The Sumter B[anner]

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W. J. FRANCIS, Proprietor. | "God—and our Native Land." | [TE]RMS—$2 IN ADVANCE.

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AN ORIGINAL TALE.

Written for the Banner.

THE ELDER'S SON.

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A COUNTRY PHYSICIAN.

Many years have passed away since I missed from his accustomed seat in the church where he worshiped, the erect and manly form of old Jacob Morton. The peaceful and lovely Sabbath comes and with it the crowd of worshippers assemble under the wide spreading shades around the lovely country church, that stands like a beacon upon the hill, but the patriarchal form of old Jacob Morton is no longer among them! The leaves of summer rustle in the sabbath breeze as of yore, the brook at the foot of the hill murmurs on as in days long past, and I look around me for the calm, serious and meditative features of Jacob Morton, in the pleasing picture of which he was so long a part, forgetting that the light of his kindly eye is gone forever, and that his snow-white locks have gone down aye sadly and in sorrow to the grave. Even in boyhood I looked up to him with veneration and awe mingled with affection. So gentle, so kind and yet so prompt to reprove an ungarded word that savoured of levity, or disregard of holy things, he won the confidence and respect of all that knew him. As I grew up to manhood and became the more able to comprehend his simple and noble character, I loved and honored him the more. His unassumed and native dignity inspired me with reverance for the man, that I never felt for anyother than himself, though it has been my lot to have associated with many who have filled a nation with fame. Obscure poor and unlettered as he was Jacob Morton was a truly great man. No one ever entered his humble dwelling and departed without feeling that he had been thrown into communication with a noble and superior character. An atmosphere of integrity and manly independence and goodness seemed continually around him. Conspicuous for his humility, yet his pointed rebukes were when necessary as freely administered to the proud and the wealthy, as to the lowest and most dependent of his acquaintance.

The only pride of the old man, the only trace of infirmaty in his whole character was exhibited in his fond attachment to an only son, a sprightly lad, when I first knew him, of some fifteen summers who was the pet of his widowed father. Quick bold and impetuous he was a general favorite in the neighborhood, somewhat predisposed to be wild and reckless and with the faults of youth so constituted, his errors, were unseen and unnoticed by the quick eyes of his father whom parental fondness had blinded to his aberrations. As he grew up unchecked and unrestrained save by an occasional too tender and mild reproof, his faults rather increased than diminished. When he was about seventeen years of age, though a kind hearted and generous youth, it became too evident, not only to the whole neighborhood, but even to the fond father himself, that young Allen's errors were of such a character that there was much reason to fear that they would not pass away with the incoming of manhood. Alas! poor Jacob Morton, what a pang shot through his heart, when the whole truth burst upon him. The duties of his humble farm were neglected and he passed days of sorrowing, anxiety and tearful prayer in his chamber mourning over the transgression of a once promising son, who now made light of parental authority, and no longer patiently endured his affectionate chiding. It was a bitter and a painful hour for him, when his eyes were opened to the vices of a son whom his own injudicious treatment had tended to lead away from the path of duty. Bitter were his unavailing regrets and firm yet fruitless were his efforts to restore his diminished authority. The twig left untrained for fear of injuring the tender and sensitive stalk had grown up a stubborn deformed and unyielding tree; the iron sank deep into the soul of the agonized father and tears were his meat day and night. The past with its long cherished anticipations, its fond hopes, and its bright visions that clustered around his darling son, rose up before him like a dream of golden treasures and sated desires to the starved and shivering beggar. There were strange rumors through the peaceful and orderly neighborhood, of painful scenes between the father and the son, of kind and firm expostulation on the one hand and scornful defiance or open ridicule on the other, and those who marked the light fading from the eye of the old man, his broken voice and the sombre cloud upon his brow, found little difficulty in believing that his heart was breaking under some heavy and painful struggle. Once I noted when the faithful minister was eloquently speaking of the solemn responsibilities resting upon parents, that the old man seemed entirely absorbed in the discourse. Carried away by the thought of his own deep domestic distress, he buried his face in his hands and in the bitterness of his spirit, groned aloud. The sound of his own murmur of anguish seemed to recall him to himself, and when he raised himself erect and looked around him, every eye in the congregation was fixed upon him in deep sympathy.—The subdued expression of deep and heart-rending sorrow that passed over his face at this moment I shall never forget. It made me sick and despondent at heart and haunted my thoughts for many a sad day. The sin of filial disobedience and ingratitude was never until then set before me in so strong a light or seemed so odious and revolting. I was ready to echo a loud *amen*, to the terrible imprecation as it thundered from the crest of Ebal, "Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother!"

Had the old man been overcome by his emotions and given vent to his pent up feelings by a flood of tears, I could the better have endured the sight of his misery, but to see him struggling with more than human fortitude to cover up and conceal every exhibition of his sufferings, fleeing from rather than courting sympathy, excited in my mind the strongest emotions of sympathy. I would have given the whole world had it been mine, to have plucked out the rooted sorrow from his heart.

Time wore on and young Allen Morton, once the pride of his father, and the pet of the neighborhood, sank more deeply into the gulf of ruin. For miles around he was known as a bold and reckless debauchee, and notorious for his wildness and profanity. Even on the sabbath, for the force of his early habit still occasionally led him to the house of God, he not unfrequently bore the sad traces in his person of recent excesses over the wine cup. His father, hopeless and heartless, had almost entirely ceased to warn and expostulate with him, but regarded him with that inexpressibly tender and affectionate interest, with which a parent looks upon the child of his love when he stands before him with a shattered and darkened intellect, a jibbering idiot with his once intellectual mind dimmed and gone forever and impervious to reason and insensible to the love that still watches over him with its tenderness unabated by the sad conscienciousness of its vanity and hopelessness. The time for expostulation and entreaty was gone, and the stricken father could only retire to his closet alone and lift up his hands in supplication to that being whom he worshipped.

There was but little change in the conduct of Allen Morton, until about the period when he completed his twenty-first year. Then indeed his conduct visibly improved, he was no longer seen among the vicious and disorderly companions with whom he had previously consorted, and he seemed wholly to have abandoned his idle and drunken habits. There was no little rejoicing among the friends of his father on his account, but I considered it a somewhat unfavorable augury that old Jacob Morton himself did not appear to manifest his recognition of the change in his son's character by exhibiting the less anxiety or greater hopefulness on his account.

Six months after this gratifying change in the habit of Allen Morton became visible, he was married to a daughter of a snug and substantial farmer, who lived a few miles distant, a young creature of surpassing loveliness and sweetness of temper. Surely thought I if any mere human agency can avail to strengthen the feeble resolution of an erring being, can shield him from infamy and vice and lead him in contentedness of heart along the paths of sobriety and rectitude, a fairy creature such as the wife of Allen Morton will not strive in vain.—Yet I must confess my heart misgave me, and that I trembled for the result of so perilous an experiment. Months passed on and I was still gratified to hear of the continued good conduct and sobriety of Allen, who had removed a few miles distant; I had even began to flatter myself that so gratifying a change would be permanent, and that my old friend, the elder, might yet be called to rejoice over him as one worthy to walk in his footsteps, when the heartstrickening rumor reached me that his old habits had returned upon him with increased power.

I was unwillieg to credit so painful a report, even though I ever doubted the permanent continuance of his change of habits, for I did not dare, even when the change seemed the most complete, by a sad misapplication of terms to style the mere, abandonment of evil habits, a reformation of character.

I was not long left in doubt as to the truth of the sad rumors that had reached me. A few days after I heard the distressing news, as I sat in my office mournfully pondering upon the history of this unhappy man from the early promise of his youth up to the present time, a messenger who had been dispatched in great haste, galloped up to my gate and begged me to ride with all speed to visit Allen Morton, who was dangerously ill, and required my services without loss of time.—Without waiting to be questioned, he rode off in the direction of old Jacob Morton's to convey to him intelligence of the situation of his son. There was terror and haste in the face of the rider and feeling that the case must needs be an urgent one, I ordered my horse at once, and leaping into the saddle, rode to the house of poor Allen, with all convenient speed.

The house was some ten miles distant, and as I hurried along I could not shake from my mind a fearful foreboding, that strong drink was in some manner or other at the bottom of the ha-ty summons I had received.

When I reached the house where I arrived about dusk a fearful scene met my eye, and caused me to shudder. Without coat or waistcoat and barefoot, and with his shirt torn and bloody, Allen Morton was violently struggling in the piazza in the hands of two negro men, who could with difficulty, prevent his escaping and doing violence to himself. He was the most frightful and shocking object I had beheld in some thirty years of practice. Foaming at the mouth and shaking convulsively, his wild and excited eye flamed with terror and rage. My first glance at him as I alighted at the gate, was almost enough to convince me that he was beyond the reach of medical aid. He was indeed suffering from a frightful attack of maniapotu brought on by his excesses during the last week and I felt convinced that his attack must either terminate in confirmed and incurible madness, or in a speedy death too horrible to be witnessed.

With great difficulty I had him borne into the house and placed upon his bed and employed such remedies as his case seemed to require. In his madness he conceived a violent fear of me, and cowered and covered his head with his bed clothes, while his screams and imprecations filled the house.

About an hour after my arrival, I was called into an adjoining apartment to attend to the wife of Morton, who had but a few hours before been delivered of an infant.

Pale and trembliing with anxiety the young mother lay with her infant clasped with a nervous hand to her breast, her breath starting mildly as the harrowing screams and cries of her husband reached her ear. Her hair lay wildly and in disorder upon her pillow, and the quick restless turn of her head, her firery eye, parched lip and the almost audible beating of her heart, told me that she was the prey of an intense excitement that would hurry her into an unmanageable and fatal fever, if not into convulsions, unless it could be checked at once, and her irritated nervous system soothed into quiet.

"Calm yourself Mrs. Morton," replied I as she started mildly around at my entrance, and asked after her husband.

"Calm yourself, and leave poor Allen to me, I am sure," and I averted my face from her earnest and searching gaze as I uttered the untruth, "I am sure with the remedies I shall employ, he will soon be cured of his malady, and then when he sees what a lovely infant he has to watch over, he will go estray no more. No believe me, he will not—bless me what a beautiful child you have!" I continued raising the counterpane slightly so as to gaze into the face of the little stranger and hoping thereby to turn the thoughts of the young mother from the painful condition of her husband, and fix them upon her child.

But I was entirely disappointed in the attempt. She did not appear even to hear my last remark or to heed my attention to her infant, but turned towards me as I stood by her bedside and struggling to be calm asked:

"Are you not afraid Doctor, *he* will sink under it? Is there *any* hope that you can save him?

I dared not tell the poor suffering creature the actual condition and danger of her husband, I evaded her inquiries as well as I could and left her chamber as soon as possible determined to remove her husband out of the dwelling house, where his chilling and harrowing language might no longer reach her ears.

When I returned to the room where Morton was still raving I found that his father had just arrived, I was astonished at the extraordinary composure and calmness of the old man. There was something awful in his stoical endurance of the frightful gaze and delirious blasphemy of his son that made even my own nerves to tingle, accustomed as I was to suffering and death.

I quickly hinted to the old man the critical condition of his daughter-in-law and urged upon him the immediate necessity of removing her husband from the house. He at once assented and gave orders for preparing a house upon the farm, which was fortunately unoccupied, not more than two hundred or two hundred and fifty yards distant.

It was some two hours after dark when we removed Allen to the house which had been prepared for him. Two stout negro men attended us in the hands of whom he struggled fiercely as we left the dwelling. His ravings were continually of some bloody tragedy in which he fancied himself the prominent actor, and then he spoke of hosts of fiends hot and reeking from the awful pit, led on by the Arch Fiend all struggling to bear him away. Then came a season of gloomy silence and despair and breaking out into wild vociferations the terrific tragedy was again renewed and re-enacted in all its horrible details.

Despite his struggles we bore him along, and placed him upon the bed which had been prepared for him. The hut where we laid him was a small log structure of some fifteen by twenty feet with a mud chimney at one end and a door on each of the two sides. So careful was I in guarding against any anticipated violence on the part of my patient that I had ordered every article of furniture that might have been used offensively by him, to be removed out of the hut. I was even so thoughtful as to order the chairs which had been brought for our use, to be carried back to the dwelling house.—One of the negro boys who attended us, had brought with him a hatchet for the purpose of splitting wood, and since it appeared almost necessary, I fobore to order its removal, though I pointedly cautioned him not to leave it for an instant in his reach.

We had stripped Morton of all but his shirt and drawers, and put him in bed, and by skillfully administered remedies I had succeeded in quieting in some degree the violence of his paroxisms, snatching the favorable opportunity, I determined to return to the dwelling and examine into the condition of his wife, who I had much reason to fear was in a situation little less dangerous than his own.

Previously however I determined to take the old man aside and whatever pain it might cost, frankly tell him my impressions as to the probable termination of his son's illness.

It was a bitter and painful task, yet I felt it incumbent upon me to deal with him frankly and faithfully. I beckoned to him and together we left the hut and retired into an angle of the enclosure around it, and seated ourselves upon a rude seat under a wide-spreading oak. The moon was shining beautifully bright and I could mark every change of his countenance as we conversed together. Allen Morton, as we left the hut, was lying in a disturbed slumber in which his waking dreams seemed still to haunt and harrow his mind.

"Mr. Morton," said I, in as calm a tone as I could assume, when the old man had taken his seat, by my side, "I do not feel at liberty to hide from you the situation of your son, I am constrained to tell you his disorder is beyond the reach of any remedy that I can apply. Although for the present he seems more quiet than since I first saw him, still I do not expect him to survive until daylight.

"God's will be done!" replied the old man, solemnly. "I feared as much. But my poor dear young Allen that used to climb upon my knee and throw his infant arms about my neck! My poor Allen! My son! my son! God pardon me, a guilty and murderous wretch that I am! The blood of my poor son, body and soul, is red upon my skirt, for I saw him self-willed and wicked, and I spared him! spared him that he might bring my grey-hairs down in sorrow to the grave!—spared him that he might live in bold defiance of his Maker and go down where their fire is not quenched and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up *forever!*—Oh! Mercy upon my darling, oh! God and let my sin, a fond and foolish father's sin, rest on my own heart."

It was agonizing to listen to the old man as from a full and burdened heart he poured forth his bitter lamentations. I essayed to calm him,—to comfort him was beyond the power of man—but it was a vain task; his long-pent up feelings gushed forth beyond control in the wild language of mourning.

We had sat perhaps half an hour in the yard when the door of the hut opened, and some one issued from it hastily—I must confess my heart beat with a kind of nervous apprehension. As he emerged into the moonlight on the path leading to the dwelling I could see him distinctly.

Merciful heavens! it was the sick man in his night clothes, and armed with a hatchet making his way to the dwelling!

Stop! shouted I, springing to my feet and starting in pursuit.

"Kill and slay! kill and slay!—Screamed he with a wild yell of derision and clearing the fence at a bound he darted off to the dwelling where his wife and child lay, with the wild and frantic speed of a madman!

It was hopeless to attempt to overtake him, but I followed in pursuit with a strange sensation of horror at my heart, at the same time calling to the negroes who had been left in charge of him, to follow.

He had already disappeared within the house when I reached the gate panting and overcome by the exertion I halted at the door until one of the negroes came up and ordering him instantly to procure a light and follow me into the house, I at once hurried through the darkness into the chamber of Mrs. Morton determined, if it was not already too late, to defend her from her insane husband even at the expense of my own life.

The door was open and I groped my way up to her bed side. All was ominously still. As I was feeling my way across the apartment to throw open a window and let in the moonlight, I stumbled upon a prostrate form, I stooped and felt with my hands and found it was Allen Morton, from whose mouth the blood was gushing in a stream. The excitement and exertion had proven fatal; he had burst a blood vessel and was bleeding to death!

My first thought was of the hatchet which he had secured when he escaped from us. I stooped in the darkness and passing my hand along his right arm found that he still retained it in his grasp. I took it up and felt it. It told a fearful story. The blade was wet and reeking with gore!

At this moment the negro whom I had despatched for that purpose entered the room with a light and the full horror of the scene in the midst of which I stood was disclosed to me.—On the bed lay the mother and her new born babe, their blood mingled together and stiffening around their corpses, on the floor dead, his face and garments dyed with the blood that had streamed from his mouth lay the unhappy father! It was a sight that made my blood run cold to look upon.

When I heard the steps of old Jacob Morton in the adjoining room, I hastily strode from the chamber of the dead, and closing the door behind me motioned him away as he made a movement to enter. It was too terrible a sight for a father's eye to look upon. I drew him aside and told him all. The old man's heart was broken. The issue of parental indulgence and of blind parental devotion was before himself. Alas for him its history was written in blood.

Our story has its moral, and we trust a useful one. While it lifts up a finger of warning to those who fear not to "look upon the wine when it is red and when it giveth its color in the cup," it yet goes beyond the lopping off of a single vicious indulgence and teaches that the vices and the crimes of manhood are in a great measure—if not altogether—due to early weak indulgencies and defective religious training; for that great staff and prop of a trembling and anxious parent that gives him confidence when he first looks upon his child, and peace and resignation when he presses his hand in a last farewell, is as firm and unbroken *now* as when first it was delivered to man,—"TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO AND WHEN HE IS OLD HE WILL NOT DEPART FROM IT."

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA—CURIOUS CALCULATION.—In a lecture on China, which he delivered at Bolton the other day, Dr. Bowring said it had been calculated, that if all the bricks, stones, and masonry of Great Britain were gathered together, they would not be able to furnish materials enough for the wall of China; and that all the buildings in London put together would not make the towers and turrets which adorn it,

forming him that Missus wished to see him, and would he be so kind as to step in. He did so, and was seated in the parlor. The girl called her mistress down stairs to attend to the fat man. When she had descended she was informed he was in the parlor.—"In the parlor?" exclaimed Mrs.——, "and what is he doing in the parlor?"—She hurried in, and there discovered a gentlemanly looking personage, with hat off, waiting to hear the cause of his detention. The lady, whose presence of mind did not forsake her, immediately saw the whole mistake, and apologized for the ridiculous error. The fat man left, evidently much amused at the joke.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Incidents of a Battle.

Some English guardsmen who were in the battle of Waterloo, related to Hayden, the painter, the following anecdotes of the thickest of the fight:—They present war in all its horrors:

The description of the men was simple, characteristic and poetical. They said that when the life guards and cuirassers met, it was like, the ringing of ten thousad blacksmiths, anvils. One of them knew my models, Shaw and Dakin. He saw Dakin, while fighting on foot with two cuirassers, also on foot, divide both their heads with cuts five and six. He said Dakin rode out, foaming at the mouth, and cheered on his troops. In the evening he saw Dakin lying dead cut in pieces. Dakin sat to me for the sleeping groom on his knees in Macbeth.

Another saw Shaw fighting with two cuirassers at a time. Shaw, he said, always cleared his passage. He saw him take an eagle, but lost it afterwards; as when any man got an eagle, all the troops near him on both sides, left off fighting, and set on him who had the eagle. He went on himself very well, but riding too far, was speared by a lancer, and fainted away. Recovering, he sat upright, when three or four lancers saw him, rode at him and spared him till they thought him dead. He remembered nothing till revived by the shaking as they carried him to the yard of La Haye Sainte. There he heard some one groaning, and turning around, saw Shaw, who said: "I am dying; my side is torn off by a shell." His comrades told us how he had swooned away, and being revived by their taking him up to be carried to Brussels at daybreak, he saw poor Shaw dead, with his cheek in his hand.

Corporal Webster, of the second life guards, saw Shaw give his first cut.—As he was getting down the rising ground in the hollow road a cuirassieur waited and gave point at his belley; Shaw parried the thrust, and before the Frenchman recovered, cut him right through, "his brass helmet to his chin, and his face fell off him like a bit of apple."

Another, Hodgson, (a model, and the finest of all, standing six feet and four inches, a perfect Achilles,) charged up to the French baggage. He saw artillery driver boys of sixteen crying on their horses. In coming back, a whole French regiment opened and let him pass at full gallop, and then closed and gave him a volley, and never hit him or horse.

The first man who stopped him was an Irishman in the French service.—He dashed at him, and said, "—Dn you, I'll stop your crowing." Hodgson said he was frightened, he had never fought anybody with swords.—Watching the cuirassieur, however, he found he could not move his horse so quickly as he could; so, letting go the reins, and guiding his horse with his knees, as the cuirassieur gave point at his throat, Hodgson cut his sword hand off, and dashed his sabre through his throat, cutting it round and round.—The first cut he gave him was on the cuirass, which he thought was silver lace. The shock nearly broke his arm. "D—n me," he added, "now I have found out the way, I soon gave it them." As Hodgson rode back, after being fired at, an officer encountered him. Hodgson cut his horse at the naps, and, as it dropped dead, the officer's helmet rolled off, and Hodgson saw a bald head and white hairs. The officer begged for mercy, but at that instant a troop of lancers was approaching at the gallop, so Hodgson cleaved his head in two with a blow and escaped. The recollection of the white hairs he told us pained him often.—Before he got back to the British lines a lancer officer charged him, and missing his thrust came right on Hodgson and his horse. Hodgson got clear and cut his head off at the neck; at one blow, and the head dropped on his haversack, where he kept the blood stain.

The New York *Sun* argues that the British Monarchy is fast losing the hold it had upon the British people—owing to its policy in the Russo-Turkish question and predicts that VICTORIA is "positively the last" Queen England will ever see.

From the American Courier.

AN EXCELLENT JOKE.

Dear Courier—To amuse some of your readers, let me send you the following anecdote. It *really* occurred, and that, too, in your goodly city.

A lady in Spruce street, wishing to get clear of the offal, fat, grease, &c., that had accumulated in the kitchen, remarked to an English girl who had recently come in her employ, that the first *fat* man she saw in the street to call him in, that she wanted to see him. The good creature, thinking the term "fat" applied to the man's size, and not to his business, a little while after, on going to the door, saw a man whose corporation justified her in in-

and depth. A careful hand follows strewing the seeds evenly in the furrow, always using enough to secure a good stand about three bushels per acre. I cover with a board of hard wood, an inch or inch and a half thick, seven or eight inches broad, and a foot in length, slightly notched in the centre. This board is screwed on the plough foot, and when drawn over the row covers the seed nicely. If the ground is well broken up and the seed well planted, half the labor is done.

As soon as the cotton is up, I commence thinning out, leaving bunches from 8 to 12 inches apart passing along rapidly with hoes. I follow with a small shovel, running close to the cotton ploughing very deep and throwing up a little light soil to the roots of the cotton. This ploughing, too, should be close and deep and so that the roots may easily penetrate the soil, as they strike deep into the earth. If the ground is very rough the ploughs should precede the hoes.

In the second working, which should follow as soon as possible, the ploughs go before the hoes. This ploughing also should be deep and close. I now bring my cotton to a stand.—This should be carefully done and the hoes attentively watched, as a stand is often ruined by this working. Sore shin rust, &c., are often chargeable to the way in which it is done. I now leave one stalk in every bunch heretofore left, making my cotton stand from 8 to 12 inches apart; I throw a little dirt to the stalks of cotton, and leave the crop clean, free of grass and weeds. The cotton will then grow off finely, and not suffer for work for twenty-or-twenty-five days. Every subsequent ploughing should be shallow and not close, sufficient however, to cover all the small grass that may have sprung up since the last ploughing. The hoes should also pass over the crop, killing such grass and weeds as the ploughs cannot reach. It is difficult to say how often the crop should be ploughed, as that will depend a good deal upon the season. My rule is to keep the crop clean of grass and weeds, and to keep the earth well stirred up until the branches interlock, or the cotton commences to open. The two first ploughings should be deep and close, the subsequent one shallow. I use the sweep, bow, twister, side plough, scraper and the old fashioned shovel, in my crop. The selection of seed is also a matter of great importance.—But I must close, for fear I tire you.

JOHN P. KINARD.