The Sumter Banner.

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

J. RICHARDSON LOGAN, WM. J. FRANCIS, } Proprietors.

"God—and our Native Land."

TERMS---Two Dollars Per Annum In Advance.

VOL. VII. SUMTERVILLE, S. C., MAY 17, 1853. NO 29.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Georgia Judge's Decision

OR, GETTING "TIGHT" ON BAD LIQUOR.

Many years ago, while the State of Georgia was yet in her infancy, an eccentric creature, named Young, was one of its Circuit Judges. He was a man of considerable ability, of inflexible integrity, and much beloved and respected by all the legal profession; but he had one common fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into frequent excesses. In travelling the circuit, it was his almost invariable habit, the night before opening the court, to get 'comfortably corned,' by means of appliances common upon such occasions. If he couldn't succeed, while operating upon his own hook, the members of the bar would generally turn in and help him.

It was in the spring of the year. Taking his wife—a model of a woman in her way—in the old-fashioned, but strong 'carryall,' he journeyed some forty miles, and reached a village where 'court' was to be opened the next day. It was long in the evening of Sunday that he arrived at the place and took up quarters with a relation of his 'better half,' by whom the presence of the official dignitary was considered a singular honor. After supper, Judge Young strolled over to the only tavern in the town, where he found many friends called to the place, like himself, on important professional business, and who were properly glad to meet him.

'Gentleman,' said the Judge, "his quite a long time since we have enjoyed o glass together—let us take a drink all around. Of course Sterritt, (addressing to the landlord,) you have better liquor than you had the last time we were here?—the stuff you had then was not fit to give a dog.'

Sterritt, who had charge of the house, pretended that everything was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enter large upon a drinking bout in a country tavern—it will quite answer our purpose to state that somewhere in the reign of midnight, the Judge wended his very dubious way towards his temporary abodes. About the time he was leaving, however, some younger barristers, fond of a 'practical' and not much afraid of the bench, transfered all the silver spaons of Sterritt to the Judge's coat pocket.

It was eight o'clock on Monday morning that the Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of ablution and abstersion, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfost, he went to his rooms to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

'Well, Polly,' said he to his wife, 'I feel much better than I expected to feel after that frolic of last night.'

'Ah, Judge,' said she reproachfully,' you are getting too old, you ought to leave off that business.'

'Ah, Polly—what's the use of talking?'

It was this precise instant of time, that the Judge having put on his overcoat, was proceeding, according to his usual custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, that he happened, in thrusting his hand into his pocket, to lay hold of Sterrit's spoons. He jerked them out. With an expression of horror almost indescribable, he exclaimed—

'My God! Polly!'

'What on earth's the matter, Judge!'

'Just look at these spoons!'

'Dear me, were d'ye get them?'

'Got toem? Don't you see the materials on them?'—extending them towards her—'I stole them.'

'Stole them, Judge?'

'Yes, stole them.'

'My dear husband, it can't be possible!—From whom?'

'From Sterritt, over there—his name is on them.'

'Good heavens! how could it happen?

'I know very well, Polly, I was very drunk when I came home, wasn't I?'

'Why Judge, you know ur old habits when you get among those lawyers.'

'But was I very drunk!'

'Yes you was.'

'Was I remarkably drunk when I got home, Irs. Young?

'Yes Judge, drunk as a fool, and forty times as stupid.'

'I thought so,' said the Judge, dropping into a chair in extreme despondency, 'I knew it would come to that at last. I have always thought that something bad would happen to me—that I should do something very wrong—kill somebody in a motion of passion perhaps; but I never imagined that I could be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny.

'But there may be some mistake, Judge?'

'No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it came about. That fellow, Sterritt keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always did—liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of thing. I have always said it was mean enough to make a man steal, and now I have a practical illustration of the fact!'—and the old man burst into tears.

'Don't be a child,' said his wife, wiping away the tears; 'go like a man, over to Sterritt—till him it was a little bit of a frolic—pass it off as a joke—go and open court, and nobody will ever think of it again.'

A little of the soothing system operated upon the Judge as such things usually do; his extreme mortification was fully subdued, and over to Sterritt's he went with a tolerable face. Of course he had but little difficulty in settling with him—for, aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, he had an inkling of the joke that had been played. The Judge took his seat in court; but it was observed that he was sad and melancholy, and that his mind frequently wandered from the business before him. There was a lack of sense and intelligence that usually characterized his proceedings.

Several days passed away, and the business of the court was drawing to a close, when one morning, a rough looking sort of a customer was arraigned on a charge of stealing. After the clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the usual question:

'Guilty or not guilty?'

'Guilty, but drunk,' answered the prisoner.

'What's that plea?' exclaimed the Judge, who was half dozing on the bench.

'He pleads guilty; but says he was drunk,' replied the clerk.

'What's the charge against the man?'

'He is indicted for grand larceny.'

'What's the case?'

'May it please your honor,' said the prosecuting attorney, 'the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel.'

'He is, hey? and he pleads—

'He pleads guilty, but drunk.'

'The Judge was now fully aroused.

'Guilty, but drunk! that is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, you are certain you were drunk?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Where did you get your liquor?'

'At Sterritt's.'

'Did ye get none no where else?'

'Nat a drop, sir.'

'You got drunk on his liquor and afterwards stole his money?'

'Yes, sir.'

Mr. Prosecutor,' said the Judge, do me the favor to enter a nolle prosequi in that man's case. That liquor of Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do anything dirty. I got drunk on it the other day myself, and stole all Sterritt's spoons. Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff. I adjourn the court.

Sleepers Awakened.

Let us introduce our readers to a small chamber in a country parsonage, in the latter part of last century. The room presented a perfect picture of neatness, quiet, and repose. It was very plainly furnished, but manifested a certain elegance and refinement in the arrangement of the few simple ornaments on the chimney-piece, the flowers and books, and the old china cup of cooling drink that stood on a small round table by the window through which the warm air of summer stole softly, laden with perfume from the mignonette and stocks that flourished in the garden beneath it. The sun's rays, broken by the fresh green leaves of a large walnut tree cast a clear pleasant light through the snowy dimity-curtains of the bed on the face of an invalid who lay there, gazing with the listlessness of weakness on the glimpse of blue sky visible from the open casement. It was a countenance that sun-light might be imagined to love, so good and gentle was it. Nor did its expression belie the heart within. A holy, charitable, unselfish man was that village pastor; but with the resemblance he bore—and it was a strong one—to Goldsmith's portrait of his brother, there mingled much of the thoughtlessness and improvidence of the poet himself, and the consequence of his boundless charities, and of his ignorance of money-matters, had led had led him into embarrassments, from which he saw no escape.

He would have cared little had his difficulties affected his own comfort only; but they fell likewise on those dearest to him, and anxiety for their sakes, preying on his affectionate and rather timid spirit; the propable shame of an execution in his house, and the nervous horror he felt at the idea of being consigned to a prison, had brought on his present illness, and haunted his thoughts as he lay there in solitude after many restless nights of agonized and perplexed reflection, listening to the church bells ringing for Sunday service, at which a stranger was to fill his place. From the days of Whittington to the present, the imagination has frequently given a language to those airy voices; and the poor pastor, as he lay overpowered and exhausted by long hours of painful and fruitless meditation, felt the nightmare, like a load of care which oppressed him, pass off as he listened, and a childlike faith in the goodness of Providence once more dawning on his mind. We do not pretend to interpret what they whispered, but it is certain that, soothed by the chimes, he yielded to a gentle and profound slumber, in which his wife found him shortly afterwards.

Care was at first taken not to break this desired repose; but as noon, evening, night, nay, a second day passed, and still it continued, his family became alarmed, and tried to rouse him. In vain! The awful slumber was as inexorable as that of death itself. It bound his senses in an iron forgetfulness. He could not be awakened by sound or touch. Sun after sun rose and set, and still the deep sleep continued. Meantime the evils he had dreaded gathered around his family. His physical condition preserved his personal freedom; but an execution was put in his house, and his wife and daughters were exposed to the direst evils of poverty. The rumor, however, of his trance-like slumber was noised abroad, and reached the lordly dwelling of a nobleman who resided near the spot, though he was not one of the clergyman's parishioners. Being much given to the study of physical science, he visited the parsonage to request permission to see the sleeper, and thus learned the varied sorrow that had fallen on its gentle inmates. With equal delicacy and generosity he proffered as a loan the means of paying the harsh creditors, assuring the poor wife that if her husband should ever wake, he would give him the means of repaying the pecuniary obligation. The offer was thankfully accepted, and the debt discharged. For the following two days Lord E——was a regular visitor to the personage.

Sunday morning again dawned—once more the sun-light fell on the sleeper's pillow, and the bells called men to pray. Beside the couch were seated the miserable wife and her noble friend. The faint, regular breathings of the trance-chained man deepened, and to her anxious ear the difference was perceptible, though Lord E——shook his head, as she told him of it. She bent eagerly over the pillow; there was a slight flutter of the eye-lids; she held her breath, and clasped her hands in an agony of expectation and dawning hope. The hand, so long motionless, stirred; the eyes opened; she could not speak for overpowering joy.—The sleeper raised his head, slightly smiled on her and observed, 'I thought I had slept longer—the bell has not yet ceased ringing!'

He was unconscious that a whole week had elapsed since its tones had soothed him to rest. The wife fainted, and was conveyed from the chamber. The doctor was summoned; he found his patient weak, but not otherwise ill. A still more extraordinary mental cure had been effected by the genius of Sleep: he had totally forgotten his threatened difficulties, and from that hour recovered rapidly. Lord E——conferred a living of some value on him; and when he was strong enough to bear the disclosure, his wife informed him of the loan so nobly bestowed on them, and the suffering from which he had been so marvellously preserved. The lesson was not lost. The new rector henceforword strove to unite prudence and generosity; and a career of worldly prosperity, as well as the far greater blessing of an implicit and cheerful faith in Providence, attended the renewed life of the sleeper awakened.

In this instance, the sleep or trance was dreamless and unconscious. But there is one remarkable case on record, in which the body only of the sleeper was subject to this death-like thraldom of slumber, the mind remaining awake; and the account given by the individual who entered this interval of life in death, is very singular and interesting.—She was an attendant on a German princess; and, after being confined to her bed for a great length of time, with a nervous disorder, to all appearance died. She was laid in a coffin, and the day fixed for her interment arrived. In accordance with the custom of the place, funeral songs and hymns were sung outside the door of the chamber in which the fair corpse lay. Within they were preparing to nail on the lid of the coffin, when a slight moisture was observed on the brow of the dead. The supposed corpse was of course immediately removed to a different couch, and every means used to restore suspended vitality. She recovered, and gave the following singular account of her sensations:

'She was perfectly conscious of all that passed around her; she distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death; she felt them clothe her in the garments of the grave, and place her in the coffin.—This knowledge produced a mental anxiety she could not describe. She tried to speak or cry, but vainly; she had no power of utterance; it was equally impossible for her to raise her hand or open her eyes, as she vainly endeavored to do. She felt as if she were imprisoned in a dead body. But when she heard them talk of nailing the lid on her, and the mournful music of the funeral-hymns reached her ear, the anguish of her mind attained its height, and agony mastering that awful spell of unatural slumber, produced the moisture on her brow, which saved her from being entombed alive.'

One more little anecdote of a somewhat similar kind, which was related to us on the authority of a Hastings fisherman, and we will close our paper. It occured during the cholera. The people of England have an espiscopal horror of this terrible scourge, and nothing will induce them to believe that the infection is in the the air, and not in the person affected by the complaint; consequently it was difficult, in some places, to persuade them to perform the last offices for the dead, and they hurried the interment of the victims of the pestilence with unseemly precipitation.

A poor seafaring man, who had been long absent from his native land, returning home at the time it was raging, found that his wife had been dead about three days, and that her coffin had been placed in a room with those of others, who lodging in the same dwelling, had also perished of the disease. Greatly afflicted, the sailor insisted on seeing his dead wife. The neighbors would have dissuaded him, but his affection and grief disdained all fear, and he rushed into the chamber of death.—There, forcing open the lid of the coffin, and bending over the corpse the rude mariner shed tears which fell fast upon the pallid face, when suddenly a sound, something like a sigh, was emitted from the white lips, and the next minute the exhausted and death-like sleeper opened her eyes and gazed upon his face? The joy of the poor fellow may be imagined.

We might multiply instances of this phenomenon, but as they would propably be familiar to the reader, we shall but add a wish that the old adage, 'too much of a good thing,' may not be found a practical truth with regard to his sleep; and wish.

To all and each a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams and slumber light.

Laugh at no man for his pug nose—you never can tell what will turn up.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

Jessie Jinkins to her Friend Way Down East.

DEAR DOREAS ANN,—I spose yeu think its a long time sense you heern from me. I should a writ afore, but I've been reel sick with the flewenza, and then I had sumthin the doctor said was browncreeturs in my throat. I don' no what kind of browncreeturs they wer, but they choked me so that I couldn't speak nor write necthur. I should really a liked to have seen one on em, but they didn't gin me a chance. That ere docter did'nt gin me a bit ov medsin; he only made me stick aout my tung, and then he would lay two little white things on it about as big as the head of a pin, and made me take a teaspoonful of water twice a day out of a tumbler-full with a bit of white powder melted in it.

One day I ast him why he didn't gin me sich medsin as Dr. Sikes daown in Hodgdon duz. He looked orful cross, and sed he hadent the happiness ov knoin' Dr. Sikes of Hodgdon, but he resumed he was an all over-pathy docter, but himself was a *more*pathy, and that made the differ. What in time he meant by Dr. Sikes being *all over* sumthin' I didn't know, for I never notised nuthin particular, but I thort I wouldn't dispose my ignorense to the docter, so I kept mum and didn't speak nor say nuthin. At enny rate I found aout what *more*pathy means tew my sorrer, for that ere docter wanted me tu pay him twelve dollars for them six times he cum. I never *was* so profounded in all my born days. Why, *I* was perfect struck with thunder, and felt as if I was fuller of browncreeturs than ever, for I couldn't speak a sentence. Only think! Dr. Sikes, that carries around a whole saddle bag full of medsin and gives a buddy sich lots of it, don't hav but two shillings a time, and this ere morepathy doctor, that is so horrid *stingy* of hisen, asks sich a lot! I don't bleve his konshuns is bigger than one of his pills. I gess the docters here make their fortins in a hurry. At enny rate, is dredful dispensive bisness be in sich in these ere diggins, and if I ketch enny more of them browncreetus, I'll jest kite hum.

How *dew* yew think folks git marrid here tu Boston? They don't stay tu hum and pervite their frens tu cum tu the weddin like *us* dew, but orf they traipse tew sum meetin'ns and every buddy goes tu see um that is a mind tu. I went tu one tother day. Every buddy sot in the pews a waitin' in anxhus inspecshun for the wediners tu cum. Bumby the folks all riz up in a desprit hurry, and I riz tu, for I didn't know what was to pay, and just that minit I see the weddin a cummin up the ile. Fust cum a gal rigged aout in a white silk gown and fixins to match, hold on a feller's arm. Them was the ones tu *stand up*, and rite behind cum the bride and two fellers with hur. For the massy's sakes! thinks ses I, *is* that creetur a goin to marry two men tu wunce? Then I koncluded that the gal had two strings tew bo, and meant tu hold on tu em both till the larst minit. Well, they all marched strait up tu the minister, who stood a waitin in a white loose gown with sleeves tu it bigger than a meal bag, and then the minister turned his back and kneeled daown, and the weddin kneeled daown tu. I stretched opin my ears tu hear what they prayed, but I didn't hear nuthing but silence—praps the gal was a makin 'up her mind which feller tu have. She had on a proper nice white gown, but don't yer think rite on the back of her hed was hitched a grate long piece of white lace that hung way daown her back. I ast cuzzin Jemina what that was for, and she sed 'twas the bride's vale. I never knew afore that vales were tu kiver folkses back insted of their faces. Them weddin gals didn't have nothin on their naked backs, and I should a thort they would have kort their deths a cold.

Pretty soon they riz up orf their knees, and then the minister begun the sacrimony, and thort I to be sure that ere bride was a gittin married tu the feller next to her, but if you'll bleve it, the parson ast *that* feller if he'd *give the woman away* tu other man, and sure enuff he did rite orf; he took holdt on hur hand and stuck it inter the other feller's hand, and backed out the scrape intirely. I deklare! I pitied him reel bad, tho he didn't seem to keer nuthin about it. At enny rate I should rather a *had him* enuff site than tho feller the gal finished gittin married tew.

Yew wouldn't ketch *this* child being' so ficklomindid as tu git half marrid tu one chap, and then gin him the sack rite afore every buddy, and finish orf with another feller. I'd stay an old maid *one* while fust, but then they aint no akountin for Boston peeple's noshuns.

Well, after the erupshun, the weddin went on nicely just as if nuthin had okured. The feller gin the bride a ring, and promised tew give hur all his worldly goods (I spose he keeps store) and she promised lots of things, and at larst the minister told the feller *he* was a *man*, and the *gal* that *she* was a *wife*, so she haint got no *husband* after all, only a man.—When 'twas all threw with, the weddin went daown the ile, and all the folks rushed aout pell mell to see um git inter a carriage.

Now look a hear, Dorcas Ann, if ever I *dew* git marrid I'll be spliced in Hodgdon meetin'-us. Ill set the Boston fashun daown, there, and won't there be a high old time about it. Parson Stebins shall have a loose gown, for I'll make him one out of a sheet drawed up a round the neck, and a pair of piller-cases for sleeves; but I know one thing, I'll stick tu the *fust* feller he begins tu maary me tew, and it will be mor'n Parson Stebbins can dew tu make me swap.

Well, good by till next time. Yer needn't expect me hum yit, for I shan't see all Boston till I've wintered it and summered it tew.

Yer affecshunate friend,

JESSIE JENKINS.

Politeness.

In offering a few words on politeness, we must do as it is said of certain ministers who tell their hearers to do as they say, and not as they do. We make no pretension to extra politeness; but we do like to see persons polite. And by this we do not mean a sickening *Frenchified* dandyism, which deals in soft words and foolish flatteries. All bows and smiles is not yet essential to that we want. Smiles may be better than frowns, and bows than a stiff neck. But the thing desired is a proper attention to the wishes and feelings of those who happen to be in company, and in matters of business, kind words and a respectable deportment.

Politeness will study to please, and to do this, it will give up its own preferences where principle is not comprised. It never uses hard words, nor speaks in an arrogant or overbearing manner. It uses suavity and kindness to inferiors, and is affable to equals, as well as courteous to superiors. It will go out of its way to accommodate, yet it will never put others to needless trouble or inconvenience. It will show the same respect to a stranger, that it does to an acquaintance. All are viewed to be friends, when they are not *known* to be enemies.

A disposition and course of conduct of this kind, will surely lead to success. A cross, sour, unaccommodating or impudent man, will be marked and shunned. His credit must suffer and his business move heavily. His affairs will be embarrassed by frequent change of help, and his ill-will beget the same disposition in those who have dealings with him. But the kind and accommodating man will have custom and friends, and every body will court his society, and give him a good name.

Policy, if nothing else, should lead every man who relies on public patronage for a support, to use politeness to all. A single impudent clerk in a store, will drive away more custom than twice the value of his wages; while one noted for politeness, will draw crowds of customers, wherever he is. A saucy or unaccommodating omnibus driver, is sure to cause an opposition line, and drive his former customers to patronize it. A railroad conductor of the same class, will send the same travel on to the other route. And so with the captain, clerks, and other officers of steamboats. The public soon will find out who are polite and attentive, and such they will amply reward.

What it is true in matters of business, is equally true in all the relations of life. Politeness smoothes one's way through the world much more than is generally supposed.—And it produces happiness in all those who experience its favors. It really costs nothing, and yields almost everything in the way of social enjoyment. Try it, ye sour, crabbed, unaccommodating souls, who have never thought of any body but yourselves.

Olive Branch.

From the Journal of Commerce.

GENTLEMEN:—Please inform me through the columns of your valuable paper, whether it was an American or an English steamer that first crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and what was the name of such steamer, and oblige, by so doing.

Yours very respectfully,

New York, April 22d, 1853. S. K.

This question has been repeated every year or two for the last decade, and replied to in the fullest manner; but as there may be others in the condition of our correspondent, we have drawn from our files the following information.

The American Steamship Savannah "was the first ship of this construction that undertook to make the voyage across the Atlantic." These are the words of Marwade's (Liverpool) Commercial Report, which chronicled the arrival of this vessel in Liverpool. The same writer adds that her approach to port unaided with a single sail, displayed the power and advantage of the application of steam to vessels of the largest size.

"The Savannah" was built at Corlaers Hook, in this city, by Crocker and Fickett, for a number of gentlemen, who designed selling her to the Emperor of Russia.

She measured 380 tons, was ship-rigged, and provided with a horizontal engine. She sailed from the city of Savannah, in Georgia, on the 26th May, 1819, thirty-four years ago, and reached her destination after a voyage of twenty-five days, (according to Marwade's Com. Report,) eighteen of which she was under steam. Another account, furnished us from the recollection of one of her officers who went out in her, gives the time occupied by the voyage as eighteen days seven of which she was under steam. When partially across the Atlantic, her wheels were taken off, on account of fuel, so as not to impede her progress when under canvass, but replaced upon nearing the English coast, so as to enable her to finish the voyage as it had been commenced—under steam.

As it is now nearly three years since we alluded to these facts, the following incident, then mentioned, may bear repeating: The sight of so novel a craft, described by the English papers as of "beautiful model," entering the harbor "without the assistance of a single sail," created not only "gratification," but "astonishment." As she was going up St. George's channel, the commander of the British fleet lying there, was utterly at a loss to account for her remarkable appearance, enveloped as she was, in heavy clouds of smoke, and moving without the aid of canvass. He naturally conjectured she must be on fire and in distress, and sent off two cutters to her relief; but finding his assistance was not wanted, he brought her to with a shot, and satisfied himself by examination that all was right, when she was permitted to proceed. She was received at the docks by large crowds that had assembled, with cheers and congratulations. In after years, the Royal William and Sirius followed, and 1838, the Great Western (all British.)

The first British steamer that crossed the Atlantic was the Sirius, from Cork, which entered this harbor on the morning of the 23d April, 1838. She was followed four hours after by the British steamer Great Western from Bristol. The voyage of the Sirius was made in eighteen days; that of the Great Western in fifteen. The Sirius was consequently the first British steamship that arrived in the United States direct from England, and the first that arrived from any quarter as a regular trader.

The facts contained in the annexed communication, which we chance to find in a Georgia paper just come to hand, have chiefly appeared in our columns; but we copy it in connection with the information sought by our own correspondent:

Receipt for a Cough.—Take Oil of sweet Almonds, and Syrup of Balsam, of each two ounces; four ounces of Barley Water, and thirty drops of Spirits of Sal Volatile; shake them well together, and take two large spoonfuls when the Cough is troublesome. If this Medicine does not remove the cough in a few days, it will be absolutely necessary to be blooded.

Dr. Pringle.