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MISCELLANEOUS.

DEATH-BED ADVICE OF HON. SIMON SMIRK.

BY W. O. EATON.

Simon Smirk was on his death-bed. His son Samuel was standing by his side, and while he was holding his father's hand his father spoke to him as follows:

"Sammy, I am dying—at the age of fifty-five. I wish you to pay strict attention to my dying advice."

"Father I will."

"And I wish you to follow my advice after I am dead."

"I will, father."

"Sammy, the neighbors and all my friends tell me I haven't an enemy in the world, and I believe I haven't. I want you to understand why haven't. It is all owing to policy, Sam; policy and nothing shorter. When I was of your age, my boy, I was as poor as an old village horse, turned out to die. Age has at last broken me down, but I ain't poor thank policy! Follow my example, and you will become a far richer man than your father, Sammy, and die without an enemy, as I do."

"Sammy Smirk wept, as in duty bound. But grief and his handkerchief choked his utterance, and so he said nothing."

"It has always been my policy," resumed the dying Smirk, "to avoid giving offence to any one. No matter what people said to me; or any one else; right or wrong—I have always endeavored to forbear and submit, wherever I could; to be calm and cautious on all occasions, and to avoid the exhibition of any sign of resentment. By long experience in this I have found that by persevering to agree with everybody, seemingly, and to flatter everybody, is a sure and easy guide to universal popularity."

"But have you never had any difficulty with any one?"

"Not since I was twenty-one," said the dying man gasping for breath. "Reach me a little water and wet my lips. They are too parched for me to speak plain. There—there, he added, as his son obeyed him; that will do, and you shall be initiated into my invariable, invaluable policy. Be deferential, Sam, be deferential and control your temper, and flatter, wherever you get a chance, have a bow, a smile, and a word, and a shake of the hand for everybody, and then you will get along."

"But I mustn't be friendly to villains, must I?"

"Friendliness! Humph! Be friendly to nobody; only seem so. Villains! they compose two-thirds of the community, and they are the most influential. As for the other third, though it is well enough to keep their good opinion, they are only subordinate agents in the building up of a man."

"Oh no, Sam, never do that. Never kick a dog, unless you are sure he hasn't any owner, then kick away if you like!"

"Though his father was dying, Samuel could not help smiling at this language."

"That's right," said the elder Smirk, "I like that. Smile again, Sam, smile again. By smiling I have gained many a friend. But be careful you don't smile at the wrong time. A smile is a powerful weapon, but it must be used with judgment."

"Do you know, Sam, why I was always such a favorite with the women?"

"No, father."

"I was always careful, in the first place, to feel my way with the women; took care to understand their characters, their sentiments, their particular vanities and hobbies; keeping my own ideas in the background, till I could coincide with theirs. I always took care never to speak disrespectful of the sex. I never, in the presence of a woman, called a woman a 'woman,' or a 'female.' I had but one name—ladies—for all the feminine gender."

"How did you do when they differed and asked your opinion?"

"I would agree with one, and at the same time wink at the other slyly as to say, 'It's all humbug, what I am saying.' If a woman was ugly, I'd praise her intellect. If she did not know anything, I'd praise her virtue. In this way I seldom missed my mark; for it is very seldom you find

a woman that is ugly, immoral, and a fool in the bargain. In fact it is hard work to find anybody who hasn't some good point, or who isn't susceptible to flattery in some way or other; and a man must be an ass, who, if determined to flatter, and make his flattery acceptable, can't seize hold of some merit, in mind, in heart, form or face of the person he wishes to please, and feigning to admire it, makes that person friendly."

"Must I be liberal or stingy?"

"Oh, be liberal! be liberal by all means," said the dying man, with a smile—that is—in sentiment. "Whenever a generous deed is done, exalt it to the skies. Always praise generous people. Clap your hands for philanthropy, and then clap them in your pockets and keep them there."

"Suppose a beggar asks alms of me, or I am called on to subscribe to some charitable object?"

"If any person begs, say, 'Certainly my poor woman,' or 'my man,' or 'my poor child,' and then quickly feel in your pockets. You will find no money of course, but you must say with a sigh and a tear in your eye, if you can scare one up, 'I am really ashamed to say it, but unfortunately I haven't a cent about me.' If you don't get a 'God bless you, for that, I'm mistaken. I never found it to fail.'"

"But a subscription?"

"Read the paper, praise the object, but say you have just subscribed more than you could afford, for another object of a similar nature. If the applicant believes, by this, that you are in the charitable line, he will let you off, whereas, if you refused, out and out, without an explanation, he might abuse you behind your back. I have made myself a great reputation for benevolence, merely by refusing to subscribe in this way. This is a queer world, Sam."

"Here the old gentleman was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which nearly took him out of this queer world."

"I fear, father, that talking so much will be fatal to you," said Samuel.

"No, no," resumed his father, "I am determined not to die till I get through. As I was saying, Sammy, this is a queer old world, and you can't get along in it without religion."

"Without what?" exclaimed his son in amazement. He had never heard him mention religion before in his life.

"Without religion. Hire a pew by all means. Talk religion occasionally—you can soon get the hang of it. Profess—and practice when you're obliged to. But at any rate, profess; it gets a fellow along in business. I got some of my most profitable custom is d best friends by professing religious controversies create enmity, do they?"

"Sometimes. But whenever I found that I was getting into trouble on account of my religion, I was always careful to yield a point or two, smile in a christian like way, and then back out of the scrape. That's the way to do it."

"It is best, I suppose, to be some kind of a politician?" inquired his son.

"By all means; but take care and always be on the strongest side.—You can, although rabid as a mad dog in your views, when nobody but your side is present, affect to be very liberal in your sentiments, when you talk with those of an opposite political creed. Mankind love a liberal man; and if you flatter your foes you disarm them."

"There's a good deal in that," observed Sammy, musingly, reflecting upon the many existing instances of its truth.

"That there is," responded the sick man, nearly exhausted, and his lips as pale as ashes. "Double dealing, well done, will fix the flints of everybody. When I lived in Squealbury—a hogwash set, there, Sam—I was a great gun. I was a general favorite, owing to my management—and I had money. They were going to build a town house. There were two parties, each favoring a different site. They sent committees to ask my opinion. As the parties were about equal in number and influence, I hesitated at first which to favor."

"And how did you overcome the difficulty?"

"I told the committees that if they would call a meeting of both parties, I would give my opinion. That

meeting was called and I went.—'Smirk! Smirk! Smirk!!!' they all cried. I arose, and, after complimenting the rowdies generally, the town, its character, character, and so forth, disclaimed my right, either to the distinguished honor conferred upon me, or to deliver an opinion on the subject. 'I was a native of Squealbury,' I said and no meddler. I would not express any preference and opinion. I had no confidence that the intelligence of the Squealberians would enable them to choose for themselves, and with great affected modesty I bowed and withdrew in the midst of cheers from both parties."

"That was well done, father!" said Sam, admiringly; "and was that the reason you were elected to the Legislature?"

"Yes," said the senior Smirk, faintly; "I made a hit. My noble mindlessness became proverbial. I was compared to Cincinnatus and General Washington, put up for Representative and elected by both parties. Do as I did Sam, and you'll prosper.—Oh!"

"God bless you my dear father! what's the matter?"

"I'm going, Sam! I shall be off in a minute! Call in the minister and the other bores quick! but remember policy, Sam, policy!"

And with the unfinished word, which had been his guiding star through life, upon his lips, the Hon. Simon Smirk expired.

Intelligence of his death was telegraphed all over the Union, and many editorial obituaries were written upon him, ending with—

"None knew thee but to love thee, Nor named thee but to praise!"

From the N. Y. Weekly Budget.

THE PRISON.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

Upon a recent visit at Trenton, N. J., we visited the State Penitentiary at that place. Neatness and good order were predominant throughout the building, and the officers seemed gentlemanly and humane.—

This is one of the prisons in which culprits are condemned to solitary confinement and to labor, though we saw nothing to indicate what is called hard labor. Our honest mechanics, and industrious needle women toil much more severely and secure far less of bodily comfort than is enjoyed by these felons.

We saw the little portable carriage which conveys the food of the prisoner, trundled through the corridors, and observed that the soup had a savory, wholesome odor, and the bread and meat were abundant and of a good kind. Each prisoner is secured in his cell by a massive iron door, which is left ajar during the day, and within this is another door containing a single pane glass inserted into the upper part, which they shove one side for the purpose of receiving food, air, &c.

As we passed along, the prisoners we observed, seemed to work near this portal, and to be in many cases looking out, as if to keep alive their relation with the world from which they are separated. We saw no women looking out in this way. One thing struck us very forcibly. These men had by no means hardened or brutal aspects. We pass every day in the street persons far more guilty looking, far more indurated by vice and crime than these men looked, and we could not refrain the conviction that they were less culpable than thousands who escape the penalties of evil doing. One poor fellow had invented a machine for weaving, if we recollect aright, a model of which was placed in the work house, and was both ingenious and pretty. Under the neatly written name of the inventor was the simple appeal, "forget me not." So it is, when all that would seem to make life and memory desirable are lost, the heart still shrinks from being forgotten of its kind. A profound melancholy rested upon the faces of all. We observed in the various departments rude drawings and inscriptions, which went to show that a lingering sense of beauty and order lurked in the minds of these miserable beings.

Various kinds of weaving are done here; machinery wrought, and a large business carried on in making the cane seats of chairs, backs for cars, cane rockers, sofas, &c., from all of which we not only learned that the

prison supports itself, but is a source of revenue to the State. This is certainly as it should be—the guilty should not live idly upon the toil of others; but the painful conviction was not the less forced upon us, that these institutions have the effect to lower the price of labor in the market, and thus defraud the hard-working mechanic of his just dues. We could not but call to mind the many poor, squalid looking women whom we had seen sitting upon the ground in front of the dwellings, surrounded by dirty children, while they earned a poor pittance by seating old chairs. We could not but contrast the appearance of these unfortunates with that of the guilty incumbents of the prison, and so far as bodily comfort is concerned, the felon has a position far in advance of the honest laborer.

We need great souls among us who will go out in aid of the large class of people willing to toil, but who do so to little purpose, and who, by their judgment and foresight, will help to secure labor and just remuneration for the poor. If our legislators and philanthropists would lend their energies to the prevention rather than the punishment of crime; we should need no more almshouses, no more jails, nor penitentiaries.

THE CRIES.

We entered one of these, the occupant of which had been removed upon duty elsewhere. Here again lodged the majority of working men. There was the narrow, but neat bed, a stool, a small table, upon which were books and other articles of convenience or necessity. Upon a narrow shelf were a dozen or fifteen books, including a bible. Upon another was a small glass with shaving apparatus, and some rude sketches and drawings.

"Do you not fear to allow the prisoners a razor?"

"No; we keep a strict watch over them, and if any of them seem to be moping like, we know they are growing lamer, and we take it away. We can always tell when they begin to lamer. We've never had any accidents."

A fount at one corner gave the prisoner an abundant supply of good water. The room was ventilated by means of an aperture, inclining downwards from the floor, sufficiently large to admit air, and to serve the purposes of drainage. Immediately above this is a window also, heavily grated, and too high to admit any view of the world without. All was neat and orderly, but there was the sense of utter isolation, of dread, blank solitude, haunting the place as with a presence. When was ever a human heart condemned to hear nothing but the play of its own solitary pulses without sending forth from its own chambers the spectres of its unrest to fill the space with phantoms of dread? We may incarcerate the offender in gloomy walls, and cut him off from all human companionship, but he is never less alone than when alone. The people who meet us in the great thoroughfares of life, are far less our companions than the creatures projected from the action of the soul itself, who sit down by us, and people our solitude, making us alive to all holy and benign influences, or causing us to shudder with irrepressible dread. These fill the sphere in which we move, draw around us the sunshine and the blossom, all that is lovely and beautiful, or to make the walls damp, and the air heavy, and the whole space dark, gloomy and funeral. Thus was it that their empty cell seem peopled to us, and the atmosphere oppressed us with irrepressible grief. Poor, poor erring humanity, it seems to us that even less than an incarnate God would be willing to suffer and die to work out thy redemption!

At one side was a heavy staple driven into the solid wall; we knew that a chain was its adjunct. We know that when the tiger becomes fully predominant, chains must be brought in to check its ferocity. We turned away with a terrible sickness of the heart.

NOT MUCH OF A CURIOSITY.

The woman who is in the habit of leaving her own half-naked children at home whilst she attends the sewing society to make clothes for the heathen, has been sent to the world's fair. It is thought she will not be much of a curiosity.—*Columbus Enquirer.*

WHAT IS RESPECTABILITY?

—To judge from the conduct and ideas of some persons among both sexes, respectability consists in driving fast horses, wearing rich laces, drinking champagne, or idling away life. To cut a figure in society, on the promenades, or at a watering place, appears to be the sole aim of many women, who surely were born for better things. To cultivate a moustache, sport a "two forty" trotter, or act as a model exhibitor of coats for some fashionable tailor, seems to be the conception of a dignified and respectable career formed by not a few of the men.

Now being respectable, in either man or woman is, to our notion, doing what is duty. The poorest person, even in what is considered popularly the humblest avocation, who pays his debts, obeys the law, and fulfills his other obligations to society and to his fellow-creatures, is a thousand times more respectable than the wealthy idler, the educated spendthrift, the callous miser, or the fashionable fool. So the modest female, whether seamstress, book-folder, press tender, storekeeper, or even house-servant, is, in the true sense of the word, infinitely more respectable than the extravagant wife who is ruining her husband, than the thoughtless votary of fashion, than the butterfly flirt. In a word, worth, not wealth, constitutes respectability.

Again. It is what it really is, not what it seems to be, that men of sense honor as such. The millionaire, who has obtained wealth by knavish practices, though he may creep through the meshes of the law, cannot escape the indignant verdict of an honest public; he may give grand dinners, drive a showy equipage, inhabit a palace, and even subscribe ostentatiously to benevolent purposes; yet, with all his out-gilding, people recognize the rottenness within; and from the very summit of his splendor, trace back the slimy track by which he rose. Such a man, let him do what he will, can never become respectable. A gulf as wide as that between Dives and Lazarus, separates him from the esteem of the good. So also the low-minded in all pursuits, those cruel and unfeeling towards their fellow-men, charlatans of every hue, hypocrites, demagogues, toadies, sharpers, and all others of a similar kind, cannot be respectable. Pinchbeck never yet passed long for gold. Or, as the old proverb has it, "you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

As people are generally what habit renders them, it is for the young that these remarks are meant. The old cannot be cured. If they are shams now, shams they will remain; nothing, alas! can ever make them respectable. But the young have yet their habits to form. Let them take a high standard and become truly respectable.

Insert the above from the Ledger in your Home Gazette," writes a valued and intelligent friend, "and request every paper in the United States to copy it." Our friend is an honest hater of all shams, assume what forms they will. Step by step, beginning at the first round in the ladder of fortune, he has ascended, through honorable industry and far-seeing enterprise, to wealth and social position.—Quick and close in his observation, he separates the tinsel of character, from the substance at a glance, and gives no countenance to false assumption, let it come in what shape it will. In the above indignant protest against the false and vicious in society, he finds an exact expression of his own views; and having an ardent desire to see truth, and honor, and manliness of sentiment prevail, he asks for it a wide circulation by the press. Let it find a place in the columns of every newspaper in the land. It cannot fail to do a good work.—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

DINING SERVICE FOR THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

—A beautiful breakfast, dinner, dessert and tea service of American porcelain, has just been finished in New York for the President's House. It includes handsome engraved and richly cut table glass. The dining service numbers 450 pieces, and the glass 55 dozen. The whole cost is \$1,500.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.

As a public chronicler, and as the contents of our paper are more or less read by the greater part of those into whose hands it falls, we cannot forbear giving publicity to the following "hints." There is many a solid truth contained in them. We would call the undivided attention of the young ladies to it:

If any young woman wastes in trivial amusement the prime season for improvement, which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, they regret bitterly the loss when they come to feel themselves inferior in knowledge to almost every one they converse with; and above all, if they should ever be mothers; when they feel their inability to direct or assist the pursuits of their children, they find ignorance a severe mortification, and a real evil. Let this animate their industry, and let a modest opinion of their capacities be an encouragement to them in their endeavors after knowledge. A moderate understanding, with diligent and well-directed application, will go much further than a lively genius, if attended with impatience and inattention, which too often accompany quick parts. It is not for want of capacity that so many women are such trifling, insipid companions, so ill-qualified for the friendship and conversation of a sensible man, or for the task of governing and instructing a family; it is often from the neglect of exercising the talents which they really have, and from omitting to cultivate a taste for intellectual improvement. By this neglect they lose the sincerest pleasures, which would remain when almost every other forsakes them—of which neither fortune nor age can deprive them, and which would be a comfort and resource in almost every possible situation in life.

Mrs. Chapone.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY FAST AND HONESTLY.

—Enter into a business of which you have perfect knowledge. In your own right, or by the aid of friends, on long time, have a cash capital sufficient to do at least a cash business. Never venture on a credit business on commencement. Buy all your goods or materials for cash; you can take every advantage of the market, and pick and choose where you will. Be careful not to overstock yourself. Rise and fall with the market on short stocks. Always stick to those whom you prove to be strictly just in their transactions, and shun all others, even at a temporary disadvantage. Never take advantage of a customer's ignorance, nor misrepresent. Have but one price and a small profit, and you will find all the most profitable customers (the cash ones,) or they will find you.

If ever deceived in business transactions, never attempt to save your self by putting the deception upon others; but submit to the loss and be more cautious in future. According to the character and extent of your business, set aside a liberal per centage for printing and advertising, and do not hesitate. Never let an article, parcel or package go out from you without a handsome printed label, wrapper, card or circular, and dispense them continually. Choose the newspaper for your purpose, and keep yourself unceasingly before the public; and it matters not what business of utility you make choice of; for, if intelligently and industriously pursued, a fortune will be the result.

ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS.

—The St. Anthony's Express says that important changes have taken place on the Falls of St. Anthony during the past two years. An immense mass of rock about the centre was broken off last winter and fell several feet, making a sort of rapid, rather than a usual falls in that part of the cataract. The theory that in course of time the Falls of St. Anthony will wear away as to become only rapids, seems highly probable from what is now taking place from day to day.

SECRETARY DOBBIN.

Secretary Dobbin, says a Washington letter, has made only eight removals of clerks in all. Two additional clerks resigned, and two have been re-elected. During the late administration there were fourteen removals and six changes by death and resignation. The list of clerks is now composed of twenty-one Democrats to eighteen Whigs.

GOVERN THE CHILDREN.

—The youth of the country are soon to hold its destiny in their hands. And as they are now governed by their fathers after govern. Niebuhr says, in his Letters—"Freedom is quite impossible when the youth of a country are devoid of reverence and modesty." We confess we have sometimes feared for the future of our land, when we considered the character of the rising population.

Young America is so very fast, has so little reverence for the past, and such unflinching faith in progress, of the aggressive order, that his hands seems unsafe receptacles of so great a trust. Our Puritan forefathers were strict disciplinarians, and New England owes much of its power and glory to this fact. Parental control is now very much relaxed. In most cases it is the children who govern. This is a bad state of things, and should be changed. Boys need control as much as bread and butter. Niebuhr, whom we must again quote, says:

"I would warn every one, whose child shows a bad disposition, to hold him in while he is young, for there is not much fear of breaking his spirit. His innate impudence will protect him from this; and I feel by myself, that our faults cannot be torn up with too much violence in childhood, before they have taken too deep a root."—*Portland Transcript.*

TERRIBLE STROKE OF LIGHTNING.

—We regret to learn that Warren Cooley, of this city, was instantly killed by lightning, on Tuesday morning last, at Peoria, Wyoming County. The deceased, Francis Cooley, was standing in his store, lighting a camphine can, when the lightning entering at the back of the building, struck him near the head and passed out through his heel, entirely stripping him of his clothes, and causing instant death. The camphine was also inflamed, and when Mrs. Cooley entered the room, hardly a moment having elapsed, the deceased was standing upright against the wall, enveloped in a sheet of flame.

The part of the building where the lightning entered, was used as a store room for scythes and other agricultural implements, which were thrown in all directions. Mrs. Cooley and her sister were sitting at the time, about a table, in a room over the store; and the top of the table was separated from its legs in an instant. Two persons were in the store at the time; one, a young man, standing near the door, was tossed into the street, a distance of nearly twenty feet; the other, a lady, was prostrated and rendered senseless; but neither were seriously injured. The deceased was about 30 years of age, and married, but without children.—*Utica Herald.*

CONNECTICUT FREE SCHOOLS.

—The eighth annual report of the superintendent of common schools of Connecticut, which has just been printed, presents the following facts:—More than \$100,000 have been raised by tax in the districts of twenty school societies out of the 217 in the State—more than four times the amount raised in the whole State in any one year prior to 1848. During the year, 283 evening lectures on educational subjects have been delivered by the superintendent and other gentlemen. The number of school societies in the State is 217, some of them extending over the whole town. There are 1,442 school districts.—

whole number of children in the State between the ages of four and sixteen, 96,887. The revenue of the school funds is \$143,693, and the ratio for each child \$1.35. Number of scholars between four and sixteen attending school in the winter, 74,100; average attendance 55,100. Number of private schools of all grades: winter, 403; pupils in do., 8,400; cost of tuition, \$162,000. Whole number teachers in winter—male, 1660; female, 730; in summer, males, 670; female, 1020. Number of districts employing more than one teacher, 150; whole number of assistant teachers, 275. Whole number of teachers who boarded round—winter, 1,089; number, 937.

LEMONS.

—As high as \$20 per box was paid in Boston for lemons a day or two since. There are several cargoes now due.