THE SUMTER BANNER.

VOLUME II. SUMTERVILLE, SOUTH-CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER 20, 1848. NUMBER 47.

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

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 arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Proprietor.

☞ Advertisements inserted at 75 cts. per square (14 lines or less,) for the first and $37½ cts 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 new ones.

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.

The Subscriber

Begs leave to inform his customers and the the public generally, that he has just received a general assortment of *MEDICINES*, which he will dispose of as low as they can be afforded in this place.

J. I. MILLER, M.D.

NOTICE.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the Public, that his present stock of MEDICINES were purchased in New York, (and with a few exceptions) from the Manufacturers. Purchasers may rely on their being fresh and genuine.

J. I. MILLER,
At the sign of the Golden Mortar.
Sumterville, S. C.

CAMDEN BRANCH.

TEN miles of the CAMDEN BRANCH RAIL ROAD, from the JUNCTION to CLARENDON, are now open for the transportation of Freight and Passengers.

A PASSENGER Train runs daily, in connection with the Trains on the South Carolina Rail Road.

FREIGHT will also be taken to and from this Station, the charges however, on freight to Clarendon, must for the present be paid in advance.

For further particulars, apply to N. D. Baxley, Agent, at Clarendon, or to the Agen'ts on the South Carolina Rail Road.

JOHN McRAE, Eng'r, &c.
Mar. 27, 1848. 23 tf

NOTICE.

The undersigned having this day associated themselves in the Practice of Medicine, under the firm of MELLETT & BRUNSON, and also for the further purpose of carrying on the DRUG BUSINESS in Sumterville, would respectfully solicit the patronage of their friends, and the community at large.—They have, and will constantly keep on hand a large and fresh supply of *DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS*, and every other article that is common to a Drug Store.

One door west of McLean's old stand,
R. S. MELLETT,
W. W. BRUNSON.
May 29, 1848. 31 1y

SEED! SEED!

Just received and for sale at the Old Drug Store, a few Turnip and Cabbage seeds.

J. J. MILLER,
Druggist, Sumterville, S. C.

SOUTH-CAROLINA---SUMTER DIST.

IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

B. N. Penick vs. Benj. J. D. West, } *Declaration in Attach't. Debt.*

Whereas the plaintiff in this action did on this day file his Declaration against Benj. J. D. West the defendant, who is absent from and without the limits of the State of South Carolina, (as it is said) and having neither wife or attorney known, upon whom a copy of the above Declaration with a rule to plead thereto, may be served:—

It is therefore ordered, that the defendant do plead thereto on or before the twenty-fourth day of May next, otherwise final and absolute judgment will be then given and awarded against the said Benj. J. D. West.

J. D. JONES, c. c. c. p.
Clerk's office, Sumter Dist. }
May 23d, 1848. } 31 qf 1ad

SHOES! SHOES!!

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally that he keeps constantly on hand, a complete assortment of Negro, and Welted Shoes, which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms, warranting them to wear as well as any in the State.

J. MORGAN.
Aug. 4, 1848. 40 tf

Just Received,

By DRUCKER & CO., a full and complete supply of *SADLERY, CUTLERY AND HARDWARE*, consisting of almost every article which belongs to the above specified lines, which will be offered at the lowest prices. Enquire at the

CAMDEN BAZAAR,
Opposite the Camden Bank.

Bacon and Lard.

A fine lot of Bacon and Lard on hand and for sale cheap by M. DRUCKER & CO.
Camden, May 10, 1848.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

The subscriber having this day associated with him his son DAVID A. CARSON in the FACTORAGE and COMMISSION BUSINESS, the same will be conducted under the firm of ELISHA CARSON & CO.

ELISHA CARSON.
Aug. 1, 1848. 40 4t

Miscellany.

FROM THE EVENING NEWS.

To Mr. Micajah Brownlow in Weathersfield: Charleston September the 7, 1848.

Dear Sur:—I've put off ritin this letter on account of the election for Mayor and Aldermen, which cum off accordin to program on Monday last—and sich an election as it was! You remember when Simon Cumstock run agin Mike Smash for Town Clark—that was sum, warn't it? but it don't bear no more cumparison to this than a piece of chork does to a metin house. I allers thort we knowed a thing or two bout election; but I've gin that up long ago. We ain't cute, all I kin say is, we ain't cute. Ef you want tu lect your canderdate, or git him liet like blazes, jist start him the day before the election, and you'll do the thing brown.

The boys elected thur canderdate, Hutchinson, ngen, by a cool two hundred and sixty-five; and as he seems to be sich a popular Mayor, I tuk some panes to find out who he was, and all about him. So yesterday I slicked up a trifle, tuk a shave, put on a clean dicky and started for the Mayor's offis.

When I went down intu the bar—I does my fedin at the Charleston Hotel—when I went down, I couldn't find Butterfield, the bar-keper, tu ask him the way; and so I walked up tu a well-drest man a standing in the porch, and says I tu him, says I, Mister, will you tell me which is the way tu the Mayor's offis? As you appear to be a stranger, sir, says he, I'll take pleasure on accumpanying you. That's the way to do the genteel, ain't it? and I will say of these Charleston fellers, all I've seen of them, that they know tu do the perlite thing tu strangers. I told him I was a stranger, that I was much obleeged tu him, and that my name was Slick; so we walked along together, and got into a conversation about the town and its improvements. Says he to me, says he, we're lookin up a little, Mr. Slick,—got a little of your Yankee spirit of improvement agoin at last. We are beginnin tu build Rale Rodes, and lite our city with Gas, and dig Artesian Wells, and fix up the streets, and cetera and so forth. Nothing like impulse. You're right, says I, nothin like it. Things must be done now on the steam engine principla, or not at all.

I've often wondered that Charleston, the chief sea-port of the Rice and Cotton region, should improve so slowly; but I suppose you had'nt the tin. Plenty of that, says he; but we lacked the enterprise; but I think we're a gettin better in that respect fast.

By this time we had cum to the City Hall, and there he left tellin me I would find the offis on the second floor; and I walk't up a long twistification, and landed rite agin it. I met a nigger a standin at the head of the stares, and says I tu him, says I, which is the Mayor's offis. That's it says he, a pintin tu the rite, and in I walk't perpendicklar as a lamp post.

Have I the honor to address the Mayor, says I? I am he, sir, says he; well you take a chair. So I sot down; told him my name; and that as I was a stayin in town a few days, I thort I'd jist cum round, and take a look at him; that public offisers, I believed, was public property, and that folkes had a rite tu call upon them. He smiled, and said he was happy tu see me; asked how long I'd bin in town, and hoped my visit had been agreeable: and that's what I call the way tu receive a stranger: not stare at him, and corf continually, and look as pompous a hen with a speckled chicken.

I never spent a more agreeable haf hour, in my life, than that was; and when I cum away, I war'nt supprised at the immense popularity of the man. I've seen a good menny offishals in my time; but none that cum up to my notion like he did.

I must tell you sumthing about the Charleston women. I've met a good menny in cumpany, and a tarnation sight in the stretes. The way they turn out of an afternoon, in carriages and a foot, in King-street and at the Batery, is alarmin to all bachelors. The Charleston women is generally slender and dark complected; black eyes and hair aint uncommon; but small feet is their karakteristic. I've seen sum of the purtiest little boots in the world, sence I cum here. After all, a woman's *understandin* is her principle *feeture*, and they have it tu perfection.

I've bin struck, in walkin about the streets, with the great contrast in the dress of northern and southern women. Here, they dress as if they were all agoin tu a funeral; there, as if they were hurryin tu a dance. There is a way to dress in black so as to make it the most becomin of all colors; and that is tu relieve it purty considerable with white. Take it altogether, they dress more tu my notion here, than in any place I've bin; and that's sayin a good deal. If there's anything I hate pertickerlerly, it is tu see a good lookin woman puckered and flounced tu death, with a bonnet no bigger than a pint cup, and that sot so fur back, that it's an everlastin puzzle tu know how it stays on at all.

"Beauty when unadorned, is adorned the most," says the poet, and he is rite; for I know *one* instance certain.

But it's most dinner time; and as I got an invite tu dine in the Ladies Ordinary tu day, I must spruce up a trifle.

So no more at present, but remain yours, till death.

JONATHAN SLICK.

A FRENCHMEN DONE BROWN.

BY SAM DUGOUT.

A Frenchman, who was little acquainted with horse jockies, or 'horse flesh,' was grievously 'taken in,' by a cheat, in the purchase of a mare. He gave one hundred dollars for a miserable jade of an old mare that had been fattened up to sell, and she turned out to be ring-boned, spavined, blind, clumsy, and wind-broken. The Frenchman pretty soon discovered that he had been 'used up, in the trade, and went to request the jockey to take back the 'cretur' and refund the money.

'Sare,' said he, 'I've fetch de mare horse vat you sell me, and I vant de money in my pocket back.'

'Your pocket back!' returned the jockey, feigning surprise; I don't understand you, sir!'

'You no stand under me?' exclaimed the Frenchman, beginning to gesticulate juriously; you no stand under me?—Sare, be gar; you be von grand rascale? You be like Sam—like Sam—vat you call de leeting mountain?'

'Sam Hill, I suppose you mean?'

'One, Monsieur! Sam de Hill—yes, sare, you lie like *two* Sam Hill. You sell me your mare horse for von hundred dollairs—he no vort von hundred cent, by gar!'

'Why, what's the matter with the beast?'

'Mattair! say me! Mattair! do you say? Vy, he's all mattair—he no go at all—he got no leg, no feet, no vind—he blind like von stone vid dis eye—he no see nobody at all vid lat eye—he go *r-heeso, r-heeso*, like von forge hammar bellowses—he go limp, lump—he no go over at all de ground—he no travail two mild in three day! Ons, sare, be von grand sheat—you must take him and fund de money back!'

'Refund the money! Oh, no, I couldn't think of such a thing.'

'Vat, you no fund me back de money? You sheaty me vid von hundred dollaire horse dat no can go at all."

'I never promised you that he would go.

'By gar! vat is von horse good for ven he no go? He be no better as von dead shackass, by gar! Vill you sare, take de mare horse back, and give me de money vat I pay him for?'

'No, sir, I cannot—it was a fair bargain; your eyes were your own market, as we gentlemen of the turf say.

'Gentlemen de turf! You be no gentleman at all—you be no turf. Mon dieu, you be von grand Turk—you sacre dam deceptione. You sheat your own born modder—you play von rascalle trick on your own gotten fadder! You have no principalle!'

'The interest is what I go for in, any how.'

'Yes, sare, your interest is no principalle. You be von grand rascalle sheat! dat's de vay I talks.'

Failing to be satisfied by the jockey, the Frenchman sent his 'mare-horse' to an auctioneer to be sold. But the auctioneer seemed to have been as great a rogue as the jockey, for he took sare that the fees for selling should eat up the price he got for the animal.

'By gar,' said the Frenchman, when relating the story, 'I be sheaty all round. De shockey horse he sheaty me in trade, and de hauctioneer be sheaty me to dispose of de hanimalle, and den sold my horse for ten dollaire only; and, by gar, he charge me '*leven dollaire for sell him*! So I loss 'leven and von hundred dollaire, all in my pocket clear, for von soare, dam, limp, rump, vheeze-vind, no see at all good for nothing shape of a mare horse, vurse as nineteen dead shackass, by gar!'

Tennessee Telegraph.

PERRY COUNTY (MISS.) TRAGEDIES.

Some time since in the State of Mississippi, a man named Brown and his son-in-law Wages killed Washington James Biboes in a difficulty originating in some charges of malpractices (if we remember rightly) brought by the latter against the former. Wages disappeared for some time. A few months back Wages reappeared, and with him a man named McGrath. Wages got into a difficulty with a young man named Harvey, on account of some claim which he pretended to have against him.—Harvey shot them both. The father and mother of Wages, residing in this State near the line of Perry county, Mississippi, where they harbored a gang of outlaws, swore vengeance against Harvey, and hired a man named Lee to kill Harvey for $1000. Lee took three or four with him to help.—Harvey, in the mean time, fearing some attack, had moved from his own cabin to his fathers, visiting his farm every day. Lee and his party finding this out, entered his cabin, and cutting some loopholes, waited his coming, well-armed. Harvey getting some intimation of the reception prepared for him, took his younger brother and eight or ten other men, and proceeded to his house. They, seeing him coming, fastened the door. Harvey burst in the door and was shot by Lee, who was immediately shot by young Harvey, who shot down another also, named Jourdan, as they rushed out. Old Harvey, on hearing of his son's death, gathered some of his neighbours, and proceeding across the line into this State to Old Wages' house, seized the old man and woman, and hung them up to the rafter's of the house. The party waited a full hour, until life was entirely extinct, and then returned to Mississippi.

The New Orleans Picayune, from which we condense the above, says that the Harvey's have long been known as an honest respectable family, and remarkably peaceable, until roused by the attacks of Wages and his gang. It is thought that some of the gang will yet try to avenge the hanging of the old couple.

From the Paulding (Miss.) Clarion.

DESPERATE RENCOUNTRE.

Mr. H. E. Raney returned home from his pursuit of Daniel Stuckey, on the 12th inst. He brings intelligence of the killing of his brother-in-law and Benjamin Stuckey, in a recent attempt to take the latter individual. It appears that Mr. Raney, the sheriff of Lauderdale, his deputy, and his brother-in-law, traced Stuckey to the interior of Texas, where himself and his son had quietly settled. At the time of their arrival in the neighborhood, Daniel Stuckey was absent some sixty miles from home; and the party at once took steps for the arrest of his son. This was done by engaging one of the neighbors to decoy him from his house under the pretence of taking a hunt. In accordance with this agreement, Raney and his party were concealed in the house of the neighbor alluded to, when Benj. Stuckey came up. Young Stuckey took his seat upon the step of the gallery, after having arrived, and leaned his gun beside him against the house. Mr. Raney, who had been watching his movements, now cautiously approached behind him, and succeeded in getting possession of the gun. This drew the attention of Stuckey, and he at once comprehended his situation —. The deputy Sheriff, Herbert Raney, and his brother-in-law, were present in the gallery, with each a loaded gun presented; but Stuckey, nothing daunted by the odds against him, drew a bowie knife and rushed upon his assailants. In this crisis, the guns in the hands of the deputy sheriff and his companion missed fire, and the combat for a moment was now hand to hand, Stuckey pressing fiercely upon Mr. R. for the recovery of his gun, and that gentleman being unable to defend himself from having two firelocks in his hand, was compelled to relinquish one to use the other. A shot from a pistol in the hands of the brother-in-law of Mr. R. at this juncture, took effect upon Stuckey, who by this time had recovered his gun, and immediately returned the fire, mortally wounding his antagonist. Stuckey now again turned upon Sheriff Raney—but that gentleman by this time was prepared, and as the desperate man leaped forward with his bowie knife, discharged the whole contents of his gun into his breast. This ended the struggle. Stuckey lingered about an hour and died with loud imprecations upon his lips, and the unfortunate brother-in-law, whose name we could not learn, expired also, in about four hours.

The deputy Sheriff was left to bury the dead, whilst William Raney and four others, started in pursuit of Daniel Stuckey. This is the last account we have had from him. Herbert Raney, after the burial of his brother-in-law and Benj. Stuckey, returned home and is now in Lauderdale. —He was severely wounded in the hand by the bowie knife of Stuckey, during the rencountre above related.

The Irish Soldier and Wolves.—A soldier in Ireland having got his passport to go to England, as he went through the wood with a knapsack on his back, being weary, sat down, and fell to eating some victuals. Upon a sudden he was surprised by one or two or three, wolves coming towards him, he threw them some scraps of bread and cheese as long as he had any, when the wolves having come nearer to him, he commenced playing a pair of bagpipes he had with him, and as soon as he began to play, away ran the wolves, as if they had been scared out of their wits, The curse of Cromwell upon you all,' said he, if I had known that you loved music so well, you should have had it before dinner.'

Dr. Johnson dined with a Scotch lady who had a hotch-potch for dinner. 'Is it good Doctor?' asked the hostess.—'Yes,' said the Doctor sharply, 'it is good for hogs, madam.' 'Then pray,' said the old lady, 'let me help you to a little more of it.'

ARE YOU SATISFIED?—If so, you are an anomaly. We have yet to see the first man or woman who is satisfied with his or her condition. They all appear to possess the disposition of the poor man who dug up a box of guineas. After counting his treasures, he exclaimed: 'If I had found them twenty years sooner, I might have had the interest on them besides.'

'Well, stranger, where are you from?' said a landlady of Arkansas to her guest, 'why, madam, I am from Baltimore, Maryland, but I was born and brought up in Massachusetts near Boston,' said the gentleman. 'Aint that where the Yankees live? Law me! you are the very man that I have been looking after this long time—my clock is out of fix,' ejaculated the lady in ecstacies of joy.

A silly fop, being in company, and wanting his servant, cried out: 'Where is my blockhead? 'Upon your shoulders,' replied a lady.

—FROM ST. MARTIN'S AND MARTINIQUE.—The brig Sarah, Captain Higgins, from St. Martin's 14th ult., arrived at this port yesterday. Captain Higgins reports that all was quiet when he left. The slaves in the Dutch part of the island, who, as before reported, had been conditionally emancipated, were at work. The decision of the home government, as to their final freedom, had not been received. Salt was very plenty on the island, but little rain having fallen. Captain H. stopped at Martinique, on his outward passage, to sell his cargo, which he was unable to do in consequence of the unsettled state of the island. The negroes had the complete control of affairs, but had committed no new outrages. They worked when they pleased, which was but a very small part of the time. It was doubtful if matters would settle down into their old state for some time to come.—*Boston Traveller, 4th instant.*

A FUNNY RAIL ROAD ACCIDENT.—On Saturday evening, as the last train of cars from Lowell was approaching this city, two of the hindermost cars accidentally parted from the train in Medford about five miles distant. The occurrence was not discovered, however, until after the conductor had supped in the city and returned to the depot, when he was astonished to find that two of his cars, containing some one hundred passengers each, were "among the missing!" He instantly despatched a locomotive on the return track, and the lost cars, with their population, were brought into the city, after a detention of about an hour and a half by this both amusing and vexatious oversight.—*Bost.*

LIGHTNING.—A letter received in this city, dated Walterborough, Sept. 7, gives the information that on the preceding afternoon the Court House in that place was struck by lightning. Two persons who saw it, say that two balls of fire struck it on the South end, between the portico and S. E. corner. Another person saw three balls run down the lightning rod. The windows at the South end were destroyed, and pieces of the window frame struck into the wall. Several other windows were more or less injured, and the floor in the lower passage way splintered, all showing that the whole edifice, from top to bottom, must have been filled with the fluid. Fortunately none of the occupants of the offices were in the Court House at the time. A lightning rod is attached to the building, but it seems was not sufficient to protect it from injury. —*Ev. News.*

DISCHARGED VOLUNTEERS.—The Adjutant General in Washington, has issued a notice, as follows—

"Applicants for discharges, who would be entitled to land bounty, and three months' pay after serving out the full period of their enlistment, are informed, if they receive their discharge from service by way of favor at their or their friend's request, that they forfeit their claim to any bounty."

The Adjutant General also announces, that hereafter, when applications are made for discharges, and no answer is returned, it will be understood that the application is denied.—*Ev. News.*

ANARCHY AT ROME.—A letter from Rome, dated August 5, says:—"We are in a state, of complete anarchy; at the moment at which I wrote to you, it is said that the Civic Guards are making common cause with the heroes of Vicenza and the other factions; that they have rejected and trampled under foot the pontifical cockade, &c. God only knows what he proposes for Rome. Many persons are taking measures for putting themselves out of danger, and already have several of the cardinals who were most threatened, left the city. Still, I believe, that 1,000 faithful soldiers, commanded by an energetic man, would suffice to maintain order."—*Ev. News.*

BIRTH PLACE OF GREAT MEN.—The county of Westmoreland, Va., is noted as being the birth-place of the following distinguished men: Gen. Washington, Mr. Monroe, Arthur Lee, our first Minister to France; Chief Justice Marshall, Judge Washington and Henry Lee, the great orator of the first Congress.—*Ibid.*

A HEAVY PENALTY.—By the late law of Congress a fine of $5,000 is imposed for each letter put on board any foreign mail steamer without pre-paying the postage.

Back Her! Back Her!—The St. Louis Reveille tells a good story about Captain Alexander Scott, long and well known as having been a very vigilant officer on the Western waters. At night, says the Reveille, his favorite look-out was on the capstan, right opposite the furnaces. One night, after severe toil, he fell into a doze upon his seat, during which some wags cautiously and silently turned the capstan until the sleeper's face was opposite the boilers; when an alarm was given and the furnace doors thrown open suddenly, the Captain started up, was met by the flash, and cried out in a voice of thunder; 'Back her! back her! by the Lord, a seven boiler boat is right into us!'

'Did you see the masses at our whig meeting?' asked one politician of another, 'Yes said the other, all but the *m*.'