

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—\$2 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. VIII.

SUMTERVILLE, S. C., MARCH 8, 1854.

NO. 19.

THE SUMTER BANNER.

IS PUBLISHED
Every Wednesday 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. (Official advertisements the same each time.)
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 new ones.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SONG.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

With a mockish coquetish air, the sweetest but most incorrigible little flirt that ever danced at a picnic, was singing:
"I care for nobody, nobody,
And nobody cares for me!"

She was sitting in a quiet shady corner, near the side of a small stream, busily employed in weaving together some bright green leaves into a garland. Behind her stood a young gentleman in naval uniform, who silently and absently watched her slender fingers as they played at hide and seek among the leaves she was twining.

At a little distance, a gay and picturesque scene was visible from between the trees. A picnic party was there encamped for the day. A cloth was spread on the grass, about which some of the company were steady, partaking of the refreshments; others were scattered round some "in groups," some walking—some swinging—some romping—some dancing—all gay and gaily dressed, and making up a cheerful picture.

Every now and then a merry rowing party on the creek passed before the young couple, I have described, and their gay songs and laughter floated to the ear pleasantly over the waters.

Little Sophy looked up into her companion's face with a saucy, challenging smile, sang again with her mocking voice, the verse of the old song.

"I care for nobody, nobody,
And nobody cares for me!"

"What nonsense is that you are singing?" asked the youth, shaking off his reverie—"not a word of it is true?"

"Half, at least," returned Sophy, with mischievous significance.

"Which half?" inquired Lieutenant Atherton, "the last?"

Sophy smiled disdainfully, but instead of replying, the little coquette threw the long spray of leaves which she had just finished braiding together, over her head. The bright, tender, green leaves mingled with her rich, fair curls, making them gleam like gold, and heightening, by contrast, the fresh, delicate colors of her youthful face. She was very lovely, and she shook her bright head with full consciousness of her powers of fascination as she turned her eyes on her companion with a glance of saucy malice, as much as to say—"do you brave me?"—then take the consequences!

Atherton felt the full malice of that look.

"By heaven, Sophy, you know how to use those eyes of yours," he said laughing; and then added with a sigh as he gazed at her lovely, roguish face—"No, Sophy, it is certainly not the last half of your song which is true."

A smile of triumph stole to Sophy's lips; she turned partly away, and sang half shyly, half saucily—

"I care for nobody, nobody,
And nobody cares for me!"

"Sophy, Sophy, how can you be so cruel! A merciful cat would not play with a mouse, as you have trifled with my heart for this year and a half!"—there was a tone of earnestness in the youth's voice at variance with his light words.

Sophy answered gaily—
"Because no mouse ever so tried to escape from mistress puss, as you have tried to escape from me. Had you lain quiet under my paws, you would have seen how I should have patted you."

but her lover was too much in earnest to head the interruption.

"Now, however," he continued, "I rejoice to say, that I have an opportunity of repairing my error. The former orders have been renewed—to-morrow I leave you—perhaps forever."

Sophy's cheek flushed suddenly—she attempted a jest, but the smile died on her lips, and tears rose to her eyes instead.

"Are you really going away?"—the voice of the gay, little flirt was very doleful and tremulous, and her lover was beginning to gather a gleam of encouragement from her agitated manner, when poor Sophy, whether from her unconquered spirit of coquetry, or that she feared she was betraying a secret she had long sedulously guarded, added with a tone of mock distress,

"Who shall I find to flirt with while you are gone?"

Lieutenant Atherton was deeply grieved and disappointed by the light words. No wonder he was led to conclude, that the girl who would so just at such a moment, was still mistress of her own heart; no wonder he said to himself—"Fool, you are answered; your suit is answered!"—no wonder he commended himself to think no more of one on whom his affections were wasted; and yet—who shall read a woman's heart?—all his conclusions, however logically drawn, were wrong; the foolish girl who so trifled with his feelings, dearly loved him all the time, and was at that very moment suffering far more than he was.

On the morrow the young lieutenant sailed for the East Indies, but he met with many strange adventures there, and like all travellers in the East, rode on elephants and fought, or ran away from lions, I have forgotten which, I am by no means tempted to follow him on his travels, or to bore my reader by a narration of them.

Neither shall I be so unmerciful as to inflict dull accounts of my moping hero, whose spirit deserted her strangely about the time of Lieut. Atherton's departure. Let me rather hasten to the time of the return, when I shall have something less uninteresting to write about.

The way and manner of the meeting of the long parted couple was this: Our young lieutenant vainly sought during all those days of absence, to banish the thoughts of a certain unworthy little flirt from his mind, he had no sooner set his foot on shore, than he found himself full of torturing hopes and fears on the way to her dwelling. With the right of an old toadger, he made his way to the drawing-room unannounced.

It was late in the afternoon—beginning to grow dark. Sophy was seated at the piano with her back to the door. Young Atherton stole softly behind and paused; what did it mean? she was crying—yes, really sobbing—and the cause so far as he could see, was a song to which she had just turned in an old mouse book. Suddenly a man's hand and arm were stretched forward from over her shoulder, and the book seized and carried off.

Sophy screamed, and started from her seat—and then stood silent, and trembling violently, before her lover, gazing at him as though he were an apparition.

Young Atherton's eyes meanwhile turned from the old song to seek Sophy's face.

Without a word of greeting—"Sophy," he said, laying his hand on the open book—"does this old ballad still tell a true story?"

"As true, as it ever did," faltered Sophy, blushing and turning away her face—"Oh! Edward, must your foolish Sophy say more?"

The darkness gathered round the happy reunited lovers as they sat talking together. And how much there was to say. What tender tidings—what sweet confessions—what reminiscences of the past—what hopes for the future. Fortunately no visitors came to interrupt their converse, and it extended far into the night. Yet when Atherton left her late in the evening, Sophy, still lingered at her piano, perhaps recalling all the tender and fond words which had been whispered to her that happy night, and ere closing the instrument, she lightly touched a few soft chords, and sang in a low, frightened voice, which trembled with irrespressible joy, a new version of an old song—it was this—

"I care for somebody, somebody,
And somebody cares for me!"

Discontent.
How universal it is. How few there are ready to say "I am content." Go where you will, among the rich or poor the man of competence or the man who earns his bread by the daily sweat of his brow, you hear the sound of murmuring and the voice of complaint.

The other day we stood by a cooper, who was playing a merry tune with an adze round a cask. "Ah! sighed he, 'mine is a hard lot—forever trot-

ting round like a dog, driving away at a hoop." "Heigho!" sighed the blacksmith, in one of the hot days, as he wiped away the drops of perspiration from his brow, while his red hot iron glowed on his anvil, "this is life with a vengeance—melting and frying one's self over the fire." "O, that I were a carpenter!" ejaculated a shoemaker, as he bent over his lap-stone; "here I am, day after day, working my soul away in making soles for others, cooped up in a little seven by nine room." "I am sick of this outdoor work," exclaims the carpenter, foriling and sweltering under the sun or exposed to the inclemency of the weather, "if I was only a tailor!" "This is too bad," perpetually cries the tailor, "to be compelled to sit perched up here, playing the needle all the while—would that mine were a more active world than this!" "Last day of grace—the banks won't discount—customers won't pay what shall I do?" grumbles the merchant, "I had rather be a truck horse, a dog, any thing!" "Happy fellows," groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some perplexing case, or over some dry record; "happy fellows I had rather hammer stone than cudgel my brain on this tedious, vexatious question." And through all the ramifications of society, all are complaining of their condition—finding fault with their particular calling. "If I were only this, or that, or the other, I should be content," is the universal cry; "any thing but what I am." Happy for us if we could but learn that "Godliness, with contentment, is great gain."

Hints on Beauty.
We have been much struck with the following passage, written by Mrs. Jamieson which we cordially recommend to the attention of our readers. Let the ladies observe the following rules: "In the morning use pure water as a preparatory ablution; after which they must abstain from all sudden gusts of passion, particularly envy, as that gives the skin a sallow paleness. It may seem trifling to speak of temperance, yet this must be attended to, both in eating and drinking, if they would avoid pimples. Instead of rouge, let them use moderate exercise, which will raise a natural bloom in their cheeks, and unadorned good humor will give an openness to their countenance that will make them universally agreeable. A desire of pleasing will add fire to their eyes, and brightening the air of sunrise will give their lips a vermilion hue. That amiable vivacity which they now possess, may be highly heightened and preserved if they would avoid late hours and card-playing as well as novel reading by candle-light, but not otherwise; for the first gives the face a drowsy, disagreeable aspect; the second is the mother of wrinkles; and the third is a fruitful source of weak eyes and a sallow complexion. A white hand is a very desirable ornament; and a hand can never be white unless it be clean; nor is this all, for if a young lady exceeds her companions in this respect, she must keep her hands in constant motion, which will occasion the blood to circulate freely, and have a wonderful effect. The motion recommended is working at her needle, brightening the house, and making herself as useful as possible in the performance of all domestic duties."

Mrs. Mowatt.
Mrs. Mowatt was born in Bordeaux, during a temporary residence of her parents in that city. Her earliest recollections date from a charming country residence in the vicinity of Bordeaux, where she remained for the greater part of the time until her seventh year. The family then embarked for New York, but the vessel was wrecked on the passage, and after enduring great perils, they at length arrived in another ship. During her school days, the precocious child exhibited uncommon vivacity of intellect, with a decided turn for poetry. Her passion for reading led her to devour every book on which she could lay her hands. Before she was ten years old she had read the whole of Shakespeare's plays many times over, besides a very promiscuous course of general literature, both in French and English. She was not yet in her teens before she set up as a poetess, while her success in private theatricals won the applause of a large social circle.

In her thirteenth year she became acquainted with Mr. Mowatt, at that time "a young barrister of education and fortune," who had taken a fancy to one of her married sisters, whom he met at a watering place, supposing her to be a young widow. He did not discover his unlucky blunder until he began to express his admiration openly. When informed that he was addressing a married woman, he took the disappointment so much to heart that he undertook to console his chagrin by

inviting him to visit the family, promising to introduce him to plenty of young sisters, one of whom was very much like herself. Mr. Mowatt lost no time in accepting the invitation. He fell in love with Anna at first sight. From that moment he determined to educate her according to his own ideas, and as soon as she had attained a marriageable age to make her his child-wife.

He would follow her on her way to Madame Chegary's school, of which she was a pupil, carrying her books and slate; he questioned her about her studies, directed her reading, kept her supplied with an endless profusion of flowers, while she, finding it grand to have such a devoted lover, played the juvenile tyranness to her heart's content. Before she was fifteen he made the offer of his heart and hand. The little damsel was frightened at the proposal, and in her distress made a confidant of her eldest sister. After coquetting for some time with her eccentric lover, and positively renouncing his addresses, her reluctance was at length overcome, and she consented to a clandestine marriage. This was celebrated just after she was turned fifteen, in the most melodramatic style. Soon after the honeymoon the enthusiastic couple retired to a delightful residence on Long Island, where they passed a strange, idyllic life, which is minutely described by her in her autobiography recently published.

The Cruelties of the Indians.
From the St. Louis Republican of Jan. 23.

In our paper of day before yesterday, we give the narrative of Mrs. Wilson, who recently made her escape from the Comanche Indians. Her account of her suffering and ill treatment seems to be almost incredible. It is difficult to believe that, at this day and in this enlightened age, there are any tribes associated with the whites who could be guilty of such barbarities. We learn, however, from Major Steen, of the United States army, who has been stationed in New Mexico, and has had much intercourse with these and other Indians, that the narrative is not at all likely to be overwrought. He has given us a narrative of females, whom he has released from the Indians, that even exceeds Mrs. Wilson's account of suffering. In one instance, he released five Mexican girls. The Indians had attacked a Mexican ranch, murdered the parents and men, and taken away the women and children. The boys they train to be more savage and brutal than themselves; the women and females they use for all kinds of druggery and the most licentious purposes.

MRS. WILSON, THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.
From Mrs. Wilson's narrative, it appears she is but 17 years of age. About a year ago she was married to a young farmer in Texas, and in April they joined a party of fifty two emigrants, bound for California. They were attacked by Indians and the party was compelled to return to Texas; but Mr. and Mrs. Wilson remained at El Paso, where their horses being stolen, they were compelled to give up the plan of going to California, and set out on their return to Texas in July. In August Mr. Wilson and his father fell into the hands of Indians and were murdered. Mrs. W. returned to El Paso, and again in September started for Texas, with her three brothers in law and a small party. When within three days journey of Phantom Hill, an American Military post, they were attacked by Comanches, while some of their men were off in pursuit of some of their horses that had been stolen. A Mexican who was with Mrs. Wilson, was brutally murdered and scalped before her eyes, and she and her two brothers-in-law, lads of some ten or twelve years, were seized, bound, and carried off, with the entire property of the party.

The Indians, with their captives, proceeded in a northwest direction, each being appropriated as the property of one or other of the chiefs. They were stripped of nearly all their clothing, and otherwise brutally treated. Mrs. Wilson, although expecting soon to become a mother, was subjected to every conceivable cruelty and indignity; beaten and bruised, exposed to fatigues of all kinds; her flesh lacerated by lariats and whips, or by the loads of wool she had to carry on her bare back; compelled to do the work of men, or punished for her inability, by being stoned, knocked down and trampled on; almost entirely deprived of food—and all this lasted for twenty five days. At this time she was sent in advance in the morning, as usual, when she determined to attempt an escape, which she succeeded in accomplishing by secreting herself in some bushes, till the Indians passed.

For twelve days she wandered through this Indian country, subsisting upon berries, when she fortunately fell in with some New Mexican traders,

who furnished her with some men's clothing and a blanket. In consequence of their meeting with a Comanche, they had to leave her behind, and she narrowly escaped a second capture. But by the subsequent aid of one of the traders, a Pueblo Indian, she was enabled, after hiding herself for eight days, to escape. At the expiration of this time she was rescued by the traders, furnished with a horse, and brought to the town of Peaos, N. Mexico, where Major Carleton and others, of the army, took care of her, and enabled her to proceed to Santa Fe.

This is but an outline of a terrible story, the counterpart of which, in all except the escape, are said to be frequent. A letter from Santa Fe says that the white captives among the Comanches are as numerous as the Indians themselves. The same letter mentions the escape of a young Mexican woman, who returns, after a year's terrible captivity, expecting to become the mother of an infant whose father is a wild Indian. The Comanches practise cruelty in its utmost refinement towards their captives. Children are trained to be more savage than themselves, and women are subjected to outrages too horrible to be mentioned.

The Santa Fe Gazette says: the two brothers of Mrs. Wilson are yet in captivity, and unless soon reclaimed, will imbibe a taste for the wild life of the Indian and be forever lost. There are many hundreds, and we may venture to say, thousands of captives among the Indians of New Mexico, principally women and children; the former are forced to become slaves of the men, and the latter are trained for warriors.

When Governor Merriweather came to Mexico, he was fortunate enough to rescue two Mexican girls from the Comanches—years sixteen and the other eighteen years of age. They had been captured from near Chihuahua, one three years, and the other ten months before. They were sent to the Governor of that State, who acknowledged the conduct of the Governor of New Mexico in very handsome terms. They said there were a large number of Mexican women in captivity, and they saw one American woman with a small child; that an Indian one day when they were travelling on horseback, took the child from its mother, threw it up into the air, and as it came down caught it on his spear, and that others rode at full gallop, took it on their spears; and so passed it around among the party.

Surely our government will not permit such outrages to go unpunished, even if it is necessary to exterminate the whole tribe of these brutal savages.

Tyer's Magneto-Electric Railway Signals.
Yesterday a private meeting, over which the Lord Mayor presided, was held at the London Tavern, in order to hear from the inventor of these new railway signals an explanation of them. Mr. Tyer proposes, by the agency of voltaic electricity, to accomplish the following objects:—1. That the train itself, upon entering any station, shall give notice to the station it has left, that the line so far is clear. 2. That, upon quitting a station, the train shall transmit a signal to the next station in advance, directing attention thereto by sounding a bell. 3. The transmission of signals from any intermediate point between stations, so that an alarm can be given, and assistance obtained, in the event of a break down, or other stoppage of the line. 4. That the engine-man may be signalled from the station he is approaching at any distance deemed requisite, auxiliary signals and fog detonators being thus rendered unnecessary.

The inventor proposes to arrest the attention of the driver by causing his apparatus to sound the steam whistle; and his plan of signals includes a self-acting register, kept at each station, of the exact signals received. He believes that his invention would be found valuable not only at stations, but also at junctions, tunnels, level crossings, watchmen's boxes, in shutting trains, and in other emergencies. These various objects are mainly accomplished by the introduction of two contrivances—the one for establishing communication from the train to the stations on either side of it, the other for signalling from the station to the driver of an approaching train. The first contrivance consists of a treddle spring, which pressed by the flanges of the carriage wheels in their passage over it, and establishing thereby an intermittent circuit of electricity through the wire extending to the station, sounds a bell and moves an index on a dial plate there, so as to give the required signal both to the eye and the ear. The second contrivance is a pair of brass plates, forming double inclined planes, about 6 feet long, and fixed upon the rails, so that metal springs beneath the frame of the engine coming in contact with them when the voltaic circuit is again completed, and

signals at once indicated to the driver by an index on his locomotive, by the sounding of his whistle, or even by cutting off steam.

The whole apparatus can be applied at any required point between stations; can be applied to the existing lines of telegraph, and possesses the advantage of being self-acting. Roughly estimated, the cost for each set is stated at from £50 to £60, and Mr. Tyer says that his arrangement of treddles has been satisfactorily tested on the South Eastern line, and that of signalling the driver on the Croydon. His explanations to the meeting yesterday were well illustrated by working models, and at a time when the best means for preventing railway accidents are regarded with such general interest, this plan of guarding against some of the most fruitful causes of them will, no doubt, receive all the consideration to which it is entitled. The electric telegraph facilities for promoting the safety of railway traveling have as great, if not greater, than any other agency, and these have hitherto been very imperfectly developed. Mr. Tyer is therefore, working in the right direction, and whether his plan can be advantageously adopted can only be decided by experience of its merits.

London Times, Jan. 20.

HOW TO SPELL CAT.

Sometime during the last war with Great Britain, the—Regiment of Infantry was stationed near Boston. Old Doctor M—(peace to his ashes) was surgeon to the Regiment. The Doctor was an old gentleman of very precise and formal manners, who stood a great deal upon his dignity of department, and was in his own estimation, one of the literati of the Army. Nevertheless he was fond of a joke—provided always, it was not perpetrated at his own expense.

It is well known, in the "old school," that at the commencement of the war, a number of citizens was appointed officers in the Army who were more noted for their chivalry than for the correctness of their orthography. The Doctor took little pains to conceal his contempt for the "new set."

One day, at mess, after the decanter had performed sundry perambulations of the table, Captain S—, a brave and accomplished officer, and a great wag, remarked to the Doctor—who had been somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary deficiencies of some of the new officers—

"Doctor M—, are you acquainted with Captain G—?"

"Yes, I know him well," replied the Doctor, "He's one of the new set—but what of him?"

"Nothing in particular," replied Captain S—, "I have just received a letter from him, and I will wager you a dozen of old Port that you cannot guess in five guesses how he spells Cat."

"Done," said the Doctor, "it's a wager."

"Well—commence guessing," said S—.

"K-a-double-t."

"No."

"K-a-t."

"No—try again."

"K-a-t-e."

"No—you have missed it again."

"Well then," resumed the Doctor, "Ca double-t."

No, that's not the way—try again—it's your last guess."

"Ca-ugh-t."

"No," said S—, "that is not the way—you have lost the wager."

"Well," said the Doctor, with much petulance of manner, "how does he spell it?"

Keeping The Sabbath.

It is seldom in our power to present our readers with an article so able and convincing as to the physical advantage of the Sabbath, as is the following. The Sabbath, (says the North British Review from which we extract it,) is god's gracious present to a working world and for wearied minds and bodies it is the grand restorative."

"The Creator has given us a natural restorative—sleep; and a moral restorative—Sabbath-keeping; and it is ruin to dispense with either. Under the pressure of high excitement, individuals have passed weeks together with little sleep, or none; but when the process is long continued, the over driven powers rebel, and fever, delirium, and death comes on. Nor can this natural amount be systematically curtailed without corresponding mischief. The Sabbath does not arrive like sleep. The day of rest does not steal over us like the hour of slumber. It does not entrance us almost whether we will or not; but, addressing us as intelligent beings, our Creator assures us that we need it, and bids us notice its return, and court its renovation. And if, going in the face of the Creator's kindness, we force our selves to work all days long, it is not long till we pay the forfeit. The mental worker—the man of business or the man of letters—finds his ideas coming torpid and slow; the equipage of his faculties is upset; he grows moody, fitful, and capricious; and with his mental elasticity broken, should any disaster occur, he subsides into habitual melancholy, or in self-destruction speeds his guilty exit from a gloomy world. And the manual worker—the artisan, the engineer, toiling on from day to day, and week to week, the bright intuition of his eye gets blunted, and, forgetful of their cunning, his fingers no longer perform their feats of twinkling agility, nor by a plastic and useful touch mould dead matter, or wield mechanic power; but mingling his life's blood in his daily drudgery, his locks are prematurely grey, his genial humor sour, and slaving till he has become a morose or reckless man, for any extra effort, or any blink of balmy feeling, he must stand indebted to opium or alcohol."

To an industrious population, so essential is the periodic rest, that when the attempt was made in France to abolish the weekly Sabbath, it was found necessary to issue a decree suspending labor one day in every ten. Master manufacturers have stated that they could perceive an evident deterioration in the quality of the goods produced, as the week drew near a close, just be- cause the tact, alertness, and energy of the workers began to experience inevitable exhaustion. When a steamer on the Thames blew up, a few months ago the firemen and stokers laid the blame on their broken Sabbath; which stupidly and embittered them—made them blunder at their work, and heedless what havoc such blunders might create. And we have been informed that when the engines of an extensive steam pack- et company, in the south of England, were getting constantly damaged, the mischief was instantly repaired by giving the men what the bounty of their Creator had given them long before, the rest of each seventh day. And what is so essential to industrial efficiency is no less indispensable to the laborer's health and longevity."

Read and Revise The Bible.
Read and revise the Sacred page; a page which not the whole creation could produce, Which not the conflagration should destroy. In Nature's ruin not one letter lost.—Young.

SENSIBLE REMARKS.—A correspondent of the Delaware County Republican communicated to that paper the following good and timely advice. Every word is true to the letter:

Subscribe for a paper.—The present is a favorable period for those who wish to take a paper, to subscribe for one. The long lights which accompany the present season give all classes an abundance of time for reading, especially those in the country. It is to the interest of all persons, if they properly understand it, to subscribe for a paper given the general news of the day, extracted from other journals.—It is a great satisfaction to read and ponder over the latest intelligence from every quarter of the globe, upon all subjects of general interest. I doubt whether the subscription per year, when applied in any other manner, can yield a rational being more satisfaction, or greater equivalent for his money. Then I would say, send on your name.

A Yankee and an Irishman, riding together, passed by a gallows: "Pat," said the Yankee, "give that gallows its due, and where would you be?"

"Faith, that's aisyly known," replied Pat, "I'd be riding to town by myself all alone sure."

The Yankee was beat this time.

Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and the second may be what thou wilt.—Purcell.

To CURE POLL EVIL IN HORSES.—Mix copperas and hog's lard, and simmer over the fire in an iron pot; with this rub the part affected plentifully two or three times a week, and let the hot sun drive it in. The application should be made before the disease has gone too far. Mind to keep rubbing till a cure is effected; it takes time.