

# The Sumter Banner.

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

JOHN S. RICHARDSON, JR.,  
PROPRIETOR.

"God—and our Father's Land."

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## THE SUMTER BANNER

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## HOME SCENES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.  
No. 3.—The Two Homes.

Two men, on their way home, met at a street crossing, and then walked on together. They were neighbors and friends.  
"This has been a very hard day," said Mr. Freeman, in a gloomy voice.  
"A very hard day," echoed almost sepulchraly, Mr. Walcott. "Little or no cash coming in—payments heavy—money scarce, and at ruinous rates. What is to become of us?"  
"Heaven only knows," answered Mr. Freeman. "For my part, I see no light ahead. Every day some new reports of failures; every day some good news diminishes; every day some prop that we leaned upon is taken away."  
"Many think we are at the worst," said Mr. Walcott.  
"And others, that we have scarcely seen the beginning of the end"—returned the neighbor.  
"And so, as they walked homeward, they discouraged each other, and made a darker the clouds that obscured their whole horizon.  
"Good evening," was at last said, hurriedly; and the two men passed into their homes.  
Mr. Walcott entered the room, where his wife and children were gathered, and without speaking to any one, seated himself in a chair, and leaning his head back, closed his eyes. His countenance wore a sad, weary, exhausted look. He had been seated thus for only a few minutes, when his wife said, in a fretful voice—  
"More trouble again?"  
"What's the matter now?" asked Mr. Walcott, almost starting.  
"John has been sent home from school."  
"What? Mr. Walcott partly arose from his chair.  
"He's been suspended for bad conduct."  
"O dear!" groaned Mr. Walcott—where is he?  
"Up in his room. I sent him there as soon as he came home. You'll have to do something with him. He'll be ruined if he goes on in this way. I'm out of all heart with him."  
Mr. Walcott, excited as much by the manner in which his wife conveyed unpleasant information itself, started up under the blind impulse of the moment, and going to the room where John had been on coming home from school, punished the boy severely, and this, without listening to the explanations which the poor child tried to make him hear.  
"Father," said the boy, with forced calmness, after the cruel stripes had ceased—"I wasn't to blame; and if you will go with me to the teacher, I can prove myself innocent."  
Mr. Walcott had never known his son to tell an untruth; and the words smote with rebuke upon his heart.  
"Very well—we will see about that!"—he answered, with forced sternness, and leaving the room he went down stairs, feeling much worse than when he went up. Again he seated himself in his large chair, and again leaned back his weary head, and closed his

heavy eyelids. Sadder was his face than before. As he sat thus, his oldest daughter, in her sixteenth year, came and stood by him. She held a paper in her hand—  
"Father"—he opened his eyes.  
"Here's my quarter bill. It's twenty dollars. Can't I have the money to take to school with me this morning?"  
"I'm afraid not"—answered Mr. Walcott, half sadly.  
"Nearly all the girls will bring in their money to-morrow; and it mortifies me to be behind the others." The daughter spoke fretfully. Mr. Walcott waved her aside with his hand, and she went off muttering and pouting.  
"It is mortifying," spoke up Mrs. Walcott, a little sharply—and I don't wonder that Helen feels unpleasantly about it. The bill has to be paid, and I don't see why it may not be done with well as last."  
"To this Mr. Walcott made no answer. The words but added another pressure to the burden under which he was already staggering. After a silence of some moments, Mrs. Walcott said—  
"The coal is all gone."  
"Impossible!" Mr. Walcott raised his head, and looked incredulous. "I laid in sixteen tons!"  
"You can't help it, if there were sixty tons instead of sixteen; it's all gone. The girls had a time of it to-day, to scrape enough to keep the fire going."  
"There's been a shameful waste somewhere," said Mr. Walcott, with strong emphasis, starting up, and moving about the room with a very disturbed manner.  
"So you always say, when any thing is out," answered Mrs. Walcott rather tartly. "The barrel of flour is gone also; but I suppose you have done your part, with the rest, in using it up."  
Mr. Walcott returned to his chair, and again seating himself, leaned back his head and closed his eyes, as first. He was not, however, unconscious of the burdens of the day had seemed almost too heavy for him; but he had borne up bravely. To gather strength for a renewed struggle with adverse circumstances, he had come home. Alas! that the process of exhaustion should still go on. That where only strength could be looked for, no strength was given.  
When the tea bell rung, Mr. Walcott made no movement to obey the summons.  
"Come to supper," said his wife coldly.  
"But he did not stir.  
"Ain't you coming to supper?" she called to him, as she was leaving the room.  
"I don't wish any thing this evening. My head aches badly," he answered.  
"In the dumps again," muttered Mrs. Walcott to herself. "It's as much as one's life is worth to ask for money, or to say that any thing is wanted." And she kept on her way to the dining room. When she returned, her husband was still sitting where she had left him.  
"Shall I bring you a cup of tea?" she asked.  
"No; I don't wish any thing."  
"What's the matter, Mr. Walcott? What do you look so troubled about, as if you hadn't a friend in the world? What have I done to you?"  
There was no answer, for there was not a shade of real sympathy in the voice that made the queries—but rather a querulous dissatisfaction. A few moments Mrs. Walcott stood near her husband; but as he did not seem inclined to answer her questions, she turned off from him, and resumed the employment which had been interrupted by the ringing of the tea-bell.  
The whole evening passed without the occurrence of a single incident that gave a beautiful pulsation to the sick heart of Mr. Walcott. No thought, kindness was manifested by any member of the family; but, on the contrary, a narrow regard for self, and a looking to him only to supply the means of self gratification.  
No wonder, from the pressure which was on him, that Mr. Walcott felt utterly discouraged. He retired early, and sought to find that relief from mental disquietude, in sleep, which he had vainly hoped for in the bosom of his family. But the whole night passed in broken slumber, and disturbing dreams. From the cheerless morning meal, at which he was reminded of the quarter bill that must be paid, of the coal and flour that were out, and of the necessity of supplying Mrs. Walcott's empty purse, he went forth to meet the difficulties of another day, faint at heart, and almost hopeless of success. A confident spirit, sustained by home affections, would have carried him through; but, unsupported as he was, the burden was too heavy for him, and he sunk under it. The day that opened

so unpropitiously, closed upon him, a ruined man!  
Let us look in, for a few moments, upon Mr. Freeman, the friend and neighbor of Mr. Walcott. He, also, had come home, weary, dispirited, and almost sick. The trials of the day had been unusually severe; and when he looked anxiously forward to scan the future, not even a gleam of light was seen along the black horizon.  
As he stepped across the threshold of his dwelling, a pang shot through his heart; for the thought came, "How slight the present hold upon all these comforts!" Not for himself, but for his wife and children, was the pain.  
"Father's come!" cried a glad little voice on the stairs, the moment his footfall sounded in the passage; then quick, pattering feet were heard—and then a tiny form was springing into his arms. Before reaching the sitting room above, Alice, the oldest daughter, was by his side, her arms drawn fondly within his, and her loving eyes lifted to his face.  
"Are you not late, dear?" It was the gentle voice of Mrs. Freeman.  
Mr. Freeman could not trust himself to answer. He was too deeply troubled in spirit to assume at the moment, a cheerful tone, and he had no wish to sadden the hearts that loved him, by letting the depression from which he was suffering, become too clearly apparent. But the eyes of Mrs. Freeman saw quickly below the surface.  
"Are you not well, Robert?" she inquired, tenderly, as she drew his large arm chair towards the centre of the room.  
"A little head ache"—he answered with slight evasion.  
Scarcely was Mr. Freeman seated, ere a pair of little hands were busy with each foot, removing garter and shoe, and supplying their place with a slipper. There was not one in the household who did not feel happier for his return, but one who did not seek to render him some kind office.  
It was impossible to render such a burst of heart assistance, for the spirit of Mr. Freeman long to remain situated. Almost imperceptibly to himself, gloomy thoughts gave place to more cheerful ones, and by the time tea was ready, he had half forgotten the fears which had so haunted him through the day. But they could not be head back altogether, and their existence was marked, during the evening, by an unusual silence and abstraction of mind. This was observed by Mrs. Freeman, who, more than half suspecting the cause, kept back from her husband the knowledge of certain matters about which she had intended to speak with him—for she feared they would add to his mental disquietude. During the evening, she gleaned from something he said, the real cause of his changed aspect. At once her thoughts commenced running in a new channel. By a few leading remarks, she drew her husband into conversation on the subject of home expenses, and the propriety of restriction at various points. Many things were mutually pronounced superfluous, and easily to be dispensed with; and before sleep fell soundly on the heavy eyelids of Mr. Freeman that night, an entire change in their style of living had been determined upon—a change that would reduce their expenses at least one half.  
"I see light ahead!" was the hopeful words of Mr. Freeman, as he resigned himself to slumber.  
With renewed strength of mind and body, and a confident spirit, he went forth on the next day—a day that he had looked forward to with fear and trembling. And it was only through this renewed strength and confident spirit, that he was able to overcome the difficulties that loomed up, mountain high, before him. Weak dependency would have ruined all.—He had proved his tower of strength—his walled city. It had been to him as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Strengthened for the conflict, he had gone forth again into the world, and conquered in the struggle.  
"I see light ahead!"—gave place to "The morning breaketh!"  
SINGULAR FACTS.—The following, written in an elegant business hand, was inscribed on the back of a five dollar bill lately received in New York from North Carolina.  
"Here is a five dollar bill I intended to toss out of my window, in Norfolk, as soon as I have written this. I am now no lover of money. I hate it most cordially, for it has been the ruin of my family. I will beg from door to door eternally rather than own another cent one hour. It made my grandfather a suicide, my father a murderer, my mother the victim of a sorrow which sunk her early to the grave, my brother a gambler, and myself a convict in the State prison four years."

ORIGIN OF JEALOUSY.—Our lady readers will be interested in the following account of the birth of the "green-eyed monster," which we extract from Mansfield Park's most entertaining work, "Life in Abyssinia." Mr. Parkins heard the story from the lips of a pious Moslem acquaintance.  
"When Adam and Eve were in Paradise, they were for some time a most happy couple, (it may be supposed for a month or two like most married couples.) Adam was in the habit of going every evening to heaven to pray. The Devil, who had stolen the female mind, and knew his weak points, thought that the introduction of jealousy might be a good foundation whereon to build much mischief. So he went to Eve, and after propitiating her by soft flattery, he inquired after Adam. Eve replied by informing him where her husband was gone. At this the Devil smiled incredulously, but said nothing; and even when our first mother pressed him to tell her the meaning of his smile, refused to answer for a time, feigning that he would not hurt her feelings or injure the reputation of his friend.  
"This conduct was only additional evidence of his profound acquaintance with the weaknesses of the female heart; for so acting he wrought strongly on her curiosity as well as her suspicion. At last, having worked her up to a state of mind capable of receiving any lies he might choose to tell her, he informed her, with every appearance of sorrow, that Adam was deceiving her and paying his addresses to another lady. At this Eve laughed scornfully, saying, "How can this be, for I know that there is no woman created except myself?" The devil again smiled with an expression of pity. Alas! poor thing, said he, I show you another woman will not deceive you! She assented, and he showed her a mirror! "Eve was, of course, so dazzled by the light, though she thought she saw her own face."  
A MARSHAL OF THE UNITED STATES.—Among the Americans who attended the late ball given at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, was Jack Mason, of Kentucky. Jack rushed the dress somewhat strong, and sported epaulettes on his shoulders large enough to start our Major Generals in business. Jack was the observed of all observers, and got mixed up with a party that his friends could not account for. Wherever the marshals of France went, there went Jack; and when the marshals sat down, Jack did the same, always taking the post of honor. The day after the ball Jack called on his old acquaintance Mr. Mason, our minister to France, who started up a little conversation in the following manner:  
"Dear Jack, you were at the ball last night?"  
"I was, sir, and had a high old time."  
"For which you are indebted, I suppose, to the high old time you got mixed up with?" By the way, how came you associated with the marshals?"  
"How! by virtue of my office—they were marshals of France, while I am nothing else than marshal of the Republic. I showed my commission and took post accordingly."  
"By right of your office; what do you mean?"  
"Read that and see!"  
Here Jack produced Mr. Mason with a whitey-brown paper, with a seal big enough for a pound weight.  
"What in the name of Heaven is this?"  
"My commission of marshal—I received it in 1853, when I assisted in taking the census of Franklin!"  
"You don't mean to say that you travel on this?"  
"I don't mean any thing else. That makes me a marshal of the Republic, and I intend to have the office duly honored!"  
Mr. Mason allowed that Jack was doing a large business on a very small capital. We should not wonder if the reader did the same. A census marshal of Franklin mixing in with the marshals of France is certainly a rash matter in a manner that requires as much brains as epaulettes. Jack, we are happy to say, is equal to the requirements.

A FEARFUL TRAGEDY.—The London Times lays before its readers the particulars of a horrible affair which recently occurred near the Dutch settlement of Transvaal, at the Cape of Good Hope.  
"In the case at the Cape of Good Hope the Caffre Indians had murdered, in October last, under circumstances of great barbarity, ten or twelve men and woman of the Dutch settlement. Immediately General Pretorius raised an army of five hundred men, and accompanied by Commander General Potgieter, proceeded on an expedition to revenge the blood of the victims. After an absence of several weeks they reached some remarkable subterranean caverns half a mile in length and from three to five hundred feet in width, where the Caffres had entrenched themselves. Upon his arrival at this spot Gen. Pretorius attempted to blast the rocks above the caverns, and thus crush the savages beneath the ruins. The peculiar character of the stone, however, rendered this scheme impracticable, and he then stationed his men around the caverns, and built up walls in front of them. After a few days many of the women and children were driven by hunger and thirst from their hiding places, and were permitted to escape; but every man who came forth was shot dead by their rifles. On the 17th of November, at the close of a siege of three weeks, the besiegers, seeing no signs of life entered the caverns, and, the silence within, together with the horrible odor arising from the bodies of the dead, told how effectually their object had been accomplished.—More than nine hundred Caffres had been shot down at the mouths of the caverns, and a much greater number had perished by slow degrees, suffering all the horrors of starvation in the gloomy recesses with us."  
VALUE OF GYMNASTICS.—A writer in the New York Atlas, having attended an exhibition of gymnastics, gives the following practical illustration of their benefits:  
"About five years since, a pale, delicate young man, with an emaciated countenance and feeble gait, whose facial muscles were incapable of the least endurance—whose chest, when distended, measured but thirty-four inches in circumference, and whose lungs, when inflated to their utmost, held but 210 cubic inches of air, although he was quite six feet in height, entered the gymnasium for the first time, at my suggestion. His position in the present exhibition seems almost marvellous. He is foremost among the performers; his compact bones, clothed with muscles capable of the utmost tension, measuring forty inches around his chest, with a lung capacity of nearly 300 cubic inches of air, and having dumb bells weighing fifty x pounds each, five to six. Beside him stands another, who so timidly mounts the ladders, ropes and poles—whose arm, between the elbow and shoulder, measures fifteen inches in circumference of pure bone and muscle—the man who can easily run three consecutive miles (seventy-two times the circumference of the gymnasium) in twenty minutes. But a few years since he had scarce life enough to walk an hour without exhaustion; and being heretofore predisposed to consumption, was a constant attendant at the doctor's office—now with pain in his side, now with cough, now with shortness of breath, or some other dubious symptom, which have I since vanquished, leaving the conviction that hard work and fresh air are the best antidotes to disease."  
ADVICE FROM AN "OLD INHABITANT."  
1. Patronize your own traders and mechanics. This is doing as you would be done by; and is building up the town you live in.  
2. Pay your debts; so that others can pay theirs.  
3. Quarrel with no man; and then no man will quarrel with you.  
4. Do not steal your preaching; a man was once struck blind, you know, for stealing fire from heaven.  
5. Send your children constantly to school; and look in now and then yourself to see what they are doing there.  
6. Keep all clean about your dwellings; for cleanliness, you know, is the handmaid of health and a distant cousin of wealth.  
7. Avoid scandal; for this is a pest to any community.  
8. Be liberal in respect to every laudable public enterprise; for the good book says, "The liberal soul shall be made fat."  
9. Visit the sick, the widow and the fatherless; for this is one part of that religion which is "pure and undefiled."  
10. Keep your children in at night; for the evening air is bad for them; and finally.  
11. Feed your mind as well as your body; for that, you know, must go in to the scales at last.

THE POET POPE.—Pope was very sensitive on the subject of his personal deformity, and therefore objected to sit for his portrait. Dr. Warton says: "The portrait was drawn without his knowledge, when he was deeply engaged in conversation with Mr. Allen, in the gallery at Prior Park by Mr. Hoare, who sat at the other end of the gallery. Pope would never have forgiven the painter had he known it; he was too sensible of the deformity of his person to allow the whole of it to be represented; this drawing is, therefore, exceedingly valuable."  
SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.—Practice, the Editor of the Louisville Journal, speaks thus to his readers:  
"Those who think that, in order to dress well, it is necessary to dress extravagantly and gaudily, make a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity. We have seen many remarkably fine person robbed of its fine effect by being over-dressed. Nothing is more unbecoming than overloaded beauty. The simplicity of the classic taste is seen in old statues and pictures, painted by men of very superior artistic genius. In Athens, the ladies were not gaudily but simply arrayed, and we doubt whether any ladies ever exceeded more admiration. So also the noble old Roman matrons, whose superb forms were gazed on delightedly by men worthy of them, were always very faintly dressed. Fashion often presents the lines of the butterfly, but fashion is not a classic goddess."  
BONES.—Save all the bones of the meat consumed on your place, and every other place as every 200 pounds dissolved with 100 lbs. of sulphuric acid, diluted with twice the quantity of water, if mixed with 20 bushels of spent ashes, will fertilize an acre of ground sufficiently well to carry it through a four or six years cultivation to be harrowed in.  
Attention to such things, may be considered a small matter, but attention to such things, though they may be thought small, are calculated to produce large results: for an acre thus manured that previously would not bring more than 4 bush. of corn, may be made to produce 10 bush. and continue in good heart for several years. The world itself is an aggregation of small particles, so formed by our Creator that man should not hold himself above so divine an example.  
While upon this branch of the subject, we will remark, that there is scarcely a farm or plantation of any considerable size in the country where there are not soap-suds, and urine enough spent annually to fertilize 100 loads of marsh and river mud woods-mould, and kindred substances, so as to make the whole the most enriching manure, if these substances were, as made, poured over the rough material named, and a little plaster sprinkled thereon. 100 loads thus made would manure 5 acres of land thoroughly and well, and make it bring as many bushels per acre of any vegetable product as would 200 lbs. of guano per acre—with the difference in favor of the former—it would last longer. To be sure, the hauling and spreading might make it cost more than being of domestic production, the fact of its being so ought to commend it to attention.—[The American Farmer.

LEARN TO COOK WELL.—We again propose this advice, to those of our young female friends who may chance to look into this journal. There need to be no scruple on the ground that the aim is not sufficiently high for a generous and cultivated mind. To do well whatever it becomes our duty to do at all is an ambition sufficiently elevated for the highest and most gifted spirit. The care of the family will be the duty of the woman till we all get translated to a higher sphere of existence—and family cares will always, as now, be made up of details, small in themselves, its true, but in the aggregate, and to their connections, vastly important. We say, then, learn to cook well.  
"The health of the family depends on it. We know there are those who associate luxury, effeminacy, and all dependant ills, with every attempt of the kind recommended. But we do not believe that health is promoted by eating raw carrots or doughy bread—or that to secure long life it is necessary to turn cannibal.—Nor were men made to graze like cattle, or eat like dogs.  
"Nor is it necessary, in order to shun the errors of which we speak, to rush into the opposite extreme. Good cookery does not consist in producing the highest seasoned dishes, nor such as foster a morbid appetite, but in preparing every dish well, however simple or common it may be.  
"There are, for instance, families who never eat good bread from one century to another, and have no idea of what it consists. Nor are meats any better within their precincts. Those little, simple, and healthy delicacies, which the good house-keeper knows intuitively how to produce, are never seen here; even a dish of potatoes cannot get them-elves well boiled.—A member of the family might as well fall among the Hottentots, as far as any proper nursing is concerned.—These things ought not to be, nor is there any need of their existence, if the wife has any just notions of her obligations to herself and those about her.  
"The science of bread making, meat boiling, of vegetable cooking, and of preparing multifarious small dishes of all sorts, which go to make pleasant the table and all about it, are hers—hers, to understand and practice."  
[Prairie Farmer.

PRODUCTS OF THE STATES.—Wheat, oats, rye, Indian corn, potatoes, hay and tobacco, are raised in every State and territory in the Union.  
Barley raised in all except Louisiana.  
Buckwheat raised in all except Louisiana and Florida.  
New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Ohio and Wisconsin do not raise rice.  
The States that do not raise rice, together with Maryland, Delaware and Indiana, do not raise cotton.  
Every State and Territory except Iowa does raise silk.  
Every State except Delaware makes sugar.  
New York raises the most barley, viz: 1,892,382 bushels.  
New York raises the most potatoes, 27,907,551 bushels.  
New York raises the most hay, viz: 4,595,936 tons.  
Ohio raises the most wheat, viz: 10,783,705 bushels.  
Pennsylvania raises the most rye, viz: 8,129,229 bushels.  
Pennsylvania raises the most buckwheat, viz: 6,400,508 bushels.  
Tennessee raises the most corn, viz: 67,738,417 bushels.  
Virginia raises the most flax hemp, viz: 31,720 lbs.  
Keucky raises the most tobacco, viz: 72,322,543 lbs.  
Georgia raises the most cotton, viz: 148,75,129 lbs.  
South Carolina raises the most rice, viz: 67,892,207 lbs.  
OFFSETS.—The loviest valley has a muddy swamp, the noblest mountain piercing blasts, and the prettiest face some ugly features. The fairest face is most subject to freckles, and the handsomest girl is apt to be proud, the most sentimental lady loves cold pork, and the gayest mother lets her children go ragged. The fondest wife sometimes overlooks an absent shirt button, and the husband forgets to kiss the wife every time he steps outside of the gate, and the world gets angry and squall; and the smartest school will miss a lesson and the wittiest say something stupid, and the wisest essayist write some nonsense, and stars will fall, and the moon suffer eclipse—and men won't be angels, nor earth heaven.  
A man called upon an unfortunate tradesman to pay a demand.  
"I can never pay it," said he, "I am not worth a farthing, but I will give you a note. I am not so poor yet but that I can sign a note."