tea wasn't done quite enough; the sloop-bowl was at the wrong end of the tray, and there were several crumbs on the carpet.
"The servant hasn't been here this morning," observed Mrs. S.
"Servant!" returned Solomon, "I discharged her yesterday. You don't think I can afford to keep a servant and a wife too!"
The lady was again posed, and she said nothing, but the day wore to its close before she could bring herself to the belief that Mr. Swallow had actually made use of the words "servant" and "wife" in the same sentence.
The next morning at six o'clock, Mr. Swallow again informed his wife that it was time to get up coupling the remarks with the suggestion that in future she must save him the trouble of reminding her of so necessary a duty.
Mr. Swallow, however, benefitted nothing by this soft insinuation, for at the moment she either was, or pretended to be, fast locked in the arms of Morpheus.
"Don't you hear, Mrs. S.?" quoth Solomon.
But alas! a slight consciousness was the only response from Mrs. S.
Now this was a ticklish point with Solomon, but he was prepared for it. "What says my system on this head?" said he to himself, musingly. "It says that a lazy wife who lies abed in the morning may be very properly reminded of her duty by the judicious application of a coercion pin." And this magnificent idea had scarcely crossed the threshold of his brain, than he inserted the point of a huge pin in the right arm of the sleeper. As might be expected, the intended effect instantly followed the cause, for the astonished Mrs. Swallow sprang from the bed as though she had been thrown from it by an earthquake. But alas! her agility was too strikingly manifested, for she not only left the bed, but she dashed his patent lever from the nail which suspended it to the wall, and broke the dial into a thousand pieces.
"What a dreadful dream!" ejaculated Mrs. S., pressing her left hand on her wounded arm.
"What a dreadful reality!" shouted Mr. Swallow, contemplating the fragile ruins of his demolished timepiece.
Here we pass over the interval between this occurrence, and the time when the happy pair in question were seated at breakfast.
"Now, Mrs. Swallow," said Solomon, "seeing that I can't awaken to call you up in the morning, or eat burnt toast, or drink raw tea, &c., it is time I should begin to instruct you in your duties."
"And what are those, Mr. S.?"
"Be silent, madam, if you please; not to talk, but listen, is one of the most important of them."
"Proceed, sir."
And Mr. Swallow, looking daggers at her for the second interruption, proceeded:
"From six till eight you are to get up, dress quietly, so as to create no disturbance, light fire, air clothing and stockings, sweep rooms, prepare breakfast, and announce the perfection thereof. Eight till ten, wash tea-things, make beds, rub furniture and clean windows. Ten to twelve, go to market and prepare dinner. Twelve till two to devote to dishwashing, sweeping and rubbing furniture. Two to six, spinning, mending clothes, and darning stockings. Seven, tea. From that time till nine a second course of mending and darning, and then go to bed. And this daily course, madam, with a strict observance of the rules of civility, frugality, decorum and obedience, may in time, enable you to do honor to the choice of Mr. Solomon Swallow."
Mrs. S. listened quietly to the end; and then mildly inquired:
"And do you really expect this of me, Mr. S.?"
"To be sure I do," responded her spouse.
"That you'll be sadly disappointed, for I'll do no such thing."
"No?"
"No."
"I've a way to make you."
"How?"
"Spoon diet, looks, chains and cowhides."
"Mr. Swallow!"
"What?"
"You're a brute!" and Mrs. S. threw herself back, and looked desperate.
Now this was a climax. Mr. Swallow was called a brute at his own fireside, and by his own wife, which was the worst of all. He, Solomon Swallow, the celebrated founder of a system of matrimonial observation, called a brute, and by no less a per-

son than Mrs. Swallow. At first he was so astonished at such open manifestation of rebellion of his royal will, that he only looked aghast; but when he came to himself, he saw that something must be done at once, or the field was lost forever.
"You called me a brute, Mrs. S."
"I did, Mr. S."
"A brute?"
"A brute!"
"I'll go mad and break things," Mrs. S. said.
"As you like, sir."
"And Mr. S. did go mad, but he had a method in his madness, for he seized the cheapest article of delf that was on the table (an old plate with a crack in it) and dashed it into a thousand pieces on the hearth, as if he was in a tremendous passion.
"How do you like that, Mrs. Swallow?"
"Vastly, Mr. S., try it again?"
And again he did try it, (for he had become desperate) and demolished the cream-jug.
"Now," said the lady, "it is my turn;" and jumping up she sent the sloop bowl to keep company with its tea-table companions.
This was, of course, too much for Solomon; it snapped asunder the last remaining cord of the little reason he had left, and he slapped his helpmate—we use the word in its most positive sense—on her right cheek; but scarcely had the echo of the blow melted into silence, ere the indignant dame seized the tea pot, and shivered it into atoms against the head of the devoted Mr. Swallow. Nor was this all, for as he was rolling heels over head from the effect of the awful collision, she piled the remainder of the tea-traps until there was scarcely a bone in his body, which had not echoed to the shock of cups and saucers, and rounds of buttered toast.
Unable to carry on the war any longer for that day, Solomon gathered himself up as well as he could, and, vowing vengeance, he stuck his pipe into his mouth, his hands into his pockets, and then commenced whistling a jig to the tune of the old cow-died, looking as if he could bite a piece off the griddle without setting his teeth on edge. His good lady, too, being determined to follow the example of her Lord and Master in other matters before the delf-breaking, placed another chair back to back with Solomon's, and after providing herself with a novel, sat herself down and began reading away, as if there were no such things as beds to make, or stockings to mend, in all Christendom.
Here this affectionate couple sat for six mortal hours, each bent upon sitting the other down, and ruminating the while upon their relative positions.
"But it must be confessed that Mrs. S. had the best of the bargain, for independent of Solomon's mangled head, and parboiled neck and shoulders, he saw as plain as mud, that the water-dial and the crockery must be replaced; so that the reducing of the first chapter in his voluminous system to practice must be attended the case I might as well as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, thought he, and with that he rose from his chair, stole softly from the room, and turned the key upon the gentle Mrs. S.
The turning of the key made her aware of his intention, when she rushed to the door, but it was too late.
"Open the door this instant, Mr. Swallow."
"No; until I have kept you here seven days upon bread and water," returned the victorious Solomon, as he went his way rejoicing.
But, alas! how fleeting is human greatness—in about half an hour he returned to see how matters were going, but scarcely put his eye to the key hole when he began roaring like a bull, for Mrs. Swallow had torn every one of his fine linen shirts (that on his back excepted) into pieces, to make a rope to let her self down from the window; nor was all, for upon further examination, he discovered that she had also thrown a variety of chair cushions, bed linen, &c., into the dirty yard, to make her descent safe.
Oh, chop-fallen Solomon Swallow! The archives of the Swallows are silent as to the remaining occurrences of this eventful day, but on the very next morning, about seven o'clock, Mr. Swallow popped his head from under the blanket, and said, "Mrs. Swallow, dear, isn't time to get up?"
"Yes," returned the lady, "and you may call me when you have lit the fire, and put on the kettle."
Poor Solomon! There was no alternative. So he sat about his work with an alacrity which showed that he had the terror of a broken head and demolished body lining running strongly in his memory. In short, Solomon was a conquered man. That day he had to prepare breakfast, sweep the room, &c. The next, his assistance was required in the rubbing of the furniture, and the making of beds; and before the week was out, he was

inuated into the mystery of washing coarse towels.
Degenerate Solomon Swallow! Nay, in after times, when the Swallows began to gather about him, it is whispered that his "better" half used to employ him at yet more deeply conjugal offices.
About five years after the celebration of his nuptials, a friend called to see him.
"You must go with me to the theatre, Mr. Swallow," said a friend.
"He shan't," said Mrs. Swallow.
"He must," said the friend, "and so must you."
"I may, but he can't," replied the dame, "for he must stop at home with the children."
And Mrs. Swallow did go to the play, and Solomon stopped at home.
O, hen-pecked Solomon Swallow! The moral of this authentic tale is that "bachelors' wives and old maids' children" are always excellent in theory, but as bad as can be in practice—and that a managed wife is better than no wife at all. Had Solomon only treated his better half decently in the beginning, things might have gone on smoothly to the end, but as it was, he compelled her to be a Tartar in her own defence; he had to take the consequences.
A Hoosier at A Fancy Ball.
The New Orleans Picayune publishes the following letter from a hoosier to his sweet-heart, giving a description of a recent brilliant mask and fancy ball at the St. Louis Hotel in that city. The Picayune pronounces it a genuine letter:
New Orleans, March, 1853.
My Dear Sally.—I now take my pen in hand, to tell you that I arrive in this tawny big town, day after yesterday. I would have writ to you afore, but I seed and heard so much that I haint had no want to write no do nothing else. Arter looking round to hore a spell, to ax into trade for 'nips and punkins,' some of my friends axed me to go to the fancy ball, whar they sed there was lots of funny things to be seed, and whar maybe I could sell my nips and punkins. At first I did not want to go, kase I promised you afore I left on my boat 'Sally Nipper,' I would not go to any place which was undecent, but my friends said this was the deacentest place in town cepin the church, so I promised them to go, if they would let me go natural.—"They said I could not go natural naely; but if I would dress up and put on a doe face that would do."
I put on my best 'hib and tucker,' a standin collar and spankin new hat, a new pair of breeches and my new coat, for it is most new, as I haint worn it but a little more than three years on Sundays, with my shiny shoes, and bran new neck handkerchief, I looked as nice as a town dandy, though I did not have hair on my face like a monkey.
When I got to the great big house they call the Saint Louis I found everything as fine as a fiddle and heap finer. They had two great big rooms, larger than four of our father Spriggin's churches. The caudles were all lit, the biggest bed spread you ever seed was nailed down on the floor to walk on, they had fastened great long benches covered with silk cushions. They had pieces of shiny silk to hang down over the winders, I spose to keep folks from looking in, and a heap more things besides. It would make half the women in Green River fools of I was to tell em about em, for they would not rest till they had seen em, and then they would not be worth a cuss afterwards, for they do say nearly every woman that comes to this town, gets her head so internationally turned that cheese and eggs, butter and pathin breeches, becomes unhandsome in her eyes.
I got to the ball about half arter 8 o'clock, most time to go to bed at home, and if you believe me, nobody wern't there yet. So I went into the great big room, felt like a fool you know, but I took a seat to see how things was. I got tired settin afore a spell, and went 't up to a very fine looking gentleman, and asked him if I mout walk about some. This gentleman I afterwards found out was the great Captain Twigg. The captain is a good soul, and telled me it was no harm to go where I pleased. I promised him not to dirty the spread on the floor, but keep close to the edges.
After walkin round a spell, holding my mouth open I spose, I was takin with an awful notion to spit, but there

wern't the first place to spit on, so I axed one of the managers whar I must spit, and he said I mout spit in the corner of I would pull up the spread; but when I went to pull up the spread I found it nailed down hard and fast, so arter so long a time I had to go away down stairs outside of the house to the road just to spit, for I knowed it wern't genteel to be spittin on folks spreads or walls.
Arter I had spit I come back just as the music struck up. You never heard or seed so much music all in one pile in your life; it beat the circus all holler. There was fives and fiddles, brass horns and every thing, and the way they puffed their jaws and worked their arms was no sin to Moses.
Presently, by and by, I seed several fellers dressed all kinds of funny ways, jist pitch at some gals cloze by, like a bumble-bee on a flower. They grabed on round the waist and flung em round and round like they war ago in to dash their brains out agin the wall. The poor gals I pitted 'em, and expected every minute to hear 'em squall loud enough to wake creation, or their daddies if there were asleep up stairs. They were taken, as I supposed, so suddenly and skeroed so bad they could't even holler, but jist fainted away and dropped their heads like a withered collard leaf, right on the shoulders of the fellers that grabed 'em as tight as thunder. The fact is, ef I was to give an opinion, I should say the gals ribs war so much bruised they could not war their dresses fastened for a week afterwards.
You know I am naturally a tender hearted man, and felt for the girls very much indeed; now don't get jealous, Sally, for I didn't feel for one gals like the other fellers who had hold on 'em round the waist and I felt for 'em, pity in my heart. I hat, my old hickory stick along, and was great mind to wallop the fellers and make 'em let the gals loose; but I thought as I was a stranger I had better not be mixin in things I didn't know much about, and so I jist walked away and talked to some of the genteel ladies I seed in the room.
The ladies war sittin away back as ef they didn't want to have any thing to do with sich carryins on; when I told 'em my notion on the subject they said they thought jist like me about the thing, but they said the fellers did not grab the gals agin their wills, and that the whole thing was a fashionable dance called Porker. That the gals instead of faintin, as I supposed from fear, they was jist as fond of being hugged as the fellers was of huggin 'em, and that when they dropped their heads on the fellers' shoulders they was only leaned up to 'em, I spose upon the same principle that a cat leans up to you when you scratch her back. They thought, ef it wurnt that that war more in favor of huggin than agin it, they would like to see me wallop 'em a little with my stick; as it was, I had beat not to pitch in. But they one and all sed if ever they had gals to come to this town, and I was here, they hoped I would wallop every feller I caught huggin their darters. I promised 'em I would, and I will, jist as saro as my nemo is Ben.
So soon as the music stopped, the huggin stoped too, and the fellers and gals sorter run into the crowd as if they war ashamed, and forgot to blow out the candles afore they commenced a huggin, however they got over it very soon, an everybody got so mixed up that you could not tell 'tuther from which.
Thar war more curious lookin people there than you ever seed in all your life. Thar was kings and queens, soldiers and sailors, old wimmin and young wimmin, long noses and short noses, big eyes and 'tittle eyes; in fact they beat all the pixed books you ever seed.
Arter they had mixer about a spell a squad of the dancin folks talk to me about things, for I reckon I looked as green to them as they looked curious. They axed me how I liked the dance, and I told 'em adzactly my opinion about it. They seemed to think I was a quar old case, to see any harm in two young folks huggin each other! They sed it would wake up the young idea and teach it how to shoot, and that it had fine developin powers, &c. I told em so far as I was concerned, I would rather see the young idea should sleep from cards shuffled, &c. Mr. G., dealt

taught to shoot in that manner, and as to developin the powers, I did not know much about that, but ef they would say developin things, I would agree with 'em.
One of the gals jist turned up her nose, and said I was 'a rusty, old riny feller,' and seemed mighty horrified kase I had a little grease spot on my coat about as big as the palm of your hand. "Madam," says I, "I may be rusty, kase I haint been burn'd up and down for a half hour like you have been to night, and as to the spot of grease on my coat sleeve, it haint as big by half as the one you made on that feller's shoulder when you were layin in his arms jist now in the dance, besides your's got flour-mixed with it, and mine haint." This kinder got her, for she had let her handkerchief slip from under her chin while leaning agin the feller's shoulder and left a tarnation great spot of grease and flour there. This I have been told is very common in sich dance, and is considered a great God's send to tailors and washers.
I had a heap more jist sich talks as this with the dancin folks, when away late at night they told me supper was ready, I went in and took a seat, but I couldn't get any thing I could eat. I axed for bacon and cabbage, beef and 'tips,' pork and beans, and all sich good dishes as we have in the Green River county, but the fellers who waited on the table sed they did not have any sich things, with quar names, which I would not eat, kase they mout have pizen in 'em. Several good lookin gentlemen axed me to drink with 'em. They poured some bilin stuff out of a bottle which I blowed till it got cool, and then drank it. It taste better than cider and made me feel very good indeed. I went to the kitchen then arter some punkin pie, but the waiter said there wern't any thar, so I had as well go back, so back I went, and seed a heap of quar things I haint time to write you about—left for the 'Sally Nipper' about 3 o'clock, and sleep till sunrise.
I have been tryin ever since to sell my load of 'nips and punkins,' and back to you again.
Your lovin BEN JOHNSONS of Sleepy Holler.
Frauds in Gambling.
The Baltimore Sun gives the following abstract of a recent lecture and expose of the immense frauds in all systems of gambling, by Mr. Green a reformed member of that fraternity!
"Mr. Green next remarked that the public generally had no adequate conception of the degree of skill which was attainable by persons who make gambling their business, and that if he could only succeed in fully acquainting the public mind upon this subject, he had no fears that any individual, well informed in the matter, would be so simple-minded as ever to attempt an encounter with the professional gambler. This great degree of skill on the part of professed gamblers was the result of some amount of science, strong power of memory, acquired by cultivation, an astonishing slight of hands obtained by constant practice, all aided by the marked cards in general use, by which they can read as easily as if played with the face upwards.
To convince gentlemen of the utter folly of attempting to play cards with professed gamblers, however amusing might be their private games with each other, he would show them how completely he could control the cards of the entire pack. The game of whist was called for; the cards shuffled by those around him, when he immediately dealt himself and partner all the important cards in the pack. He then explained to them that, knowing every card by the back, he could deal the second, third, or even the fourth card from the top as well as the first, and this he did again with a rapidity that defied the closest scrutiny to detect it, and with as much apparent ease as if he was dealing from the top of the pack.
"High, low, jack, and the game" was next called for, and the cards thoroughly shuffled. He immediately dealt himself the ace, deuce, and ten of clubs, and turned the jack, and gave his opponent the king, queen, and tray, beneath a score of watchful eyes around the table, none of which could detect the cheat or account for the result, until explained by Mr. G.
"Eachr" was next called for, the cards shuffled, &c. Mr. G., dealt

himself the ace, king, jack of clubs, jack of spades, and ten of hearts, and turned the queen of clubs for trumps; discarding the ten, he insured himself all the tricks. This he accomplished by making several changes in the relative position of the cards, which is done, and could only be done, by thorough bred gamblers.
"Brags" was next introduced—the cards shuffled and cut; a partner selected, to whom Mr. Green said he would give a large hand. He dealt him two bullets and a knaggar, and the third man the same hand in size—thus showing that the gambler could, in his knowledge of cards by marks, deal jist such cards as he chose to deal.
"Bluff" was next called for, and Mr. Green showed that he could deal the cards from the top, bottom, or inside of the pack, with so much dexterity as defied detection.
The "Faro bank" was next called for. This, Mr. G., said, might be considered the national game, and was supposed by the public to be the most equal and fair game played with cards. But his exposition of the many modes of cheating by marked cards, false shuffling, bending the cards they are about to be placed in the box, stocking them when gamblers' show the cards (a peculiar shuffle)—the "guff," as played on the finger to push out two, (which cheat, he said, is played a great deal by Baltimore gamblers,) "stippers" or cut cards could be shuffled and put up loose, all was startling information to all present, some of whom candidly confessed that they had lost their thousands at this game, but declared they would never play again, and would advocate the passage of a law to punish those who had been instrumental in robbing them, and to prohibit a continuance of gambling houses.
A great variety of tricks with cards was next presented, showing the extraordinary slight of hand and powers of memory that could be attained by those who make gambling their study, and exhibiting the utter folly of the attempt to play cards with gamblers who can rob their victims at their will, to any extent. Mr. Green's audience left the room much wiser than when they entered.
SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—An interesting incident in the life of Sir John Franklin is narrated by a correspondent of the National Intelligencer. In the year 1834, it appears a dispute arose between Mr. Jasper Chasseaud, United States consul at Beyrout, and the Syrian government, concerning the ill treatment experienced about that time, by Mr. Bird, an American missionary, then residing at Beyrout.—Satisfaction was promised for an attack upon Mr. Bird, but the reparation was long delayed. A British frigate, under the command of Capt. Franklin, arrived in the harbor when the difficulty was at its height, and Sir John immediately interested himself in the affair. Instead of first saluting the flag of England, he made for the United States consulate, heard Mr. Chasseaud's story, and the parties repaired to the governor's palace. The officials thought proper to accede to demands pressed so vigorously upon their attention—the offending soldiers underwent punishment—the reparation was made; and when the trouble came to an end, the British consul got his salute. The energetic action of Captain Franklin saved a world of trouble, and the incident now attaching the welfare of the distinguished navigator, leads attention to the incident.
CITY EXTRAVAGANCE.—The Common Council of New-York, some time ago, gave member, the Irish refugee, an invitation to accept a public reception. The honor was declined; nevertheless, the invitation cost the city of New-York \$2,126, for carriages for committee, and printing and framing the complimentary resolutions, &c. Invitations of this kind are proffered more for a frieze at the public expense than for any honor intended for the recipient.
CURE FOR THE STAGGERS.—We are indebted to Captain Henry B. Harman of this county, says the Jeffersonville (Tazewell county) Democrat, for the following effectual cure for the Stagers: Take one quart of brandy or whiskey, and desolve one ounce of camphor in it, and give for a dose one gill. In about two hours after taking this preparation, they will get up.—Care should be taken to prevent them from drinking water for twenty-four hours, in which time a complete cure will be effected. He warrants his receipt to accomplish a perfect cure nine times out of ten, having several years tried it successfully.