

The Sumter Banner.

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

JAS. S. G. RICHARDSON, Editor.
WM. J. FRANCIS, Proprietor.

"God—and our Native Land."

TERMS—Two Dollars Per Annum
In Advance.

VOL. V.

SUMTERVILLE, S. C. JANUARY 22, 1851.

NO. 13.

TERMS.

Two Dollars in advance, Two Dollars and Fifty-cents at the expiration of six months, or Three Dollars at the end of the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Proprietor.

Advertisements inserted at 75 cts. per square, (14 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 semi-monthly the same as now ones.

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

Rev. Patience Ross, is a travelling Agent for this paper, and is authorized to receive subscriptions and receipt for the same.

Miscellaneous.

The Power of Kindness.

The following anecdote was narrated at a meeting lately held in behalf of education:

A certain British school was remarkable for the rough and savage disposition of the boys who composed it. In consequence it had obtained the unenviable designation of "The Bull-dog School." The teacher under whose supervision this state of things existed, and who seemed quite unable to remedy it, was accordingly dismissed. His successor, aware of these circumstances, and earnestly desiring the welfare of his charge, began by inquiring what mode or principle of action would be most likely to secure it. After much thought, he concluded that kindness was the key to the hearts, and observantly waited for some favorable opportunity to test its worth. Such an occasion soon occurred. One of the boys became dangerously ill. The teacher called upon him. This was altogether without precedent; a report was soon circulated, and a good impression was suddenly made.—When the school met, the teacher informed the boys about their companion, and inquired if two would agree to call every day, and ascertain the state of his health. The idea was novel. Like new things, it was cheerfully received, and the boys regularly acted upon it. Their school-fellow had been ordered to have some wine. His parents were very poor and had not the means for complying with this order. The teacher became aware of the fact. He then, after telling the circumstances to his scholars, asked if they could at all help in this matter. One and another immediately cried out, "I will give a penny," "I will give a farthing," and so on, according to their little resources. A collection was made. The requisite sum minus sixpence, was obtained. The master inquired if all had been given they could spare. "Yes," it was said to be so near the attainment of their object, and yet, after all disappointed. Silence prevailed. At last, one little fellow said, "Won't you give the sixpence teacher?" "Certainly, I only waited for you to ask me," was the reply. All countenances were bright with joy. The wants of their sick school-fellow were met; his health was in due time restored. But the influence of this act of kindness did not cease with its occasion. The boys had felt the luxury of doing good. The school from that time became quite reformed; a proof how correctly they judge and act, who not only train the intellect, but also the hearts of the young. No principle is so powerful for good in the education of mind, as that of intelligent kindness—the love which, while it does not overlook wrong doing, shows that it is not quenched by it, and that furnishes a constant and powerful impulse to goodness.—*Christian Chronicle.*

THE WOOD-SHED.—My dear Amelia, said a dandy falling upon his knees before his adorable. "I have long wished for this opportunity, but hardly dare speak now, for fear you will reject me; but I love you—say, will you be mine? You would be to me every thing desirable—everything my heart could wish—your smiles would shed light upon my life, and your tears would be my consolation." Here the dandy came to a pause. "Your smiles would shed," and again came to a stop, for he could not think of a word suitable to be applied.

"Never mind the wood-shed," exclaimed Amelia's younger brother, who had slipped in the room unperceived, at this moment "but go on with your courting."

MENTAL PHENOMENA.

Heinrich Zschokke, who like, Goethe, lived to receive patriarchal honors from men of letters, was one of the most eminent literary men of Germany. His tales, which were generally designed, under a fictitious veil, to teach important philosophical, and political and social truths, had an unbounded popularity. Some of his religious and political writings produced a deep impression on the popular mind of Germany. His autobiography, which was published a few years ago in London, is a model of simplicity, frankness and earnestness, and introduces the reader into familiar acquaintance with his inner life. It contains some curious revelations of mental phenomena, which remind one forcibly of the reveries of Swedenborg. In these days of superstitious credulity, such facts if they can be considered credible, will be treasured up as a basis for a new and comprehensive spiritual philosophy. We extract for the amusement of our readers, his novel description of the power of "inward sight," with which he was sometimes favored.—*Christian Chronicle.*

"It is well known that the judgment is not seldom form, at the first glance, of persons hitherto unknown, is more correct than that which is the result of longer acquaintance.—The first impression that through some instinct of the soul attracts or repels us with strangers, is afterwards weakened or destroyed by custom, or by different appearances. We speak in such cases of sympathies or antipathies, and perceive these effects frequently among children, to whom experience in human character is wholly wanting. Others are incredulous on this point, and have recourse rather to the art of physiognomy—*Not for my own sake.*

It has happened to me sometimes on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances there-with connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life has passed quite involuntarily, and as it were dream-like, yet perfectly distinct before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the strangers life that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown wherein I undesignedly read, nor distinctly hear, the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories. By way of jest, I once in a familiar family circle at Kirchberg related the secret history of a seamstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; people were astonished and laughed, but were not persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke, for what I had uttered was the literal truth; I on my part was no less astonished that my dream pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and when properly admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me, the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consternation on their part. I myself had less confidence than any one in this mental jugglery. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer: "It was not so." I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke. Instead of many I will mention one example, which pre-eminently astounded me. One fair day in the city of Waldshut, I entered an inn, (the Vine,) in company with two young student-foresters; we were tired with rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous society at the table-d'hotel, where the guests were making very merry with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss,

"What demon inspires you? Must I again believe in possession?" exclaimed the spiritual Johann von Rigi, who in the first hour of our acquaintance, I related his past life to him, with the avowed object of learning whether or no I possessed myself. We speculated long on the enigma, but even his penetration could not solve it.

with Mesmer's magnetism, Lavater's physiognomy, &c., &c. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by their mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man who sat opposite us, and who had allowed himself extraordinary licence. This man's former life was at that moment presented to my mind. I turned to him, and asked whether he would answer me candidly if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me? That would be going a little further, I thought, than Lavater did with his physiognomy. He promised if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant; his school years, his youthful errors, and lastly with a fault committed in reference to the strong box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room with whitened walls, where to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box, &c. &c. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I alone occasionally interrupted, by inquiring whether I spoke the truth? The startled young man confirmed every particular and even, what I had scarcely expected, the last mentioned. Touched by his candour, I shook hands with him over the table, and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. He is probably still living.

I can well explain to myself how a person of lively imagination, may form as in a romance, a correct picture of the actions and passions of another person, under certain circumstances. But whence came those trifling accessories which no wise concerned me, and in relation to people for the most part indifferent to me, with whom I neither had, nor desired to have any connexion? Or, was the whole matter a constantly recurring accident? Or, had my auditor, perhaps, when I related the particulars of his former life very different views to give of the whole, although in his first surprise, and misled by some resemblance, he had mistaken them for the same? And yet impelled by this very doubt, I had several times given myself trouble to speak of the most insignificant things which my waking dream had revealed to me. I shall not say another word on this singular gift of vision, of which I cannot say it was ever of the slightest service; it manifested itself rarely, quite independently of my will, and several times in reference to persons whom I cared little to look through. Neither am I the only person in possession of this power. On an excursion I once made with two of my sons, I met with an old Tyrolese who carried oranges and lemons about the country, in a house of public entertainment, in lower Hanenstein, one of the passes of the Jura. He fixed his eyes on me for some time, then mingled in the conversation; and said that he knew me, although he knew me not, and went to relate what I had done and striven to do in former times, to the consternation of the country people present and the great admiration of my children, who were diverted to find another person gifted like their father. How the old lemon merchant came by his knowledge he could explain neither to me nor to himself; he seemed nevertheless, to value himself somewhat upon his mysterious wisdom.

TOM TRIANGLE, OR, LOVE AND GEOMETRY.
Tom Triangle was my chum at college. He was, for the most part, a clever, good humored fellow, though somewhat less addicted to learning than to gin and joking. Often do the merry hours that we spent together come back and look me in the face—not pale and ghost-like, but fresh and breathing, with pleasant and familiar smiles—come and dance round me with their "quips and cranks," and uproarious laughers, with the odor of fragrant Havannas, floating in their yellow locks; and now and then luridly shining through clouds of smoke, the face of some Tutor or Professor gleaming with immortal indignation.

But, *nemo sine vitis*—there was one exception to Tom's good humor. He would suffer no jokes upon his name. Truly, it was an unfortunate name; and, as Will Whiston was wont to say, "neither looked well written, nor sounded well spoken, besides being nearly as dangerous to utter as those nine-cornered Dutch oaths that came so near choking William the Tenth!" Upon all other subjects, even though at his own expense, his laugh was free and hearty; but whenever his name was the text, Tom growled and looked wolfish. It was evidently a sore subject with him, but exactly why none knew. He was so well liked, that this singular humor was generally respected; but, one day, a classmate, more waggish than wise, slapping him on the shoulder, said: "Tom, I've a problem for you." "State it," said my chum.

"If the three angles of a right-angle triangle are equal to two right angles, what are the angles of a Tom Triangle equal to?"

"Sir," replied Tom, "if you mean plain geometry, I can't go beyond the book, I'll demonstrate a Tom Triangle to you at ten paces!"

"He did so, and the curious student sacrificed a finger to the cause of science.

At remote and uncertain periods, also, varying from one to two weeks. Tom became gloomy and abstracted; sighed, muttered indistinctly of destiny, and read *Œdipus à la carte*, *Remedio Anoris*. I suspected him. He said hard things of women in general. My suspicions changed to conviction. The blind archer had winged him, giving one of those wounds that "kill not, but ne'er heal." He shunned women—it must then be an old matter. I determined to probe him.

"Tom," said I, one evening, as he leaned back in his easy chair, lazily watching smoke from his cigar, which, for a moment, lovingly enveloped his nose, and then curled slowly upwards in blue wreaths to the ceiling; "Tom, have you ever been in love?"

Tom said nothing, but the end of his seegar grew very red, and a fierce glance shot out from under his eyebrows.

"My dear fellow," said I, repeating the question, and not seeming to notice these signs of a storm, "have you ever been in love?"

"Yes," thundered he, starting up like a shell from a mortar, and upsetting a chair upon my tenderest com.

"Heavens! What in the name of Euclid is the meaning of all this, my worthy Triangle?" exclaimed I, chucking, in spite of my agony, at the good shot I had made.

"Confound the sex!" said Tom, striding across the floor.

"Calm yourself, my dear fellow, and let us know what 'secret black & midnight hag' has brewed this tempest."

"It's a villainous world," said Tom, "and woman hath made it such!"

"Heaven help you," replied I, "you are certainly losing your senses, and uttering rank treason against beauty and loveliness."

"Without the smile from a certain beauty woman, Oh, what were man?—a world without a sun!"

"Think of that, Tom, and repent."

"All nonsense," said my still excited chum; "Eve, the first woman, put her foot into the fountain of human happiness, and stirred up such a deuced quantity of mud that it hasn't run clear to this day; and if every woman since has not done her best to perpetuate the mischief, then I am a shotten herring."

"Quoting ch?—a good sign, by Jove. It argues a return of sanity. Come my Romeo," said I, "sit down

and cleanse your stuffed bosom by a confession."

"Well, be it so"—said Tom, quite meekly, I confess, Ned, that I was a little excited, but your random shot struck me in a tender place." Here Tom slapped his hand upon that portion of his jacket which might be supposed to cover his heart.

"Pooh! laugh off your sorrows, Tom, if you have any. Democritus was a greater philosopher than Socrates, or Plato. But your story," said I, "let's have it." What impertinent jade has thrown cold water on the fire of love, and raised such a smoke in your kitchen?"

"Ned, pass those cigars."

Tom lighted a Havanna, whiffed a minute in profound silence, looked a little foolish, and commenced:

"My love began like this cigar, in fire, and ended, as it will, in smoke."

"Bah! don't get sentimental, Tom—let us have the facts."

"Permit me, Ned, to remind you of the advice you gave me a minute since; calm yourself."

"A hit, Tom, a palpable hit—but proceed."

"Before entering college, I officiated as teacher in the academy of a pleasant village in Connecticut, called West Hartford. All these village academies are attended both by boys and girls. Among those favored with my learned instruction was Lizzy Temple—the most bewitching girl I ever saw. She was just seventeen, overflowing with merriment, tall, and charmingly developed in every thing that makes up maiden beauty. Her fingers looked like ivory tooth-picks for Apollo; her nose and forehead were Grecian, or as nearly so as any thing Saxon ever approaches it, her face was full of expression—a little wicked too, sometimes—and slightly original in complexion; her hair, dark, jetty ringlets, wavy neck and shoulders, like a beautiful drapery furnished by the gods, for charms that fully seen, might drive men to madness; her eyes were black—and voluptuous, and her lips!—Oh!

"On their fiery labyrinth, when she smiled, The soul was lost."

"Take a glass of ice-water?"

"Ned, be silent."

"Excuse me, Tom—I thought the suggestion opportune."

"Well, Ned, I loved her madly, & it was deemed hard to keep the pupils from finding out it. A fellow who can be passionately in love, and never suffer it to appear, in motion or feature, with his charmer always before him, had better take to diplomacy. He has in him, the elements of a Talleyrand. But I was not alone in this. One of the boys in the latter class had the impudence to be particularly sweet to Lizzy. He was always by her side out of school, and when in, looking over his book and conjugating 'Aino' with his eyes. He delighted me one day, by violating some rule, and the way I pitched into him would have furnished at least a chapter to any one investigating the 'philosophy of punishment.' Hang me, Ned, if I ever flogged a fellow before or since, with such hearty good will.

"Of course I felt great interest in the progress of Lizzy, and was often at her desk, mending her pens, or leaning over her shoulder, my face almost in contact with her love-provoking lips, apparently to examine her writing, or aid in demonstrating some problem in her geometry; and then, when her sweet breath stole over my cheek, and her young bosom, straining against her bodice, rose and fell before me like a bark on the silver sea of love, I"

"Kissed her, Tom?"

"Ned, you're vexatious."

"I'm sorry."

"The Temples, her parents, were very polite to me, and had been known to say that I was quite a promising young man—only a little too gay, and fond of worldly vanities—such as dress, and girls, besides. Of course, I reciprocated their good feeling, and exclaimed in all sincerity, *Temple quarro dilecta*—especially when they invited me to tea, or offered me a seat in their pew, and so gave me a chance of sitting with Lizzy. Her father, Squire Temple, was a clever old soul, with a nose as long as his queue; the principal business of which seemed to be to support a large pair of iron-rimmed spectacles, and kept the place like a school-boy's finger, when he read

the statutes of his religious neighbors. I went frequently to his house, and spent the evening—drank his cider, praised his pippins, discussed the weather, neighborhood quarrels, and the last sermon, till he fell asleep; and then talked, laughed, pulled cards, and played 'Fox and Geese,' with Lizzy, while—

"Ahl Tom, played the fox in another game, while old Temple was snoring—and got blowed ch?"

"Ned, you're insufferable! By the immortal Jove! if you interrupt me again, I'm off to our club, and you may fill up the story at your leisure."

"I'm dumb."

"I was in a sad pickle. My passion for Lizzy, fed by a daily sight of her beauty, and girlish grace, swelled like a creek in a January thaw; but it had no outlet. It would not do to be known as teacher and lover. I had nothing to do but look and love, and long—and keep my mouth shut. O Tantalus! said I, with a tolerable appreciation of his doom. O Tantalus! victim of eternal thirst! looking forever with parched mouth and burning eyeballs, upon water—cool, inviting, bubbling up to thy very lips, which thou must not taste—here's a fellow to match thee! Thou art miserable, unquestionably; but just let the gods take away this water, and put Lizzy Temple in its place, with like restrictions, and I reckon you would not make much by its change! Hang me, Ned, if I don't think he would have lost by it. Love is a troublesome thing, when it gets into a fellow and can't get out. If those unfortunate swine, into whom the devils entered of old, felt half as bad as I did, I don't wonder they cut for the sea. I believe the only thing that saved me from a strait jacket, was the certainty that a few months would close the infernal school, and give me a chance to worship at the shrine of the beautiful Temple."

"That time came at last," said Tom, with a most luxurious expression, in which the pathetic, the dismal and the reckless were curiously blended. "The term closed, and I was happy, Ned, as a French prisoner, breaking from the old Bastille into sunlight and liberty. No sooner had the last scholar disappeared through the door, with his green satchel slung over his shoulder, than I leaped to the door, and broke into a hornpipe, that would have beaten the witches in Alloway's auld haunted Kirk." The sweet hope of winning Lizzy, so long repressed, acted upon me like a draught of exhilarating gas; and faith, and I am inclined to think it was about the same thing.

"Two evenings afterwards, I took a walk with Lizzy. We sauntered through the village, and into the park; and there, beneath the stars and the moonlight, I told her my earnest—passionate love. I forget exactly what I said, but it was tender, I assure you—and worse than that, it was truthful; for I loved her as warmly as Abelard his Heloise.—At that time I never expected to smile again, if she said 'No.' Well Ned, I told her all—and then ventured the ugly question."

Here Tom's voice grew husky, and beads of perspiration began to appear on his forehead. There was a convulsive twitching about his eyes and the corners of his mouth, when, after looking a minute or so, in profound silence, at his boots, he turned to me and asked:

"What do you think her reply was, Ned?"

"Couldn't guess, Tom; probably she intimated that she was too young to marry—or perhaps, that she would like to examine a few more goods before she made a selection!"

"No, you could not guess it Ned, no man could guess it! 'Twas an outrage—a peace of unwomanly cruelty. She!—Tom was becoming very much excited—she said, with a heartless laugh that rings in my ears yet, that she never liked Geometry, and thought it would be exceedingly dull to be all one's life—*demonstrating Triangles!*"

"The next morning I found myself in bed, but when I went or how I came there, I never knew. There was a panel out of the door, a broken chair in the middle of the room, and my best broad cloth coat was hanging on the candle as an extinguisher. Three months afterwards she married that young scoundrel whom I flogged so soundly for loving!

"Ha! ha! ha! Forgive me Tom, for—ha, ha, ha!"

"Ned," said Tom, with a melancholy smile,—"Ned, pass those cigars!"

Driesbach and his Tiger on a Steam-boat.

On Wednesday last Herr Driesbach, the celebrated tamer of wild beasts, received at Zanesville a telegraphic dispatch to come to Cincinnati and bring with him his pet—the great Brazilian tiger, one of the most ferocious animals ever tamed. Herr, accordingly, took a double berth on the steamer 'Julia Dean,' putting down the names on the Clerk's book 'Herr Driesbach' first berth, 'Col. Alexander' (the name Herr gives the old tiger) second berth. Herr remarked that the Colonel was a queer old fellow, accustomed to 'sleeping out,' and had, withal, a peculiar fancy—he would sleep on nothing but straw! The chambermaid took away the bed, and replaced it with a full supply of that article. Business, and preparation to start, went on. Just before the last bell, Herr and the tiger made their appearance in the cabin opposite the state-room door. The Clerk hearing an unusual stir in the cabin, opened his office door, and looking down the cabin, spied the glaring eyes and savage body of His Royal Majesty! He recognized Herr Driesbach, but he did not relish the appearance of Col. Alexander! Still he did not feel like ordering the party ashore. He felt a repugnance to that undertaking, and concluded to allow things to take their wonted course. Herr unlocked his state-room door, and His Majesty, at a bound, was on his straw bed.

After a little time spent in arranging the state-room, Herr satisfied the Clerk and others that his pet was entirely under his command, and immediately proceeded to the top of the cabin, where he could be reached by His Royal Majesty, or himself, which was brought into the state-room by the trembling waiter, who had forgotten to bring with him the requisite accompaniment—pure water. As a punishment, Herr told the tiger to "take the corner," which he did, and stopping quickly out, locked the astonished boatman in, while he went for the water. The man was so frightened that he spoke not, neither did he move till Herr returned and stated to him that he need have no fears, as the tiger would keep his place until he ordered him to rise. When night came, Driesbach locked his state-room, bid His Majesty good night, and went to bed in the upper berth, and the "happy couple" had a good and peaceful night's rest. On arriving at our wharf, Col. Alexander showed his approbation of the boat by giving two or three growls, interpreted as approbatory by Herr, and the party sought a hack, which, then found, happened to be driven by a sod of the Emerald Isle.

At first sight the driver utterly refused to take the "beast," but was perfectly willing that Driesbach should be accommodated. His fears were allayed, however, by the tiger jumping inside, and he drove to the Dennison House; but Dennison resolutely refused to allow His Royal Majesty to take rooms at his hotel, and Driesbach was obliged to take rooms for his friend at Wood's Museum, while he returned to Dennison's, the nearest and best place he could find. We presume that such an instance of travel has never before been recorded.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

MANNING SCHOLARSHIP.—We learn that the enjoyment of this munificence of our fellow-citizen, Col. Manning, has just been conferred by the Faculty of the South Carolina College, upon Joshua Hudson, of Chester District, now a member of the junior class. We learn also, that it is most worthily bestowed, in a way to illustrate the wisdom and beneficence of the founder, and to redound to the advantage of the State, by educating for its service an indigent young man of worth and talents. We are not aware of a more graceful and elegant use of wealth, than this act of our distinguished citizen, Col. John L. Manning, which is not only twice blessed, but beyond the present time, promises a future harvest of blessings to the State, in the services of meritorious and well-educated citizens.—*Columbia Telegraph 14th inst.*

ELECTION OF SENATORS.—Thos. H. Benton has been re-elected Senator from Missouri.

Richard Bronthead, Democrat, elected Senator from Pennsylvania.