

The Sumter Banner.

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

W. J. FRANCIS, Proprietor.

"God—and our Native Land."

TERMS—Two Dollars Per Annum In Advance.

VOL. VII.

SUMTERVILLE, S. C., AUGUST 30, 1853.

NO 44.

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 order.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LOVED ONE'S DEATH-BED.

BY JULIAN ST. PIERRE.

Last scene of all That ends this strange, eventful history.

As you like it.

Day had faded into evening—evening shade had deepened into night. Oh how dreary was that night; how awful in its stillness—in its solemn silence!

Yes, it was very still in that room—the chamber of the dying. The passing spirit was about to bid adieu to earth, with all its joys, and enter upon those unknown realms of bliss, in that bright spirit land above.

There was no hope of a longer stay with us; he had lived a long life-time—he had seen the spring time in all its freshness—the summer in all its beauty; the autumn with its serene and yellow leaf; and now life's winter had set in—the ripened sheaf must be gathered into the garner.

No hope, said the doctor, as he gave his solemn head the last shake, that evil boding shake.

No hope, it was like a deep sounding knell, that rang through the avenues leading to our heart's core—a sharpened dagger, whose every thrust was a fresh wound, piercing deeply, as it strove to sever the cords that bound our souls to his, that was now leaving us to be seen no more.

Grandmother and Kate stood with me by the bedside, in that still room. Corpse-like lay my grandfather, as with fixed eyes he regarded my grandmother; the fond remembrances of over half a century passed through his waning mind, and yet he knew that he was leaving her now.

Mary, he said, I am going home—I must leave you; long winters and summers have rolled over our heads since first I met you; but they passed on their course and found us loving still. You will miss me sadly, darling—often will you think of me as I now do of the days when first I met you, with the love light sparkling in your eye—when you loved me with all the tender affection of your young, fresh heart. How I loved you when you presented me with our first-born—With the darling, that was only allowed to wander for a little time from its native Heaven, and then taken home, being too pure to dwell on this cold world. The wife of my bosom, and the mother of my children, have you been, Mary; our hairs have whitened together; side by side have we grown old and grey headed, and now I must leave you. Do not weep, Mary, it will be but a short time that I will leave you—remember, in my father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you.

Exhausted, he ceased to speak.—The first tinge of morning was reddening the east, as we drew back the curtains to let him see the dawn of another day. As we raised him in the bed, and propped him up with pillows, we saw his still clear, blue eye, gazing through the morn's dusk, towards that spot where the night clouds had fled from, before the approach of day.

Come near me, my children, he said to Kate and I, come, until I bid you farewell!

We knelt at the bedside—as he placed his hands on our heads. May the Father Almighty, who has supported me even until now, and kept me in the hollow of his hand, protect you through life; and after death, reunite you with your old grandfather in Heaven, at last!

He was silent—I murmured—Dear grandfather!

But he answered not; his hands fell powerless on the bed, as we rose from our knees.

The sun has just o'ertopped the distant eastern hill—the lark had just commenced his morning carol—the dew drop glistened on the bright green leaf, but our own darling grandfather was gone—and the night shade of woe enveloped our hearts.

A Visit to the Cemetery.

From the New Orleans Daily Delta.

We paid a visit, last evening, to the corporation cemetery, in the Fourth District, in order to satisfy ourselves of the reality of the spectacle which was reported to be presented here. We learned on our way thither, that the authorities had ceased to send corpses to this place, in order to give time to bury those which already lay on the ground. This proved to be a prudent measure, as it was the only means by which the accumulation of unburied coffins could be disposed of. As we approached the cemetery, we discovered its location by the number of carriages which were passing and re-passing. For some distance before we arrived at the gate, the color was quite offensive, and we were warned by persons who were returning that it would be insufferable within the inclosure. Notwithstanding the cessation of the corporation coffins, there had been at least fifty sent there by private individuals, which, as it was a public cemetery, could not be refused. As we passed through the gate, inhaling a most pestiferous odor, we noticed a curious exhibition of the careless indifference to characteristic of our people on occasions like this. Before the door of the small house at the gate of the cemetery, we saw several little children engaged in the most joyous merriment, and an old woman vending ice cream to passers by, who had to hold cambric to their noses to avoid being smothered by the odor. A strange contrast with the gloomy spectacle within. There lay quite a number of coffins of rough unplanned plank, painted a gloomy black, with myriads of flies hanging around them, and discharging a most repulsive odor. The chain-gang, composed of negroes under penal restraint, were employed quite briskly in depositing these coffins in trenches, dug scarcely a foot deep. All the white laborers who were originally employed in this work have either died or abandoned the ground. As high as five dollars an hour have been offered for laborers to supply their places, and they cannot be obtained. The trenches alluded to were about six feet square, so that six coffins could be crowded in one of them. Here they were wedged as close together as possible, and a coating of quick lime thrown upon them. The loose earth was then heaped upon the coffins. This had to be done very carefully so as to prevent the coffins from being seen, as their surfaces appeared to be not over six inches from the level of the earth. This labor was performed by the negroes, who could only be kept to their work by liberal and frequent potations of whiskey.

We remained until all the coffins were thus disposed of, despite the offensiveness of the odor and the revolting character of the spectacle. We had the satisfaction of perceiving that at sunset there was no unburied coffin left on the ground. But what burials they were! To think that an acre of ground around us, there were not less than four hundred bodies, lying but a few inches below the surface of the ground, in the very first stages of decomposition, deposited there within the last week. And this within the corporate limits of New Orleans, and within a few minutes' walk of the most flourishing and beautiful part of our city. Is there too much reason to apprehend that such a disposition of so many dead bodies will generate malaria and originate diseases that will involve our whole population—acclimated or unacclimated? We do not say whose fault it is. We are in no disposition at such a time of gloom and distress, to indulge in strong feelings or denunciations of public officials; and, if we were so inclined, the utter want of system and organization, of clearly and distinctly marked duties and functions, for those entrusted with the Police of the city, in our system of city government, would restrain such manifestations on our part.

But, considering the emergency of

the occasion, the great responsibility devolving upon those whom the people have entrusted with the protection of the lives, the health, and prosperity of the citizens, we believe that there is no functionary who will not be justified, nay, applauded, for assuming the necessary powers to supply whatever deficiency there may be in the law, in meeting the demands of this present afflicting visitation.

We take pleasure in saying that his Honor, the Mayor, was on the ground at this cemetery, superintending and hastening the work of interments.

With a heavy heart, and a gloomy mind, we left this lazaretto, only to encounter scenes of affliction and death, even more harrowing without. For the disposition of the body, when the vital spirit has abandoned it—the mere clayey tenement of the soul—we confess that we do not feel that sentimentalism which is a prevalent feeling. We think that the system of burials, as practised in this city, is calculated to render that mode of disposing of the dead, which permits their bodies to rot and melt away, food for filthy worms, and sources of pestiferous odors, far less agreeable to the thought and feelings of a refined, intelligent being, than the Roman custom of burning the dead and inurning their ashes. In this city, the introduction of this system, repulsive as it is to a prejudice, which has no reason to rest upon, would be a public benefit.

But the scenes which touch our hearts more deeply and nearly, are those which met our view, as we passed down one of the thoroughfares to this cemetery, (which is but one of a half dozen in our city.) Hearses, without a solitary mourner, driven by negroes, who were half asleep, and drawn by horses nearly flogged by the severity of their toil; others, that were followed by trains of friends—by women carrying their children, and by men with countenances too often displaying more levity than sorrow! Now and then there would be a corpse followed by a single carriage, containing the small circle of the deceased's family and friends, who, in their miserable, woe-begone countenances, exhibited real distress.

But the most moving of all sights, was that of the corporation carts driven by rough cartmen, in some cases by boys, bearing, generally three grim black coffins, upon one end of which sat the driver. These were the coffins of the destitute, the forlorn poor, who had no friends to mourn for them, and who were consigned to the horrible burial of the corporation. But even they sometimes have their mourners. There, at least was one, which we confess drew tears to the eyes of many a beholder. In one of the corporation carts was a solitary coffin; it was driven by a boy who endeavored to accelerate the progress of a lazy horse, by blows and oaths; behind the cart, in the blazing sun, walked a girl grown, clad in an old mourning dress, and leading by the hand a small boy, ten or twelve years of age. They were all that were left of a family, which, last week, numbered some half a dozen members; this was their father, and they were accompanying him to the grave!

Poor creatures! they were inconsolable and all we could say to dissuade them from their weary journey of more than two miles, through the hot sun, to the Lafayette cemetery only elicited the plaintive cry: "Mon pauvre pere! mon pauvre pere!" They were immigrants, who had arrived but a few months ago from France.

Such incidents, and others equally distressing, met our eye in every direction. They proclaimed what alas! is too apparent in a hundred other forms, that New Orleans is now groaning under one of the most awful pestilences that ever scourged a community.

A HINT FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.—A few drops of carbonate of ammonia, in a small quantity of warm rain-water, will prove a safe and easy anti-acid, &c.; and will change, if carefully applied, discolored spots upon carpets, and indeed all spots, whether produced by acid or alkalis. If one has the misfortune to

have a carpet injured by whitewash, this will immediately restore it.

Ohio Cultivator.

Relative Duties of a Lawyer and Client.

From the Southern Patriot. We have had some experience in the relation of lawyer and client, and have thought much on the subject. It is our purpose now to give a few words of advice to both parties, which, if followed, will be mutually beneficial to them.

In the first place, it is the duty and interest of the client, when he goes to consult a lawyer, to make a full, fair and candid statement of his case. He must not only tell, correctly and without exaggeration, just what he can prove, but he must tell all that he knows or suspects can be proved on the other side. It is an old saying, and a truthful one, that "one tale is good kill another is told." In a majority of cases, if a lawyer is only informed as to what his client expects to prove, he will be deceived in the result.

It is the sacred duty of a lawyer, when consulted, to hear patiently the whole statement of his client, and enquire as to particular facts, the bearing of which he will see, but which may escape the consideration of the client.—When this is done, and he is in full possession of the case, and not before, he will, of course, give honestly his judgment as a lawyer. No one deserves to be a man, much less a member of an honorable profession, who will deceive a client, and get him into a lawsuit unnecessarily. It is the duty of a lawyer, to decide against bringing an action where the case is doubtful. In all cases, he should incline against litigation, against the bringing of suits, unless absolutely necessary. It is better, in thousands of instances, for a party aggrieved to submit to the wrong, than to attempt to redress himself by a lawsuit. The lawyer should impress this on his mind, and point out the delay, the uncertainty, the expense and the vexation of the law.

When all this has been done, and maturely considered, if an action is determined on, it then becomes the duty of the lawyer to take down a statement of the case, the names of the witnesses, and what they will prove, the chain of title, if it be a land case, and the names of the witnesses to the deeds, &c. He should state, too, what it is supposed the defence will be, and the probable proof on the part of the defence. This statement should be a brief of the case, and on the trial it will be of great service as a reference. The lawyer having down his statement, the next thing for him to do, is to look into the authorities and collect the law. A note of the authorities and cases cited must be carefully preserved and added to, as he reads and studies other cases. He should then consider the argument, and state the heads of it.

Long before court, in time to have all the witnesses subpoenaed or examined by commission, it becomes the duty of the client to pay his lawyer a visit and see that this is not neglected. He should then tell any new matter which he may have found out; additional proof, discovery of new witnesses, failure to prove as much as he expected, &c. But he should avoid going over the whole history of the matter again. This worries and perplexes a lawyer, and he soon begins to pay little attention to what his client is telling. No man likes to listen to a long story which he has heard before, and his mind will, during the narration; be thinking of something else. Moreover, a lawyer has not time to listen to his client's complaints as often as he may feel an interest in repeating them. It is said to be a relief to disclose grief or trouble, and it must be, from the fondness of mankind to do so. But it is no relief to a lawyer to be bored with a three-fold story, and his client should remember it and observe it.

In counselling with a lawyer, always get through as quickly as possible. It should be remembered that the client has but one lawyer to talk to, but the lawyer may have many clients, all equally anxious to have a word with him. He has, too, a multiplicity of other business to attend to. His office is his

place of labor, devoted to business, and should not be made the lounging place of his clients. We remember once going into our lamented friend Maj. Henry's office, and seeing ten or fifteen persons seated quietly. They continued there, with apparently no business, till court was called. We then said to our friend, "You keep too many chairs in your office; a lawyer's fee should never have more than four or five seats; it is impossible to do business with a great number of persons at one time."

A client should know when he has got through, and retire. It is a great faculty to know when a thing has been done. A lawyer sometimes does not know when he has concluded his argument, and he goes on speaking for hours afterwards. This is a great fault, and a serious objection to client or lawyer. There is a story told of Mr. Petriugu, very characteristic of the man. He had a troublesome client, constantly running to him and asking questions over and over again, repeating the same story, and wishing to monopolize the whole of his time. At last, after standing it till his patience was exhausted, Mr. Petriugu said to him, "How much, sir, do you suppose my time is worth by the hour?" "About a dollar," replied the client. "Well," said Petriugu, handing him a five dollar bill, "let me have five hours to myself, if you please." There is hardly a lawyer in the State who has not been disposed to purchase, at times, his leisure in the same way. Not long ago, an old lawyer, who understands human nature about as well as any man we ever saw, said he was in the habit of feigning some excuse to leave his office, very often, in order to get rid of his clients, who, like Maj. Henry's did not know when he had got through. In defending a case there is less responsibility than in bringing a suit. Every case is to be defended, but not one case in ten should be brought, where a lawyer is consulted. When a client goes to a lawyer to get him to defend an action, he should tell the truth, and the whole truth, no matter how much it may be against him. The lawyer is sworn to secrecy, and if he were base enough to disclose the secrets of his clients, the court would not permit him to do as a witness. In the defence to know where the weak points are, and where the danger lies. In battle, it is a great thing to know the strength and weakness of the enemy. It is equally important, perhaps more so, to understand your own weakness and strength. So it is in the management of a case in a court of justice.

When a client has disclosed his defence, his lawyer should tell him candidly his opinion. In giving this opinion he should always consider well the uncertainty of the law, and especially the difficulty of knowing what view a jury may take of the facts.

COURT GOSSIP.—The intelligent Turin correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser gives the following sketch of the royal personages of the Court of Sardinia:

The King of Sardinia—as all the world knows—hates courtiers, court-ballet, and, above all, court-balls; loves his army, his hunting forests, and his "good fellows"—in short, his own and his subjects' liberty. This, any one who did not know, would on looking into his square, honest face, which has no more alliance with beauty than his tastes have with despotism. He never suffers himself to be shut into that gilded cage, a state carriage; but leads on the royal train of equipages, filled with the faces of his queenly queen and blooming heirs; on a lovely bounding coursier, which he sits right royally, so that when one hears c'est le roi! one does not respond where?

As ladies are never presented to his Majesty, when he chooses to notice at a court-ball a dame d'honneur, or a minister's wife, the brusque bonjour Madame! from his stentorian lung startles, rather than pleases; for, it may as well be owned, Victor Emanuel is not a "ladies' man," and does his gallant duties with about as much grace as a war-horse would dance the polka, or snuff the Lubin extracts of a drawing room. Not so his royal

brother, the Duke of Genoa, whose tall, slender form moves pliantly to the graceful evolutions of the waltz, and whose quintessence of smiles and gentle words are lavished on the diamond-decked dames of his brother's Court, as freely as if it were not the double expressed oil of royalty. In short, the handsome Duke—though no less courageous on the battle field than in the ball room—"does up" all the softer services of the crown with ineffable condescension, saying all sorts of amiable things, though always so dividing his favors that his fair-haired Saxon Dutchness need never be jealous.

The Queen—an Austrian Princess, daughter of the late Viceroy of Lombardy—is, in beauty and queenliness, a match for any sovereign in the world. Never shall we forget her, as she first rose before us at a presentation, as a vision of Juno, without the hauteur of the Olympian Queen—tall, full, dignified, gracious; a profusion of black, glossy hair, parted on bandeau under her tiara of diamonds; large, soft black eyes; good, though not chiseled features; teeth unsurpassed by her pearls; arms that adorned the brilliant that encircled them; the movement of majesty; the smile of goodness; the spotless toilette of white gace silk—train and skirt the same—embroidered in silver sheaves, the whole forming a tout ensemble, which realized the fairest ideal of a Queen. Nor is this all; Victoria herself is not more a model wife and mother, than is the Queen of Sardinia: would that her female subjects—like those of the English Sovereign—were as loyal to her domestic virtues, as to her regal rights!

The young and pretty Dutchess of Genoa receives the courtly homage paid to her with dignified grace, and is as much a favorite with the ladies as her ducal spouse. This is a living compliment to her amiability; for when the wife of a handsome prince is popular among the aspirants for royal favor, she must be something more than an ordinary jewelled princess.

The Queen dowager—widow of Charles Albert; maintains all the "pomp and circumstance" of her actual reign; and so much of filial fidelity has the king that the richest apartments in the palace are still reserved for his mother; hers is the most imposing of the State carriages, drawn by six black horses, with as many footmen and outriders, sparkling in the crimson and gold livery of the court, though she herself by a diminutive type of royalty and a devotee—patronizing all charitable institutions, and humiliating herself to wash the filthy feet of certain beggars in holy week—her meekness does not in the least diminish the splendor of her suit. This may be only the effect of long habit, as she lives very retired; has never appeared at a court entertainment since the death of the late king, and always receives in a black velvet train, her maids of honor wearing the same. So devoted to her happiness is the young queen, that for the first year of her reign she would not wear the crown jewels, least it might remind the queen dowager that from her the scepter had departed; and when the king insisted that she should put on these insignia of majesty, she still hesitated, until assured by his mother that so far from reminding, it would gratify her pride to see the beauty of her daughter-in-law heightened by the brilliant that had only shamed her own unquently looking brow.

TO MAKE INK COSTING BUT FIVE CENTS A GALLON.

I pound Log Wood. 1 gallon soft water, boil one hour, then add:

24 grains Bichromate of Potash, 12 grains Prusiate of Potash.

Stir a few minutes while over the fire, take off, and when settled strain it.

This ink is a bright jet black at first, flows beautifully from the pen, and so indelible, that even oxalic acid will not remove it from paper. No other ink will stand the test of oxalic acid. It is equally indelible on cloth. Buy your ingredients by the moderate quantity, and it will cost you about five cents a gallon.

The man who struck terror has been arrested and will be tried forthwith.

THE JUDGE WHO ALWAYS ANTICIPATED.

The following anecdote has been often in print, but its inimitable point makes it worthy of an occasional reprint.

As a judge, (and indeed Barrington has hinted at it.) Lord Avonmore had one great fault; he was apt to take up a first impression of a cause, and it was very difficult afterwards to obliterate it. The advocate, therefore, had not only to struggle against the real obstacle presented to him by the case itself, but also with the imaginary one created by the hasty anticipation of the judge. Curran was one day most seriously annoyed by this habit of Avonmore, and he took the following whimsical method of correcting it: (The reader must remember that the object of the narrator was, by a tedious and malicious prostration, to irritate his hearer into the vice he was so anxious to eradicate.) They were to dine together at the house of a common friend, and a large party were assembled, many of whom witnessed the occurrences of the morning. Curran, contrary to all his usual habits, was late for dinner, and at length arrived in the most admirably affected agitation.

"Why, Mr. Curran, you have kept us a full hour waiting dinner for you, grumbled our Lord Avonmore.

"Oh, my dear lord, I regret it much; you must know it is not my custom; but I've just been witnessing a most melancholy occurrence."

"My God! you seem terribly moved by it; take a glass of wine.—What was it? what was it?"

"I will tell you, my lord, the moment I can collect myself. I had been detained at court—in the court of Chancery—your lordship knows the chancery sits late."

"I do—I do; but go on."

"Well, my lord; I was hurrying here as fast as I could—I did not even change my dress—I hope I shall be excused for coming in my boots."

"Poh, poh; never mind your boots; the point—come at once to the point of the story."

"Oh, I will, my lord, in a moment. I walked here; I would not even wait to get the carriage ready; it would have taken time, you know. Now there is a market exactly in the road by which I had to pass; your lordship may perhaps recollect the market, do you?"

"To be sure, I do; go on, Curran—go on with the story."

"I am very glad your lordship remembers the market; for I totally forgot the name of it—the name—the name—"

"What the devil signifies the name of it, sir? It's the Castle Market."

"Your lordship is perfectly right; it is called the Castle Market. Well, I was passing through that identical Castle Market, when I observed a butcher passing to kill a calf. He had a huge knife in his hand; it was as sharp as a razor. The calf was standing behind him; he drew his knife to plunge it into the animal.—Just as he was in the act of doing so, a little boy about four years old—his only son, the loveliest little boy I ever saw—ran suddenly across his path, and he killed—oh, my God! he killed—"

"The child! the child! the child! vociferated Lord Avonmore.

"Oh, my lord, the calf," continued Curran, very coolly; he killed the calf, but your lordship is in the habit of anticipating."

The universal laugh was thus raised at his lordship; and Curran declared upon afterwards, a first impression was removed more easily from the Court of Exchequer by the recollection of the calf in Castle Market than by all the eloquence of the entire profession.

TO ESCAPE THE EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.—1. Avoid standing under trees to escape from the rain during a thunder storm, but boldly expose yourself to the wet it will preserve you from the lightning. 2. Avoid standing close to any metallic bodies, as iron pipes or iron railings, &c. 3. When in doors during a thunder storm, sit or stand as near to the middle of the room as convenient; avoid standing at the window, or sitting near the wall.

The dish called in the West India Man drug which is resorted to excite appetite, and which is certain to do so, is a mixture of bird-pepper, shallots or onions cut small, a little lime juice, Madeira wine, and sliced cucumbers.