The Sumter Banner.

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☞ Rev. Frederick Rush, is a travelling Agent for this paper, and is authorized to receive subscriptions and receipt for the same.

Miscellany.

Labor-Saving washing Fluid.

'Quails,' the queer correspondent of the Boston Museum, who is dodging about the country, picking up and inventing all sorts of good things, relates the following laughable story. which he pretends to get from a Vermonter in a stage coach:

'Well, gentlemen, I live in the State of Vermont, and in the village of ——: 'taint no matter, where I live- the story is just as good without being located: so, as I once before stated, I live in the State of Vermont —in one of the largest and most flourishing villages in the State— have a wife and one child, and have for the last year boarded a young physician, who will probably one day or another be master of his profession, and is now, for aught I know; but he [illegible] he might [illegible] off, that's sartain! But that's neither here nor there, at this part of my story: so, as I was going to say, about a year ago, my wife did'nt enjoy very good health, and it came very hard for her to do the washing, although our family of course, wasn't very large, inasmuch as I at that time, didn't have the pleasure, nor honor of being a father; —but as I was saying, it came mighty hard for wife to do the washing, and it always made her sick for a day or two afterwards; and as I was trying to find a girl, one day, I dropped in a store to talk the matter over, and says the merchant to me, says he—

'There aint no necessity for having a washerwoman, now,' says he, 'for I have got a dozen bottles of a patent labor-saving washing fluid, that'll make your clothes just as clean as new, by just stirring them up in a tub with a stick, and letting 'em hang on a line to dry.'

'What do you charge for a bottle of it?' says I.

'Well, seein' it's you, (says he) you may have a bottle of it for seventy-five cents, though I calculate to sell 'em generally, for a dollar a bottle.'

'If sixty-two and a half cents will pay for a bottle, (says *I*,) I'll take it home and say no more about it.'

'Well, seein' it's you,' says he, take it along, but don't tell nobody what you paid for it, or it would ruin my business with the neighbors,' and then, says he—'After you have used it once or twice, and find that it starts the dirt as I tell you 'twill, I'd like for you to give me a recommendation to put in the newspapers, and I will make it all right at the end of the quarter.'

'Certainly,' says I, 'if the fluid comes up to the scratch, I'll do the handsome thing by you.'

'Well, gentlemen, this was on a Saturday afternoon, about four o'clock, and I took my big black bottle of fluid, put it in my overcoat pocket and started for home. Now, thinks I to myself, wife always picks up her clothes Sunday night and does up the washing Monday morning, after breakfast; and so 'twould be a good joke for me not to let her know anything about this blessed fluid, but get up Monday morning, while she is asleep, put the clothes in a tub pour on the fluid, stir 'em up with a stick, and then hang them up to dry. 'Lord!' says I to myself, right in the street, as loud as I am talking now, 'I'll do it, by ginger. if *I* have to get up at two o'clock!' So when I gets home I just takes the bottle of fluid out in the wood-shed, and pokes it up on a high shelf among a lot of old beer bottles and blacking boxes, and went whistling around the house just as if nothing had'nt happened.

'Saturday night I went to market just as usual; and Sunday we both went to church in the forenoon, and stayed at home and talked about our future prospects in the afternoon; but I kept a keeping still about the fluid, and I did'nt let on but what I expected she would do the washing the next morning just the same as ever. But I did'nt sleep much that night. I kept a thinking about stirring up that tub of clothes, and getting 'em out to dry before daylight —Once I got into a short dose, and dreamed I was swimming across a deep river of washing-fluid, and the rocks at the bottom and both sides, were all petrified shirt bosoms and pillow cases, and there was an old washerwoman on the banks of the river, who kept a stirring on us up with a long pole. I reckon I woke up about five o'clock; for 'twas about half between daylight and dark, and I could just see the leastest streak of light in the world, among the clouds around the tops of the green mountains. I turns over and looks at my wife, and she was sleeping as sound as a dead salmon: so I carefully slides out o'bed, hurries on my clothes, and in less than ten minutes had the old wash-tub filled clear to the top with all of wife's white clothes, and all I could find of my own. I pours in about a pailful-and-a-half of clean rain-water, and then goes out in the wood-shed, takes down the bottle of fluid, walks back to the tub, and pours her all in. Lord! but 'twould have done you good to heard it sis!

'Well,' says I, to myself, 'if that's the dirt coming out, it makes a good deal of [illegible] about it, [illegible] guess it's going up the thing handsomely.' So after letting it sit for about a minute, *I* takes up an old broom-handle that was standing near, and wallops the thing about, like a lamb's tail in fly-time, for about three minutes, and then takes hold of 'em with my hands to string 'em out on the fence. But, gentlemen, you'd believe I dropped that ere pile o'duds mighty sudden!—bilin' water wasn't a circumstance to 'em, and afore *I* could get my hands in a pail of fresh water! I thought my soul I should lose 'em both For about a minute, I was as mad as a scratched kitten, but I finally thought I couldn't wake up *my* wife with my bellering, but hang out the bilin' duds with the old broom-handle and let 'em drean and dry on the fence; but the plagay things never cooled to the last minute, and every time a drop of the pesky fluid spattered on my hands or face, it burnt worse than a half a bushel basket full of live coals. I soon got tired of that sport, however, and before I had got out on the fence half of what was in the tub, I just washed off my hands and face in some cool rain water, and streaked it off to bed. But *I* couldn't sleep a wink; my hands pained me so that I had to keep a blewing on 'em to keep from bellering, so says I to my wife, says I.

'Susan, hadn't you better get up and put your clothes to soak?'

'Ho, hu-u-m,' says she, rubbing her eyes with her thumb joint, and kind o'winking, as if she was half asleep. 'Yes John, *I* guess I had; but how long have you been awake?'

'Oh, sometime,' says I, blowing my hands and digging my legs with my toe-nails all the time to keep from groaning! 'but get up now Susan, do, dear, or you'll be late with your breakfast, and I've got to go out of town this morning on important business.'

'If that's the case,' says she, 'I'll certainly hurry.'

'You may depend upon it, gentlemen, I was in a mighty uncomfortable fix about that time! I wanted to groan like a dying horse and have something cooling wrapped around my fingers; and then again, I didn't want to make no noise, till wife had seen how nice I had fixed things. Well, wife she hurried and dressed herself and went out in the kitchen to fill up the tub, and in a few minutes I overheard her say to herself, says she—

'Good heavens and earth! What does all this mean? I never put these things to soak! John! John! Get up and come here, do!

'I am under a strong impression, gentlemen that this customer wasn't very slow in his movements about that time, for in less than forty seconds I was there, and says I—

'What's the matter, Susan? What's the matter?'

'Why. do look here,' says she, 'somebody has put all of my best clothes in this tub, and then put something on them, which has entirely ruined them!'

'Ha ha, ha!' says I, 'well, Susan, I suppose I might as well own up to the joke at once, for my hands ache so that I can't hold in any longer. It's nothing but washing fluid and it cleans the clothes without any rubbing, and it's well it does, for no pair of hands in this world could stand to do the rubbing. I got up this morning while you were asleep, and done up the whole washing, and hung part of 'em out on the fence to dry.'

'While I was saying this, wife she took a little stick, and in trying to lift out of the tub one of her—or that is one of her garments, by ginger! the tarnal thing burst in two! right through the middle; one half holding on to the stick, and t'other half falling back into the tub! Although I was suffering from my burnt hands, and was as mad as a Green Mountain catamount, at what the infernal fluid had done, I couldn't a kept from laughing that moment, if I'd a died for it.

'Wife took a peep at the clothes on the fence—called up the young doctor to dress my hands, and then set down and had a good crying spell. The doctor hurried into the room, and after seeing wife a sitting in the rocking-chair a crying, and me a walking the room and groaning like a fall wind in a graveyard, says he—

'In the name of calomel and not [illegible] what's the matter [illegible]

'Nothing particular, says I 'only *I've* burnt up all the clothes in this house and both of my hands with a bottle of thundering washing fluid that I've been experimenting with.'

The doctor looked at my hands, and says he—

'Where's the bottle?'

'Out on the door-step,' says I.

'The doctor went and looked at the bottle, and then went out in the woodshed and took a peep at the old beer bottles and blacking boxes, and, after swearing a little to himself, came back into the kitchen, and says he—

'We'l you have immortalized yourself and no mistake, and you shall be known hereafter as the Washing Fluid Experimenter.'

'What in the thunder are you laughing at?' says I.

'Why,' says he, 'your bottle of washing fluid stands out on the shelf where you put it, I suppose; and you have used up a quart and a half of the best quality of oil of vitriol, that *I've* had on hand these six months.'

'Gentleman, I'm a man that don't use profane language only in extreme cases, but if I didn't make the atmosphere in that room blue for a few moments, then 'twas because I didn't know how. *I* went and smashed up the uncorked bottle of fluid, and swore eternal enmity to everything of the kind, and we've always washed our clothes in the old fashioned way ever since; and if a man ever offers me a bottle of that infernal stuff again he has got to be a smarter man than I am or take a thrashing.'

The Question by Cold Water.—The New York Tribune states that a clandestine correspondence which has been going on among the inmates of the Sing Sing Prison for some time past, was discovered last week.—When first implicated those engaged in it strenuously denied any agency in the matter, but a resort to the usual punishment of the prison—the shower bath—brought forth a full confession. Concerning this mode of punishment the Tribune says:

The person who is to undergo the operation is seated and his legs, arms and head are firmly fastened with wooden clasps, so that he cannot get away from the water nor use his hands to break its force. The water falls about six feet and at the rate of about a barrel a minute, through a piece of iron pierced with quarter inch holes. The officer inflicting the punishment lets on and shuts off the water by means of a cord attached to a valve. Since the lash was abolished, this mode of punishment has been found very efficacious.

Virginia.

We lay before our readers the resolutions adopted in the House of Delegates of the state of Virginia, upon the subject of its relations with the federal Government, and the remaining states of the South. The resolutions tell the country a fact mournfully and disastrously apparent, 'that diversity of opinion exists among the people of that commonwealth in regard to the wisdom, justice and constitutionality of the measures of the late Congress of the U. States, known as the 'compromise measures.' In this, and the furher fact that the elections of Virginia are approaching. and that neither party seems willing to introduce new capital into the party contest—are we to read the riddle of these unintelligible and unmeaning resolutions.

Virginia 'sympathises with South Carolina,' and we suppose the remaining Southern States,' in the feelings excited by the unwarrantable interference of the non-slaveholding states, with their common institutions,' but will have no counsel, co-operation, nor communication with them on the subject of a remedy. 'She cherishes the hope,' which all men beside have abandoned, that these measures of compromise will be the end and termination of the anti-slavery agitation. Under this fallacious, and at this hour, fatuous anticipation, the old commonwealth—no, not the old commonwealth, but about one hundred of her politicians—send Earth and Water to the Federal Monarch, and advise South Carolina to go and do likewise.

The House of Delegates is unfit to act. Its energies are palsied by division, and its spirit bowed down under the malign influence of party divisions. Virginia, [illegible] lead, abandons her [illegible] and [illegible] cheerfully [illegible] of the Southern States, and even seeks to reduce their spirit to the low level of submission to acknowledged injustice, and of seeking security in the delusive dreams that they are now involved in no danger.

This view of her position will be fraught with mischief—incurable mischief—to the Union and to the South.

The Southern States would all have concurred in a result which would have afforded full, complete, and adequate securities for the future. A union of the South, under the guidance of Virginia, in the adoption of a proud, high-toned and magnanimous policy, comprehending a full view of the past and the future, might—for even this is doubtful—have ensured the stability of the confederation. Her present proceedings denote self-desertion. They will be regarded in South Carolina and throughout the South a smarked by pusillanimity—an indifference to and forgetfulness of the high honor and noble principles of Jefferson, Madison, Taylor of Caroline, Tazewell, Randolph, and their compeers.

We have characterised this vote as an act of submission—as the sending of earth and water by Virginia to the imperial department of this government as tokens of submission

One cannot but advert to the condition of Greece and of Athens at the time of the Persian invasion, when we consider the position of the South and of South Carolina. Our institutions are the subject of incessant and unwarrantable attacks through the Northern States. Virginia is not afraid to say that. They are attacked from abroad, and thus beleaguered, what is our condition? We are afraid to know or to speak to one another?

The first preparation of the Persians, says the Historian, 'did not produce the effect which might have been anticipated in the Grecian States. Far from uniting against the common foe, they still cherished a frivolous and unreasoning jealousy of each other. Several readily sent the symbols (earth and water) of their allegiance to the Persians, including the whole of Beotia, except only the Thespians and Plateans. The more timorous States imagined themselves safe from the vengeance of the barbarians: the more resolute were overwhelmed with dismay. The renown of the Median arms was universally acknowledged. Even united, the whole navy of Greece seemed insufficient to contend against such a foe; and divided among themselves, several of the States were disposed rather to succumb than resist: 'And here' says the father, 'I feel compelled to assert an opinion, however invidious it may be to many. If the Athenians, terrified by the danger, had forsaken their country, or submitted to the Persian King, there would have been no resistance by sea. The Spartans, deserted by their allies, would have died with honor or yielded from necessity, and all Greece have been reduced to the Persian yoke. The Athenians were thus the deliverers of Greece. They animated the ardor of those States, which yet were faithful to themselves: and next to the gods, they were the true repellers of the invader. Even the Delphic oracles, dark and ominous as they were, did not shake their purpose, nor induce them to abandon Greece.' The Delphic oracles, in the darkened counsels of the Virginia resolutions, have come; we shall see with what effect upon the unterrified and heroic people to whom they are addressed.—*Mobile Tribune.*

Capital Punishment in Morocco.—A late letter from Tangier has the following account of a case of capital punishment:—In my last I believe I gave you an account of a Moorish execution. Another instance of capital punishment here was attended with the following singular circumstances. A Moor o the village of Sharf had shot with a pistol, in the market at Tangier, a fellow villager whom he suspeced of intimacy with his wife. The brother of the murdered man started immediately for Meyuinez, where the Sultan was then residing, and claimed the life of the murderer. The Sultan heard the complaint, acknowledged the justice of the demand and summoning the plaintiff into his presence, delivered the following decision:

'We grant you our permission to take the life of the [illegible] brother, with the same instrument of death with which he was assassinated, and on the same spot, and at the same hour of the day. 'But,' added the Sultan, 'why seekest thou also to be a manslayer? Accept the price of blood which is lawful unto true believers, and we will guarantee you its payment from our Sharfian lands and two hundred mitzakel shall be the sum.'

To this the plaintiff replied: Can that sum puchase me a brother?'

'Go thy way,' said the Sultan; 'we have heard and understood, a letter will be given you by the vizier, in which our mandate shall be written.'

Furnished with the sentence of death the man returned to Tangier, and presented it to the Governor. On the same day of the week and at the same hour, the murderer was brought out of prison and seated on the very spot wher he had taken his fellow villager's life, while crowds of people attended to witness his death. The pistol was now given to the brother of the murdered man, who loaded it, went up to the criminal walked slowly round him, and said, 'In the presence of God and man, I call upon you to answer me truly: Didst thou slay my brother?' To this the criminal replied, 'I did.' One of the multitude now stepping forward, addressed the brother of the murdered man: 'Accept the price of blood;' said he, 'and *I* promise you one hundred ducats in addition, which those will gladly give'

'Worthless words,' said the villager; and again he walked round his victim. Again he asked him the same question, and again the same reply was given. A second offer was now made of two hundred ducats; and again the villager walking around the crimnal, repeated his question, adding, 'Say what thou believest; *I* am about to take thy life.'

'That God is God, and Mahomed is the Prophet of God,' responded the crimnal.

Scarcely were the words uttered, when the pistol was discharged. The muzzle had been placed at the small of the back, being the same spot where he had shot the man for whom he was now about to die; but the wretched crimnal, although mortally wounded, did not expire for some hours.

The Crystal Palace by Moonlight.—The clear nights and the full bright moon, says Leigh Hunt's Journal, have enabled us to see the Crystal Palace in a new light—that of moonlight, and certainly, like Melrose, you must see it by moonlight if you would see it rightly. Under the blue cloudless azure of the heavens, studded with its glistening star eyes, the traveller westward sees its elegant proportions sail out into exquisite relief above the long line of Knightbridge Barracks, like a delicate caprice of an evening frost, gracefully disclosing its chaste beauties to its own chaste moon. Approach nearer and a hundred moons sparkle in the tail arched transept, and the 'broken light of stars' smile at you through the web of iron network, and a silver glitter, chequered by the arms of intervening trees, floats outward till it loses itself in the dark distance of the park.

☞ We extract the following little story from Miss Bremer's "Northern Loves and Legends:

"Certainly you have observed how strangely, sometimes, the clouds, at morning and evening, group themselves round the sun, and are lighted up by it, and you have thought, sometimes, 'if this should be represented in painting, people would say it is unnatural; it is not true!' So, even, is human life. We often find events, looking when related or described in books, even, unnatural, and yet are perfectly true to reality, to nature, though not to every day nature. For example, if any one should tell that, once, a first kiss was given by a young, modest lady, publicly, and in a public square, to a young man that she saw for the first time, certainly all young ladies and old ladies, and young gentlemen and old gentlemen, would, with one voice. call out, 'it is not true; it is impossible.' Well, I entreat your attention to the following little story, for whose truth and reality I will be responsible.

A FIRST KISS.

[illegible] University of Upsala [illegible] young student, a lonely youth, with a great love for studies, but without means of pursuing them. He was poor and without connections. Still he studied on living in great poverty, but keeping up a cheerful heart, and trying not to look at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and good qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. Once he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala, prating away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young men became arrested by a very young and elegant lady, who, at the side of an elderly one, walked slowly over the place. It was the daughter of the governor of Upsala, residing in the city, and the lady with her was her governess.—She was generally known for her beauty, and for her goodness and gentleness of character, and was looked upon with great admiration by the students. As the young men now stood silently gazing at her as she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them exclaimed: 'Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a pretty mouth!'

The poor student, the hero of our story, who was looking intently at that pure and angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration, "Well, I think I could have it." "What!" cried his friends in a chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her? etc. "Not at all," he answered; "but I think she would kiss me. just now, if I asked her."—"What! in this place, before all our eyes?" "In this place, before your eyes." "Freely?" "Freely." 'Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars!" "And I?" "And I!" cried three or four others, for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and bets ran high on so improbable an event, and the challenge was made and received in less time than we take to relate it.

Our hero—my authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain—I have my peculiar reasons for believing that he was rather plain, but singularly good looking at the same time—our hero walked off to meet the young lady. He bowed to her and said, My lady (*min froleen*,) my fortune is in your hand." She looked at him in astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspirations, and related simply and truly what had just passed between him and his companions. The young lady listened attentively, and when he had ceased to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness: 'If by so little a thing so much good could be effected, it would be foolish in me to refuse your request"—and she kissed the young man publicly in the open square.

Next day, the young student was sent for by the governor. He wanted to see the young man who had dared to ask a kiss of his daughter in that way, and whom she had consented to kiss so. He received him with a severe and scrutinizing brow, but, after an hour's conversation, was so pleased with him, that he offered him to dine at his table during the course of his studies in Upsala.

Our young friend now pursued his studies in a manner which soon made him regarded as the most promising scholar at the University. Three years were not passed after the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second to the lovely daughter of the governor, as his betrothed bride.

He became, later, one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, as much respected for his learning as for his character. His works will endure for ever among the works of science, and from his happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden in the present day, and whose wealth of fortune and high position in society are regarded as small things, compared with its wealth and goodness of love.

From Cuba.—The New Orleans Picayune mentions rumors of an outbreak in Cuba. One report had it that negroes on some of the plantations in the interior had risen upon their masters; another story was to the effect that a revolution against the authorities had been started and was making headway.

The Delta gives an explanation *It* says that these rumors had their origin in a [illegible] well known in New Orleans, that a large number of the [illegible] have been leaving [illegible] of this month, for Vuelta Abajo, with a view of joining the revolutionary movements as soon as it breaks out. This movement has been hastened by the orders which have been issued for the arrest of the leading patriots in Havana, and other parts of the Island. A considerable number of them have retired to the mountains, carrying with them an entire company of Spanish soldiers which was stationed at San Cristobal, at the foot of the Cuzco mountains, and many deserters from the army. These mountains afford retreats inaccessible to the Spanish authorities.

As a proof of the secrecy with which the tyrants of Cuba make their arrests, says the Delta, we may state the fact that the arrests referred to were made during the festivities on the occasion of the visit of several distinguished members of our Congress to the Captain General; and yet were not known to those gentlemen before they left Havana.

Novel Interpretation.—We heard the other day of an original and highly ingenious interpretation of a scriptural passage, which throws the acuteness of Clarke and Henry, quite into the shade. A school-boy down east, who was noted among his playfellows for his frolics with the girls, was reading aloud in the Old Testament, when coming to the phrase, 'making the *waste* places glad,' he was asked by the pedagogue what it meant?' The youngster paused—scratched his head—but could give no answer, when up jumped a more precocious urchin and cried out—

'I know what it means, Master. It means *hugging the girls*; for Tom Ross is *allers hugging 'em round the waist, and it makes 'em as glad as can be.*'

Importance of a Single Vote.—One single vote sent Oliver Cromwell to the Long Parliament, Charles Stuart to the scaffold, and revolutionized England. Four votes, in the city of New York, made Thomas Jefferson President of the United States. One vote gave us the tariff of 1842, and one vote made the tariff of 1846. One vote gave us Texas, made war with Mexico, slew thousands of our people, and purchased California; turned thither the tide of emigration, and will change the destiny of the world.

Beautiful Metaphor.—The comparison of the journey of life to a transit across a desert, is very felicitously expressed in the following lines from Charles Wesley:

"Here in the body pent,
Absent from Heaven I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."