

The Sumter Banner.

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

JOHN S. RICHARDSON, JR.,
PROPRIETOR.

"God—and our Native Land."

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Announcing a candidate Five Dollars a year. For all marriages the printers fee is expected.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

HOME SCENES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

No. 2.—Only a few Words.

Mr. James Winkleman shut the door with a jar, as he left the house, and moved down the street, in the direction of his office, with a quick, firm step and the air of a man slightly disturbed in mind.

"Things are getting better fast," said he, with a touch of irony in his voice, as he almost flung himself into his leather-cushioned chair. "It's rather hard when a man has to pick his words in his own house, as carefully as if he were picking diamonds, and tread as softly as if he was stepping on eggs. I don't like it. Mary gets weaker and more foolish every day, and puts a breadth of meaning on my words that I never intended them to have. I've not been used to this coming over of sentences and picking out all doubtful expressions or venturing to speak, and I'm too old to begin now. Mary took me for what I am, and she must make the most of her bargain. I'm past the age for learning new tricks."

With these and many other justifying sentences, did Mr. Winkleman seek to obtain a feeling of self-approval. But, for all this, he could not shut out the image of a tearful face, nor get rid of an annoying conviction that he had acted thoughtlessly, to say the least of it, in speaking to his wife as he had done.

But what was all this trouble about? Clouds were in the sky that bent over the house of Mr. Winkleman, and it is plain that Mr. Winkleman himself had his own share in the work of producing these clouds. Only a few unguarded words had been spoken.—Only words! And was that all?

Words are little things, but they sometimes strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitly spoken they fall like the sunshine, the dew, and the fertilizing rain—but, when unfitly, like the frost, the hail, and the desolating tempest. Some men speak as they feel or think, without calculating the force of what they say; and then seem very much surprised if any one is hurt or offended. To this class belonged Mr. Winkleman. His wife was a loving, sincere woman, quick to feel. Words, to her, were indeed things. They never fell upon her ears as idle sounds. How often was her poor heart bruised by them!

On this particular morning, Mrs. Winkleman, whose health was feeble, found herself in a weak, nervous state. It was only by an effort that she could rise above the morbid irritability that afflicted her. Earnestly did she strive to repress the disturbed beatings of her heart, but she strove in vain. And it seemed to her, as it often does in such cases, that everything went wrong. The children were fretful, the cook dilatory and cross, and Mr. Winkleman impatient, because sundry little matters pertaining to his wardrobe were not just to his mind.

"Eight o'clock, and no breakfast yet," said Mr. Winkleman, as he drew out his watch, on completing his own toilet. Mrs. Winkleman was in the act of dressing the last of five

children, all of whom had passed under her hands. Each had been capacious, cross, and unruly, sorely trying the mother's patience. Twice had she been in the kitchen, to see how breakfast was progressing, and to enjoin the careful preparation of a favorite dish with which she had purposed to surprise her husband.

"It will be ready in a few minutes," said Mrs. Winkleman. "The fire hasn't burned freely this morning."

"If it isn't one thing, it is another," growled the husband. "I'm getting tired of this irregularity. There'd soon be no breakfast to get, if I were always behind time in business matters."

Mrs. Winkleman bent lower over the child she was dressing, to conceal the expression of her face. What a sharp pain now throbbled through her temples. Mr. Winkleman commenced walking the floor impatiently, little imagining that every jarring footfall was like a blow on the sensitive, aching brain of his wife.

"Too bad! too bad!" he had just ejaculated when the bell rang.

"At last!" he muttered, and strode toward the breakfast room. The children followed in considerable disorder, and Mrs. Winkleman, after hastily arranging her hair, and putting on a morning cap, joined them at the table. It took some moments to restore order among the little ones.

The dish that Mrs. Winkleman had been at considerable pains to provide for her husband, was set beside his plate. It was his favorite among many, and his wife looked for a pleased recognition thereof, and a lightning up of his clouded brow. But he did not seem even to notice it. After supplying the children, Mr. Winkleman helped himself in silence. At the first mouthful he threw down his knife and fork, and pushed his plate from him.

"What's the matter?" inquired his wife.

"You didn't trust Bridget to cook this, I hope," was the response.

"What ails it?" Mrs. Winkleman's eyes were filling with tears.

"Oh! It's of no consequence," answered Mr. Winkleman, coldly, "any thing will do for me."

"James!" There was a touching sadness blended with rebuke in the tones of his wife; and, as she uttered his name, tears gushed over her cheeks.

Mr. Winkleman didn't like tears. They always annoyed him. At the present time, he was in no mood to bear with them. So, on the impulse of the moment, he arose from the table, and taking up his hat, left the house.

Self-justification was tried, though not, as has been seen, with complete success. The calmer grew the mind of Mr. Winkleman, and the clearer his thoughts, the less satisfied did he feel with the part he had taken in the morning's drama. By an inversion of thought, not usual among men of his temperament, he had been presented with a vivid realization of his wife's side of the question. The consequence was, that, by dinner time, he felt a good deal ashamed of himself, and grieved for the pain he knew his hasty words had occasioned.

It was in this better state of mind that Mr. Winkleman returned home. The house seemed still as he entered. As he proceeded up stairs, he heard the children's voices, pitched to a low key, in the nursery. He listened, but could not hear the tones of his wife.—So he passed into the front chamber, which was darkened. As soon as he could see clearly in the feeble light, he perceived that his wife was lying on the bed. Her eyes were closed, and her thin face looked so pale and death-like, that Mr. Winkleman felt a cold shudder creep through his heart. Coming to the bedside, he leaned over and gazed down upon her. At first, he was in doubt whether she really breathed or not; and he felt a heavy weight removed when he saw that her chest rose and fell in feeble respiration.

"Mary!" He spoke in a low, tender voice.

Instantly the fringed eyelids parted, and Mrs. Winkleman gazed up into her husband's face in partial bewilderment.

Obedient to the moment's impulse, Mr. Winkleman bent down and left a kiss upon her pale lips. As if moved by an electric thrill, the wife's arms were flung around the husband's neck.

"I am sorry to find you so ill," said Mr. Winkleman, in a voice of sympathy. "What is the matter?"

"Only a sick head ache," replied Mrs. Winkleman. "But I've had a good sleep, and feel better now. I didn't know it was so late," she added, her tone changing slightly, and a look of concern coming into her countenance. "I'm afraid your dinner is not ready," and she attempted to rise.—But her husband bore her gently back with his hand, saying:

"Never mind about dinner. It will come in good time. If you feel better, lie perfectly quiet. Have you suffered much pain?"

"Yes." The word did not part her lips sadly, but came with a softly wreathing smile. Already the wan hue of her cheeks was giving place to a warmer tint and the dull eyes brightening. What a healing power was in his tender tones and considerate words. And that kiss—it had thrilled along every nerve—it had been as nectar to the drooping spirit.

"But I feel so much better, that I will get up," she added, now rising from her pillow.

And Mrs. Winkleman was entirely free from pain. As she stepped upon the carpet, and moved across the room, it was with a firm tread. Every muscle was elastic, and the blood leaped along her veins with a new and healthier impulse.

No trial of Mr. Winkleman's patience, in a late dinner, was in store for him. In a few minutes the bell summoned the family; and he took his place at the table so tranquil in mind, that he almost wondered at the change in his feelings. How different was the scene from that presented at the morning meal!

And was there power in a few simple words to effect so great a change as this? Yes, in simple words, fragrant with the odors of kindness.

A few gleams of light shone into the mind of Mr. Winkleman, as he returned musing to his office, and he saw that he was often to blame for the clouds that had darkened so often over the sky of home.

"Mary is foolish," he said, in partial self-justification, "to take my hasty words so much to heart. I speak often without meaning half what I say. She ought to know me better. And yet," he added, as his step became slower, for he was thinking closer than usual, "it may be easier for me to choose my words more carefully, and to repress the unkindness of tone that gives them a double force, than for her to help feeling pain for their utterance."

Right Mr. Winkleman! That is the common sense of the whole matter. It is easier to strike, than to help feeling, or showing signs of pain, under the infliction of a blow. Look well to your words, all ye members of a home circle. And especially look well to your words, ye whose words have the most weight, and fall, if dealt in passion, with the heaviest force.

From the Black River Watchman.

Revolutionary Memoranda.

From the collection of the late Judge James.

NO. IV.

COLONEL JOSEPH KERSHAW.

Col. Kershaw was an English merchant, and was the first to see the advantages of Camden as a place of commerce, and settled it. Camden was first called Pine-Tree, from a pine log by which the Indians crossed the creek near it, which name has since been transferred to the creek. There Col. Kershaw engaged in commerce upon an enlarged and liberal scale; and enjoyed, in the highest degree, the confidence of the people of that part of the country. At the commencement of the dispute with Great Britain, he declared himself in favor of his adopted country. He was then a Colonel of militia, and soon after served under Gov. Richardson in the expedition against the Tories. In the year 1799 he acted under Lincoln and Moultrie. But his severest trials were yet to come. At the time of the fall of Charleston, he and his brother, Capt. Eli Kershaw, were extensively engaged in trade at Camden, Cheraw, Rocky Mount and Granby, and had large possessions and much money due them in the country.—When Lord Cornwallis marched up to Camden, he sent Major Pitcairn, one of his aids, ahead to cite a house for him; and he selected Col. Kershaw's, the best in the town. The Col. was then immediately compelled to move out of it with his wife and family.—But this was not the worst of his Lordship's proceedings. He sent Major Pitcairn with an order to deliver to him his plate; but Col. Kershaw had used the precaution of sending it off to Philadelphia. Disappointed in this object, his Lordship soon after sent him and his brother orders to repair, by way of banishment, to New Providence, or Bermuda; as being men too dangerous to remain in a conquered country. And notwithstanding their possessions, so disappointed was the enemy at the time, they were obliged to comply with that order, under the greatest pecuniary embarrassments. Capt. Kershaw left home sick and died on his passage to the Bermudas. Lord Cornwallis built forts at every one of Col. Kershaw's establishments, and his property was wasted in the most wanton manner.—

Kind reader, this is no fancy sketch

of drapery or fiction. No single circumstance here related nor solitary event recorded, but happened to Edgar Allen Poe, the Editor, Critic and Poet, one of the most popular and brilliant writers in America.—North-ern Organ.

Only Some Laborer's Child.

Diogenes sought, with a lantern in his hand, in open daylight, for an honest man. We are no Diogenes, and carry no lantern—neither do we make it a point to hunt up embodied honesty. But we do look after items, and sometimes find them where and when we least expect so to do.

Passing down a certain street, a few moons since, we overtook a lady—evidently one who claimed to belong to the aristocracy—accompanied by what we took to be her nurse—or in fashionable parlance, her "companion." They had just reached an unpretending cottage, in front of which a sweet little lump of a girl was drawing her doll in a toy sleigh. Her chubby face was as bright as a new star, and her eye danced as merrily as the brook that, while it dances, sings. As the ladies—beg pardon of the one that has the more money for the conjunction—passed by, the girl stopped her play to gaze at them for a moment—probably attracted by the rich habiliments of the mistress—a gaze that was modest and childlike, and yet big with meaning. The "lady" would have passed without noticing the fair face that looked so curiously upon her; but the nurse, true to her instincts, caught the expression, and, turning to her mistress, said, "Oh! what a pretty little girl!" The other suffered her laughing eyes to rest for a moment upon the youngling, and sneeringly answered, "Only some laborer's child." At the next corner our ways separated.

"Only some laborer's child." What then? Is labor is poverty a crime? Is it any more honorable to be the offspring of a banker, a professor, a poet, or a peer, than the child of industrious toil? Pshaw! These individual distinctions, barriers, demarcations, which so infest the present time, are among the greatest pests of society. There would be no such things as upper and lower classes, if men and women were not poisoned by the hurtful venom of Fashion and Aristocracy. We owe our condition to ourselves, and stand alone in our opinion of men. He who made us is no respecter of persons.

"Only some laborer's child." A pretty speech for the lips of a woman to utter. She must forget the origin of Jesus—she cannot have read the story of Bethlehem. Perhaps she has forgotten her own birth history. We wonder how her children are—whether they are more beautiful, and promising and brilliant than the children of her poorer neighbor. We have known many a rich man to father a deformity. Perhaps this very lady is the mother of a wretch, who smokes cigars and wears standing collars, and drinks Otard in his fourteenth year.

"Only some laborer's child." Oh! how we hate such nonsense. And yet the term contains a compliment. God knows we had rather have that little girl's mother for ours than to be the son of the exquisite feminine who uttered this sentence. Labor is honorable, glorious! we have yet to find any such characteristics pertaining to the soft-headed aristocracy. We have yet to learn that money and station enlarge the heart, expand the soul, and multiply the moral principles of one being. If Justice was done the crown would be placed upon the brow of the peasant, and kings would do the grubbing.

We hope the lady who made the remark which forms the subject of this article, will ponder over what we have written—and see if the sneer looks well in print. We lay a reasonable wager that she herself, was nursed by a poor mother and that her station is due to chance rather than desert. This may be plain talk, but it is honest.

"Only some laborer's child." A ruby to a rose that this very child does more good, gains more affection, and lies down in a more tranquil grave than the very "lady" whose silly sneers we have thus recorded.

Buff. Express.

THE SAME FAULT.—Laura was disconsolate. Henry had long flirted, but never put the question. Henry went his way. Laura's aunt, for consolation, brought her a love of a spaniel pup. "My dear," says the aunt, "the puppy can do everything but speak." "Why will you agonize me?" says Laura, "that's the only fault I find with the other."

A good man is influenced by God himself, and has a kind of divinity within him.

The Passionate Father.

"Greater is he who ruleth his spirit than he who taketh a City."

"Come here, sir," said a strong, athletic man, as he seized a delicate looking boy by the shoulder. "You have been in the water again, sir. Haven't I forbidden it?"

"Yes, father, but—"

"No buts!—haven't I forbidden it?"

"Yes, sir, I was—"

"No reply, sir!" and the blows fell like a hailstorm about the child's head and shoulders.

Not a tear started from Harry's eye, but his face was deadly pale, and his lips firmly compressed, as he rose and looked at his father with an unflinching eye.

"Go to your room, sir, and stay there until you are sent for. I'll insist that spirit before you are many days older."

Ten minutes after, Harry's door opened and his mother glided gently in. She was a fragile, delicate woman, with mournful blue eyes, and temples startlingly transparent. Laying her hands softly upon Harry's head, she stooped and kissed his forehead.

"The rock was touched, and the waters gushed forth. 'Dear mother!' said the weeping boy.

"Why didn't you tell your father that you plunged into the water to save the life of your playmate?"

"Did he give me a chance?" said Harry, springing to his feet, with a flashing eye. "Didn't he twice bid me be silent, when I tried to explain? Mother he's a tyrant to you and me!"

"Harry, he's my husband and your father!"

"Yes, and I'm sorry for it. What have I ever had but blows and harsh words?—Look at your pale cheeks and sunken eyes, mother! It's too bad, I say! He's a tyrant, mother! said the boy, with a clenched fist and set teeth; and if it had not been for you, I would have been leagues off long ago. And there's Nellie, too, poor sick child! What good will all her medicine do her? She trembles like a leaf when she hears his foot-step. I say 'tis brutal, mother!"

"Harry—and a soft hand was laid on the impetuous boy's lips—for my sake—"

"Well, 'tis only for your sake,—yours and poor Nellie's,—or I should have been on the sea somewhere—anywhere but here."

Late that night, Mary Lee stole to her boy's bed side, before retiring to rest.—"God be thankful, he sleeps!" she murmured, as she shaded her lamp from his face. Then, kneeling at his bed side, she prayed for patience and wisdom to bear uncomplainingly the heavy cross under which her steps were faltering; and then she prayed for her husband.

"No, no, not that!" said Harry, springing from his pillow, and throwing his arms about her neck. "I can forgive him what he has done to me, but I never will forgive him what he made you suffer. Don't pray for him; at least don't let me hear it."

Mary Lee was too wise to expostulate. She knew her boy was spirit-stice; so she lay down beside him, and resting her tearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," fell upon his troubled ear.

He yielded to the holy spell.

"I will," he sobbed. Mother, you are an angel; and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there."

There was hurrying to and fro Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those angry blows on that young head!

The passionate father's repentance came too late,—came with the word that his boy must die!

"Be kind to her!" said Harry, as his head drooped on his mother's shoulder.

It was a dear-bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse, Robert Lee renewed his marriage vow; and now, when the hot blood of anger rises to his temples, and the hasty words spring to his lip, the pale face of the dead rises up between him and the offender, and an angelic voice whispers "Peace, be still."

FEELING APPEAL.—Shopkeeper:—"That's a bad fifty cent piece, I can't take it; its only lead silver over."

Customer.—Well, now, admitting such to be the fact. I should say that the ingenuity displayed in the deception might induce you to accept it. Admire, sir, the devotion of the earth to the divine idea of Liberty. Liberty the idol of us all! He, having wrought her effigy in humble lead, in order to make it worthier of that glorious impression, resorts to the harmless expedient of silencing it over it. And shall we harshly reprobate his work! Oh, no, sir! you'll take it; I know you will!"

IN DEBT AND OUT OF DEBT.—Of what a hideous progeny of ill is debt the father! What meannesses, what invasions on self-respect, what cares, what double dealing! How, in due season, it will carve the frank open face into wrinkles; how like a knife, 'twill stab the honest heart. And then its transformation! How it has been known to change a goodly face into a mask of brass; now, with the "damned custom" of debt, has the true man become a callous trickster! A freedom from debt, and what nourishing sweetness may be found in cold water; what toothsome in a dry crust; what ambrosial nourishment in a hard egg! Be sure of it, he who dines out of debt, tho' his meal be biscuit and an onion, dines in "The Apollo." And then for raiment; what warmth in a threadbare coat; if the tailor's receipt be in your pocket; what Tyrian purple in the faded waistcoat, the vest not owed for; how glossy the well-worn hat if it cover not the aching head of a debtor! Next the home-sweets, the out door recreation of the free man. The street door falls not a knell on his heart; the foot on the staircase, though he lives on the third pair, sends no spasm through his anatomy; at the rap of his door he can crow forth "come in," and his pulse still beat healthfully, his heart sink not in his bowels. See him abroad. How confidently, yet how pleasantly he takes the street; how he returns look for look with any passenger; how he saunters; how, meeting an acquaintance, he stands and gossips! But, then, this man knows not debt; debt, that casts a drug into the richest wine; that makes the food of the gods unwholesome, indigestible; that sprinkles the banquets of a Lucullus with ashes, and drops soot in the soup of an emperor; debt, that like the moth, makes valueless furs and velvets, enclosing the wearer in a festering prison, (the shirt of Nessus was a shirt not paid for) debt, that writes upon frescoed walls the hand writing of the attorney; that puts a voice of terror in the knocker; that makes the heart quake at the hunted tread; debt, the invisible demon that walks abroad with a man, now quickening his steps, now making him look on all sides like a hunted beast, and now bringing to his face the ashy hue of death, as the unconscious passenger looks glancingly upon him! Poverty is a bitter draught, yet may, and sometimes with advantage, be gulped down. Though the drinker makes wry faces, there may after all be a wholesome goodness in the cup. But debt, however covertly it be offered, is the cup of a Syren, and the wine, spicy and delicious though it be, as poison. The man out of debt, though with a flaw in his jerkin, a crack in his shoelatchet, and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the singing lark above him; but the debtor, or, though clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he but a serf out upon a holiday—a slave to be reclaimed at any instant by his owner, the creditor? My son, if poor, see wine in the running spring; let thy mouth water at last week's roll; think a threadbare coat the "only wear," and acknowledge a white-washed garret the fittest housing place for a gentleman; do this, and fee debt. So shall thy heart be at peace; and the sheriff be confounded.—Douglas Jerold, in "Heads of the People."

SHORT PATENT SERMON.—Perhaps it may not be amiss to remind you of the printer, in my discourse. He is in a very disagreeable situation. He trusts every-body, he knows not whom; his money is scattered everywhere, and he scarcely knows where to look for it. His paper, his ink, his type, his journeymen's labor, his living, &c., must be punctually paid for. You, Mr.—and Mr.—and a hundred others I could name, have taken his paper, and you, your children and your neighbors, have been amused and informed, and improved by it. If you miss one paper you would think very hard of the printer—you would rather be without your best meal than be deprived of your newspaper. Have you ever complied with the terms of your subscription? Have you taken as much pains to furnish the printer with his money as he has to furnish you with his paper? Have you paid him for his type, and his press, and his journeymen's work? If you have not, go, pay him off. DOW, Jr.

THE WORD "ITS".—Through the whole of our authorized version of the Bible "its" does not once occur; the work which it now performs being accomplished by "his," or "her," applied as freely to inanimate things as to persons, or else by "thereof" or "of it." Trench remarks that "its" occurs but three times in all Shakespeare, and doubts whether it is in paradise Lost.