

The Sumter Banner.

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

JOHN S. RICHARDSON, JR.,
PROPRIETOR.

"God—and our Native Land."

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TERMS.

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yards of his cabin, in the fall of 1855—especially when it is made known that one of the females was a widow of some thirty five years, whose husband had died on the plains early in the spring. Logwood saw her, and in that case, to see was but to admire, at least on his part; whether or not the widow was similarly effected we will endeavor to make the sequel show.

Yes, in mountain parlance, Logwood "weakened," to the charms of the widow, and the consequence was that after one week, he could occasionally be seen sneaking around the cabin of his adored with a "biled" shirt peeping up stiffly around his throat. For thus outrageously having himself he was called to account by the boys, and as such singular conduct required an explanation of some kind, Logwood was compelled to point to the widow as the cause.

Of course every encouragement was given to him; the comforts of a home, and the pleasures of married life were pictured to him in the most glowing colors by the entire mess, and no occasion was from that time henceforth slighted by any of them when in company with the widow, of exalting Logwood's excellence. The widow, faultless, was shrewd enough to suspect everything of that sort, and laughed at the effect; but she could not be insensible to Logwood's "bim" if she was insensible to his honest devotion. The fact was, the widow was a woman who had seen considerable of the world, and knew from a fifteen years' experience of matrimonial life that love and poverty might possibly exist together under the same roof, yet it was rather inconsistent, and, having outgrown all girlish fancies of love and romance, like a sensible woman, she looked upon another matrimonial alliance strictly with an eye to business.

Logwood was pretty well supplied with here; this the widow had ascertained beyond a doubt, and the smiles which she had bestowed upon him during the two or three occasions on which they had met, made Logwood doubt, like Richard, whether he had not always "mistaken his person." But smitten he was there was no reason to doubt, for never had he been known to exercise so great care in his dress as during the month which elapsed previous to his first attempt to pay the lady a regular visit. Several times had he attempted it, but as often had his courage failed him, until at last, from indications unmistakable, we were made confident that he had determined upon the time to carry out his resolution which was to be the Sunday evening following. Early Saturday afternoon, he stopped his labors and commenced preparing himself for it by washing and drying one of the white shirts with which the presence of the lady on the bar had induced him to provide himself, and putting the remainder of his wardrobe in repair, and the next morning saw him arrayed in the very best suit that it had probably ever worn his lot to appear in. He walked round quite abstractedly during the day, apparently unmoved at the thought of the trial he was about subjecting himself.

The boys winked at each other, but said nothing. Evening came, and at length eight o'clock, and Logwood was still in his cabin; but in fifteen minutes after, the necessary entrance was unannounced, and he sauntered slowly towards the cabin of the widow. How matters would have terminated had he been able to say, had not accident stepped to the aid of the bashful lover. As he was passing the door for the tenth time, the father of the lady in question, an old man of about sixty, happened to discover him, and invited him in. He at first refused, but subsequently agreed to "step in for a moment," and the next minute he was in the presence of his charmer.

The cabin was divided into two apartments, one of which was occupied as a sleeping room or rooms, and the other answered for the purposes of dining and sitting room. He found the lady and her mother at home, and with the aid and presence of the old gentleman, Logwood managed to make himself quite easy for the time being. In the course of an hour the old lady retired to bed, in the adjoining room, and in a few minutes after, without giving him a moment's reflection, the old man bid Logwood good night and followed suit. It was then that the horrors of his situation began forcing themselves upon the mind of the timid lover, as he saw himself alone in the presence of the widow. He would have snatched his hat and departed, but a kind of fascination fixed him to his seat, and there the poor fellow sat, until the sweat started from every pore of his huge body. "The lady was very agreeable, felt very much at home, and sympathizing with her timid admirer, did everything

Logwood and a Californian Widow.

A MINING RECOLLECTION OF '49, '50.

Yes, the boys would always call him Logwood, notwithstanding all his protestations to the contrary. When the name was first applied to him he swore, threatened, and even went so far as to pretty roughly lay the little fellow in our mess, but he gradually became reconciled like a true philosopher, to that which he had no power to remedy, and soon answered to that name as well as the one which his parents bequeathed him—and it was about all they did start him into the world with—of Logan Woods. He was a rough, untutored specimen of the backwoodsman, stood six feet six in his socks, and emigrated from Iowa early in 1849. Although the extent of his education went no further than a very limited knowledge of the first elements of an English education, and was as meagre in speech as in person, yet he was a man of fine feelings and as good a heart as ever shared (without snatching) the pork and beans of blunderbusses.

To accident alone did he owe his name of "Logwood," and although he contumaciously with unfeigned displeasure the first attempt to fasten it upon him, yet it stuck to him like pitch and charcoal to the head of a morning digger. Owing to his height he was called Long Wood, until it was perverted to Logwood by an "honorable" whose defective nasal organ defied with entire success the proper articulation of the letters "a" and "g" as combined in the word "long"; he was compelled to pronounce it "log," and "log" uttered in conjunction with Wood, made a very near approach to Logwood, and to humor the joke and enjoy the victim's confusion at having his name burlesqued, Logwood was adopted by the boys, until finally he was known by no other. Although Logwood was as peaceable and inoffensive as an infant, he was the last man to turn his back to danger, let it come in what shape it might. He had been raised in the backwoods, had been on several hunting excursions to the Rocky Mountains, and had accompanied a government train from Independence to Santa Fe; consequently the sight of a hostile Indian had not only the effect of creating within him a consciousness that he was still Logan Woods; a man who feared neither "bars" or "injuns," and who could swim the Mississippi, and single-handed whale his weight in wild cats before breakfast. Yet Logan Wood had a weakness; he was excessively timid in the society of females. He adored the whole sex indiscriminately; but he seemed to look upon them as objects entirely beyond his reach—to be admired but not approached. I do not know what to attribute it to, unless, indeed, it was a consciousness of his want of personal attractions and accomplishments; but in early times the sight of a white female completely unmanned him. It is not to be wondered at, then, when it is told that Logwood's heart thumped his ribs upon making the discovery that a family had suddenly settled on the bar, within two hundred

in his power to relieve his embarrassment. He attempted to converse with his companion; but he scarcely knew what he said, or how to act. The widow pitied him, and finding that there was no hope of his moving in proximity nearer her than ten feet, took occasion, while applying a little more fuel to the fire, to lessen that comfortable distance by taking a seat within three feet of him. This was indeed trying to the courage of unfortunate Logwood, and now the combined wrath of the blazing fire, from the heat of which he had not the courage to move, and the excitement of perspiration o'gan to gather upon his forehead and course down his face. He pulled his handkerchief from his pocket and commenced mopping the sweat from his eyes; but the miasma with which it had been well dusted by the boys was not calculated to give much relief to his watery eyes by the application, and two of the rogues who were watching the operations within through a displaced chinking, saw that all things worked as desired.

Of course, the more his eyes became affected the more they were rubbed, the more he forced into them. There could be but one result; he became as blind as a bat; the pain was perfectly maddening. He matched his hat from the bench beside him, and relying solely on chance in making it, made a rush for the door. But he was sadly in error regarding its point of compass from the spot where he was standing, for instead of jumping out of the door he jumped into the arms of the widow, who, unable to account for his strange conduct, had risen to her feet and was standing in front of the bench upon which she had been sitting. With a loud scream, she fell upon him, and Logwood made another plunge for the door, which he succeeded in reaching and getting through in some way, just as the old man made his appearance. But his troubles were not ended; the boys had placed a barrier in front of the door, and over it he rolled just in time to receive a bucket of old water in his face and eyes, completely drenching him. Now enabled to see a little better, he raised to his feet, perfectly boiling with wrath, the first object which met his imperfect vision was the old man who was completely bewildered. Logwood, without knowing or caring who he was, but believing him in some way connected with the trick played upon him, knocked him sprawling, and then started for the river to bathe his eyes.

In about an hour Logwood returned home finding all the boys in bed and not caring about discovering to them his situation, "turned in" with out a light. The next morning he attributed the inflamed appearance of his eyes to a bad cold, nor did any one deem it advisable to let him understand that he knew to the contrary. The lady and the family wisely kept the circumstance to themselves, although they never could exactly explain it; and it was not until Logwood left the bar, that the mystery was solved to the widow. He always believed the lady was concerned in the plot in some way—and his opinion of the fair sex, and of widows in particular, underwent a great change in consequence. He never called upon her again, but the next day of the evening of his visit he gave his white shirts to an Indian, and from that day to this has never troubled himself about matrimony.

Who is Victoria

Victoria is the daughter of the Duke of Kent, who was grandson of George the Third; who was the grand-son of George the Second; who was the son of Princess Sophia; who was the cousin of Anne; who was the sister of William and Mary; who was the daughter and son-in-law of James the Second; who was the son of Charles the First; who was the son of James the First; who was the son of Mary; who was the grand daughter of Margaret; who was the sister of Henry the Eighth; who was the son of Henry the Seventh; who was the son of the Earl of Richmond; who was the son of Athrine, the widow of Henry the Fifth; who was the son of Henry the Fourth; who was the son of Richard the Second; who was the grand-son of Edward the Third; who was the son of Edward the Third; who was the son of Edward the Second; who was the son of Henry the Third; who was the son of John; who was the son of Henry the Second; who was the son of Matilda; who was the daughter of Henry the First; who was the son of William Rufus; who was the son of William the Conqueror; who was the bastard son of the Duke of Normandy, by a tanner's daughter, of Fausais.

Translated from French Papers for the Home Journal.

News and Nonsense.

POETRY YET IN THE WORLD!
—The winding up of the romance of real life has recently taken place in the quaint official world of Paris. Thus runs the story:

At a Court Ball some twenty years since, a young officer of the French cavalry met and was charmed by a beautiful English girl. He obtained an introduction and danced with her as oft as he could without challenging the remark of his Grace, the young lady's papa. Our hero was handsome, amiable, witty, and in every way a person to win the good will of the fair sex. He was of good family, and had the aristocratic de alix to his name, although he could boast no patrimonial estate.

The young lady was of England's privileged class—both noble and wealthy. This, however, our lover did not know when first he bowed before the charms of her beauty. Love begets bliss, and women are grateful; and the fair girl returned the young soldier's devotion. They met often—how or where we cannot say; but Paris is large and English customs are convenient for young people. This was a charmingly agreeable, but unsatisfactory; for there was a flirtation with a settled intention adfixed to it—marriage!

At length our heroine discloses her wishes to her parents. They are horrified; their daughter marry a Frenchman, merely a Lieutenant, a man without estate! It is not to be thought of. She listens to this decision in tears. A first weakness passed, however, she feels nature's dictate and the strength which love gives. She next boldly and firmly declares to her parents that she loves the young officer with her whole heart and her own will she will marry. That if they will not permit her to judge of her own happiness, she can wait until she is of age, when the clergyman may marry men without parental leave.

My Lord and My Lady are even more anxious that their fair and gentle daughter has a will of her own, and also a patient determination to gratify that will. They come to parley, and enter into negotiations with the young people.

The lovers are to be separated for two years—it shall not be considered an engagement—and the young lady shall receive the addresses of other suitors.

On the other hand, the lovers are to be permitted to correspond, and if they remain lovers at the end of two years, they shall marry with full consent and approbation.

The young lady concedes her anxious lover with the assurance that her love is unchanged, and that two years' absence will only serve to prove their affection for each other, an endeavor to one another still more.

They part. The English party return home. During a month they exchange letters daily—and such letters! Of what a length, and full of terms of endearment! How poor language seemed to them!

But, one day, our fair heroine listened in vain for the accustomed postman's knock, so well known to every Londoner. He came not. The next day passed, and the next—and no tidings; and thus many days passed, and brought disappointment only.

Weeks lengthened into months, and no letter cheered the sick heart of the poor girl. The third month came round and her hope became faint; then My Lady consoled her daughter, and urged the acceptance of Lord —, a suitor for her hand. "It was thus that a true English heart should resent a suit!"—Three months more passed. Meanwhile, the unhappy damsel writes letters, and sends them in every possible way, in the hope of obtaining an explanation of this long silence. None comes; doubt becomes conviction—she is deserted. She stifles the love in her heart, and pride comes to aid her self respect. Having to longer a desire of her own, she yields to that of her mother.—"My Lady, I will marry Lord —; but since I have so decided, let us be married quickly."

It was done. Fifteen years passed by. Our heroine is a widow! Five years more, and My Lady lies ill unto death.

She calls her daughter to her bedside, and confesses that she had detained the letters of the young officer—that he had been faithful. The proofs of it were by the hundred in the desk. "My Lady" dies. Our heroine seeks these letters of her lover of her youthful days, and finds heaps of his, and also those she had written in the vain hope of obtaining explanation of his silence.

Twenty years of disappointment

were forgotten in reading the expressions of affection and devotion which they breathed. She was young again and her heart had known no care; it was again the spring time of her life.—She took these letters with her and went to Paris.

She sought information from the Minister of War, of him who was Lieutenant in the cavalry in 1834. The authorities replied, that the Lieutenant of that time was now Commanding General, and that he was stationed in one of the Southern Departments. The widow wrote to the General that she was at Paris and desired to see him. He obtained leave of absence, and hastened to meet the lady. All is explained, and our lovers are married. To be sure, the General is no longer young; his manners are the same, and his elegance and style lessen his apparent age. The lady carries her inauspicious forty years as if they were added to thirty. The later twenty of their lives are likely to be happier than either of the first.

And so ends a real romance, that is very like one in a story-book.

Westeyan Circuit Riders.

(From the Lecture of the Rev. Mr. MITCHELL, as reported through the columns of the Charleston Courier, we extract the following anecdotes of two individuals of that class of men who have done so much to spread the glad news of salvation through our western wilds.)

A man there was, God-gifted in mind and body, with a genius that shone out through all clouds, and a form and mien that Apollo would not have spurned. He goes a "circuit rider" at the age of sixteen, and he soon took a marked man. He could not look as others, think as others, or speak as others; and therefore he was unjudged, censured, often harshly reprimanded. Generous and noble pure-minded, he listened to his seniors, or even to his younger brethren, and attempted to satisfy the scruples of all. Nonconformity, however, is the law of genius, while establishments and everyday rules demand conformity.

They swaddled him in drab and "shad-belly coats," and complained that in all moods and forms of dress he still looked a dandy. They sent him at last to a field that it was thought would break him into rule.

"In the Western part of Virginia was situated a log cabin, the e'nings of which were damped and filled with yellow mud—it had, perhaps, half of a second story, where you could study astronomy without leaving bed, and adopt the hydropathic without the aid of any doctor—the kitchen serves as a breakfast and dining, a dressing and preaching room. A number of hens with their chickens are taken in for safe keeping. Amid the barking of dogs and the noise of children the itinerant preacher had to study—and, at rest, stretched on his stomach before the embers of the fire, which he seved for his midnight oil, he not only acquired a sufficient knowledge to prosecute his calling, but became master of several languages. He preached in one year over 400 times, travelled nearly 5000 miles, and at the end of that time his salary amounted to twelve dollars and ten cents."

That man was Henry B. Bascom, the magnificently endowed genius, whose whole life was an upward struggle.

Take one sample of the enthusiasm of these men. The Rev. John Strain was a leader among the saddlebag preachers of the Northwest, where he long toiled. He was an owed with rich and rare gifts of voice, and was not only a forcible speaker, but a "sweet singer in Israel." A friend who had known him and loved him since his first labors, and had grown wealthy in the rapid progress of the new back settlements, presented him the title deed to a half-section of land—three hundred and twenty acres. Time rolled on, and he completed his long and wearisome circuit. On seeking home for a brief rest, he proceeded first toward the cabin of his friend and benefactor. Drawing the title deed from his saddlebag, he said, "Here, my dear sir, take this." Questions followed for explanation, and it was briefly given, "I love to sing," said the pioneer, "and I love one hymn above all. I would rather sing that hymn with a good conscience, than to own all Ohio."

That hymn was the well known hymn of Asbury's beginning

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man,
I gladly wander to and fro,
An' I'll dwell awhile in tents below,
Till I my Canaan gain."

"You will break my heart," as the oak said to the axe.

A GOOD MAN GONE.—The Abingdon Virginian announces the death of Samuel Baile, an old and respected teacher of that place.

"The past, the present, and the rising generations in this place have been taught by him, and the old man loved to show the block upon which the Hon. Wm. C. Preston sat, when an urchin in his school. He was a native of Ireland, and came to this country in his youth. His quiet, and unobtrusive and consistent walk through life had secured the love and respect of all; and it may be said with truth that no man ever lived or died in this community who had done less harm or a greater amount of good than Samuel Baile."

ANOTHER SLAVE ROW AT PITTSBURG.—On Saturday last, the Hon. Lynn Boyd, Speaker of the House of Representatives, accompanied by his family, and a colored servant, stopped at the St. Charles Hotel, in Pittsburg, and while they were at breakfast they were surrounded by a large number of negroes, who endeavored to take the servant woman off by force, but were prevented by the interference of a number of gentlemen. Soon after Mr. Boyd and his family started to go down to the steamboat for Louisville, and were followed by an excited crowd. At the boat the mob was met by the captain with a revolver, who threatened to shoot down the first one that came on board. This had a good effect, and Mr. Boyd and his family and their servant effected their escape. Pittsburg is becoming famous for these disgraceful exhibitions.

NEBRASKA.—Both branches of the Nebraska Legislature have adopted the following resolutions by a nearly unanimous vote:

"Resolved, That we herewith endorse the principles enunciated in the bill organizing the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas, that we rejoice that the geographical line between the northern and southern States has been erased, leaving the people of every State and Territory free to control their domestic institutions; and that we commend the firm and patriotic course of the men, without distinction of party, who have aided in establishing the sound constitutional principles of the Compromise of 1850; and

"Resolved, Furthermore, That we pledge ourselves to oppose any unfair discriminations, such as those of the late Missouri compromise; but to protect and defend the rights of the States and the union of the States, and to advance and perpetuate the doctrine of popular sovereignty."

CONGRESSIONAL MORALITY.—We were infinitely amused three or four weeks ago by a practical joke in Washington City upon a number of the nice men of Congress. It was too good to be left unpublished. A couple of merry fellows, one of them a distinguished member of Congress from a Southern State, and the other a distinguished editor from Kentucky, concocted a letter purporting to be addressed by a young lady to a very fine looking gentleman. It was got up in first-rate style. The intended young lady set forth therein that she had several times seen the gentleman she was addressing, that she was captivated by his fine face and manly form, that her heart was deeply touched by all she saw and heard of him, that she must make his acquaintance before his departure from the city, that she hoped and prayed he would forgive her seeming boldness as it was the first imprudent act of her life, that she had all ways moved and was still moving in the highest circles of the Capital, that he would be upon a certain square of a certain street at precisely 12 o'clock on the following day in a dress which she described with great particularity, and that she hoped and trusted he would meet her and thus afford her an opportunity of a brief personal intercourse with the idol of her heart. The two wags had between thirty and forty copies of this letter written by a female friend of theirs, and they sent these copies to between thirty and forty members of Congress, selecting those of course who were known to entertain a very exalted opinion of their own personal fascinations.

Everything being thus arranged, the two jokers called upon us and another young gentleman, explained what they had done, and invited us to get into their carriage, ride with them to the point of assignation, and see the sights. We unhesitatingly consented, and we saw sights sure enough. Riding upon the designated square, we beheld the whole of the thirty or forty members, Northern men and Southern men, Whigs, Democrats, and Know Nothings, walking to and fro, all gazing earnestly in every direction and at every female figure to discover the object of their anxious search.

We concluded, that if a few more copies of the letter had been sent to members of the House of Representatives, the House would have had to adjourn for the want of a quorum.—Louisville Journal.

A man of wit once said, rightly enough, "He who finds a good son-in-law gains a son; he who finds a bad one, loses a daughter."

AN OLD MAN'S SECRET.—An Italian Bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition without even betraying the least impatience. An intimate friend of his, who highly admired those virtues which he had thought impossible to imitate, one day asked the Bishop if he could communicate his secret of being always easy?

"Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach my secret with great facility; it consists of nothing more than making a right use of my eyes."

His friend begged him to explain himself.

"Most willingly," returned the Bishop; "in whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business is to get there. I then look down on the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred; I then look abroad on the world, and observe what multitudes there are in all respects more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, how very little reason I have to repine or complain."

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—A correspondent wishes to know "what lines in Shake-speare is entirely entomological?"

We cannot say, unless somebody been found has sufficiently barbarous to read a certain passage of Macbeth in this wise:

"Fly, Flea-ance—(ants)—fly, fly, fly!"

A witty lawyer once jokeously asked a boarding-house keeper the following questions:

"Mr. —, if a man gives you five hundred dollars to keep for him and dies, what do you do? Do you pay for him?"

"No sir," replied Mr. —, "I pay for another like him."

A good old Dutchman and his frow set up till galling time, when the latter, after a full stretch in the above operation, said:

"I wish I was in heaven!"

"I was also yawned and replied: 'I wish I wash in the still house.'"

The eyes of Sally flew wide open as she exclaimed—

"I've found for you, you always wish yourself in the best place."

As amusing incident occurred in one of our down east churches some years ago. The clergyman gave out on a pleasant Sabbath in July:

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

The regular chorister being absent, the duty devolved upon the good old Deacon M., who commenced:

"I love to steal!"

And then bugged down, and raising his voice to a still higher pitch, he sang:

"I love to steal!"

And, as before, he concluded he had got the wrong pitch, and deploring that he had not his "pitch tuner," he determined to succeed, if he died in the attempt.

By this time all the old ladies were tittering behind their fans, while the faces of the "young 'uns" were all in a broad grin. At length, after a desperate cough, he made a final demonstration, and roared out:

"I love to steal!"

The effort was to much; every other but the godly and eccentric parson was laughing, who arose, and with the utmost coolness, said:

"Seeing our brother's propensities, let us pray!"

"Why in such a hurry, said a man to an acquaintance. "Sir," said the man, "I have bought a new bonnet for my wife, and fear the fashion will change before I get home."

"Come here, my dear, I want to ask you all about your sister. Has she got a beau?" "No, it's the jaundice she's got; the doctor says so."

To spin and to weave, to knit and to sew,

Was once a girl's employment;
But now, to dress and catch a beau,
Is all she calls enjoyment.

It is customary among business people to square up their books and take account of sto k.

A well known business man on — street, recently met a fellow merchant.

"Ah, S—, how are you?"

"O busy, busy, very busy taking account of stock."

"Are you?" was the response; well it's a great bore ain't it? but thank God I am saved the trouble—the sheriff came and took an account of my stock last week."