

# The Sumter Banner.

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

WILLIAM LEWIS,  
JOHN S. RICHARDSON, JR., } PROPRIETORS.

"God—and our Native Land."

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### From the Columbia Banner. FIRST PRIZE TALE. MICHAEL ALLSCOT; —OR— THE SHOT IN TIME.

A STORY OF MARION'S MEN.  
BY J. W. ERVIN.

CHAPTER II.  
[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

"And now, Dora," said Michael, rising from his seat, "we must part once more, and sooner than I had anticipated. I must retrace my steps with all convenient speed, and inform Marion of the varied news I have heard from your lips. In two days at most we shall meet again, that is so soon as we have routed this band of ruffians and thieves, of whose rendezvous you have told me. Marion will be on his route before to-morrow's sun has set, and I trust such a lesson may be taught to the Tories on Black river that they will never again appoint another rendezvous here."

"May heaven grant it," ejaculated the maiden. "But, Michael, I know that you must indeed be worried with your long travel. Occupy this chamber until morning—and" she added with a blush—"as for myself, I will retire below. Indeed I will see to it that you are not discovered, and have you awakened and put upon the road before the family are astir. Rest beneath our roof at least until morning."

"I must answer you, my dear Dora, as a certain noble but unfortunate soldier answered his king, when he returned home from an unfinished campaign, while his countrymen were still abroad, engaged in the tails of war—"The Ark and Israel and Judah abide in tents, and the servants of my lord are encamped in the open field; thus it is with me. I must even deny myself, wearied as I am, the luxury of sleep."

The clerk and neck of the young maiden, who well remembered the story to which the innocent allusion was made, were crimsoned with blushes which she sought vainly to conceal. "No, Doro," continued her lover in the same grave tone—"no bed of down for me. As fast as my wearied steed can bear me, I must hasten back to inform Marion of this glorious news. Were he not a man of more than ordinary activity, it would even now be too late to convey him the tidings in season. Remember when I am gone, I pray you, honest and loyal old Kerr. He is an unshaken friend of his country, and no doubt greatly needs kindness and care at this time. And now time constrains me to leave you."

"Not in the same manner by which you came, however, Michael. Allow me to step below, and if I find all quiet, I will return and conduct you out by the lower door."

Dora hastily descended the staircase, and after a short absence returned to the door and beckoned to Michael to follow. Michael had already drawn off his boots and stood ready to follow his faithful guide, who immediately led the way down the staircase to the lower apartment, and opened the door for his exit.

Drawing her close to his bosom, and imprinting a kiss upon her cheek, he whispered in her ear as they parted, "fear not Doro, we shall soon meet again."

information he had received. Although the silent moon above him sent down a flood of light upon the scenery through which he passed, making it yet more beautiful than day, yet the attention of the trooper was not aroused by the visible objects around him. Moodily pressing the rowel into the flanks of his already jaded steed, he abstractedly continued his journey in the meditative mood that leaves the outer senses to slumber and repose. He had already retraced some ten miles of the road, over which he had so lately passed, when suddenly awaking from his reverie and finding that his good steed had fallen into a slower pace than the urgency of the case, and the short time before him permitted, he quickened his pace into a gallop, and with new life his horse answered to the touch of the spur, and dashed gallantly onward. Before him the road turned off abruptly to the right, and as at a rapid pace he turned the corner, Michael found himself unexpectedly face to face with a body of horsemen, some twenty-five or thirty in number, who had halted in the road, and before he could check his fiery and impetuous steed, he was borne into their very midst.

"Hallo! who the deuce have we here?" exclaimed the leader of the band, suddenly wheeling upon Michael, who found himself in an instant hemmed in by the armed horsemen who closed around him, rendering resistance or escape alike impossible.

"Some d— rebel, colonel, I'll stake my life on it," replied one of the number. "Who are you?" again demanded their leader in an authoritative tone. Your name—your business? answer briefly and to the point, we have no time to lose in idle questions."

"Hang him up!" shouted one of their number, who was scarcely able to sit on his horse, brandishing at the same time a sabre above his head. "Hang him up, and let us on to old Wharton's before the rebel we are after makes his escape."

"Put up your sword, Randal," interposed another of the band. "Put up your sword, and let's hear what the fellow has to say."

In an instant Michael comprehended the full peril of his situation. He at once understood from the language that met his ears that the party before were at that time in pursuit of himself, and as he correctly divined, at the investigation of the bloody Harrison.— Knowing well that they were bent upon his destruction, he scorned to attempt to deceive them by falsehood. As dearly as he loved life, he set a still higher value upon truth.

"What have you to say?" again asked their leader in an irritated tone. "Our time is precious—speak—your name!"

"Were your time ten times as precious," answered Michael boldly, "you should tarry here a long while before I should answer questions of such a character upon the common highway."

"Da-arn me, kernel," squeaked a voice in the crowd, "if this ain't rank treason again upon you. Ef it was left to me, I'd say swing him up on a grape vine."

"Move!" shouted a harsh but commanding voice from the outer circle of the crowd, and the speaker, a tall and stalwart man, whose face was bandaged up, made his way into the midst of the circle, to get a better view of the prisoner. Michael's heart began to beat thick and fast, for in that fierce voice and stout horseman he recognized that vindictive tory whom his hand had that evening stricken at his feet, and who he well knew cherished feelings of the deadliest hatred against him. Knowing that to fall into his hands would be scarce less than instant death, with the anxious eagerness of despair he looked from side to side, with the desperate resolution of making an effort to break from the band of his captors.

por his arms were pinioned and he lay at their mercy.

When Michael was fully restored to consciousness, his captors were dismounted and standing around him. The hum of voices sounded confusedly in his ears, but he distinctly perceived it was the desire of the greater number to hang him up literally to the nearest tree. The greater portion of them, led on by Harrison, were clamorous for his instant execution, while he who appeared their leader seemed desirous to postpone it to some more fitting time. He also ascertained that the party into whose hands he had so unfortunately fallen had been collected by Harrison for the purpose of following him to Isaac Wharton's, whither Harrison had learned he was wont to go whenever he obtained leave of absence from the camp of Marion.

Stung with mortification, jealous and long cherished hatred, Harrison and his followers urged the immediate execution of Allscot, but he who seemed their chief, and who was treated with marked deference and respect by all, firmly refused to sanction their cruel design.

"Colonel Tynes," exclaimed Harrison, pointing with his drawn sabre to Michael, who bore himself unmoved and proudly in his trying situation, "that man you know to be an active and dangerous rebel."

"I could scarcely consider him such at present," returned Tynes with a cynical smile, and seeming ill-humor and impatience of his second in command.

Harrison ground his teeth with rage, while he continued, "Am I then to understand, Colonel Tynes that faithful and tried and active servant of the king are to sit down patiently and bear the injuries and indignities of such rebels as he?"

"Yes!" piped in little Bill Stoker from the outskirts of the crowd; "is we alters foul and bleed and died for the king, to be knocked down with our own chieftains in our own houses, and never be allowed the privilege to hollow—that's the question!"

A general laugh from the crowd followed this earnest and pathetic statement of the status of affairs. Harrison bit his lip with vexation, and looked daggers at his late fellow sufferer, while Tynes strove in vain to suppress a smile.

"No, major!" said he, laying his hand kindly upon the shoulder of Harrison, and speaking in a tone at once courteous and resolute. "I do not intend that this rebel, or any other who may fall into my hands, shall escape the fate due to the crime of treason. But holding as we do the commission of a Christian king, we must not act with disgraceful precipitation. Besides, we thus give the enemy the right to retaliate, and God keep them from that!" he added with a shudder. "On to-morrow we will give him a trial, and on the next day he shall hang! And now, to your horses! You, Applejohn and Stoker, put the prisoner on his horse between you, and see you be watchful that he has no opportunity of escape. Should he attempt it, shoot him on the spot!"

Thus saying, Tynes received his horse from an attendant and put foot in stirrup. In a couple of minutes the whole cavalcade was again in motion, having Michael bound and placed on his horse between two of their number. They then turned back and carried a prisoner along the road he had already twice travelled since set of sun. The party having secured their prisoner, wended their way slowly and in cautious silence toward the camp upon Tarco. Those of the party even conversed with each other in whispers, for the name of Marion—a name associated with midnight surprises and terrible from the suddenness with which he at times pounced down upon the enemy who deemed him far distant—was a spell of terror which followed the tory in all his evil deeds, and sleeping or waking, by day and by night, followed him like the whisperings of an evil and disquieted conscience.

### [TO BE CONTINUED.]

**CHARACTERISTIC.**—Somebody says there are three kinds of men in this world—the "will," the "won't," and the "can't." The first elicit everything, the next opposes everything and the last fail in everything. "I will" builds our rail roads and steam boats, "I won't" don't believe in experiments and nonsense; while "can't" grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the slow digestion of a court of bankruptcy.

**HOW TO GAIN CREDIT.**—The sound of your hammer, says Franklin, at five in the morning, or nine at night heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer, but if he sees you at the gaming table or hears your voice at the tavern when you should be at work, he sends for his money next day.

### MISS TODD, M. D., OF, DISEASE OF THE HEART.

The days of my clerkship were ended; my examination was over; I was admitted; wrote myself "Nehemiah Hubbs, Attorney," put up my new bright little sign, and in my native village began my professional career. No, I did not, either; I am mistaken; I intended to pursue the honorable practice of the noble profession to which I had dedicated my talents and learning, in the place of my birth, but never was truer word penned than the time-honored proverb, "A prophet has no honor in his own country." I believe if I had remained in the village of Green Briar till my head was white, they would have thought of me as nothing but a boy, and would have feared to trust me. Even after my sign was put up, no body called me *Mr. Hubbs*; I was still "Mr." with old and young, and "Mr." would have been to this day, had I remained in Green Briar.

Only one case claimed my attention during the three months of my patient continuance in Green Briar, after being admitted to the bar, and that was the case of an unjustly impounded pig "feloniously abstracted, your honor, from the small but secure spot which my client had trustfully deposited him in, and maliciously driven to the public enclosure called a pound, for the vile purpose, doubtless, of compelling my client, in his poverty and destitution, to pay the enormous fee which has been demanded of him, in order to extricate the animal from his unpleasant position, and restore him to the bosom of his family!"

By this I meant the client's family; the pig having none of his own; it was a figure of speech undoubtedly, the family not inhabiting an Irish cabin, but still it rounded of the period, and sounded well to me, as I repeated over my maiden speech, pacing up and down the floor of my little office. In this, my first case, I was successful so far as to rescue the impounded animal and save my client from the payment of an unjust demand; but brought no silver to my pocket, neither, to my surprise, did it seem to bring honor to my name. The eloquence of my speech did not form the theme, as I fondly hoped it would, of paragraphs in the village papers, or of discussion at the corners of the streets, neither did it bring to my office the rush of clients, for which day I vainly made ready. It was plain that I should never rise to distinction in Green Briar, and so I came to the sudden determination to remove from that pleasant spot, and settle in some great city where nobody knew or ever heard of me; where, above all, there was not a soul to call me "Mr."

There I was more successful, and soon had the opportunity of forming a very advantageous partnership; business increased; money began to come in, slow at first, but after a time more plentifully; and all things seemed prosperous in my outward circumstances. But alas! as we are so often told poetically, there is no sweet without its bitter, no rose without its thorn; and trouble came to me in the shape of disease, insidious and slow in its approaches at first, long feared and suspected, but at length betraying itself so plainly, that I could blind myself no longer to the truth.

Yes! I was without doubt a victim of disease of the heart, not metaphorically, dear reader, for never had that organ beat with a quicker pulsation at the approach of mortal women; so far as the gender sex was concerned, I was a perfect stoic; but that there was an *organic* disease about my heart, I could not doubt, and if ever the symptoms disclosed themselves unmistakably, they did so in my case.— There was fluttering, palpitation, irregular action, and at length pain; I could not work; life had lost its zest; the fear of sudden death was ever with me; I could enjoy nothing. If I had anything to leave it to, I would have made my will, for I was quite sure now that I should either drop, some day, lifeless in the street, or that the morning would soon come, when the power to rise from my bed would have left me.

I remained at my boarding house, and found no comfort in anything but my cigar, and my dread disease grew worse and worse. As yet I had consulted no physician, partly, I think, from the apprehensions of having my fears confirmed; but as I sat by my window one day, smoking as vigorously as ever, gazing abstractedly across the street, my attention was arrested by a modest little sign upon an opposite blind "C. L. Todd, M. D." While thinking whether or not it would be best to make trial of a physician's skill, a sudden twinge and flutter decided me; yes I would send for Dr. Todd, and know the worst at once!

Summoning the only male servant belonging to the establishment, I told him to step and ask Dr. Todd to come and see me as soon as possible.

The boy grinned. "What are you laughing at?" I asked, "is not Dr. Todd a good physician?" "Oh, yes, sir," he answered, "I believe she is a very good physician, but she hasn't never tended nobody here."

him to step and ask Dr. Todd to come and see me as soon as possible.

"The boy grinned. 'What are you laughing at?' I asked, 'is not Dr. Todd a good physician?' 'Oh, yes, sir,' he answered, 'I believe she is a very good physician, but she hasn't never tended nobody here.' 'She!' said I to myself, 'the boy has surely had Welch blood in his veins, they always *she* everything.' The boy soon returned, saying, 'the Doctor wasn't at home, sir, but I left your name on the slate.'"

In the course of the afternoon, as I lay upon the sofa, with my hand pressed on my head, to still its irregular pulsation there was a soft tap at my door. "Come in," I called out, and to my surprise in came the neatest, brightest, and most cheerful looking little woman, it had ever been my lot to meet.

"You sent for me, I believe sir?" she said in a quick, brisk, pleasant way.

"I? No, madam; you are laboring under a mistake."

"Ah! I beg your pardon," said the little woman, "I thought the late name of Mr. Hubbs, number thirteen, Mrs. Gray's boarding house, with a request that I would come and see him."

"Your slate, madam," I exclaimed, my astonishment increasing every moment, "you surely are not a—"

"Physician! yes, sir," she interrupted quickly, "in a physician Dr. Todd."

"Extraordinary!" was all I could say, for though I had heard at a distance of the existence of such beings, this was my first introduction to a female practitioner of the Esculapian art. It was rather awkward, but since she had come, I determined to make the best of it, and acquainted the lady doctor with my case.

She felt my pulse, and asked numerous questions as to my symptoms, and then in her quick bright way exclaimed, "Nervous! nervous! that's all, depend upon it! Excuse me, sir, but by the air of your room, I presume you are given to smoking."

I pleaded guilty. "And how many cigars do you usually smoke a day?" "I could not tell; I never counted; as soon as I threw one away, I took another, usually."

"Hum! cigar in your mouth pretty much all the time, eh? Chew, too?" Again a reluctant confession was wrung from me.

"I presume you sit up late, smoking all the time?" "Yes ma'am, smoking and reading."

"That's it! No disease of the heart at all, sir; nothing but tobacco; depend upon it; nothing but tobacco; it'll make you fancy anything; it'll drive you crazy if you don't take care. Now, will you promise to follow my advice closely, or not? If not, I will take my leave immediately."

I promised submissively as a lamb. "In the first place, then, throw away all your cigars and tobacco, and promise to buy no more."

ed my symptoms the second time, showing her the distressed state of my heart, and she alone could cure it. The former disease she had re-erected by an occasional visit, the latter could only be cured by her promising to come and take up her abode with me, as *resident physician*. She understood me now and by the way she pressed her hand on her own little fluttering heart, you would have thought the disease was contagious; and I verily think it was. So now we are now determined to cure each other, and to-day we are both to apply to clergyman, who is to form between us a life partnership, as lawyer and physician.

But one thing troubles me, of which I had not thought till now; that it is necessary to have our cards engraved. Married people are usually "Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so," or "Mr. Such an one and lady," but will any one *please* to be so kind as to tell me how I and my little wife are to be designated. Will it be "Mr. and Dr. Hubbs," or "Mr. and Mrs. Hubbs, M. D.," or as the ladies are going ahead so fast in these days of Woman's Rights, will I sink into still lesser insignificance, and shall I designate myself "Hubbs, M. D.," or "Hubbs, M. D. and wife," or "Hubbs, M. D. and Mrs. Gray's boarding house, with a request that I would come and see him."

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plate of beans, when the plate brought the waiter in his hand I took it, hung up my beef and beans, on a nail, eat my hat, paid a dollar for a nigger, and sided out on the step-walk, bought a boy of a glass of dog with a small beer and a neck on his tail, with a collar with a spot on the end—felt funny, sick—got some soda-water in a tin cup, drank the cup and placed the soda on the counter, and paid for the money full of pocket—very bad headache, rubbed it against the lamp post, and then stamped along; station house came along and said if I didn't go straight he'd take me to the watchman—tried to oblige the station house—very civil station house, very—met a lady with an Irish woman and a wheelbarrow in it, couldn't get out of the way, she wouldn't walk on the sidewalk, but insisted on going on both sides of the street at once; tried to walk between her consequence collision, awful, knocked out the wheelbarrow's nose, broke the Irish woman all to pieces, baby loose, court house handy, took me to the constable, jury sat on me, and the jail said the magistrate must take me to the constable; objected; the dungeon put me into the darkest constable in the city; got out, and here I am, prepared to stick to my original opinion—Niagara unus humbug! non excaus, non indignus admiraleoni.

Yours unquestionably,  
Q. R. PHYLAXER, JOESTICKS, P. B.

**From the Newberry Sentinel.**  
**Newberry Agricultural Report.**  
Submitted at the Annual Meeting— Cotton, best seed, cultivation, gathering, preparation for market, time and place to sell, average price for ten years.

Mr. President:—I see that I am appointed on the Committee to report on cotton, best seed, cultivation, gathering, preparation for market, time and place to sell; also, average price for the last ten years.

1st. **The best Seed.**—I have tried various kinds of seed, and find that the seed called the pomegranate, is the best. These seed are small, not much more than half as large as the Pettigul, and resembling the old green seed very much; the bolls are small, but still it produces more to the stalk than any cotton I have ever tried; the lint too, is better, and it is easy picked out, and yields more lint in ginning.

2d. **As to the cultivation of cotton,** I will refer you to an article written by me, and published in the Newberry Sentinel, vol. 4, No. 36.

3d. **Gathering.**—Cotton should be gathered as early as possible, we would say as soon as it opens sufficiently for a hand to gather one hundred pounds per day; all hands should then be put to picking; and, if possible, gather it as fast as it opens; by this means planters may have all their cotton gathered by Christmas, which ought to be done.

4th. **Preparation for Market.**—Cotton should be picked clear of trash and kept dry, and should be ginned in a good gin. I find that the Georgia gins do good work. When ginned it should be put up in Gunny bags; the bagging should be cut sufficiently long to close up the head of the bale, and at least four good ropes should be put round each bale. Farmers should be more trouble in putting up their cotton for market; this matter has been too much neglected by farmers, generally. No man should ever put up a bale of cotton in Dundee bagging, for it is sure to bring loss either on the farmer or merchant. We have seen bales of cotton put up in this kind of bagging, entirely stripped and left with only a few ropes to hold it together before it reached Charleston market. When put in Gunny bagging and done well, it will reach the European market without damage, and therefore without expense to farmer or merchant.

5th. **Time and place to sell.**—Every farmer should sell his cotton as fast as he can get it ready for market, he should ever venture to take a hind from picking, rather than to suffer his cotton to lie over until the following spring, or perhaps summer, before it is sold. It is a well known fact, that cotton will lose from 15 to 20 pounds per bale, by being kept three or four months on hand. I believe that the planter has always made money by selling his cotton as fast as he could prepare it for market. The best place to sell, is undoubtedly at the most convenient market; so that the farmer may attend to the selling of his own cotton, and to buying his supplies in person, also, he should see his cotton weighed. I would recommend Newberry as an excellent market, for all who are sufficiently near to reach it.

6th. **The average price of cotton** for the last ten years is \$2.03 per hundred. All of which is respectfully submitted.  
JOHN P. KINARD, Chairman.