

THE SUMTER BANNER.

Volume III

Sumterville, South Carolina, November 22, 1848.

Number 4

CANCER CURED. No Cure - - No Pay.

Dr. Jas. C. Hicks would respectfully inform the citizens of Sumter District and the public generally, that he will remain at Mr. Benjamin Mitchell's, a short distance from Sumterville, for a few months. All who may be afflicted with the dangerous disease, Cancer, and all other diseases originating in, or causing a derangement of the nervous system, will do well by calling on him soon. Many certificates might be produced, but perhaps the following will be satisfactory.

All letters post-paid will meet with prompt attention if directed to Dr. J. C. HICKS, Sumterville, S. C.

CERTIFICATE'S.
We, the undersigned, take this method to recommend Dr. J. C. HICKS, to the public as a man well worthy of patronage in his profession as a Cancer Doctor. From general opinion and from our own observation, we have been accustomed to think cancers were for the most part incurable, after having attained any great age or size; but we have seen and known cancers cured by him in a very short time, which seemed to defy all human skill—even the sight of which drew from beholders remarks of fear and despair. Hence we gladly embrace this mode of recommending to the community, thinking we shall thereby confer a favor on many, and assist the cause of humanity.

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| Philip A. R. Calhoun, M. D. Nixinton, N. C. | do. | Thomas S. Hoskins, Edenton, do. Sheriff of Chowan. |
| John N. Butt, M. D. Woodville, do. | do. | W. R. Skinner, Post master of Edenton, do. |
| Wm. Wilson, do. | do. | John Hipp, Newberry District, S. C. |
| Thos. Wilson, Hertford, do. | do. | W. A. Hipp, do do. |
| Richard Felton, do. | do. | Berjamin Mitchell, Sumterville, S. C. |
| John P. Jordan, Gatesville, do. | do. | Sam'l. C. Mitchell, Lodiabar, Sum. Dist. do. |
| Ed. H. Perkins, Elizabeth city, do. | do. | Stephen Mitchell, do do. |
| Anderson Whedbee, do. | do. | Red'ck Langston, Darlington do do. |
| John Wilson, Darlington District, S. C. | do. | Ervin Langston, do do. |
| Thomas Stephenson, do. | do. | Sam'l. Moore, Williamsburg District, S. C. |
| John Courtney, do. | do. | Woodville, Perquimans county, N. C. |

This is to certify, that Dr. Jas. C. Hicks has effected a cure of a Cancer on the face of Mrs. Phereba Wilson, who was my patient. It was of long standing, having been on her face from four to six years; and I can but do justice to Dr. Hicks to recommend him to all those who are afflicted with this disease, and think he may generally succeed.

JOHN N. BUTT, M. D.

I take this opportunity of announcing to the public, that I have been afflicted with the dangerous disease cancer, for the last six years on my upper lip, and becoming alarmed on account of the pain it gave me, and of its rapid growth, I was induced to apply to physicians for aid, but I obtained no relief or satisfaction from them, and given up all hopes of ever getting well of it; but fortunately I saw Dr. J. C. Hicks' notice in the Columbia Carolinian. I wrote to him and put myself under his treatment, and in seven weeks the disease was removed and the sore healed over. I advise all who are laboring under this dreadful disease to apply to him forthwith.

Newbury Dist. S. C., July 17, 1848.

JOHN HIPPI.

Darlington District, S. C.

This is to certify, that I have been afflicted with a cancer on my left eye-lid for the space of twelve or fifteen years, to the aid of which I called in eminent physicians, but to no effect. Hearing of the wonderful skill of Dr. Hicks, and of the great cures which he was performing in this region, I was induced to give him a trial. I came over to Sumter to see him put myself under his treatment, and in six weeks I returned home entirely healed of a disease, which all of my friends and all that saw me, as well as myself, would certainly prove fatal.

REDDICK LANGSTON.

He has also been very successful in removing other diseases of a chronic nature: such as rheumatism, dyspepsia, deafness, sick and nervous head-ache, tooth-ache, piles, contractions of the muscles, spinal affections, etc. etc., with the following certificates will testify.

South Carolina—Sumter District.

We the undersigned having received great personal relief from the mysterious science of Dr. Hicks, take great pleasure in stating, so far as we know, or have heard, that he has given entire satisfaction; and from the cures we have witnessed, we are fully satisfied as to the truth of the science, and are induced from what we have seen and heard, to recommend him to the favorable consideration of the public. An I would further state, that this science is worthy of an investigation; and if persons would look into it, instead of standing aloof, they would be compelled to recommend it as a mighty instrument placed in our hands by the Creator, with which to benefit and relieve our fellow creatures.

He has been in our District for several weeks, and has relieved a great many of our citizens of various diseases—such as head-ache, pains in the side, rheumatism, contraction of the muscles, &c. &c.

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|--------------------|---------------------|
| Benjamin Mitchell, | Sam'l. C. Mitchell, |
| Hezekiah Brunson, | Jackson Newmann, |
| R. H. Tisdale, | Sam'l. Moore. |
| John Courtney. | |

South Carolina—Sumter District.

This is to certify that I have been afflicted with Rheumatism for the last ten years in my left knee, and so bad at times, that I could not walk at all. During this time, I tried every remedy that came into my reach, that was thought to be good for that complaint, but obtaining no relief from any of them. Hearing of the wonderful and speedy cures which Dr. Hicks was performing in this region, I was induced to apply to him for aid; and I here state to the world that by him I was speedily and effectually cured. The pain has entirely left, and my knee has assumed its original size, and feels as strong as it ever did.

W. HEZEKIAH BRUNSON.

SAML. C. MITCHELL.

Dr. H. would here state to the afflicted portion of this District, and the surrounding country, that having as much as he can well attend to at this time, he will give printed instructions for the cure of the following diseases, so that those who receive his instructions, can act with as much efficiency in relieving diseases as himself:—

- Dyspepsia, Cancer, Piles, Fits, Rheumatism, Tetter, Frost bite, Chills and fever, Pithi.
- Sci. Pulmonary Affections, Thrush, Dropsy, Dysintery, Gravel, Corns, Weak or Sore Eyes, Sore Mouth, Deafness, Sidel and Nervous Head-ache, Liver Complaint, Spinal Affections, Tooth-ache, Contractions of the Muscles, Pains, or Weakness, in the back and Joints, &c., &c.,
- The ingredients used for Ointments and Drinks are within the reach of every person and easily obtained. The direct cost for no King being printed, and are warranted to cure in every case when properly applied, otherwise the money will be returned.
- Persons afflicted with any of the above named diseases, would do well to call upon Dr. H., and if not effectually relieved no remuneration will be required for his service. His motto is—No Relief—No Pay.

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale a tract of land, containing Thirteen Hundred and Forty Acres, known as English's Cross Roads. He will sell cheap for cash, or will sell on two years, one-third cash, the balance on two years. If not sold by the first of January next, it will be offered in lots from one acre to fifty as the purchaser may require. It is also near the Wilmington and Manchester Rail Road survey, about half way between Sumterville and Darlington on Court House, and a very suitable place for a Depot. Any person or persons wishing to purchase on the above terms, will apply at his residence.

ELIAS DURANT.

Nov 1, 1848.

Musical Instruments.

Violins, Flutes, &c.; a fresh lot of Italian Violin and Guitar strings. Also, Bridges, Aprons and screws for Violins.

L. B. HANKS.

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 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 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.

FANCY STORE.

MRS. HULBURY & LANAGAN, Respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have received a handsome assortment of MILLINERY and FANCY goods, consisting of Sew Bonnets of the latest style; Flowers and Ribbons; Thread Laces, Gloves; Silk for Dresses, likewise Alpaca and Bombazine; together with all articles usually found in a Fancy store. N. B.—All orders for Dress-making promptly attended to.

Nov. 1. 3t

Miscellany.

From the Yankee Blade.

THE LEFT-HANDED FIDDLER.

Every body out here in the west has either seen or heard of Gov. L— "Black Bob," as he is familiarly called by his constituents. He is the most famous "electioneer" in Kentucky. His popularity is unbounded, and I believe he has never sustained a defeat before the people. He is a noble, generous fellow, possessing fine talents, and an inexhaustible fund of humor. It would "do you good" to hear one of his popular harangues. The blues fly before the light of his wit, as the mist before the rays of the sun. His career has not been always without difficulty, and at times he has been as pushed as to save himself only by the "skin of his teeth."

I well remember the celebrated Congressional canvass between Gov. L— and Mr. G—. In this instance the Governor had a competitor "worthy of his steel." Mr. G— was a man of talent and tact, and it required all the ingenuity of Gov. L— to manage him. It was evident, from the commencement of the contest, that the race would be an unusually close one. All depended upon the vote one of the mountain counties of the district, whether both candidates directed their steps a few days before the election. They met at a great barbaque, where nearly every citizen of the county had congregated. I suppose, Mr. Blade, you have never been at a western barbaque. Well, I shall not now attempt to describe one. Suffice it to say, that it is unlike any gathering you have ever witnessed in Yankee land. Eating, drinking, speechifying and dancing are the order of the day.—The dance is carried on out of doors, under the shade of the thick growing forest—not in hented close rooms, but where the delightful breezes of heaven fan the brow, and give elasticity and vigor to the limbs of the young and gay, as they "trip it on the light fantastic toe."

Well, as before stated, it was one of these free and easy gatherings that the two rivals met. On the stump Mr. G— couldn't hold a candle to Black Bob. He was literally immolated by the ready wit and brilliant repartee of his "swooty" competitor. But he possessed an accomplishment to which Governor L— was almost a stranger. He was a fine musician, and after the speaking was concluded, Mr. G— took a violin in his hand and gently and sweetly drawing the bow across the strings, in a moment the woods were vocal with the merry laugh, and the ground trembling beneath the dancing feet of the gay and happy throng. It was plainly to be seen, before the first dance was over that caught was in the ascendancy, and that the friends of Gov. L— were rapidly deserting him. Scarcely half an hour had elapsed, ere the hitherto unconquerable Black Bob stood alone, gazing in a melancholy mood upon the triumph of his antagonist. The ladies eyes sparkled brightly as Mr. G— busily plied the bow, while the men expressed their admiration in loud and repeated hurrahs. This was a trying moment for old Bob; but his fruitful genius was not long in inventing a plan by which to extricate himself from an unpleasant dilemma. Calling "Tom Buster—Tom was a leader in that region, and decidedly some was Tom Buster—he told him that he had a confidential communication to make, but which he did not wish to be mentioned to any one. Of course Tom promised to keep dark, and the Governor began:

"Do you observe," said he, that G— plays the violin with his left hand?" "Yes I do, but then he's left handed." "Not a bit of it!" replied the wily politician—"not a bit of it. I know my politics, have heard him play a thousand times and down in the valleys, and among the rich aristocrats of the towns, he always plays with his right hand—and most splendid music, he thinks left-handed music good enough for your mountain boys. If you speak to him about it, of course he'll deny it, of course he'll deny it, but I'll tell you it is true."

"Well, cuss him, we'll have no more of his left-handed music—he shall give us some of his best licks, or I'll be— if he shall stay in these diggings," roared the infuriated Tom. Walking directly in front of Mr. G., he seized him by the arm, told him, in loud and commanding tones, to stop his left-handed work, and give them a touch of the right sort. In vain Mr. G— declared that he could not play with the right hand—in vain he protested and implored. The indignant crowd, sympathizing with Tom, and wounded in their pride by the trick of the aristocratic fiddler, gathered around poor G—, and cried louder for right-handed music. The storm waxed louder, the excitement swelled higher, until finally the discomfited fiddler, concluding that prudence was the better part of valor, beat a hasty retreat, leaving Black Bob sole possessor of the field. Thus was the battle fought, and the victory won. At the election, a week later, nearly every vote in that county was cast for Gov. L—.

How uncertain are all human calculations! The very plans that promise the brightest success often, as was the case with the left-handed fiddler, become the means of our destruction.

ANTIQUITIES.—Have you any thing else old? said an English lady at Rhone

to a boy of whom she had bought some modern antiquities. "Yes," said the young urchin, thrusting forward his hat, which had seen some dozen summers, my hat is old."

HYPERBOLE.

"Talk about yer darned fast lines," said a Yankee to a Cockney, who was imprudent as in the natural way of his countrymen to commence bragging on English railroads, while the couple were progressing at the rate of forty miles per hour on the Birmingham railway. "Why mister, this ere road is purty considerable for England, but it won't do for Meriky. We ride a straddle of telegrafs there, when we're in a hurry, but when we ain't we take the railroad. Now them roads ain't slow, as I'll tell you. I was comin' from Philadelphia to York, when I see to a feller sitting close by me—who on airth owns this big garden with white palins around it?"

"I don't see no white palins, ses he. 'I don't see nothin else,' ses I 'and a mighty tall fence it is too. 'The feller burst out lafin'—'why you darned fool,' ses he, 'them's the telegraphic posts.' And sure enough when the engine feller stopped, I saw them posts a hundred yards apart, and we had been going' so all fired fast they looked for all the world like white palins."

At this moment the bell rang at a station signal, before the Cockney had fully recovered from Jonathan last dose.

"What's that bell-ringing for?" enquired the latter of his English friend.

"We are approaching D—."

"Ifell them kind of bell fixins does for these ere slow cars, but we can't use 'em in Meriky."

"Ah, why not?"

"Travel too fast—fact, beat sound all to smash. We would be smack through a village before the noise of the clapper was in the neighborhood."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the astonished Cockney.

"Fact again, by thunder! Why, I was on the York cars when them ere steam whistlers was first tried. May be you've heard of the terrible accident? No? Well sir we were going it strong. Harrycans were no whar—all nature seemed shakin to pieces—when several miles off something was seen on the track. The whistle was let loose, and she did scream awfully—but it was no manner of use, for after tumbling over a span of smart horses, and a big market wagon, I was just rising from a pond, when along came the whistler's holler, mixed up with some big curses I mind to have heard the engine man rip out when he firs, saw the wagon. But the poor feller was dead when his voice arrived. Fact got the documents."

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed the horror struck Cockney "and do you use whistlers yet?"

"Bless your soul, no. Congress stopped 'em right off, and now we acts on the philosophic principle that light travels all fired sight faster than sound, which will do perhaps for this generation. We now tell 'em we're comin by bustin out a light that does astonish animal creation, and I reckon rather surprised the planetary system at first. When it was first tried at night, the roosters on the road commenced crowing, and the chickens all got down from roost, thinking it was daylight."

The cars suddenly stopped, when Jonathan having arrived at the point of his debarkation, looked around at the bewildered Cockney, nodded his head, and with a little carpet bag chucked under one arm and an umbrella under the other took his leave sober as a deacon.

From the New Orleans Delta.

GOING IT WITH A RUSH: OR, PLAYING POKER WITH AN EXTRA KNAVE IN THE PACK.

There is in this city an honest, industrious colored man, whose patronymic is Jim Rush. Jim, paradoxically as it may seem, though a black man, is a white-washer, and among his colored brethren of the long brush stands high, when on his ladder or off it. He annually dusts the jacket of the St. Charles Hotel and afterwards gives it a coat of slacked lime, guaranteed to stick "like a knife." It is told of Jim, that on one occasion he was solicited by another of Africa's sons to white wash his shanty, for a fair remunerative consideration of course.

"Whar am dis house ob your's sitters, Misser Jones?"

"Right back ob de Gas Works," said Jones.

"And whar am its height or dermensions?" said Jim.

"Why it ain't' nuffin but de smallest kind ob a shanty," said Jones.

Jim looked for a moment down at the ground, and for another moment up at the sky, and the next moment he was looking Mr. Jones full in the face, remarking at the same time—his manner showing that he felt as if the more proposition had lowered him at least ten rounds of his professional ladder—"Misser Jones, I does de fancy whitewashin ob de St. Charles. I 'se a little above shanty jobs—'goo' mo' in," and he walked away as if he felt conscious of having delivered a just rebuke to "Misser Jones."

Jim's fame, as a whitewasher, floated across the lake and penetrated the forests

of Mississippi. It having come to the knowledge of Col. Montgomery, of the Pass Christian Hotel, he secured the "professional" services of Jim—who unlike when he received the proposition from "Misser Jones," fell flattered at the engagement and with all the appliances of long brushes and short brushes, open brushes and close brushes, size and buckets, started on board a steamboat for the Pass one fine morning. Arrived there, he soon, and with an air of no little importance, went to work and continued to ply his brushes till he had earned \$90. During this time his behavior to his brother darkies of the establishment was more aristocratic than otherwise. The "Boots," a good-natured looking negro, with a mouthful of teeth that looked like opposite rows of chess men, he never recognized; the cook he occasionally nodded to; he would say "how do yer do?" to the mulatto nurse; but Bill, the barber, a negro of plausible address and insinuating manners, was the only one in the whole "gentry" as poor Felix McConnell used to figuratively say of the world, of whom he made an associate.

He would sometimes stand in the billiard room and look on at the playing of a game for an X, or he would occasionally stop at the door of a room to see a quiet game of brag, which often called out hundreds on the table as a stake. This he was permitted to do as he was known to most of the gentlemen, more particularly those from New Orleans, stopping at the hotel. This looking on operated on his bump of imitiveness, and on the evening he had his job finished he challenged Bill the barber to a quiet game of poker. It was the very 'hat Bill desired. He had been many years on the Mississippi steamboats, and knew as much of the game as Green, the reformed gambler. Down they sat Bill laid out the cards; he always had a dozen packs on hand; so at it they went. They played for some time. Bill winning now and now Jim Rush, till finally Jim got a hand of four aces—"I have him now," thought he; but he had not, for Bill was only waiting to bring him out.

"I goes you five dollars, dis time," said Bill. "You ain't a goin to bluff dis child now you can fix it."

"I sees dat, and I goes you ten better," said Bill. "You ain't a goin to bluff dis child no how you can fix it."

"I sees you again," said Jim, "and goes you forty better; dis Orleans nigger won't stay stump'd, dat I tells you—sartia."

"Well, I tells you what it is, Masser Rush," said Bill, "dat is going it wid a rush; but I ain't a gwine to give it up so hold on dere, nigger"—and he went to a drawer, pulled out a tin box, and pulling out a leather purse from the tin box—"come now," said he, "I sees you, and goes you twenty better; are you dare, darkey?"

Bill laid down his cards, counted over his money, scratched his head, and said: "Will you take my brushes and bucket into de stake as ten dollars?"

"I has no objection," said Bill, "I wants to take no advantage ob you."

"Den," said Jim, "I comes dat," putting down the money. "and I calls you," and, showing his own hand, added: "You sees I can't be beat. I has four aces! Yaw! yaw! yaw!" And sure enough, so he had.

"Yes," said Bill, "but you can't come it dis time! You sees I has got five Jacks!"

"But there ain't no so many in the pack," said Jim.

"There main't be in the Louisianer packs," said Bill, "but you knows dat we do up tings a little extra in Missiper; a five jack pack is legitimate here. So I rakes 'em down." And suiting the action to the word, he hauled in the stakes—all excepting Jim's tools, which would not conveniently fit in his pocket.

Jim Rush rushed out, and in so kicked the bucket—out of his way, which he had lost as well as his money and his brushes. He left for New Orleans in the first boat that night. He now sticks to his white-washing, eschews poker, and has registered a vow that he'll never again play at cards, more particularly with a five jack pack!

"Human Natur."—When a wild spark attempts to steal a kiss from a Nantucket girl, she says, 'come sheer off, or I'll split your mains il with a typhon.'

The Boston girls hold still until they are kissed, when they flare up all at once, and say, 'I think you ought to be ashamed.'

When a young chap steals a kiss from an Albany girl, she says, 'I reckon it's my turn now,' and gives him a box on the ear that he don't forget for a month.

When a clever fellow steals a kiss from a Louisiana girl, she smiles, blushes and says nothing.

In Pennsylvania, when a female is saluted with a buss, she puts on bonnet and shawl, and answereth, 'I am astonished at the assurance, Jedediah, and for this indignity will saw thee up.'

The western ladies, however, are so fond of kissing, that when saluted on one cheek, they instantly present the other.

The Sag Harbor girl tussels and scratches till out of breath, when she submits to her sate with the most exemplary fortitude and resignation without a murmur.

When a man steals a kiss from a Lowell girl, she blushes like 'new blown rose,' and says smartly—'You darn's do that twice more.'