

The Sumter Banner.

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

WILLIAM LEWIS,
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"God—and our Native Land."

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Curiosities of Sleep.

There are some curious incidents on record of sleeping and waking. In Turkey, if a person happens to fall asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field, and the wind blows over towards him, he becomes gradually narcotized, and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstance, did not bring him to the next well or stream, and empty pitcher after pitcher on his face and body. Dr. Oppenheim, during his residence in Turkey, owed his life to this simple and efficacious treatment. Dr. Graves, from whom this anecdote is quoted, also reports the case of a gentleman, thirty years of age, who from long continued sleepiness, was reduced to a complete living skeleton, unable to stand on his legs. It was partly owing to disease, but chiefly to the use of mercury and opium, until at last unable to pursue his business, he sank into abject poverty and woe. Dr. Reid mentions a friend of his who, whenever anything occurred to distress him, soon became drowsy and fell asleep. A fellow student also, at Edinburgh, upon hearing suddenly the unexpected death of a near relative, threw himself on his bed, and almost instantaneously, amidst the glare of noon day, sank into a profound slumber. Another person, reading aloud to one of his dearest friends stretched on his death bed, fell asleep, and with the book still in his hand, went on reading utterly unconscious of what he was uttering. A woman at Hennett slept seventeen or eighteen hours a day for fifteen years. Another is recorded to have slept once for forty days. A man twenty-five years of age, at Timbury, near Bath, once slept for a month, and in two years he slept again for seventeen days. Dr. Maenish mentions a woman, who spent three-fourths of her life in sleep; and Dr. Elliott, who has collected several instances of this sort, quotes the case of a young lady who slept for six weeks and recovered. Herodotus, in "Melpomene," alludes indelicately to a race of the Scythians, or Tartars, in the extreme North, who were reported to sleep six months of the year. "Two young gentlemen," says Dr. Graves, "college students, went to bed in perfect health the night previous to their examination; they slept soundly; the elder one rose early in the morning, and left his younger brother in bed still asleep; he remained so for two hours more, having slept altogether for more than ten hours, when he awoke in a state of complete insanity." The same author likewise relates the case of a gentleman who fell asleep with his head resting on his hands, folded together before on the table, after dinner. On awakening, one arm was paralyzed, and remained paralytic to the day of his death, which followed not long afterwards. The celebrated General Elliott, Frederic the Great, and John Hunter, seldom slept more than four or five hours in the twenty-four. Dr. Maenish mentions a lady, in perfect health, who never slept more than three or four hours in the twenty-four, and then only half an hour at a time.

Habits of Authors.

Racine composed his verses while walking about, reciting them in a loud voice. One day, when thus working at his play of "Mithridates," in the Tuileries Gardens, a crowd of workmen gathered around him, attracted by his gesticulations; they took him to be a mad man about to throw himself into the basin. On his return home from such scenes, he would write down scene by scene, at first in prose, and when he had thus written it out, he would exclaim, "My tragedy is done!" consisting the dressing of the acts up in verse as a very small affair. Magliabechi, the learned librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, on the contrary, never stirred abroad, but lived amidst books and upon books. They were his bed, board, and washing. He passed eight and forty years in their midst, only twice in the course of his life venturing beyond the walls of Florence; once to go two leagues off, and the other time three and a half leagues, by order of the Grand Duke. He was an extremely frugal man, living upon eggs, bread and water, in great moderation. Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet; a dog he had brought from Wartburg, and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood on the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck round with caricatures of the Pope. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate in his brain, he would take his flute or his guitar with him into the porch, and there execute some musical fantasy, (for he was a skillful musician,) when the ideas would flow upon him as fresh as flowers after summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such times. Indeed Luther did not hesitate to say that, after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," said he, "is the art of the prophets, it is the only other art which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the Devil to flight." Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. That great quarrel man had a heart as tender as a woman's. Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning, at five or six o'clock, he had books, manuscripts, and papers carried to him there, and he worked on for hours after. If he had occasion to go

loathsome nook, with a hole in the wall, through which his scanty rations were thrust, was killed by the want of sleep.

His feverish temples were scarcely laid upon his pallet, when a stern voice pealed round the walls—*Capet, ou es tu? dors tu?* By a refinement of cruelty of this description, his ductile and confiding spirit, drawn out to the last gasp, silently gave up the ghost, on the 8th of June, in his 10th year, 1795. The famous St. Dominic never reposed except on the floor, or the bare boards, which served him for a bed. St. Bonaventura, one of the first Franciscans, made use of a common stone of some size, instead of a pillow; and St. Peter, of Alcantara, slept but an hour and a half in the twenty-four hours, for forty years together, either kneeling or standing, with his head leaning aside, on a little piece of wood fastened for that purpose in the wall. He usually ate but once in three days; yet he lived to be old though his body was so attenuated and weak that it seemed to be composed of roots of trees, and his skin so parched that it resembled the dry bark of a tree, rather than flesh.

People may sleep in all sorts of postures. According to Mr. Wilkinson, the ancient Egyptians, who, as everybody knows, shaved their scalps, slept with their heads resting on an iron prong, like that of a pitchfork, wedged with something soft. This they did for the sake of keeping their heads cool, which they supposed strengthened their wits. This position will sleep on horseback, and the sentinel at his post. An entire battalion of infantry have been known to sleep on the march. It is about three or four o'clock in the morning that this propensity to sleep is the most overpowering—the moment seized upon by troops for driving in the evening's outposts, and taking the bivouac by storm. Maniaes are reported, particularly in the Eastern Hemisphere, to become furiously vigilant during the fall of the moon, more especially when she deteriorating ray of its polarized light is permitted to fall into their apartment; hence the name *lunatics*. There certainly is a greater propensity to disease during sleep than in the waking state; for those who pass the night in Campagna di Roma inevitably become affected with its noxious air, while travelers who go through with-out stopping escape the miasm. Intense cold induces sleep, and those who perish in the snow sleep on till they sleep the sleep of death.—*Journal of Psychological Medicine.*

The Ivory Trade.

The New-York Journal of Commerce has an article on "The Ivory Trade," from which we quote: "Nine-tenths of all the ivory brought directly to the United States comes from Zambur, in Africa, to the port of Salem. It has been conjectured that eventually the supply would be stopped, on account of the extinction of the elephant, but this, we are informed by those conversant with the subject, is not probable, large quantities being brought from the unexplored interior of Africa by the traders on the coasts, of which a part is obtained from animals who have died naturally; the elephant being too large game to be seriously affected by the weapons of savages. The dealer can readily discern by the appearance of the tooth whether it is taken from a freshly slain animal or not. Some of them, broken and mutilated, give evidence of deadly encounters their proprietors have had in their native jungles, while others are gnawed by African rats probably, for the teeth marks are large and deep incisions.—The English traders, owing to their superior facilities, have the monopoly of the market in India and in Africa, and the choicest articles can only be obtained from them. In price it varies from 75c. to \$1.75 per pound, net, which are the extremes for corresponding qualities. Within five years past, owing to its extended appropriation to purposes of art and luxury, it has increased twenty per cent. in cost, and great economy is requisite to work up the scraps and clippings to advantage, as its curved form will not admit of straightening, without destroying the texture, which would be fatal to its usefulness and beauty. Nothing, however, is permitted to go to waste. The refuse is carefully enclosed, and, when carefully ground upon a marble slab, yields a jet black velvety pigment, used by artists to paint Uccello Poms, broadcloth coats, and other matters requiring a particularly jetty hue. Next to the Chinese, the Germans excel in ivory carving and ornamental work; most of the beautifully embellished umbrellas and cane knobs being made by them.

out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his later years he dictated his writings to secretaries. He rarely corrected anything. The sentences issued complete from his mouth. If he felt his facility of composition leaving him, he forthwith quitted his bed, gave up writing and composing, and went about his out-door duties for days, weeks and months together. But as soon as he felt the inspiration fall upon him again, he went back to his bed, and his secretary set to work forthwith.

Rousseau wrote his works early in the morning; Le Sage at midday; Byron at midnight; Hardouin rose at four in the morning, and wrote till late at night.

Aristotle was a tremendous worker; he took little sleep, and was constantly retrenching it. He had a contrivance by which he awoke early, and to awake with him to commence work. Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the sea-side, in laboring to overcome the defects of his voice. There he read, studied, and declaimed.

Rabelais composed his life of Gargantua at Bellay, in the company of Roman cardinals, and under the eyes of the Bishop of Paris. La Fontaine wrote his fables chiefly under the shade of trees, and sometimes by the side of Racine and Boileau. Pascal wrote most of his "Thoughts" on little scraps of paper, at his by moments. Fenelon wrote his "Télémaque" in the palace of Versailles, at the court of the Grand Monarque, when discharging the duties of tutor to the Dauphin. That a book so thoroughly democratic should have issued from such a source, and be written by a priest, may seem surprising. De Quince first promulgated his notion of universal freedom of person and trade, and of throwing all taxes on the land—the germ perhaps, of the French Revolution—in the *bouffeur* of Madame de Pompadour.

Bacon knelt down before composing his great work, and prayed for light from heaven. Pope never could compose well without first declaiming for some time at the top of his voice, and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity.

The life of Leibnitz was one of reading, writing, and meditation. That was the secret of his prodigious knowledge. After an attack of gout, he confined himself to a diet of bread and milk. Often he slept in a chair, and rarely went to bed till after midnight. Sometimes he was months without quitting his seat, where he slept by night and wrote by day. He had an ulcer in his right leg, which prevented his walking about, even had he wished to do so.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

The Boy who Kept his Purpose.

"I would not be so mean," said George Ward to a boy who stood by, while he put the candy he had just bought in his pocket.

"You have no right to call me mean," replied Reuben Porter, "because I don't spend my money for candy."

"You never spend it for anything," continued George tauntingly.

It was true. Reuben did not spend his money. Do you suppose it was because he loved it more than other boys do? Reuben turned slowly away, meditating upon what had occurred. "I will not care for what George thinks," he at length said to himself. "I have four dollars now, and when I have sold my cabbages, I shall have another dollar. I shall soon have enough," and his heart bounded joyfully, his step recovered its elasticity, and his pace quickened: as the pleasant thought re-echoed the sting the accusation of meanness had inflicted on his sensitive spirit. "Enough" did not mean the same with Reuben, as with grown people. It had a limit. He hastened cheerfully home, or to the place he called home. He had no father or mother there, but kind and loving friends in their stead. Mr. Porter had died two years before, leaving a wife and four children without property to sustain them. Reuben was the eldest, he was old enough to assist in the labors of a farm, it was thought best he should leave his mother. Mr. Johnson, a neighbor, took him into his family, where he soon became a great favorite.

These, according to the amount of work lavished upon them, range in price from three to ten dollars each."

The Death Bed of Cromwell.

The following, from headley's work, is marked with the usual brilliancy of the peculiar writer. Cromwell appears no longer as the hypocrite, but rather as the sincere Convincer, when called to his last summons.

At length the last night drew on that was to usher in his fortunate day. The 3d of September, and anniversary of Dunbar and Marston, came amid wind and storm. In this solemn hour for England, strong hearts were ever beseeching heaven to hear the Protector; but the King of Kings had issued his decree; and the spirit that had endured and toiled so long, was already gathering his pinions for eternity.

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," broke then from his lips in solemn faith, on the covenant of Grace. His breath came difficult and thick; but amid the pangs of the storm, he was heard murmuring— "Truly God is good—indeed he is—he will not—here his tongue failed him—" but," says an eye witness, "I apprehend it was, He will not leave me." Again and again, there escaped from the ever moving lips, the half-articulate words, "God is good—God is good." "Once with sudden energy, he exclaimed, "I would be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and his people; but my work is done. Yet God will be with his people." All night long he murmured thus to himself of God; showing how perfect was his trust, how strong his faith. Once, as some drink was offered to him, he said, "It is not my design to drink or sleep, but it is my design to make what I can to be good."

While this scene was passing in that solemn chamber, all was wild and terrible without. Nature seemed to sympathize with the dying patriot and hero. The wind howled and roared around the place; houses were unroofed; chimneys blown up, and the trees that had stood for half a century in the parks, were uprooted and strewn over the earth. The sea, too, was vexed, the waves snored in un governable fury the shores of England; and vessels lay stranded along the coasts of the Mediterranean. It was a night when there are,

As they say, "Lamentations heard in the air; strange screams of death, And prophesying, with accents terrible, Of dire commotion, and confused events Now hatched to the world's fall time, Some say the earth, Was feverish shook."

But all was calm and serene around the dying bed of Cromwell. On that more than kingly brow, peace, like a white winged dove sat; and that voice which had turned the tide of so many battles now murmured only prayers. Bonaparte, dying in the midst of just such a storm, shouted "Vive l'armée," as his gazing eye fell once more on the heads of his mighty colossus disappearing in the smoke of battle; but Cromwell took a nobler departure.—The storm and uproar without brought no din of arms to his dying ear—not in the dirum of battle his soul burst away, but with his eyes fixed steadfastly on the "eternal kingdom," and his strong heart sweetly stayed on the promise of a faithful God, he moved from the shore of time, and sank from sight forever.

He died at three o'clock, on the very day which eight years before, saw his sword flashing over the tumultuous field of Dunbar—the same which, seven years previous, heard him shouting on the ramparts of Worcester.—But this was the last and most terrible battle of all; yet he came off victorious, and triumphing over his last enemy, death, passed into the serene world, where the sound of the battle never comes, and the hatred and violence of men never disturbs.

Origin of the "Aztec" Children.

A correspondent of the Athenaeum, under signature Francis, of A. de L. has published, in the number of 11th February, an article on the Aztec children, of which the following is a translation, slightly abridged: "The two children exhibited in Europe are neither Lilliputians, Aztecs, sacerdotes, natives of Ximaya, nor belonging to an extraordinary race of men; neither do they come from the republic of Guatemala. Here is their history; in the department of San Miguel, in a village called La Puerta, near the town of Usulután, there lives a mulatto woman, mother of these two little children, who pass among us for phenomena, as well as a third infant, belonging to the same woman, like the two others, and who will certainly

man of intelligence and wealth. He is one whom the world delights to honor; but about his pleasantest memories, I doubt not, is that of the barrel of flour he bought for his beloved mother.

"Fidial love will never go unrewarded."—*N. Y. Independent.*

Mr. Bolisco's Wife.

We take the following from the Boston Transcript:

He had always mingled pleasantly with society at Washington, but the tie which connected him most dearly to America, originated in a singular instance of love at first sight. He was one day walking with a friend out to wards Georgetown Heights, when he passed a boarding school for young ladies and was attracted by a fair girl of 16, who stood swinging her bag and talking with animation to some of her companions. "Who is that beautiful girl? Who is she?" eagerly asked her father's friend could not inform him. The girl opened and in she went to her books and slate; all unconscious of the dagger-pointed gaze which glimpe had left on the heart of the Russian Minister. The next day and the day following saw him taking the same walk which subsided to a very slow step as he approached the building and looked earnestly at every door and window. "May day was at hand, and was to be celebrated as usual, in the school, by the usual festivities, and the choice of a Queen from among the number; and this year floral royalty happened to fall on Miss Harriet Williams, the very girl who had so instantaneously enthroned herself in the admiration of the foreigner.

Just before May Day, the Principal was surprised to receive a note from the Russian Envoy at Washington, expressing great interest in education, and begging permission to be present at the festival of May Day, which it would give him particular pleasure as a stranger to the customs of the country to witness. Consent, of course, was very graciously granted; and the occasion was as charming as youth and flowers always make it. At the end of the term, Miss Harriet announced that she would not attend school any more. "What not graduate? Oh, why not? Are you going away? But she shook her head, laughed, and kept her own counsel, and in a few weeks was the wife of the Russian Minister. She accompanied her husband once or twice to Russia, where she was very much admired, and known as the "American Rose." Her face had regularity of feature, but was particularly distinguished for exquisite coloring.—Nothing could surpass the chestnut brown of her hair the bright grey blue of her eye, nor the hue of the lily and the rose so delicately blended in her complexion. Perhaps her figure had too much *emboupoint* for symmetry but she moved with grace and dignity. Although there was a great disparity of years, and a great difference in appearance and character, between herself and husband, it seems to have been a very happy union.

The Modest Poet.

Lucius Valerius was born at Hircanium, in the reign of Trajan. At thirteen years of age, he became a competitor for the prize of poetry. This prize was a beautiful gold medal, and an ivory lyre, which was, every five years, adjudged to the author who produced the best poem. Valerius, though opposed by a number of doubtless his age was victorious. Among other honors paid him, it was determined to erect a brazen statue, which should be placed in the most conspicuous part of the city. The day of the presentation of this statue to public view, presented a trait in the character of Valerius still more lovely than his talents.

At the moment in which the chief magistrate was placing a crown of laurel on the head of the statue, Valerius perceived a young man, who had contested the prize with him, and who was, in the opinion of many, little inferior to him, looking on this scene with a sorrowful and dejected countenance. Valerius instantly discovered the cause of his chagrin, and determined to remove it, which he did in the following manner: He seized the laurel crown, and passing towards the disappointed rival, placed it on his head, saying, "You are more deserving of it than I am; I obtained it, more on account of my youth than my merit, and rather as an encouragement than a reward."

This generous conduct called forth enthusiastic admiration from the spectators; and the astonished youth, who thus unexpectedly received the crown of victory from the hands of the victor, was overcome with gratitude and joy. To preserve the remembrance of an action which evinced at once so much modesty, and such kind feelings, the people conferred on Valerius the surname of *Modestus*, which signifies modest—an honor greater even than that which he derived from his poetry.

on account of my youth than my merit, and rather as an encouragement than a reward."

Re-married after an absence of 25 Years.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Reporter mentions the marriage at that place, on the 11th of February 1852, of Mr. Elias Jones and Mrs. Delia Swartz, and gives the following interesting sketch of the parties:

"There is a little history connected with the above which may not be uninteresting to the reader." About the close of the last war with Great Britain the parties became acquainted with each other, and in April, they were married, in the county of Genesee, N. Y., against the consent and wishes of relatives on both sides. A few weeks prior to the birth of their second son, Bradford, now of this place, Mr. Jones left his family for the purpose of purchasing a piece of land, and during his absence his wife was persuaded by her relatives to desert her home and his band and reside with them. Mr. Jones, on learning the fact, and being threatened with violence if he attempted to claim his family, left the country and went to sea. On his return, several years subsequent, he ascertained that Mrs. Jones had again married, and I removed to the west.

"In palliation of this transaction, it should be stated that the wife supposed the former husband dead, and did receive tidings of his supposed loss at sea. Mr. Jones did immediately return to his vocation on the sea, and from that period until a few weeks since lost all trace of his wife and his two sons. After a space of twenty-five years he chanced, by a mere circumstance, to learn the residence of his two sons, and wended his steps to this place, where, to his gratification, he learned that their mother was still living and a widow, having lost her husband after rearing ten children, and then residing in Mercer, Penn. In company with his sons, Mr. Jones immediately started for the residence of the partner of his youth, who at once recognized and welcomed him to her home; though she could not have been more surprised had he risen from the grave to confront her. The trials of the past were recounted, the love of youth renewed, and after a brief courtship they were again plightful, and the finale is recorded at the head of this article.

Courting in the Right Style!

"Git out you nasty puppy; let me alone or I'll tell your ma!" cried out Sally, to her lover Jake, who sat about ten feet from her, pulling dirt from the chimney jam.

"I ain't techin on you, Sal," responded Jake. "Well, perhaps you don't mean to neither; do yer?"

"No I don't."

"Cause you are too tarnal, scary, you long-legged, lantern-jawed, slab-sided, pigeon-toed, gangle-kneed owl you;—you ain't got a tarnal bit of sense; git along home with you."

"Now, Sal, I love you and you can't help it neither, and ef you don't let me stay and court you, my daddy will see you'n for that cow he sold him 'tother day." By jingo, he said he'd do it."

"Well look here, Jake, ef you want to court me, you'd better do it as a white man does that thing—and not set off there as ef you thought I was pizen."

"How on airth is that, Sal?"

"Why, side right up here, and hug and kiss me, as ef you really had some of the hope and sinew of a man about you. Do you spose a woman's only made to look at, you fool you? No, they're made for 'practical results' as Kossoth says, to hug and kiss and sich like."

"Well," said Jake, drawing a long breath, ef I must I must I do love you Sal; and he commenced sidling up to her, like a maple poker going to battle. Laying his arm on Sal's shoulder, we thought we heard Sal say, "That's the way to do it, old boss, that's acting like a white man orter."

"Oh, Jerusalem and pancakes!" exclaimed Jake, "ef this ain't better than any apple sass ever nam'd made, a darned sight! Crack'e'l! Buck-wheat cakes, shap-jacks and lasses aint no whag long side of you Sal! Oh, how I love you! Here their lips came together, and the report that followed was like pulling a horse's boots out of the mire."