

THE SUMTER BANNER.

VOLUME I.

SUMTERVILLE, SOUTH-CAROLINA, JULY 14, 1847.

NUMBER 37.

THE SUMTER BANNER:
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY
WILLIAM J. FRANCIS.

TERMS:

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents in advance, Three Dollars at the expiration of six months, or Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, at the end of the year. Advertisements inserted at 75 cents per square (17 lines or less), for the first and half that sum for each subsequent insertion. The number of insertions to be marked on all Advertisements, or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

One Dollar per square for a single insertion. Quarterly and Monthly advertisements will be charged the same as a single insertion, and sent monthly the same as new ones.

For publishing Citations as the law directs three dollars will be charged.

All Ordinary Notices exceeding six lines, and Communications recommending Candidates for public offices of profit or trust, or pulling Exhibitions, will be charged as advertisements.

Accounts for Advertising will be presented for payment quarterly.

All letters by mail must be post paid to insure a punctual attention.

SCHOOL.

I will open School at my residence on Wednesday, the 7th July.

TERMS.

For Spelling, Reading, Writing and first principles of Arithmetic, \$1.00 per quarter of 12 weeks.

For Arithmetic continued, English Grammar, Geography, History, Surveying, Latin and Greek Languages, \$5.00 per quarter of 12 weeks.

Board, Washing and Lodging for a few lad can be had for \$90.00 the School year, of 18 weeks.

Those boarding from Monday morning to Friday evening, having their washing done at home, will pay \$60.00 the School Year.

W. G. BARRETT.

Sumterville, June 3, 1847. 22 61

Silk, Woolen and Cotton DYING.

The subscriber begs leave to inform the Public that he has removed from Camden to this place, for the purpose of carrying on the business of dyeing.

M. W. DRENNING.

June 2, 1847. 31 17

LOOK AT THIS!

HAVING just received my Spring supplies, I would respectfully call the attention of the public to a well assorted stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery, Tools, Bibles, Praying Books, Shoes, Hats, Straw Hats, Bonnets, Trimmings, Ribbons, Spices, &c. &c. School Books, Stationery, Cigars, &c. &c. School Books, Cannon Wares, Copper Wares, and a great many other articles not to be found in other stores in the Village, all of which I will sell at reduced prices to suit the times. (Cash). Those who formerly dealt with me on credit, would be surprised at the difference in prices for Cash and although they may not be able to pay all old scores at this season of the year, they benefit both themselves and the subscribers by calling in and paying a little of their small charges. As I am confident they will not have the same inducements elsewhere.

A. J. MOSES.

April 11, 1847.

NEW GOODS!

The subscriber has just received the stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, consisting of a general and well selected stock of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, of the latest styles and patterns.

ALSO—

Books and Stationery, Groceries, Hardware and Cutlery, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes and Bagns, Brides and Saddles.

ALSO—

A large supply of Ready Made Clothing, B. SOLOMONS,

2 doors above Court House, April 1, 1847. 22 17

BANK AGENCY.

The subscriber continues to act as Agent in both of the Banks in Camden, on the usual terms.

E. W. BONNEY.

Dec. 30, 1846. 6 17

AGRICULTURAL.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD VINEGAR.

Common household vinegar is usually obtained from wine, cider, beer, malt, fermented sugar, molasses, &c., the alcohol contained in them being converted into acetic acid by the absorption of oxygen, which is more or less intermixed with gum, sugar, and other vegetable matter. The principal requisites necessary to form any of these substances into good vinegar, are contact with the air of any temperature between 70 deg. and 80 deg. F., the presence of alcohol, and the addition of some extraneous vegetable matter to promote the acetous fermentation.

Pure, undiluted cider-vinegar, reduced to a proper strength, is considered the best for general use in this country, and is always attainable by those who possess apple orchards, or cider of their own, and should be more abundantly supplied in market than it is. An excellent article may be made by putting away good strong cider, without adding anything to it, in one or more substantial casks in a warm place under cover, with the bungholes open, but covered with fine gauze, in order to admit the air, and there let it gradually undergo the necessary fermentation. If the casks are frequently shaken, and their contents occasionally drawn from one to another, the process is hastened. When fit for use, a small portion of the vinegar should be drawn from each cask, and its place supplied with a like quantity of cider that is fresh. In large establishments the operation may be carried on with a number of casks at once, worked in pairs, by commencing with one filled with good vinegar and another of the same capacity filled with pure cider. First draw out a quart or a gallon, as may be, from the cask containing the vinegar, and replace it with an equal quantity from that which contains the cider. Thus, by continuing the operation daily, for some weeks, one or more hogsheads, of good, wholesome vinegar may be formed, without the addition of any foreign or injurious materials. When sufficiently sharp, the vinegar should be drawn off into smaller casks or bottles, tightly bunged or corked, and put away in a moderately cool place for use.

A superior vinegar may be made by filling a barrel one-third full with strong cider, reduced by freezing, and letting it stand with the bungholes slightly covered with a little moist moss, or, in some instances, does not proceed with sufficient rapidity, a few quarts of the liquor may be withdrawn, boiled for a short time, skimmed, and then poured back into the cask.

A vinegar of great strength may be prepared by putting in the cask yeast made of wheat or rye flour, mixed with hot water, into a cask containing 100 gallons of good cider, agitating the whole with a stick, and then let it remain for six or eight days. It is necessary to draw off the vinegar and bring it up close, as soon as it is made, otherwise it will quickly grow rancid or flat.

Those who have any cider or grape juice, or their compound, can make a tolerably good vinegar, by any of the following directions, which we copy from Cooley's "Cyclopedia of 4000 Practical Receipts," but it will be less pure and more liable to spoil, than that made from cider, malt, or wine.

Spanish Vinegar.—Add brown sugar, 4 lbs., to each gallon of water, and proceed as with cider.

German Household Vinegar.—Take soft water, 1 1/2 gallons; honey or brown sugar, 2 lbs.; yeast, 2 ounces; and one pint of spirit of tartar, 1 gallon. Ferment as above. The present mode of making vinegar, the following methods have been proposed:—Containing by freezing, or by distillation, put up the vinegar in bottles and keep them in a well-worked or boiled in a well-worked or boiled in a well-worked kettle for a quarter of an hour; then in marked bottles, place therein a bottle of water with their necks above the surface, and let them boil for an hour; then take them out, cork them up, and the vinegar will keep for several years without growing rancid or turbid.—*American Agriculturist.*

POPULAR ERRORS.

Summering Manure.—Now withstanding that it has been said and written, showing that fresh manure immediately applied to the land, or such as is preserved in stacks or under cover, or a mixture with straw or earth, is at least four times the value of that left in the barnyard all summer exposed to sun and rain, wasting its richness in the soil and destroying its fertilizing salts; yet many farmers still believe, or act upon the principle of belief, that manure is like cider, growing better with age, and thus their dung is safely kept in the yard all August or September, a great nuisance to all around, and a sad loss to the growing crops.

We are well aware that rotted manure is considered indispensable for certain crops, and therefore many say they prefer to sustain the loss of its rotting to the inconvenience of using it in an unfermented state. Let those who thus think, consider, that when manure has become rotted it is then mere humus or vegetable matter, such as decomposed leaves of trees, straw, hay,

cornstalks, muck, turf, peat, and ditch scrapings, which may be used in every farm to answer the same purpose, as rotted manure. How many farmers let all these substances go to waste, by subjecting themselves to a double loss—a depreciation in the value of their manure, and a neglect of the vegetable matter in their premises and around them.—*For*

MISCELLANEOUS.

NATURE AND ART.—The following story is recorded of Cecco d'Argoli, a Dante subject. "They were once discussing a subject of natural and acquired talent. Cecco maintained that nature was more potent than art, while Dante asserted the contrary. To prove this principle the great Italian Bard referred to his cat, which, repeated practice, he taught to hold a candle in its paw while he supped or read. Cecco desired to witness the experiment, and came not unprepared for his purpose; when Dante's cat was performing its part, Cecco, lifting up the lid of an egg, which he had filled with nitre, the creature of art merely required, he snuffed the candle, and flew on the wings of his instinctive propensity, he himself disconnected, and it was found that the advocate for the innate principle of nature faculties, had gained the victory.

MAN.—Man is a book; his body is the title page; his baptism the epistle; his history, his groans and crying, the epistle to his reader; his infancy and childhood, the argument or contents of the whole; his crimes and errors the faults; his repentance the connexion. There are some large volumes in fact, some little ones in sixteen; some are fat and some are plump; some in strict vellum, some in this paper; some are gaily scribbled pamphlets of vanities, and some in the last page of every volume stands a word which is "man," and this is the last word of every book. *Life of man, some longer, some shorter, some stronger, some weaker, some fairer, some coarser, some holy, some profane, but death comes in at last like a thief, to close up the whole, for that is the end of all men.*—*Old Author.*

ENERGY AND MISERY.—Energy is the key to success.

STANZAS.

When the twilight's last commotion
Is sinking into rest,
And its soft hour of devotion
Sheds its stillness o'er the breast;
When the shadows slowly darkling,
Call the night-hawk to the sea,
Where the starlit streams are sparkling,
I will lie me, love, to thee.

When the evening dew is sealing
The bright eyes of the flowers,
And the scented winds are stealing
Like spirits, through the bowers;
While the weary birds are dreaming
Of sunshine and of glee,
And the vesper star is beaming,
I will lie me, love, to thee.

When the whippoorwill is glancing
Where the sylvan echoes dwell,
And fairy feet are dancing
In the unfrequented dell;
When the moon her light is flinging
O'er the green earth and the sea,
And the mermaid's song is ringing,
I will lie me, love, to thee.

When the cricket's voice is taken
'Neath the soft, peaceful hearth,
And the festive hall is shaken
By its music and its mirth;
While the fire-fly goes swooning
His mistress o'er the lea,
And the catbird is cooing,
I will lie me, love, to thee.

Believe me, old believe me,
I could not love thee less,
The high tortoise should deceive me
With many a fond caress;
For my spirit, like a pinion
From cage and chain set free,
True to its love's dominion,
Would lie it unto thee.

Yes, though with bosom yearning
For home's remembered smiles,
A wanderer, just returning
From ocean's farthest isles—
Ere a father had caressed me,
Or a sister embraced my knee,
Ere a mother's tears had blest me,
I would lie me, love, to thee.

"PUT ON THE HAMS."

While Parkdon was as yet in its infancy, when its pigs did not attain to half the fat they now sustain, and its corn juice was less than that of an old lady, the owner

three sturdy sons, made her appearance at Cincinnati, with the intention of taking passage in the first safe boat bound down the river. Her chief motive for this trip was a long promised visit to a friend at Memphis, but prudently wishing to combine profit with pleasure, she brought with her a large supply of nicely cured hams, expecting thereby to realize a sum which would leave a respectable surplus in her pocket after the expenses of the tour were paid.

Following the advice of the landlord of the house where she stopped, (he was, of course, very dissatisfied,) she remained in town some ten days longer than was necessary. When, finally, one fine day, becoming fully assured that "no severe gale was to be expected," she had herself and "traps" embarked.

The captain of the boat thus honored, belonged to that class of men so poorly represented every where but among the commanders of our Western Steamers, being at all times and in all places imperturbably polite, self-possessed, and good-natured; possessing moreover, a rich vein of dry humor, which he delighted to exercise in looking so officious intermeddlers with his own concerns. In the midst of the hurry and bustle consequent on "putting off," our widow rushed in front of the captain, and seizing him by the coat, thus attracted his attention:

"Now, Capt'n, ar you certain she won't bust? Don't trifle with the feelings of a feeble woman (the lovely relic, by the way, weighed 200 avoirdupoise) at this awful crisis! Eff should be blown up inter fragments, all thru your decepphins, Capt'n, and be made the mother of three dezoilate orphans, the'd be a dreadful reckonin for you at the great day of insurrection, now I tell yer."

The captain assured her there was no danger, but at the same time told her the safest plan would be to shut herself up in the state room farthest aft, where he sent a waiter to conduct her. She hesitated, but finally went with an earnest parting admonition that her knowing just as soon as the boat began to blow up.

The unfortunate lady was just beginning to feel more calm, when she was startled by the loud ringing of a bell, accompanied with the strongest sort of a voice, which seemed to say, "all the gummens and the bust must go down and settle!"

"So it is a gonn' down! Oh! oh! What an airth is my big head box! Somebody fester on to me this life preserver, and put a rope under me! So them Germans is a gonn' down already! I knowed they would, the laral fools, when I saw 'em down stairs that! Oh! Lord! oh! Lord! My hams will be wasted, and only ter think of them poor boys ter hum! Isn't that some kind man that will swim ashore with me?"

No one volunteered, however, before the captain came aboard, and was at last again successful in quieting her.

Soon after, they passed a small landing, where an opposition boat, also bound down, was taking in a few passengers, which before the former had advanced three-fourths of a mile beyond this point, put off, and fired up in a manner that showed her captain determined to "come in, at least a length ahead." The "hosses" on board the first boat became very naturally "considerably riled," and most earnestly urged the captain to "put on the gas" and "never mind the consequences." But he was one of those "averse to racing," and whatever idea he might have secretly cherished that it wouldn't do to be beat, evaded a direct reply by saying, "the wind on board, if used economically, might possibly not last to the next yard."

The anxious widow had been meanwhile watching the movements of the boat in the rear, and began to participate in the general excitement. At last she approached the captain, and remarked that "that was a craft behind pulling dreadful fast!"

"Why, really, Madam, so there is!" was the answer.

"Wal, you ain't again ter let her go by, ar you?"

"Perhaps it would be dangerous to increase the fire, Madam."

The old lady was bothered and returned to her post. "The object of her regard" was approaching too rapidly, however, for her peace of mind. (That sentence is entire from G. P. R. James.) She again "made tracks" for the anti-racing man, exclaiming—

"Oh! Capt'n! do jest put two or three more sticks of wood on that fire!"

"Mustn't waste wood, Madam."

"Wal, for Hev'n's sake, haint that 'nother elac' on board that you can make it burn with?"

"I don't think of any thing, madam, excepting your hams."

The old lady reflected a moment, but she could bear the suspense no longer, and with the expression of a person going into fits, exclaimed—

"Put 'em on! Capt'n! Put 'em on! Who keers! Who's afeerd! I ain't 'd derned she rather be busted up than bear any 'nol' Pur'fession!"

The shouts which greeted the old lady's "remarks" would almost rival those sent forth by the British—*Montevideo*—and again the boat appeared to share in the enthusiasm, for her paddles seemed immediately to double the number of their revolutions, and it was not long before her ambitious rival was left at a distance which the passengers of the first unanimously declared "lent enchantment to the view."

The "widow" was a perfect "lioness" for the remainder of the trip—and on arriving at her destination was agreeably surprised by the full return of the money she had paid for fare and freight, together with "them" hams, accompanied by a most urgent invitation from the Captain, that whenever she traveled that route again, she would accept of the best berth in his boat, free of expense.—*Spirit of the Times.*

Holding Plough.—A friend relates an occurrence, which fell under his own observation a few days ago, in Andover. A recent emigrant had applied for employment to a farmer, and being asked if he was acquainted with all sorts of farm labor, replied without hesitation in the affirmative. He was accordingly engaged, and the next morning sent to "hold the plough," with son of his employer to drive. After the horse was tackled in, the boy gave him a start, but hearing an exclamation behind, turned and beheld the son of the green isle, ploughing up the ground with his heels, which were firmly set, while he was straining every muscle to maintain his position, and crying out, "stop! stop! how can I hold the plough, if you make the horse drag it away from me!"—*Salem Gazette.*

Rice Muck.—This dish is an excellent one, and very simply and quick made.—After washing a pint of rice in two different waters, boil it well with about half a pound of raisins from which the stems have been carefully picked. Pour off the water and mix a quart of rich milk with the rice. Let it boil for about five minutes, and after mixing with it four table spoonfuls of brown sugar, beat two eggs until they are light and pour them into the milk, stirring it all the time. After the rice and eggs are well mixed together, they should boil for three to five minutes. If they are not well stirred, the eggs will form a custard on the surface, which is not desirable.

A judge once said to a lawyer who was more remarkable for the number of his words, than for the sense of his speeches, that "he was very much like necessity." "How do you make that out?" inquired the loquacious attorney. "Because," said the judge, "necessity knows no law."

Politics.—Abby Folsom once said to one of the Judges of the Massachusetts Supreme Court while on the bench, "cold water never gave you that red nose."

Never place confidence in any one who has ever deceived you, for a man who will deceive, has no principle.