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

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TEMPERANCE.

Grand Division Sons of Temperance of S. C.

In conformity with a request contained in a resolution passed by this body at its recent Quarterly Session, we give below an extract from the Report of the Grand Worthy Patriarch, and the Report of the Committee on the same.

REPORT OF THE G. W. P.
To the Members of the Grand Division:

REPRESENTATIVES AND BROTHERS—Another quarter of the year has passed, and we are again assembled to ascertain what has been done and what new plans we may devise for carrying on the great work of benevolence and love in which we are engaged.

In reviewing the past and the present condition of the temperance reform in South Carolina, we have much to encourage, and also much to discourage us. It is true, I believe we are making some progress, but it is in a way that attracts but little attention, and is only perceptible to ourselves, upon the examination of our quarterly reports. To be largely successful, we must attract the attention of the whole community, and the question with us is, How is that to be beneficially accomplished?

I would respectfully recommend that an effort be made to procure the assembling of a Convocation of the friends of Temperance during the present year, to embrace all classes of temperance men, including, if possible, those who are not acting with us at all, and unpledged to total abstinence themselves, but who are sensible of the great evil of intemperance, and the appliances which are legally in use to increase and perpetuate it.

We have by resolution taken strong ground against the traffic in ardent spirits. Resolutions on paper accomplish nothing, but active, vigorous effort, on the part of all the friends of temperance in the State will accomplish much. The people are looking on, expecting us to do something. Many of them are not enrolled with us, who, in a warfare against the retail system, are ready to buckle on their armor and do valiant service, but they have no one to lead them, and unless we move and move energetically in the matter, nothing is likely to be done.

I would therefore recommend that a committee be appointed to correspond with other organizations in the State, and with individuals of standing and intelligence, patriotism and christian benevolence, and invite them to act with us and interest themselves in getting up public meetings in the different districts and communities, and that delegates be appointed—self-constituted if necessary—and thus organize a convention that will consider the whole subject in a spirit of love and patriotism, and recommend such course as may be deemed most advisable to get rid of the hindering cause to our success in promoting the moral and social condition of our fellow-men.

Such a proposition must meet the approbation of the christian ministry and of christian men every where. It should meet the approbation of the judiciary and legal profession, of the practitioners of medicine—if they have entered the profession with proper motives—of the owner of slaves and the lovers of good order and the best interests of the people. Such an assemblage will carry with it a moral power that will rouse up the people and make the faithful and loyal subjects of King Alcohol tremble for the perpetuity of his reign within the (otherwise) free and enlightened State of South Carolina.

Respectfully submitted in L. P. & F.

J. B. McCULLY, G. W. P.
Which was, on motion of Bro. Sumner, referred to a committee of three, consisting of Bros. Warren, Sumner and Pressley.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

Bro. Warren, from the committee to whom was referred the Quarterly Report of the G. P., submitted the following as the report of that Committee:

The Committee to whom was referred the Report of the G. W. P., beg leave respectfully to Report. We have had the several matters

contained in the excellent report of the Grand Worthy Patriarch under consideration. The first important feature therein, claiming the attention of this Grand Division, and some expression of its opinion, is the suggestion relating to an effort being made during the present year to procure the assembling of a Convention to be composed of all the friends of Temperance, embracing not only every order and organization, but even, if possible, those who are not pledged to total abstinence, but who see and feel the great and growing evils of intemperance, and the means which are legally in use to increase and perpetuate this evil in our land.

The present position of the friends of Temperance calls for some definite and vigorous action. It is necessary that something should be done. The people in the State friendly to our cause expect us to do something. Shall they be disappointed? We hope not. We believe it is proper that this Grand Division should give further evidence of its willingness and anxiety to co-operate heartily with those who are willing to engage in any enterprise which looks to the suppression of intemperance, and the furtherance of the object for which we are united. The present retail system, your committee regard as not only radically wrong, but as absolutely the cause of more, if not all, the mischief which is being done in our State. This system is not only directly in the way of the success of our principles, but of the peace and wellbeing of society in general—an unjust and oppressive one, which calls for the reprobation of every good citizen, whether an avowed temperance man or not.

Your committee deem it unnecessary to enlarge here. It must be a truth as clear as a sunbeam to every unprejudiced and candid mind, that the present license laws of South Carolina are in effect privileges to crime—a cloak for perjury and the grossest corruption, to the base and designing who are ever to be found ready to deal out the poison without regard to sex, color or condition—injurious alike to health, happiness and property.

Your committee deem it highly important that the owners of slaves should be enlisted in this matter—let this important interest in our State be largely represented in our mass Convention. The rights of property should be equally cared for; every planter and slave owner is largely concerned in this matter; and surely no man will remain willingly indifferent to his own interest and happiness. We need only appeal to the experience of slave owners, to say whether or not they are willing that men should be allowed to sell any commodity to their slaves which would deteriorate from their value, and render them even worse than useless. Such is the effect of the traffic in ardent spirits with slaves; and no appreciating, right minded slave owner is willing to submit any longer to these outrages. It must be manifest to every mind, not willingly ignorant, that there is absolute necessity for a change in the present liquor laws of this State. Almost any change would be preferable. We cannot be injured more than we have been, or than we shall be, if matters remain where they are.

The question paramount to all others just now is, How is this change to be effected?—Your committee believe, that in accordance with the suggestion of the G. W. P., that a committee ought to be appointed by this Grand Division to correspond with other Temperance organizations in the State, and with persons of intelligence, patriotism and christian benevolence, to unite and act in concert with the friends of temperance in the diffusion of temperance truth throughout the community. That this committee, representing the views and feelings of this Grand Division, urge upon all organizations and friends of temperance, the importance of a mass meeting or convention of the people of the State—friends of morals and good order,—to be held during the present year, at such time and place as may be deemed most practicable and advantageous. That this committee have power to draw on the Treasury of the Grand Division for such necessary funds as may be incidentally required in the prosecution of their efforts. This subject suggest itself to your committee as one of vast importance—which addresses itself to the heart and interest of every man who has a spark of genuine patriotism in his bosom. It is not a work to be confined alone to the Sons or Rechabites, or any other organized body of Temperance people, but a work in which the most enlarged philanthropy and christian benevolence may engage—emphatically a work of truth, justice and humanity.

Your committee deem it highly important for the success of this work, that the press, as far as possible, be enlisted in the enterprise. This we believe can be done, at least so far without compromising their neutrality or committing them as advocates of temperance, by copying so much of the report of the G. W. P. as relates to the special matter of a general meeting of the friends of temperance, and the accompanying report of your committee. This we think the conductors of the press might do, in order that the people may see what we are trying to do for the cause of all mankind. In this appeal to the press of South Carolina, we are confident we shall not ask in vain. The high moral tone of the press here assures us that we shall at least be heard.

In common with the members of this order, and the friends of the deceased generally, we mingle our sympathies with the bereaved families of our deceased brothers—P. W. P. Samuel Ferguson and the Hon. N. L. Griffin. In the private, unostentatious worth of the one, and the useful, intelligent and private and public virtues of the other, we see much to admire and emulate.

Your committee beg, in conclusion, to offer the following resolutions: Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to correspond with the different organizations and friends of Temperance in the State in regard to holding a Mass Convention during the present year, to consider the whole subject of Temperance.

Resolved, That this committee have power to draw upon the Treasury of this Grand Division for such funds as may be necessary to carry into effect the objects contemplated.

Resolved, That publishers of papers in the State be requested to copy so much of the report of the G. W. P. as relates to the matter of a general meeting of the friends of Temperance, and also the report and resolutions of the committee on the report of the G. W. P.

Resolved, That in the deaths of our esteemed brothers, P. W. P. Samuel Ferguson, and Hon. N. L. Griffin, the cause of Temperance has lost useful and zealous friends, and the public valuable and worthy citizens.

Resolved, That pages in our Record Book be dedicated to their memory.

Resolved, That we tender to the families of the deceased our sincere sympathies and condolence, and that the Grand Scribe be requested to serve them with a copy of these resolutions.

Respectfully submitted in L. P. and F.
THO. J. WARREN,
HENRY SUMNER,
B. C. PRESSLEY,
Committee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Unknown.

FROM THE FRENCH.

[We know not what was the author's object in writing the following narrative. We insert it because it exhibits, in a very true light, the absurdity of these romantic, baseless, and visionary attachments, which have afforded romance-writers so many themes, and the world of reality with so many instances of disappointment and misery.]

In the month of September, 1832 a young man arrived from Paris at Dieppe, and took up his residence at the Hotel de l'Europe. He was idle, had been fortunate, and the sole object of his stay was some little adventure, some little adventure, some ball room conquest, wherewith to be employed, and wherewith to be vain.—Well, in the hotel there lodged a lady young, and enveloped in all the attraction of the most profound mystery. No one knew her; she went neither to the baths nor to the balls; and she had not ever a servant with her to be bribed. All in the hotel were raving about her beauty, her grace, and her dignified manner. Of a night they would steal up stairs to catch the tones, of her voice, for she sung exquisitely. Our young Parisian's head was completely turned. To have such a neighbor, with the face, they said, of an angel—he knew she had the voice of one—and yet neither to be able to see her nor to speak to her—it was enough to drive him wild. He bought a guitar, and composed songs where the word neighbor (*voisine*) served as a rhyme to the word unknown (*inconnue*).—He sat and sang all day long, his room-door wide open, and with as

much tenderness as could well be thrown into a human voice. It was quite in vain—song and guitar were equally wasted. At length he resolved on writing; the crow-quill, which traversed the paper was as fine almost as the (imagined) eye-lash to his mistress; a world of Cupids grapes, and roses, crowded the border of the paper; the seal was of azure blue wax, and bore a dove ready for flight. The whole staircase was perfumed as he bore the scented epistle to the servant he had paid to convey it. But the letter and its half dozen successors shared the same fate.—Our Parisian was stupefied with astonishment: what! had he, the utterly irresistible, remained a fortnight under the same roof with a young and pretty woman, and only learnt that she went by the name of Mde. Paul, a name which was not even supposed to be her own! Love has many stages, and the young Frenchman had arrived at one very unusual with him, viz. melancholy. One day he was roused from a disconsolate reverie by one of the servants, whom he had bribed to observe the motions of Mde. Paul, running in to inform him that she was just gone down to the quay, to see a packet which was endeavoring to enter the harbor in the teeth of a contrary wind. In an instant he was on his way to the quay. The sea was very rough.—The whole town was gathered on the heights which commanded the coast, watching the vessel, which seemed, in sheer madness, forcing its way despite of the furious wind and the falling tide. The gale blew so strong, that the colossal crucifix of Notre Dame de Bon-se-cours bent like a hazel wand. 'Twas a gallant sight—the bold steambot, painted with divers colors, lighted up by one of those chance rays which struggle through the darkest skies, while the background was formed by one enormous black cloud. Now, the vessel seemed in air, as it rode the ridge of some gigantic wave; and then again seemed lost in one of those depths formed by the stormy sea—valleys, indeed, of the shadow of death. A dense column rose, undulated like a serpent, high as the mast, and from out of it, like a tongue of flame, shone the red top-gallant. 'It is a Northumberland, an American steambot: by Our Lady, she carries the stripes and stars aloft!' cried the captain of the port. 'Yonder is her captain, disputing with a tall man in a naval uniform. Faith! but the captain's right; it is madness to think of entering the harbor this weather. Still, his tall companion insists. How can they risk such a noble vessel! In advance of the crowd, her feet on the wet and slippery pebbles, so near that the foam dashes in flakes of snow over her shoes, stood a female, immovable, with her eye fixed on the naval officer, whom she could distinctly see by means of a telescope. Her deep mourning told the Parisian it was his unknown. To catch sight of her face, he went knee deep in the water he stood directly before her; but, so intent was her gaze on the approaching vessel, that she saw him not. Suddenly a dark shadow fell over him a loud cry from the spectators warned him of his danger; the next moment a gigantic wave burst over his head. He sank, struggled, rose, and, dizzy and dripping, scrambled to the shore, amid the laughter which his safety ensued. The first thing he saw the beautiful unknown laughing too. He cast upon her a look of bitter reproach. She extended her hand to him. 'Ah, how I blame myself!' said she, in a low sweet voice: 'it is for my sake you came did you not? do forgive me.' Our young Parisian now was fairly out of his senses. At this moment, a general shout announced that the steambot had tacked: away she bounded from the shore, like a sea bird over the waters. 'Ah!' said Mde. Paul, with a deep drawn breath, and a peculiar expression of countenance, 'so much the better. I do not (turning to her companion) ask if you love me—I know it—I am sure of it. Come at 5 o'clock to my room: I shall order dinner for two. Do not fail: I must speak to you to-morrow it will be too late.—From that till 5 o'clock he was at his toilette. Five struck: he felt he was, as ever, irresistible, and he hurried, to his appointment. She was singing a wild sweet song as he entered; and her back turned to the

door gave him an opportunity, of observing as she bent over her guitar, the most exquisite shoulders and the prettiest shaped head in the world. She rose with such graceful confusion and her long eyelashes fell over black eyes—black as Gulnare's when their light awakened the slumbers of the Pirate. She was now dressed in white, her rich dark hair was gathered up by combs of gold, her girdle was of gold also, and so were the massive bracelets on her arm, whose symmetry a sculptor might have modelled. They sat down to dinner, and all embarrassment floated away on the champagne: coffee, liquors, and confidence all came together.—'My name is Allegra,' said the beautiful stranger, 'I was born at Naples, and the revolution which deprived Murat of his crown, deprived my father, also, from his country. He fled to America, carrying with him, however, the best part of his wealth, which, from his solitary habits, accumulated from year to year. As my evil fate would have it, when on the verge of womanhood, he formed an acquaintance with an Englishman, Sir George Walsingham, who soon acquired unbounded influence over him. My father died—God forgive my suspicion if unjust—but his death was strange and sudden. On opening his will, it was found that all his property was left to me—but on condition that I married Sir George Walsingham, who otherwise inherited, to my exclusion. I implored his mercy; told him I never could return his affection; and, at last, finding refusals and approaches in vain, I fled hither with what money and jewels I had. Alas, even here he has pursued me. Sir George Walsingham was the officer who urged the Northumberland to the dangerous trial of to-day; in a few hours he will be here; he will claim me as his wife, and I have no resource. Will you save me from a fate more horrible than death?—'With my life; only tell me what to do,' said Eugene, gazing on a face lovely as a dream. 'You must stay here: I will go to meet him, and be the first to propose a reconciliation. We will send for the priest who will marry us.' 'Marry me and Sir George?' 'Yes you will follow us to church, and as we come out, you will kill him.' 'Kill him? Well?—'But it will be an absolute murder—an assassination. 'Murder and kill! it is a justice—a duty; are you a coward?' She sprang to her feet—the veins darkened on her white brow, her cheek colored crimson, and her eyes flashing, as if she at least knew not the meaning of fear. 'But,' said the Parisian, pale with contending passions, 'what needs this marriage? What! let him reveal in my father's wealth, which I can only inherit as his widow? He caught the earnest gaze of her large bright eyes, the pleading of her beautiful mouth, the sweetness of whose breath was even on his cheek;—he caught her small white hands, and swore upon them to do her will. 'You must leave me now,' said she; 'it is late.' She led him to the door; and as it closed, he again met those radiant eyes, and surely love was in their long and lingering look. That night the hotel was disturbed by an arrival. The wind had changed, and the packet entered the harbor. Next morning he learnt that Sir George Walsingham had come; he learnt too, that orders had been sent to prepare the chapel for a marriage. In vain he sought another interview with Allegra. A carriage at length drove up to the door. Supported by a tall, dark, stern-looking man, Allegra was borne to the vehicle; Eugene followed it, and arrived just as the ceremony was concluding. Sir George held his victim by the arm, and fixed his fierce eye upon her with a cold and cruel expression; she was almost hidden by her veil; but she was trembling, and the little of her face could be seen was white as the marble of monuments around. The ceremony was at an end, and they left the chapel. Instantly the young Parisian sprang forward, and struck the bridegroom in the face. 'Liar, murderer, and coward!—do you dare follow me?' The Englishman started, and then struck him in return. 'For life or for death—yours or mine!' cried Eugene, offering him one of two pistols. They retreated a few paces, fired, and both fell.—Sir George shot through the heart—the Parisian dangerously wounded. He was carried to his hotel, where he lay for some hours insensible. At length he was able to speak. His last recollection was of seeing Allegra fainting in the arms of the attendants. 'Where is she?' exclaimed he looking round the room eagerly. 'Who sir?' Allegra—Lady Walsingham—Madame Paul. 'Your neighbor?' 'Yes; where is she?' She

left the room some hours since.—'Gone?' and he sank back on his pillow. No message had been left—no trace of her could be discovered; but one of the servants brought him a locket he well remembered seeing her wear, hung to a hair chain, round her neck, that fatal evening. It opened with a spring, and contained the miniature of a singularly handsome young man; but it was neither Sir George's likeness nor his own.

The Execution of Major Andre.

The principle guard-officer, who was constantly in the room with the prisoner, relates that when the hour of his execution was announced to him in the morning, he received it without emotion, and while all present were affected with silent gloom, he retained a firm countenance, with calmness and composure of mind.—Observing his servant enter the room in tears, he exclaimed, 'Leave me till you can show yourself more manly.' His breakfast being sent to him from the table of General Washington, which had been done every day of his confinement, he partook of it as usual; and, having shaved and dressed himself, he placed his hat on the table, and cheerfully said to the guard-officers, 'I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait on you.' The fatal hour having arrived, a large detachment of troops were paraded, and an immense concourse of people assembled; almost all our general and field officers, excepting his excellency and his staff, were present on horseback; melancholy and gloom pervaded all ranks—the scene was affecting and awful.

I was so near during the solemn march to the fatal spot, as to observe every movement and participate in every emotion which the melancholy scene was calculated to produce.—Major Andre walked from the stone house in which he had been confined, between two of our subaltern officers, arm in arm; the eyes of the immense multitude were fixed on him, who, rising superior to the fear of death, appeared as if conscious of the dignified department which he displayed. He betrayed no want of fortitude; but retained a complacent smile on his countenance, and politely bowed to several gentlemen whom he knew, which was respectfully returned. It was his earnest desire to be shot, as being the mode of death most conformable to the feelings of a military man, and he had indulged the hope that his request would be granted. At the moment, therefore, when he came suddenly in view of the gallows, he involuntarily started back, and made a pause. 'Why this emotion, sir?' said an officer by his side. Instantly recovering his composure, he said, 'I am reconciled to my death; but I detest the mode.'

While waiting and standing near the gallows, I observed some degree of trepidation—placing his foot on a stone, and rolling it over, and choking in his throat, as if attempting to swallow—So soon, however, as he perceived that things were in readiness, he stepped quickly into the wagon; and at this moment he appeared to shrink; but, instantly elevating his head with firmness, he said, 'It will be but a momentary pang; and, taking from his pocket two white handkerchiefs, the provost marshal with one loosely pinioned his arms, and with the other the victim, after taking off his hat and stock, bandaged his own eyes with perfect firmness, which melted the hearts and moistened the cheeks, not only of his servants, but of the throng of spectators.—The rope being appended to the gallows, he slipped the noose over his head, and adjusted it to his neck without the assistance of the executioner. Colonel Scammel now informed him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired it. He raised the handkerchief from his eyes and said, 'I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man!' The wagon being now removed from under him, he was suspended, and instantly expired.—Chamber's Repository.

Love is as natural to a woman as fragrance to a rose. You may lock a girl up in a convent—you may cause her to forswear her parents—these things are possible; but never hope to make the sex forego the heart worship, or give up their reverence for cassimeres; for such a hope will prove as barbles as the Greek Slave, and as hollow as the bamboo.

REMEDY FOR CANCER.—Col. Ussery, of the parish of De Soto, informs the editor of the Caddo Gazette that he fully tested a remedy for this troublesome disease, recommended to him by a Spanish woman, a native of the country. The remedy is this: 'Take an egg and break it, pour out the white, retaining the yolk in the shell, put in salt and mix with the yolk as long as it will receive it, stir them together until the saline is formed; put a portion of this on a piece of sticking plaster, and apply it to the cancer about twice a day. He has tried the remedy twice in his own family with complete success.

A Watchman surprised a batch of young scamps stealing pig iron from the wharf at St. Louis, and scoured some of them most severely. But one of them, whose swiftness of heels scoured him from a flogging, as he ran called back to his comrades: 'Dear me, what troubles do you see? The boy who meddle with pig-iron.'

THE OLDEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.—A few months ago, was reported in the English papers the death of Mary Bolton, aged one hundred and twenty-five years, and claimed to have been, while living, the oldest woman in the world. To determine the relative ages of women is at all times a delicate, and sometimes a difficult undertaking.—And except for the honor of the State in general, and Williamsburg District in particular, we would not venture upon the veridical experiment. Moved by these considerations, however, we march boldly up to danger, and assert, that in the State and District aforesaid, there is a lady, Mrs. Singleton by name, who possesses two important advantages over the venerable deceased above mentioned.—The first is, that she is now in the one hundred and thirty-first year of her age, and the second is, that she is yet alive and hearty. Her mental faculties are still unimpaired, and she retains all her senses, except that of sight, of which she was deprived, at the advanced age of ninety-nine years, by an attack of measles. Her bodily energy exhibits no diminution for many years, she being still able to walk briskly about the room. She has outlived all her children, her oldest descendant, living, being a grand-daughter, over sixty years old. The first grand-daughter of this grand-daughter, if now living, would be over sixteen years old. We have not learned the place of Mrs. Singleton's nativity, but the greater portion of her life has been spent in Williamsburg. So much for the district, said to be the sickliest in the State. It contains, in proportion to its whole population, as many full-size, well made, and good looking men, as any county of Kentucky.—We announced, but the other day, the death of one of its citizens at the advanced age of 108 years, and now, climax closes with another, living, at the age of 131 years. Which, of the mountain districts, can equal this showing?

IT'S WHAT YOU SPEND.—It's what thee'll spend, my son,' said a sage old Quaker, 'not what thee'll make, which will decide whether thee's to be rich or not.' The advice was true, (remarks the Philadelphia Ledger), for it was but Franklin's, in another shape: 'take care of pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves.' But it cannot be too often repeated. Men are continually indulging in small expenses, saying to themselves that it's only a trifle, yet forgetting that the aggregate is serious, that even the sea-rose is made up of petty grains of sand.—Ten cents a day even is thirty-six dollars a year, and that is the interest of a capital of six hundred dollars. The man that saves ten cents a day only, is so much richer than him who does not, as if he owned a life estate in a house worth six hundred dollars. Every sixteen years ten cents a day becomes six hundred dollars; and, if invested quarterly, does not take half that time. But ten cents a day is child's play, some will exclaim. Well then, John Jacob Astor used to say, that when a man wishes to be rich, and has saved ten thousand dollars, he has won half the battle. Not that Astor thought ten thousand much. But he knew that, in making such a sum, a man acquired habits of prudent economy, which would constantly keep him advancing in wealth. How many, however, spend ten thousand in a few years in extra expenses, and when, on looking back, cannot tell, as they say, 'where the money went.' To save, is the golden rule to get rich.—To squander, even in small sums, is the first step towards the poor-house.

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