

The Sumter Banner.

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

Wm. J. Francis, Proprietor.

"God—and our Native Land."

TERMS—Two Dollars Per Annum In Advance.

VOL. VII.

SUMTERVILLE, S. C., AUGUST 9, 1853.

NO 41.

THE SUMTER BANNER
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY TUESDAY MORNING
By W. J. FRANCIS.
TERMS,

TWO DOLLARS in advance, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents at the expiration of six months, or Three Dollars at the end of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Proprietor. Advertisements inserted at SEVENTY-FIVE Cents per square, (12 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 semi-monthly the same as a new one.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Dr. Bow's Review.

South Carolina Manufactures.

We are indebted to a friend in South Carolina whose name we do not think we are permitted to use, but who is one of the most enterprising of its citizens, for the following interesting notes of a visit made by him to the interior of the State, and of the improved condition and enlarging industry of the people whom he found there. South Carolina wants many such sons.—They are at present little appreciated. In the seven years that we have edited our Review, a less support has been extended by her to it than she has given to a score of northern works. The reason is, there is little taste in South Carolina for industrial statistics and facts bearing upon general progress. There is less real disposition to sustain anything, originated at home, whatever theories may be maintained to the contrary. As one to "man-or-born," we are at liberty to speak thus plainly, though we have not tolerance enough to permit another to do so. Will she act with the eloquence and power with which she above all others can speak? Will she? we hope it—we believe it!

Columbia never before stood on such advantage ground of prosperity. She needs but a liberal policy on the part of her capitalists and banking institutions to make her prosper beyond example in our State. She is being built up by mechanics and manufacturers, and the prosperity which such men bring to a place is as solid and enduring as it is rapid and perceptible. Everywhere the busy hum of industry resounds, and the demand for new laborers is increasing. Carpenters, engineers, masons, blacksmiths, ear builders, stone cutters, coach makers, painters, all find ready employment here, and the completion of the railroads which now diverge from the point in every direction, will but serve to augment the demand for skillful labor of all sorts that now exist here. If these railroads do not greatly benefit Columbia—and it is predicted by the croakers they will injure it—it will form a new feature in the history of railroads that has no counterpart in the past. But away with such croakings! We have not patience to expose the erroneous argument of those who forebode evil. Why should we trouble ourselves to prove that which is self evident. Who is there that has lately seen Columbia who does not perceive she is going ahead? The gun factory here is now in full operation. It is a fine building, of handsome proportions, and is situated on the top of a very high hill on the west side of the town, near the residence of Mrs. Taylor. The machinery is all of the most perfect description, the engine an admirable piece of work of Charleston manufacture, and all the parts of the arms they make rifles, muskets, pistols and sabres, are made within the building in the most perfect manner. The enterprise of Messrs. Boatwright and Glaze deserves to be well rewarded, as doubtless it will be by the large State contract which they have taken.

This Mr. Boatwright is the same gentleman who, in connection with Mr. Pomeroy, has established a coach factory here, where vehicles of elegant design and superior workmanship are produced in considerable numbers, and are sold at prices quite as low as those of the same finish brought from the North. When, as in this establishment, the mechanics of South Carolina, by skillful management, thus demand the patronage

of their fellow citizens without asking any favor in price, they cannot fail to extort an extensive patronage even from a people so prone as we are to preferences of everything foreign. The new fire proof building in the State house square is going up, and is built of native granite, of beautiful color and fine quality.

Alongside of those gate posts of the capitol, which have been characterized as "enduring monuments of our shame"—being of Quincy granite, we have now similar ones of native granite—the massive iron railing having been extended from the capitol garden to the corner of Bridge street, and they are of such beautiful appearance as to contrast most triumphantly with the Northern stone. May we not hope that the building now going up will prove but the beginning of a State house on such a scale as will challenge as much our future admiration as the existing one does our present execration.

I must now beg to be indulged in carrying your readers with me on a visit to one of the most complete and promising little manufacturing establishments to be found anywhere either within the State or out of it. I allude to the chair factory and turnery of Dr. Percival, a few miles from the town. It is most charmingly located in the sand hills, a region that knows no unhealthy season. The water power is supplied from a beautiful lake which, like many others, herabouts finds its source in the sand hills whence comes a never failing supply of water. It is as true as it is surprising, of these collections of fresh water, that they are in nowise detrimental to the health of the inhabitants. Issuing out of the white sand, beds, a number of minor tributaries concentrate in sand bottomed beds, and so slight is the deposit of vegetable matter that their beds preserve almost their primitive whiteness. Their surfaces seem to subserve the cooling exhalation without evolving any of their miasmas, which are so generally characteristic of fresh water bays or lakes, whilst the clear, pure and deep mass of water—free of anything harmful, and with bank and bottom of the most inviting character—presents in the heat of summer an invitation to bathing which can hardly be resisted. It is perfectly true that earth presents scarcely a spot where man may more easily pick up a living than in these same sand hills, and yet the inhabitants for the most part are the most wretchedly stunted people to be found anywhere. This is owing on the one part to the absence of that stimulation which the State is bound to furnish in public schools, and on the other to the heavy drag upon their morals which the State elections biennially impose on them by means of corrupt practices.

Freemen are here, as with us in Charleston, openly and shamelessly bartered for, or bought up like cattle in the market, and whilst the politician perishes their souls, the whiskey seller perishes their bodies. But amongst the sons of the desert, civilization is creeping in. Oases are springing up everywhere, and by the infusion of mechanical enterprise, we may yet hope to see these so much to be pitied sons of Carolina rendered virtuous, happy and useful people. Almost every mechanical establishment in and about Columbia gives employment to some of the sand hill boys, and in the Factory of Dr. Percival, we are pleased to learn, are several energetic and respectable young men, natives of these diggings, who were at work, and exhibiting all the skill and aptness of their more experienced mechanical tutors. But to the factory itself. It is not on a very large scale, but as complete as it can be for all the purpose contemplated by the enterprising and well managing gentleman who projected it. Turning in all its varieties is done here, with the greatest precision and nicety, and with almost incredible rapidity. In the manufacture of chairs, from the circular and vertical saws have answered all the demands that may be made on them, there is but little required which the lathe cannot accomplish; and here it is done to perfection. Chairs of beautiful and varied patterns, some of them orig-

inal in design, and superior, as affecting comfort and elegance, to any we have ever seen of northern make, are turned off by hundreds. The caning is done here in beautiful style, and some of the female slaves employed in this department exhibit, after a brief experience, a facility and quickness really surprising—inasmuch as they perform what is regarded amongst the Yankees a full day's task with the greatest ease and in a more perfect manner. We were shown several specimens of caning from different northern factories, executed by first class operatives, which, upon comparison with those executed by the women here, are found to be most decidedly inferior to the latter. The painting, both plain and ornamental is also done here in the best style. But now for the most important item—the cost! The chairs are made at a less cost than in any northern factory; even now, whilst a part of the labor here is paid for in this pioneer factory at a rate much beyond what it will be procurable at as soon as a sufficient number of operatives shall have been drilled on the spot. The sophomores and juniors are studying faithfully, and are forward scholars. Ere long we may look for graduation of seniors, who will immediately set about the work of pioneering themselves in other parts of the State.

Thus it is always that a mechanical school, like a literary one, continually sends forth its graduates to enlighten and benefit society. But we return to our assertion that to make a chair here costs less than any where at the north; and how can it be otherwise? The power which nature supplies in this sand hill is as constant and regular as it is exhaustless in quantity, and keeps within its proper metes and bounds without any restraint of bank or dam, for just at its narrow mouth is placed the mill race which a single flood-gate controls. Around and in sight of the mill grows the very kind of trees that this manufacture requires for its materials; oak, birch, maple, beach, walnut, birch, elm and China tree woods, which, together, furnish almost all the materials that even the highest art in chair making calls for. The trees are merely stripped of their limbs, and in the green state, without even stripping of the bark, are put under saws, which by various cuttings soon reduce them to the diminutive shapes of the trade; then by a quick and most perfect process they are seasoned, in a few days, and afterwards finished up for sale. By this means the lumber is laid down at the mill at the smallest possible cost, no expense of large lumber store houses is incurred, and no interest paid on capital lying idle in a lumber investment. Almost every particle of the forest trees is used to advantage, even the bark being stripped from the edges of the sawed pieces to finish the material now coming much into use, for rustic arbors and chairs, &c., for gardens. In every department of this model factory, we perceive indications of a thorough perception of the art of producing the largest representation of mercantile value at the smallest possible outlay of domestic means.

The materials at the very door cost almost nothing; the water power, never failing, works without wages; and the manual labor, costing even now as little as northern labor, may be and will be, under a Percival's skillful and eminently practical management made, by the judicious intermingling of slave, male and female, labor with that of the native whites, and their imported tutors, cheaper than it can possibly be had for in any northern locality. Here then, with all the elements of cost at the lowest rate, the wares of this factory would contend successfully even for a foreign market, with the keenest yankee competition. As to the home market, the Doctor who has undisputed possessions to the extent that he can supply the various styles called for in the trade. It costs quite as much to bring a Windsor chair from New Hampshire or Massachusetts (the principle seats of this kind of manufacture,) to Columbia, as the original price of it in the home market. We will call it precisely the same. Thus it will be seen that, even admitting the cost of

manufacture here to be as much as at the north, which it is not they will yield a profit of one hundred per cent if sold at the price which the northern chairs cost laid down here.

On Feeding Horses, and Preventing Glanders and Farcy.

A DISTINGUISHED veterinary surgeon, Professor Dun, of the Edinburgh Veterinary College, calls attention to the following errors in the dieting of farm horses, which are not less common in this country than in Scotland.—1st. Much too long an interval is allowed to intervene between the time of feeding. Horses are frequently worked six consecutive hours, during which time they receive no food whatever. This practice has been found by experience to be prejudicial to their health, inducing debility and predisposing them to diseases of the digestive system. The natural habits and organs of the horses alike prove that he is not designed for long fasts; as the smallness of his stomach indicates the necessity of supplying it with comparatively small quantities of aliment at short intervals. When at liberty, he eats during twenty four hours. This natural habit may be modified, but pain should be taken not to run into the opposite extreme. A horse or mule when at work through the day on the farm, should have some nutritious food every five hours at the outside, if the purpose is not to impair his constitutional powers. When a plow team is taken early in the morning, and expected to work till noon before regular feeding, it is the present practice of the best Scotch farmers to give each horse a lunch of a pound or more of oat meal or bean meal cake between nine and ten o'clock. Some prefer to mix oat and heat or pea meal, which is wet with water and "fired" or baked; the cooking enables the digestive organs to render the nutritive elements at once available for the support of the exertions of labor. Dr. Dun is acquainted with several farmers who give these cakes whenever the work is severe and the hours long, and all of them agree that their horses are now in much better health and condition and less frequently attacked by indigestion and colic, than they were when subjected to protracted abstinence, and without any intermediate meal.

2d. Food may be improper on account of over quantity excess of nutritiveness or bad quality.—By taking too large a quantity of food into the stomach at once, the immediate bad consequences may be wind colic, inflammation of the bowels and the surrounding membranes, a founder, and, occasionally, the swelling of food eaten dry, causes a rupture of the stomach or intestines. An animal scantily fed from day to day, sometimes gets loose and finds access to a bag or bin of grain and being hungry, gorges himself almost to suffocation; or a bad servant may feed to excess, and out of all reason. We have frequently wondered why grain or water taken into the stomach of a horse should so immediately affect his feet, producing the inflammation called laminitis—an inflamed state of the extreme vascular membrane or lamina of the hoof. Let us see if we can get at the philosophy of a common founder. A translation of a positive disease from one part of the system to another by what Doctors call metastasis is common enough; but a horse may be foundered where there is no positive disorder in the digestive organs, and only an unnatural irritation from the presence of water or food improperly taken into the stomach. The exercise and heating to which he has been subjected on the highway or elsewhere, have brought the vascular and tender parts within the hoof into a condition approximating inflammation, before either water or food is swallowed. The antecedent hard service of the feet is a material fact in the case; for without previous driving, and too often very hard driving, an acute founder is seldom seen. A sudden shock is inflicted on the nervous system in the stomach, which is sound, and its force shatters first, not the sound stomach, but the heated, enfeebled, and partially inflamed feet which are connected with the stomach by abundant nerves. If the feet of a horse be covered with

water this revulsion from the stomach to the lamina of the hoofs seldom occurs to an injurious degree. This brief explanation indicates the propriety of bleeding, and letting a recently founder horse stand in a stream of water to cool his feet. Give him rest and physic. Proper feeding implies the use of neither too much nor too little grain, and a due proportion of hay, corn-blades, shucks, straw, peavines, or other forage, which better be cut before it is consumed. If this forage is sound, bright, and was harvested at the right time, less grain will suffice to keep horses in a good condition. Where one has neither hay, nor corn-blades, nor straw, much care should be had less highly nutritive food, like corn, produce eruptions on the skin, enlargement of the liver yellow water, and other maladies. If no other bulky forage, can be had, horses should have brows with their grain to aid in distending the stomach and intestines; for bulk is an important element in healthy digestion.

Glanders and Farcy have a common origin, the vitiated state of the blood, and are regarded as only different stages of a progressive disorder. As induced by insufficient or bad food, farcy as usually appears first, and may continue some time before any symptoms of glanders present themselves. Farcy is characterized as an unhealthy inflammation of the absorbent vessels and glands, which become swollen from the deposition of lymph, and soon ulcerate and discharge matter of a morbid and varying character. The poison from farcy-buds is carried in the blood to all parts of the body, and under favorable circumstances, rapidly produces itself. Tubercles are formed in all the lymphatic glands and in the substance of the lungs. Ulcerations appear on the mucous membrane of the nostrils, which is attacked on account of its high vascularity. These parts first under disintegration which require for their healthy existence the largest amount of blood. Between the first symptoms of farcy and glanders, and the fatal termination of the disease, a very variable time intervenes, according to the strength or feebleness of the constitution, and the virulence of the malarial. Whatever impairs the general health, or in any way vitiates the integrity of the system, may be regarded as a cause of glanders. It follows colds, influenza, diabetes, and perhaps all other debilitating affections incident to bad shelters, overwork, and insufficient food. Like all other diseases that mark the premature loss of vital power, farcy and glanders are much easier prevented than cured. When from any cause the glands, mucous or serous membranes of an animal become inflamed, while its general health and constitution are yet unimpaired, the purulent, or aqueous secretions that may ensue, as in colds or common distempers, are of a healthy nature, and they serve to work off the inflammatory action, which results in a speedy and perfect recovery. To maintain the stamina of life in full vigor in all animals of any value, is an object of importance; for the principal applies to persons as well as to beasts and birds. Proper care and protection, avoiding all extremes, and unnecessary exposure, and feeding regularly, that the system may never be surfeited by an excess of nutrient matter in the digestive and assimilated organs, and never weakened by a deficiency of the same, are the cardinal points in animal physiology to be kept constantly in view. All infected animals should be removed from those still undiseased, lest the exhalation from the former and perhaps direct contact, communicate the distemper to the latter.

In common life don't you often judge and misjudge a man's whole conduct, setting out from a wrong impression? The tone of a voice, a word in joke, or a trifle in behaviour—the cut of his hair, or the tie of his neckcloth, may disguise him in your eyes, or poison your good opinion; or at the end of years of intimacy it may be your closest friend says something, reveals something which had previously been a secret, which alters all your views about him, and shows that he has been acting on quite a different motive to that which you fancied you knew.

Virginia has 600 miles of Railroad completed and 610 miles more in progress.

A LITTLE QUAKERESS IN A HURRY TO GET MARRIED.—An amusing matrimonial story is told of the olden time of New England. It so fell out that two young people became very much smitten with each other; as young people sometimes do. The young woman's father was a wealthy Quaker—the young man was poor but respectable. The father could stand no such union, and resolutely opposed it, and the daughter dare not disobey openly. She "met him by moonlight," while she pretended never to see him—and she pined and wasted in spite of herself. She was really in love—a state of sighs and tears, which woman oftener reach in imagination than in reality. Still the father remained inexorable. Time passed on, and the rose of Mary's damask cheek passed off. She let no concealment, like a "worm in the bud," prey on that damask cheek however; but when her father asked her why she pined, she always told him. The old gentleman was a widower, and loved his girl dearly. Had it been a widow mother who had Mary in charge, a woman's pride never would have given way before the importunities of a daughter.—Men are not, however, so stubborn in such matters, and when the father saw that the daughter's heart was really set upon the match, he surprised her one day by breaking out "Mary, rather than mope to death, thee had better marry as thee chooses, and when thee pleases."

And what did Mary do? Wait till the birds of the change, or wait till her father had time to alter his mind again? Not a bit of it. She clapped her neat, plain bonnet on her head, walked directly into the street, and then as directly to the house of her intended as the street could carry her. She walked into the house without knocking—for knocking was not then fashionable—and she found the family just sitting down to dinner. Some little commotion was exhibited at so unexpected an apparition as the heiress in the widow's cottage, but she heeded it not. John looked up inquiringly. She walked to him, and took his hands in hers: "John," said she, "father says I may have thee." And John got directly up from the dinner table, and went to the parson's. In just twenty-five minutes, they were man and wife!

MANURING SAND WITH CLAY.—Judge Dewey, of Maidstone, Ver't., applied twenty loads per acre, beat fine when dry, and spread evenly in the spring, on a sandy piece of land. The grass came on luxuriantly during the summer, and where he before obtained half a ton of hay he got one and a half tons.

Since that a good crop has been annually produced. The best soils are composed of 5 per cent. alumina to 5 per cent. of sand. These together make what we call a good loam, which has retentive power enough to hold manure and moisture. Clay on a sandy soil may well be called the best dressing which can be applied, because it is the most durable of any.

AN EFFECTING SIGHT.—We witnessed a very affecting sight yesterday. A girl was about crossing Merwin street bridge with a little wagon containing what a casual observer would suppose to be a child—a neat little counterpane folded delicately down from the "neck of the innocent, and its face concealed by a blue veil. Presently, in ascending the bridge, the vehicle unfortunately upset, and out rolled the precious contents, in the shape of—not a "baby," gentle reader, but a well filled whiskey jug!—which was dashed to pieces against a stone. The grief of the "old folks at home" for the loss of the "dear craythur" whose "spirit" had just took its flight, was no doubt inconsolable.—Cleveland True Dem.

If you wish to increase the size and prominence of your eyes, just keep account of the money you spend foolishly, and add it up at the end of the year.

I've JINED THE CHURCH.—What an old toper said, the other day, as he 'brought up' again Jackson's meeting house.

I shall soon die, Cally, I guess you'll say, 'cause it's all the

SAM SLICK ON HOPE.

In his last book, 'Wise Laws and Modern Instances,' Mr. Slick remarks in the following strain upon Hope and Disappointment:

'Hope! what is hope? expectin' some unsertin thing or another to happen. Well, sposed it don't happen, why then there is a nice little crop of disappointment to digest, that's all. What's the use of hopin' at all then? I never could see any use under the sun in it. That word ought to be struck out of every dictionary. I'll tell Webster so, when he gets out a new edition of his'n.—Love is painted like a little angel, with wings and a bow and arrow, called cupid—the name of mother's lap-dog. Many's the one I've painted on clocks, little, chubby-checked, onmeaneen, fat, lubberly, critters. I suppose it typifies that Love is a fool. Yes, and how he does fool folks, too. Boys and gulls fall in love. The gull is all smiles, and airs, and graces, and pretty little winnin' ways, and they bill and coo, and get married because they hope. Well, what do they hope? Oh they hope they will love all the days of their lives, and they hope their lives will be ever so long just to love each other; it's such a sweet thing to love. Well, they hope a great deal more I guess. The boy hopes arter he's married his wife will smile as sweet as ever and twice as often, and be just as neat and twice as neater, her hair lookin' like part of the head, so tight, and bright, and glossy, and parted on the top like a little path in the forest.—A path is a sweet little thing, for it seems made a purpose for courtin', it is so lonely and retired. Natur teaches its use, he says, for the breeze as it whispers kisses the leaves and helps the flowering shrubs to bend down and kiss the clear little stream that waits in an eddy for it afore it moves on. Poor fellow, he aint spoony at all. Is he? And he hopes that her temper will be as gentle, and as meek, and as mild as ever; in fact, no temper at all—all amiable—like an angel in petticoats. Well, she hopes every minute he has to spare he will fly to her on the wings of love—legs aint fast enough, and running might hurt his lungs, but fly to her—and never leave her, but bill and coo forever, and will let her be his law; sartainly want want her to wait on him, but for him to tend on her, the devoted critter like a heavenly ministering white he-bigger. Well, don't they hope they may get all this? And do they? Jist go into any honse you like, and the last two that talks in these has been lovers. They have said their say, and are tired talking; they kissed their kiss, and an onion has spiled it; they have strolled their stroll, for the dew is on the grass all day now. His dress is ontidy, and smokes a short black pipe (he didn't even smoke a cigar before he was married), and the ashes gets on his waistcoat; but who cares? it's only his wife to see it—and he kinder guesses he sees wrinkles, where he never saw 'em afore, on her stocking ankles; and her shoes are a little, just a little, down to heel; and she comes down to breakfast with her hair and dress lookin' as if it was a little more neater, it would be a little more better. He sits up late with old friends, and he lets her go to bed alone; and he cries, the little angel but it's because she has a headache—ho! there's nothing there, but she is lately troubled in' bad nervous headache. Think what in the world!

The dashing young man got awful stingy. He says house-keepers, when they rip out an old then, she says, "Why, but I had just took its flight, was no doubt inconsolable.—Cleveland True Dem."

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