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WILLIAM J. FRANCIS.

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All Obituary Notices exceeding six lines, and Communications recommending Candidates for public offices or trust—or puffing Exhibitions, will be charged as Advertisements.

All letters by mail must be paid to insure punctual attendance.

Miscellany.

HINTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS.—A contemporary lays down the following pithy code of newspaper by-laws. They are the best we have ever seen drawn up.

1. Be brief. This is the age of Telegraphs and Stenography.

2. Be pointed. Don't write all round a subject without hitting it.

3. State facts, but don't stop to moralize. It's drowsy business. Let the reader do his own dreaming.

4. Eschew prefaces. Plunge at once into your subject, like a swimmer in cold water.

5. If you have written a sentence that you think particularly fine, draw your pen through it. A pet child is always the worst in the family.

6. Condense. Make sure that you really have an idea, and then record it in the shortest possible terms. We want thoughts in their quintessence.

7. When your article is complete, strike out nine-tenths of the adjectives. The English is a strong language, but won't bear too much "reducing."

8. Avoid all high flown language.—The plainest Anglo-Saxon words are the best. Never use stilted when legs will do as well.

9. Make your sentences short. Every period is a mile stone, at which the reader may halt and rest himself.

10. Write legibly. Don't let your manuscript look like the tracks of a spider half-drowned in ink. We shan't mistake any one for a genius, though he write as crabbedly as Napoleon.

AN ANCIENT CITY.—The famous city of Petra, in Arabia, has been a theme of admiration and astonishment to all the tourists of recent times; but another town, apparently far more ancient and of greater extent still, exists in the north of Afghanistan, and is known throughout the east by the name of Bamecan. The city consists of a greater number of apartments cut out of the solid rock. It is said that in many of them the walls were adorned with paintings which look still fresh, after centuries of desertion and solitude; some of them are adorned with the richest carved work. There are supposed to be more than twelve thousand of such habitations in Bamecan, but the natives who are Mohammedans, entertain a superstitious prejudice against inhabiting such homes. They have old traditions which declare them to have been the first habitation of mankind, and that strange city is casually mentioned by some of the classic authors; yet by whom its rocky abodes were excavated, who were its inhabitants, or what their history—all have passed from the recollection of the world, and exist only in fabulous or uncertain tales.

FORCE OF CHARACTER.—Man imputes to himself the ability to be constant by his own proper force, and places his honor in that ability. A man of his word, and a man of honor, are synonymous terms. He who can embrace a purpose and persist in it, who can act from a resolve, unsupported by present inclination—nay, even in opposition to present inclination, emotion or passion—of him we say, "He has a character?" "He is a man." We despise the man who is always only what things, accidents, circumstances make him; the fickle, the inconstant, the wavering. We honor him who can resist objects and the impression which they make upon; who knows how to maintain himself in the face of them; who lets himself be instructed but not changed by them.—E. H. Jacobi's "Flying Leaves."

THE YEZIDIS. BY A. H. LAYARD. No. 1.

The mysteries of this sect have been traced to the workshop introduced by Semiramis into the very mountains they inhabit—a workshop which, impure in its forms, led to every excess. The quiet, cleanliness and orders of their villages, do not warrant these charges. Their known respect for fear for the evil principal has given them the title of Workshopers of the Devil. Some years ago they were a powerful tribe. They recognize one Supreme Being, but do not offer any thing direct prayer or sacrifice to him, and appear to shun with superstitious awe any topic connected with the existence of attributes of the Deity. The name of the evil spirit is never mentioned, and any allusion to it by others so vexes and irritates them, that they have put persons to death who have wantonly outraged their feelings by its use. So far is their dread of offending the evil one carried, that they carefully avoid every expression which may resemble in sound the name of Satan, or the Arabic word for accursed. Whenever they speak of the Devil they do so with reverence. They believe Satan to be the chief of the angelic host, now suffering punishment for his rebellion against the divine will—but still all powerful, and to be restored hereafter to his high estate in the celestial hierarchy. Christ according to them, was also a great angel who had taken the form of man. He did not die on the cross, but ascended to heaven. They hold the Old Testament in great reverence, believe in the cosmogony of Genesis, the deluge, and other events recorded in the Bible. They do not reject the New Testament nor the Koran, but consider them less entitled to their consideration. Still they always select passages from the Koran for their tombs and holy places. Mahommed they look upon as a Prophet, as they do Abraham and the patriarchs. They expect the second coming of Christ as well as the re-appearance of Imaun Mehli.

The origin of the name is traced to the celebrated Omniade Caliph Yezid, a great persecutor of the family of Ali in their own religious history; but there is reason to believe it must be sought for elsewhere, as it was used long before the introduction of Mohammedanism, and is not wit in connection with the early Persian appellation of the Supreme Being. It is difficult to trace their ceremonies to any particular source. They baptize in water, like the Christians, if possible with seven days after birth. They circumcise at the same age and in the same manner as the Mohammedans, reverence the Sun and have many customs in common with the Sabaeans. They have great reverence for the Sun and have built a temple and dedicated it to that luminary. They are accustomed to kiss the object on which its first beams fall. For fire, as symbolic, they have nearly the same reverence.

They never spit in it, but frequently pass their hands through the flame, kiss them, and put them over their right eye-brow, or over the whole face. The colour, blue, to them is an abomination and never to be worn in dress or to be used in their houses. The place to which they turn their eyes whilst performing their holy ceremonies is always that part of the Heavens in which the sun rises, and toward it they turn the faces of their dead. Lettuce and Hibiscus esculentus, and some other vegetables, are never eaten by them; pork is unlawful, but wine is drunk by all.

They have no religious observances on marriage, nor are the number of wives limited. The men and women merely present themselves to a Sheikh, who ascertains that there is mutual consent. A ring is then given to the bride or sometimes money instead—a day is fixed for rejoicing—they drink sherbet, dance, but have no religious ceremonies. Their year begins with that of the Eastern Christians, whom they follow also in the order and name of their months. Some fast three days at the commencement of the year, but that is not considered necessary. Wednesday is their holiday. Some fast on that day, yet they do not abstain from work on it as the Christian do on the Sabbath. Their names, both male and female, are generally those used by Mohammedans and Christians. The name of George is however objectionable, and is never given to a Zeridi.

Tennessee is said to be the only State in the Union that had not a foot of rail road on the 1st of January, 1849.

THE ORDER OF JESUITS. BY MACAULAY.

Before the order of Jesuits had existed an hundred years, it had filled the whole world with memorials of great things done and suffered for the faith. No religious community could produce a list of men so variously distinguished none had extended its operation over so vast a space; yet in none had there ever been such perfect unity of feeling and action. There was no region of the globe, no walk of speculative or of active life, in Jesuits were not to be found. They guided the councils of Kings. They deciphered Latin inscriptions. They observed the motions of Jupiter's satellites. They published whole libraries, casuistry, history, treatise on optics, Alcaicodes, editions of the fathers, madrigals, catechisms and lampoons. The liberal education of youth passed almost entirely into their hands, and was conducted by them with conspicuous ability. They appear to have discovered the precise point to which intellectual culture can be carried without risk of intellectual emancipation. Enmity itself was compelled to own that in the art of managing and forming the tender mind, they assiduously and successfully cultivated the eloquence of the pulpit. With still greater assiduity and still greater success they applied themselves to the ministry of the confessional. Throughout Catholic Europe the secrets of every government, and of almost every family were in their keeping. They glided from one Protestant country to another under innumerable disguises, as gay cavaliers, as simple rustics, as Puritan preachers. They wandered to countries which neither mercantile avidity nor liberal curiosity had ever impelled any stranger to explore. They were to be found in the garb of Mandarins, superintending the observatory of Peking. They were to be found, spade in hand, teaching the rudiments of agriculture to the savages of Paraguay. Yet whatever might be their residence, whatever might be their employment, their spirit was the same: entire devotion to the common cause, implicit obedience to the central authority. None of them had chosen his dwelling-place or his avocation for himself. Whether the Jesuits should live under the arctic circle or under the equator, whether he should pass his life in arranging gems and collating manuscripts at the Vatican, or in persuading naked barbarians in the southern hemisphere not to eat each other, were matters which he left with profound submission to the decision of others. If he was wanted at Lima, he was on the Atlantic in the next fleet. If he was wanted at Bagdad, he was toiling through the desert with the next caravan. If his ministry was needed in some country where his life was more insecure than that of a wolf; where it was a crime to harbor him, where the heads and quarters of his brethren, fixed in public places, showed him what he had to expect—he went without remonstrance or hesitation to his doom. Nor is this heroic spirit yet extinct. When in our own time a new and terrible pestilence passed around the globe; when in some great cities fear had dissolved all the ties which hold society together; when the secular clergy had deserted their flocks; when medical succor was not to be purchased by gold; when the strongest natural affections had yielded to the love of life, even then the Jesuit was found by the pallet which bishops and curate, physician and nurse, father and mother had deserted, learning over infected lips to catch the faintest accents of confession and holding up to last before the expiring penitent the image of the expiring Redeemer.

CURIOUS FACT.—An Indian, says an observing writer, had tamed a black snake, which he kept about him during the summer months. In autumn he let the creature go whither it chose to crawl, but told it to come to him again upon a certain day, which he named, in the spring. A white man was present, and saw what was done, and heard the Indian affirm that the serpent would return to him the very day he had appointed, had no faith in the truth of his prediction. The next spring, retaining the day in his memory, curiosity led him to the place, where he found the Indian in waiting, and after remaining with him about two hours, the serpent came crawling back, and put himself under the care of its old master.

The case has been accounted for by supposing that the Indian had observed that black snakes usually return to their

old haunts at the same vernal season; and as he had tamed, fed, and kept this snake in a particular place, experience taught him that it would return on a certain day.

This may be one way of accounting for it; another is, to suppose a real magnetic connection between the Indian and the snake, of the fascination and charming between serpents and birds, which, upon a certain, drew the snake to his master. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than art dreamt of in our philosophy."

W. M. T.

DANIEL BOON'S COURTSHIP.—In the immediate neighborhood of his fathers' new settlement on the river Yarkin, another adventurer, named Bryan, soon made his appearance, and platted himself upon a beautiful spot, washed on one side by a lovely mountain stream, near which had been the favorite hunting ground of the young sportsman. On a certain evening, Boon engaged a friend to meet him at that spot for the purpose of engaging in a "fire hunt." In this wild sport, one of the parties usually rides through the forest, with a pine torch borne on high, which, shedding light through the gloomy precincts, so dazzles the eyes of the deer, that the other party, who is on foot, shoots the game between the eyes, while the bewildered animal is staring at the blaze. Boon's companion was to bear the torch, and accordingly appeared on the field, and commenced the usual round. They had not proceeded far, when Boon gave the concerted signal to keep the light stationary. The horseman obeyed, and waited in momentary expectation of hearing the sharp and fatal report of his friend's rifle. Not hearing it, however, he turned his horse to ascertain the cause of the unwarrantable delay, when he saw his friend drop his rifle, and set off in pursuit of some shadowy object over brush and briar, fence and field.

When Boon gave the signal to his friend, he indeed saw the flame of the torch reflected by a pair of brilliant eyes, and he immediately cocked his gun, and brought it to his eye; but instead of standing stupefied at the supposed fawn wheeled precipitately and fled. During this usual movement, Boon caught a glimpse of the flowing folds of a petticoat, dropped his rifle, and made chase after his game. So intense had been his interest in the pursuit, that he was little less surprised than his new neighbor Mr. Bryan, when he found himself standing in the doorway, having driven the object of his chase into the paternal arms.

Boon's embarrassment and surprise may easily be imagined, when he saw the consternation of the father, and the pining terror of his beautiful daughter, who had scarcely turned her sixteenth summer, and whose lustrous ringlets were flying about her face, neck, and palpitating bosom, in the richest contrast of light and shade.

Strange as it may appear of our early backwoodsman, he became agitated in his turn, with all the stern and rugged qualities of his nature, he was taken captive by a maiden's charms. And what was no less strange, the blushing Hebe, who had run into her father's arms, declaring that she was pursued by a panther, now perceived that he was not such a frightful animal as her first impression in the dark had led her to suppose.

Indeed, Boon was at this time just in the first flush of youth; his person straight and well proportioned, and the whole appearance of the man presented such a hero to the eye of the unsophisticated girl, as her imagination was likely to create for itself in that remote and secluded scene—in short, they loved mutually, and Miss Rebecca Bryan in a very short time became Mrs. Boon.

A TIMELY HINT.—The editor of the *Cultivator* reminds his readers that caterpillars should be attended to in season, and that when this is done the labor of extermination will be trifling. He says: "One easy mode of destruction is to apply strong soap suds to the nest—if the tree is large a swab tied to the end of the pole will accomplish the purpose effectually. Suds which have been used by the wash woman are as good as any, and by rubbing a swab on the nest, after it has been dipped into the suds, the worms are quickly destroyed."

An article in a Southern paper, announcing a person's decease, says, "his manes were committed to that bourne whence no traveller returns, attended by his friends."

A STREAK OF SQUATTER LIFE. BILL SAPPER'S LETTER TO HIS COUSIN. LIBERTY, MISSOURY, May 6th, 1849.

Cousin Jim, the aint nuthin' occurred with ritin' about in our settlement for a long spell, but about the beginnin' of last week, thur war a rumor sot afloat in town, which kept the wimen for two or three days in a continoal snigger, and it war half a day afore the men could find out the rights of the marter—sech another fense as all the gals got inter, war delightful to contemplate. The boys kept a askin' one another, what in the yearth war the marter, that the gals kept a whisperin' and laffin round town so?—at last it cum out! and what do you think, Jim, war the marter?—You couldn't guess in a week. It aint no common occurrence and yet it's mighty natral. Little Jo Allen, the shoemaker, had an addition to his family, amountin' to jest three babbys—one boy and two gals!—His wife is a lettle cretur, but I reckon she's 'some' in countin' the census, and sech another excitement as her little brood of pretty babbys has kicked up among the wimen is perfectly inticin' to bachelors. When the interestin' marter war first noised about, the wimen wouldn't believe it, but to know the rights of it thur put on thur bonnets and poured down to see Mrs. Allen, in a perfect stream of curiosity; and, sure enough, thar thar war, three raal peert lookin' children, all jest alike. Bein' an acquaintance of Jo's, he tuck me in to see his family, and it war raaly an interestin' sight to see the little creturs. Thar thar war, with thur tiny faces aside each other, hev in on the prettiest cays,—all made and fixed by the young wimen, as a present to the mother,—and then thur infantile lips jest openin', like so many rose buds poutin', while thur bits of hands, transparent as sparmacity, war a curtin' about and pushin', all doubled up, agin thur little noses, and thur mother all the time lookin' at 'em so peert and pleased, jest as ef she war feelin' in her own mind thar war hard to beat—added to which, thar stood thur daddy, contemplatin', with a glow of parental feelin', the whole unanimous pictur! It aint in me Jim, to fully describe the universal merits of sech a scene, and I guess it couldn't receive raal jestis from any man's pen, 'cept he'd ben the father of twins at least.

"Gracious me!" sed Mrs. Sutton, a very literary womin, who allays talks history on extra occasions; 'of that little Mrs. Allen aint 'ekill to the mother of the *Grashin*!'

She looked at little Jo, the daddy, fur a spell, and tuk to admirin' him so that she could scarcely keep her hands off on him—she had'n't no babbys, poor womin!

"Ah! Mr. Allen, ses she, 'you are suthin' like a husband—you're determined to decend a name down to your ances!'

I raaly believe she'd a kissed him ef thur hadn't ben so many wimen thar. Thur father of the babbys were mitley tickled at first, 'cause all the wimen war a praisein' him, but arter a spell he gin to look skary, for go whar he would he found some wimen tryin' to git a look at him—thar jest besieged his shop winder all the time, and kept peepin' in, and lookin' at him, and askin' his age, and whar he cum from? At last sum of the gals got so curious thar asked him whar he *did* come from, *any how*, and as soon as he sed Indiance Dick Mason becum one of the popularest young men in the settlement among the wimen, jest 'cause he war from the same state.

Things went on this way for a spell, till at last thar heard of 'em in the country, and the wimen all about found some excuse to come to town to git store goods, jest a purpose to see the babbys and thur parents. The little daddy war wusser plagued now, and they starr'd at him so that he couldn't work—the fact war, his mind war gettin' troubled, and some of the wimen noticed the skary look he had out of his eyes, and kept a wonderin' what it meant. One mornin' it war noticed by some of the gals that his shop warn't opened, so thar got inquirin' about him, and arter a sarch he cum up missin'—well, I'm of the opinion thar war an excitement in town then, fully ekill to the president's election. Every womin started her husband out arter Jo, with orders not to cum back without him, and sech a scourin' as they gin the country round would a caught anythin' human,—it *did* ketch Jo—on his road to Texas! When they got him back in the town agin, a committee of married men held a secret talk with him, to jarn what the marter war, that he

wanted to clear out, and Jo to'd 'em that the wimen kept a starin' at him, so he couldn't work, and ef he war kept from his business, and his family continoed to increase *three* at a time, he'd git so cussed poor he'd starve, and therefore he knew it 'ud be better to clear out, for the wimen would be sure to take good care of his wife and the babbys.

Old Dr. Wilkins war appointed by the men to wait on a meetin' of the wimen, and inform them of the fact, that thar war annoyin' the father of the three babbys, and had almost driven him out'n the settlement. The doctor, accordin' to appointment, informed the wimen, and arter he had retired thar went into committee of the whole upon the marter, and appointed three of thur number to report at a meetin', on the next evenin', a set of resolutions tellin' what thar'd do in the premises, and governin' female action in the partickler case of Jo Allen, his little wife, and three beautiful healthy babbys.

When the hour of meetin' had arriv. Mrs. Sutton's parlors war crowded with the wimen of the settlement, and arter appintin' Widder Dent to the *cheer*, thar reported the committee on resolves redly, and Mrs. Sutton bein' the head of the committee she sot to work and read the followin' drawn up paper:

Whereas, It has been sed by the wise Solomon of old, that the world must be peupled, tharfore, we hold it to be the involute duty of every man to git married, and, moreover, rear up citizens and future mothers to our glorious republic; and,

Whereas, It is gratifyin' to human natur', the world in general, Missury at large, and Liberty in partickler, that this settlement has set an example to the ances of future time, which will not only make the wimen of this enlightened state a pattern for thur children, but a envy to the royal wimen of Europe, not forgettin' the proud mother the Lions of England, but will elevate and place in and among the first families, fur ever hereafter, the mother that has shed such lustre upon the sex in general; and,

Whereas, It is the melancholy lot of some to be deprived of doin' thur duty in the great cause of human natur', because the young men is back'ard about speakin' out it is time that some measures be taken inimical to our general prosperity, and encouragin' to the risin' generation of young fellars round town; tharfore,

Resolved, That, as married women, our sympathies, like the heaving of natur's bosom, years with admiration and respect fur that little womin, Mrs. Allen, and as we see her three little babbys reclinin' upon thur mother's female maternal bosom, our beatin' hearts with one accord wish we could say ditto.

Resolved, That in the case of Mrs. Allen we see an illustrious example of the intarnal and external progress of that spreading race, the Angel Saxons; and time will come, when the mothers of the west will plant thar glorious shoots from one pinnacle of the Rocky Mountains to the tother, and until thar cry of liberty will be hollered from one pint to the next in continoal screech!

Resolved, That Mr. Joseph Allen, the father of these three dear little babbys, shall receive a monument at his death, end while he is livin', the wimen shall only visit his shop once a week to look at him, 'cept the married wimen, who shall be permitted to see him twice a week and no oftener, provided and exceptin' thar want to git measured fur a pur of shoes.

Resolved, Mister Joseph Allen shall have the custom of the whole settlement, for he is a glorious livin' example of a dotin' husband.

Arter these resolutions had been unanimously passed, Mrs. Sutton addressed the meetin' in a stream of elegance, wharin she proved, clear as a whistle, that a family war the first consideration fur a settler in a new country, and town lots thar arter question. "She acknowledged the corn," she sed, "that it war soothin' to look often at thur neighbor Allen, but his peace of mind war the property of his family, and she hoped the ladies wouldn't disturb it, 'cause the loss of sech a husband would be a sufferin' calamity to the settlement."

The meetin' adjoured, and Jo went back to work, singin' and whistlin', as happy as usual, and ever since he's had a perfect shower of work, for the gals all round the country keep goin' to him to git measured, thar say he deserves to be incouraged.

Your furst Cousin, BILL SAPPER.