

# The Sumter Banner.

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

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"God—and our Native Land."

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### England and the United States.

Mr. Walsh, in his Paris letter of the 2d ultimo, to the New York Journal of Commerce, expresses his gratification and the general gratification felt by Americans abroad by the appointment of Mr. Buchanan as Minister to England. He then writes as follows on another topic:

I used to distrust the British Government and people, and thought that it was with them the United States would ultimately have to engage in a strife mortal to one or the other. My present impressions are widely different. Dispositions and views are not the same in Great Britain. The universal sense of a vast enlargement and irresistible advances of American Power; the indefinite extension and multiplication of mutual interests; the more frequent, various and intimate personal intercourse; the religious, literary scientific intercommunion; the effects and facilities of steam navigation; American importance with the world at large; the new sympathies and ties resulting from the prodigious emigration, and the progress of the democratic element spirit, influence and tendencies in the British political and social system—these and other salient changes have begotten general good will, a rule of conciliation, a general earnestness for the perpetuity of relations and feelings such as become cognate races and institutions, and a common acknowledgment of the precepts and ends of Christianity. We may subjoin the agency of a succession of Ministers Plenipotentiary like Mr. McLane, Mr. Rush, Mr. Everett, Mr. Ingersoll, who could ingratiate themselves and their country with all parties and classes, and by their specific individual merits, the singleness and rectitude of their official conduct, and the cordiality of their amicable professions and urbane manners. Mr. Buchanan being of the same school of gentlemen and diplomatists, with a liberal and expansive patriotism, will render similar and equal service. Mr. Everett, in his very able and comprehensive survey, before the Senate, of the central American question, as the Nicaragua dispute may be styled, has continued his salutary work by his direct testimony to the "cardinal principle of the policy of the British Government—a mutually beneficial, peaceful intercourse with the United States," and to the fact that there is not a country in Europe where the name and character of an American citizen is not a direct passport to every good office that a stranger can desire, and nowhere more than in England."

### Illiteracy in England.

The following statement of the extraordinary degree of ignorance prevailing in England is made in Dickens' "Household Words." It is observed that it might well challenge belief were it not founded on official and authentic sources:

It is calculated that there are in England and Wales 6,000,000 persons who can neither read nor write—that is to say, about one-third of the population including of course infants; but of all the children between five and fourteen, more than one half attend no place of public instruction. These statements—compiled by Mr. Kay from official and other authentic sources for his work on the social condition and education of the poor in England and Europe—would be hard to believe if we had not to encounter in our every-day life degrees of illiteracy which would be startling if we were not thoroughly used to it. Wherever we turn, ignorance, not always allied to poverty, stares us in the face. If we look at the Gazette at the list of partnerships dissolved, not a month passes but some unhappy man, rolling perhaps in wealth, but wallowing in ignorance, is put to the experimentum crucis of this mark.

The number of petty jurors, in rural districts especially, who can only sign with a cross is enormous. It is not unusual to see parish documents of great local importance defaced with the same humiliating symbol by persons whose office not only shows them to be men of mark, but men of substance. We have printed already specimens of the partial ignorance which passes under the pen of the post office authorities, and may venture to assert that such specimens of penmanship and orthography are not to be matched in any other country in Europe. A housewife in humble life need only turn to the file of her husband's bills

to discover hieroglyphics which render them so many arithmetical puzzles. In short, the practical evidences of the low ebb to which the plainest rudiments of education in this country has fallen are too common to bear repetition. We cannot pass through the streets, we cannot enter a place of public assembly, or ramble in the fields without the gloomy shadow of ignorance sweeping over us. The rural population is indeed in a worse plight than the other classes.

**SINGULAR RACE OF HUMAN BEINGS.**—There are now in London two very singular human beings, of a race which has hitherto been very little known to the civilized world. They came from South Africa, where they are called Earthmen. They are totally distinct from all other known African races—as much so as if they had dropped upon this earth from another planet. They are diminutive in size—mere pigmies—and unacquainted even with the art of building huts. They shelter themselves in caves and crevices of the earth; when these are wanting, they make artificial scoopings on the surface, which they line with leaves and cover with branches. The Hottentots and Bushmen are the avowed enemies of the Earthmen, and when they meet, they will shoot them down like vermin. The poor, little defenceless Earthmen have no refuge but in holes, trees, or thickets, and the tribe is fast verging to extinction. They are a poor, weak people—one of Nature's freaks—and destined not to perpetuate their race. Few colonists have seen them; and although it is known that a few still linger in the mountains, they are rapidly dying away, and will soon become a tradition of an elfish arctic race of old.

The two individuals above mentioned were carried to England from the Cape of Good Hope two or three years ago, and have now become domesticated in an English family. The Morning Chronicle, from which we take these particulars, describes them little Earthmen as a boy and a girl—the former fourteen and the latter sixteen years of age—and "complete little fairies" in appearance. The boy is three feet and a half inches in height, the girl a trifle taller. Their skin is of the brightest and most transparent bronze and as smooth and polished as marble. In form the little creatures are perfect—their delicate limbs standing; out in the most graceful symmetry, and every motion instinct with the untaught ease of nature. The faces, although decidedly African in feature, are full of sweetness and good humor, with an expression of archness and intelligence. They are named Martinus and Flora. In their savage state they feed on locusts, ant-eggs, and such small game as they could take. Until they were carried to England they had no idea of God or any supreme power. At present they have been taught some of the customs of civilized life, and are able to speak little English words, to sing little popular airs, and—the first of Earthmen—to play little airs on a piano.

Few signs are more interesting to a thinking person than that of the last of a race of human beings on the point of being blotted out from the face of the earth. The individuals in question seem to constitute one of the most anomalous forms of our species that have ever yet been brought to the notice of the naturalist or the ethnologist. It is to be hoped that further light will be thrown on their history by scientific researches.

*Nat. Den.*  
From the Charleston Courier.

### To the Earl of Carlisle.

My Lord: Heretofore it has been deemed a sufficient explanation of the interest England takes in American slavery, to utter the words "commercial jealousy." It was easy to understand that the Northern manufacturers, through the agency of an almost prohibitory tariff, had touched the pocket, nerve or our former step-mother; but that she should be willing to endanger the production of a crop, upon which the welfare of her manufacturers and of nearly two millions of her people depended, seemed incomprehensible. Philanthropy was first thought to afford the solution—then, that an enlightened perception of her own interests had led to the conclusion that slaves consumed less than freemen. But the experience of the West India Emancipation satisfied us, that we were yet on the right track. Like hounds thrown from the trail, we have lately been at a loss, especially since

the common sense of the mercantile community of England seems to have returned to it, whilst the nobility of England, who boast of their fashionable impassibility to human passions, should have so suddenly burst into unwonted enthusiasm!

My lord! History has been defined "Philosophy teaching by example." Will it be too great a stretch of the imagination, to suppose that the following suggestions bear somewhat upon the conduct of yourself and the exclusive aristocracy of which you are a member?

Ancient feudalism has its best existing representative in the English aristocracy. That of the Continent has fallen before the policy of the Kings who used the guilds and free cities, the jacquerie and the free bands to establish despotism. Have not you, in the corn law league and reform parties, seen the revival of the war of the commons against privileges, and by striking at American slavery, made a stab on the part of the land-owners and nobles of England, against the very vitality of the powers of the commercial and manufacturing class of your own countrymen! Would you, as an owner of vast estates, be able to perceive any evil in the downfall of a class, whose notions of right led them to curtail the privileges of your debility, and to destroy that monopoly in agricultural produce which they no longer enjoy? Is not your far seeing and powerful body using popular folly to forge chains for the white, out of its mistaken sympathy for the black race?

Respectfully yours,  
**COAL HEAVER.**

**A CHAPTER ON HOUSE-KEEPING.**—I never could see the reason why our smart house-keepers must, of necessity, be Xantippes.—I often had the misfortune to be domesticated during the summer months with one of this genus.

I should like to have seen the adventurous spider that would have dared to ply his cunning trade in Mrs. Carrot's premises! Nobody was allowed to sleep after daylight beneath her roof. Even her old rooster crowed an hour earlier than the rest of the neighbors.—Go ahead! was written on every broomstick about the establishment.

She gave her husband his breakfast, buttoned him up in his overcoat, and put him out of the front door with his face towards the store, in less time than I have taken to tell it. Then she snatched up the six little Carrots, and scrubs their faces up and down, without regard to feelings or pigmuses, till they shine like a row of milk pans.

"Clear the track" was her motto on washing and ironing days. She never drew a long breath till the wash tubs were turned bottom upwards again, and every article of wearing apparel sprinkled, folded, ironed, and replaced on the backs of their respective owners. It gave me a stitch in the side to look at her.

As to her "cleaning days," I never had the courage to witness one. I used to lie under an apple tree in the orchard till she was through. A whole platoon of soldiers would not have frightened me so much as that virago and her mop.

You should have seen her in her glory on her "baking days," her sleeves rolled up to her armpits, and a long check apron, swathed around her bolster-like figure, the great ovens glowing, blazing and sparkling, in a manner very suggestive to a lazy simmer like myself. The interminable row of greased pie plates, the pans of "Rough and Ready," gingerbread and pots of pork and beans, in an edifying state of progression; and the immense embryo loaves of brown and wheat bread. To the innocent inquiry, whether she thought the latter would "rise," she set her shining arms akimbo, marched up within kissing distance of my face, cocked her head one side and asked "If I thought she looked like a woman to be trifled with by a loaf of bread?" The way I settled down in my slippers without a reply probably convinced her that I was no longer skeptical on that point.

Saturday evening was employed in winding up everything that was unwound in the house; the old entry clock included. From that time till Monday morning, she devoted to her husband and her Sabbathical exercises. All I have to say is, it is hoped that she carried some of the fervor of her peculiar employments into those halcyon hours.

*Fanny Fern.*

**THE PEDLAR'S BARGAIN.**—One day a tin pedlar, with an assortment of nick-nacks, arrived at a village in Maine, called at one of the houses to sell his wares. After disposing of a few articles to the lady of the house, who seemed to live in the midst of children, she declared her inability to buy more for the want of money.

"But marm, ain't you any rags?"  
"None to sell, sir."  
"Well, said he, 'you seem to have plenty of children. Will you sell me one for tin ware?"

"What will you give, sir?"  
"Ten dollars for one of them."  
"In good tin ware?"  
"O, yes, marm, the best."  
"Well, sir, it is a bargain!"  
She then handed one of the urchins to the pedlar, who, surprised that the offer was accepted, yet convinced that the mother would not part with her boy, placed him in the cart, and supplied the woman with tins, until the sum of ten dollars was made up.

The man felt certain that the mother would rather raise the money than part with her child; seated himself by the side of the boy, who was much pleased with the idea of having a ride. The pedlar kept his eyes on the house, expecting to see the woman hasten to redeem the little one, and rode off at a slow pace. After proceeding some distance, he began to repent of his bargain, and turned back.

The woman had just finished ornamenting her dresser with the tin, when the pedlar returned.  
"Well, I think the boy is too small. I guess you had better take him back again, and let me have the ware."

"No sir, the bargain was fair, and you shall be kept to it. You may start off as soon as you please!"  
Surprised at this—  
"Why, marm, how can you think of parting with your boy so young to an utter stranger?"

"Oh, sir, we would like to sell off all our own paupers for ten dollars a head!"

The boy was dropped at the door; the whip cracked, the tin rattled, and the pedlar measured the ground rapidly, and he never after forgot his pauper speculation.—*N. Y. Revue.*

**SINGULAR CASE OF INSTINCT IN A HORSE.**—We do not remember ever to have heard of a more remarkable exhibition of unique intelligence than was communicated to us a few days since by Mr. Allen, of this place. The circumstances, as they were related to us, are as follows: Mr. Allen had had for a considerable time a span of sprightly little horses that he has never separated. In the stable, in the field, in the harness, they have always been together. This has caused a strong attachment to grow up between them. A few days ago he went with them out to Lake Minnetonka, on a fishing excursion. Taking them out of the carriage, he led them down to the lake, and tied them with stout ropes, several rods apart, on a strip of grass that grew upon the shore, and left them to feed. Returning to the shanties, he threw himself upon the floor to await the return of the party who had repaired to the lake to fish.

Not much time had elapsed before the sound of an approaching horse's feet attracted his attention, and a moment after one of his span appeared at the door. The animal put his head in, and giving one neigh, returned at a slow gallop, yet under evident excitement, to the spot where but a few moments before he and his companion had been seemingly safely fastened. Surprised to find his horse loose, and struck with his singular conduct, Mr. A. immediately followed, and found the other lying in the water entangled in the rope, and struggling to keep his head from being submerged.

While Mr. A. proceeded to disengage the unfortunate horse, his noble benefactor stood by manifesting the utmost solicitude and sympathy, and when his mate was extracted from his situation and again upon his feet on terra firma, the generous creature exhibited the most unquestionable signs of satisfaction and joy. That this intelligent animal should have noticed the misfortune of his mate that he should know where to apply for rescue, and in his efforts should suffer a three fourths of an inch rope, and finally that he should exhibit so high an appreciation of the event, are circumstances to astonish us, and commend themselves to the thoughtful consideration of those who would limit the power of reasoning to the "genus homo."—*St. Anthony's Express.*

**USE OF RIGHTS.**—To provide for one's own household is the first duty

of every man. But there are some who accumulate hundreds of thousands, and still it would seem as if their own household was not yet provided for—so eager are they to get more. Now and then, however, there are some bright spots to relieve this desert waste of selfishness. One of the most noticeable acts of liberality which we have been seen lately, was exhibited in the Baptist Missionary Convention which recently assembled at Albany. Among the delegates present was a venerable gentleman by the name of Thomas, an old sea captain, who had grown wealthy in the India trade. He first manifested his liberality by offering the use of his sons' ships for any missionary work to China, California, &c. He then, offered to meet a certain expenditure, set down \$100 each for his eight sons and sons-in-law. But, as this was not enough, when doubts were expressed whether \$100 could be raised for missions the present year, he pledged himself to make up, out of his own purse, whatever was deficient.

**A PERVERSE ANIMAL SUBDUED.**—A late article on Kicking Cows, in the Albany Cultivator has reminded me of a story that was told nearly fifty years ago, by a worthy Englishman, with whom I was intimate. An itinerant was at a nobleman's to exhibit feats of horsemanship, and they had collected from far and near, among whom was my friend. When the man had done with his own horse, he turned and said, "Now, my lord, I am willing to ride any horse of yours in the same manner." Having one remarkably stubborn, the nobleman, to have some sport, told a groom to bring her out. The stranger then deliberately mounted and urged her to move, but not one step would she stir. After a pause he quietly dismounted, gave her one severe stroke with his whip, and again resumed his seat in the saddle.

The mare continued immovably, but the man preserved his temper, and quietly got down a second time, repeating the blow, but with no better success. After the third stroke, however, she was completely subdued, and moved forward with perfect obedience.

It now became evident that the design of the horseman was, to give the animal time to associate the idea of her disobedience with the stroke that followed. When this was established she was willing to move.

On the reverse, if a shower of blows had dealt out, as thousands of horsemen would have done, the brute would have had no time to reflect, and both she and her rider roused into fury. With good temper a great saving might be made in the article of whips.

**'OLD KENTUCK.'**—A Kentuckian at the battle of New Orleans, who disdaining the restraint of a soldier's life, when his name is upon the muster roll, preferred 'going' it alone, fighting upon his own hook. While the battle was raging fiercest, and the shot was flying thick as hail, carrying death wherever they fell, 'Kentuck' might have been seen stationed under a tall maple, loading and firing his rifle, as perfectly unconcerned, as though he was 'pinkie deer.' Every time he brought his rifle to his shoulder a red coat bit the dust.—At last he happened to attract the attention of 'Old Hickory,' who supposed he had become separated from his company, and rode up to him to bring him behind the redoubts, as he was in a position that exposed his person to the fire of the enemy.

"Hallo! my man, what regiment do you belong to?" said the General.  
"Regiment h—ll!" answered 'Kentuck,' holding up his shooting iron to his shoulder, he ran his eye along the barrel—a flash followed; another Englishman came tumbling to the ground.

"Whose company do you belong to?" again enquired the General.  
"Company the d—ll!" was the reply of 'Kentuck,' as he busied himself reloading, "see that ar' feller with the gold fixins on the coat and hos? Jist watch me perforate him!"

The General gazed in the direction indicated by his rifle, and observed a British Colonel riding up and down the advancing columns of the foe. 'Kentuck' pulled trigger, and the gallant Briton followed his companions that his Kentucky foe had laid low in death that day.

"Hurrah for old Kentucky!" shouted the free fighter, as his victim came topping off his horse, then turning to the General, he continued "I'm fighting on my own hook, stranger!" and he leisurely proceeded to reload.

**THE FACE OF A MAN UPON THE TOP OF HIS HEAD.**—In the city of New York, where rents are so ruinously high, and competition is so ceaselessly active and energetic, almost every method that it is impossible for human ingenuity to invent, is resorted to, for the purpose of obtaining customers, extending trade or making "more money." Of all these methods, one of the most extraordinary and at the same time simple, if not effective in its way, is that by which the daguerreotype process is made to play an avowed conspicuous part. It seems that some one of the enterprising hatiers in that metropolis, has a daguerrian gallery connected with his salesroom or manufactory, expressly fitted up and devoted to the accommodation and benefit of his own customers. On purchasing a covering for your caput in this store, you are furnished with a daguerreotype of your countenance—the image—large or small—being firmly affixed to the lining upon the inside of the crown of the new beaver, so that whoever wears a hat thus garnished, is sure to have the likeness of his own face upon the top of his own head!

A novel funeral occurred in New York a few days ago, according to the Tribune. The deceased was Calvin R. Brown, who was the husband of Mrs. Fish, so extremely famous as the inventor of the 'Rochester Knackings.' The services were commenced by prayer and reading the scriptures, and the Rev. S. B. Britton, who is known as a writer on "Spiritual Manifestations," followed with an address. We quote the Tribune's account of the remaining exercises:—"At various points in his address, there were rappings, sometimes apparently on the bottom of the coffin and at others on the floor, as if in response to the sentiments uttered. The rappings were loud enough to be distinctly heard in every part of the room, but they elicited no remark from any one. Prof. Britton read a communication purporting to have come from the deceased since his entrance into the spirit world, through a medium who was not present, and apparently intended for those assembled. While it was being read, the rappings were very distinctly heard. At the close of the address, several friends sang the piece 'Come ye disconsolate,' after which Rev. Mr. Denning made a few remarks during which the rappings were heard more distinctly than before."

**CHERRIES.**—Cherries without stones have been produced in France, by the following method:—In the Spring, before the circulation of the sap, a young seedling cherry tree is split from the upper extremity down to the fork of its roots; then, by means of a piece of wood in form of a spatula, the pith is carefully removed from the tree, in such a manner as to avoid any excoriation, or other injury; a knife is used only for commencing the split. Afterwards, the two sections are brought together, and tied with woolen, care being taken to close hermetically with clay, the whole length of the cleft. The sap soon reunites the separated portions of the tree, and two years afterwards, cherries are produced of the usual appearance, but instead of stones, there will only be small soft pellets.

**'CELESTIAL' CUSTOM.**—When a Chinese lady is blessed with an increase in her family, from the moment of her accouchement the unhappy husband is put to bed also, and there detained for forty days, and during this delightful penance he is subjected to all the rigorous treatment of his better half. Should medicine be administered to her, he must partake of it also; and he is strictly confined to the same diet that she is obliged to undergo, which consist of an average I believe, of about a thimbleful of cream of rice administered every three hours, to say nothing of the pills at bed time to prevent indigestion.—*Neal's Residence at Siam.*

A Kentucky traveller, dining at a large hotel in Alabama, was annoyed by the showing off of some of the members of Assembly, who kept calling each other from their respective counties, after this fashion:—"I'll thank the gentleman from Oneida," &c. &c.—whereupon the Kentuckian said to the huge darkee waiter, "I'll thank the gentleman from Africa for a slice of ham." This cooled off the fashion of addressing the gentleman from ———, and so, and so.

A modern writer gives the following enumeration of the expression of a female eye: "The glare, the stare, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the lustre of pleasure."

**THREE O'CLOCK ON SATURDAY.**—We have often been puzzled to know why it is, that people in other nations can earn their subsistence with half their minds, whilst we seem obliged to throw our whole souls into the business. We should also like to understand, why, in these days, when steam does most of the hardest work, we should have to toil as many hours every day as our forefathers did, whose acquaintance with steam was derived chiefly from a slumberous observation of the tea kettle. For a century, ingenious men have been contriving labor saving machines; but whose labor has been saved thereby? It used to take the farmer half the Winter to thresh out his grain; he does it now in one day; but he is as busy as ever.

What is the use of having the patent office packed with models, and of having labor-saving machines in every shop, and house barn, and shed, if after all, most of us is obliged to work as hard and as long as people did in the good old stupid days before the revolution. None, that we can see. But it seems the good time is coming at last. On a large number of wholesale stores, down town, may now be seen a notice to the following effect:—"This store will be closed hereafter at three o'clock on Saturday." Three hours are thus clipped from the end of the week—precious hours to those who know how to use them. But why at the end of the week. Would it not be better to let out store at three o'clock on Wednesday, as schools were formerly, and give the clerks a breathing time at the half way house between Sunday and Sunday. But Saturday is good, though Wednesday might be better; and we congratulate the mercantile community upon the rescue of one hundred and fifty six hours per annum, from the soul-oblivion of business. We trust the fashion will take. We hope the time is not very far distant when one afternoon in every week will be a universal holiday. We shall then believe there is something in the patent office, notwithstanding present appearance are against it.—*Home Journal.*

**AN AFFRAY OF A TERRIBLE NATURE** took place at a hotel at Mt. Washington, Ky., on the 24th inst., between S. C. Beard, formerly a school teacher, and a Mr. McMeekin and Mr. Moore, of Mt. Washington, during which some ten or twelve shots were exchanged. Mr. McMeekin received four pistol wounds from the shots of Beard, and was twice stabbed by him with a sword cane in the hand. The shots took effect in the arm, side, back and throat of McMeekin, who at the last accounts, was considered in a very precarious situation, Beard, during the affray, escaped unhurt, though repeatedly fired at.

**NANNED.**—A genteel looking fellow calling himself Godman, hired a horse and buggy at Hitchcock's last week. Some hours after, Mr. H. having suspicions that he had departed to return no more, despatched officers in various directions to look for him. He was overhauled about six miles beyond Lancasterville, having sold the buggy, and provided himself with a saddle. The gentleman is now in our calaboose, and the property has been recovered.—*Columbia Banner, 7th inst.*

**A USEFUL RECIPE.**—The following recipe for making tough meats tender we clip from an exchange:

Cut your steaks the day before using into slices about two inches thick, rub over a small quantity of the common Carbonate of Soda, wash off next morning, cut into suitable thickness and cook to your taste. The same process will answer for fowls, legs of mutton, &c. Try it all who love delicious tender dishes of meat.

**CURIOSITIES.**—The chair in which the sun sets.  
A garment for the naked eye.  
The hammer which broke up the meeting.

Buckle to fasten a laughing stock.  
The animal that drew the inference.  
Eggs from a nest of thieves.  
A bucket of water from 'All's Well.'

To prevent dogs going mad in August: Cut their heads off in July.