

# The Sumter Banner.

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

W. J. FRANCIS, PROPRIETOR.

"God—and our Native Land."

{TERMS—\$2 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. VIII.

SUMTERVILLE, S. C., FEBRUARY 29, 1854.

NO. 18.

## THE SUMTER BANNER

IS PUBLISHED  
Every Wednesday Morning  
BY W. J. FRANCIS.

**TERMS.**  
TWO DOLLARS in advance. Two Dollars and Fifty Cents at the expiration of six months or Three Dollars at the end of the year.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Proprietor.  
Five Cents per square, (12 lines or less) for the first, and half that sum for each subsequent insertion. (Official advertisements the same each time.)  
The number of insertions to be marked on all Advertisements or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.  
ONE DOLLAR per square for a single insertion. Quarterly and Monthly Advertisements will be charged the same as a single insertion, and semi-monthly the same as news once.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

### SELECTED.

#### THE MISTAKE OF LIFE.

There was a roguish merriment in the bright eyes of Emma Lee, as with her little foot playing with a tuft of flowers, she regarded the half-foxgloving face of her companion, a fine looking youth, who was reclining on a rustic bench near her.

"Emma," said the young man, with a sad earnestness in his tones, "Emma, it seems to me that your attentions to Clara this evening have been more than they need have been; surely you need not have given him that choice bouquet."

The girl tried to draw in the corners of her pretty little mouth, and really to look sober; but her mirthfulness was ill concealed as she answered.

"Perhaps I have bestowed extra attention; indeed, it would be strange had I not; it was a rare occasion; Frank is a glorious looking creature, and I feel sort of spell bound the moment I look at him."

Emma Lee was left an orphan at an early age, and committed to the love and care of a paternal uncle, who indulged her almost to weakness. She was now but seventeen, a beautiful, generous hearted creature, but a witch of a caprice.

Frank Howard was the only son of a friend of Mr. Werner, Emma's uncle, and had also been his ward from infancy. He was a few years older than Emma, and possessed of all the graces of firm and feature which constitute manly beauty.

And thus they grew up together, companions in sports and studies, and was it a wonder that young Cupid's wings should now overshadow them? The doating uncle saw it gladly, for he ever had hoped that those sweet children, the idols of his heart, might, when time had far enough run its course, be united together in the holy bonds; he would fain love them as one cheerful object.

Frequently had he marked with pain the wild vagaries of Emma, and her playful love of tormenting Frank. He feared she was sapping the fountain of his love, and that ere long he would turn his heart from her, and seek another bride.

This evening he had been sitting at the window of his library, which overlooked the lawn where they were, and had heard the teasing words of his niece, and marked the painful expression on the countenance of Frank.

And as he heard it, there was the rush of agony painted on his usually placid face. For who could have believed that that quiet and benignant countenance could have undergone such a change?

was my joy to sport with her. When she first began to go to school, I always called for her in the morning, and ay! I remember now that dimpled hand which I used to hold in mine as I led her along the way.

"There is no gem in the heart's young spring that puts out earlier buds than the bright roseplant of love well do I remember how proud I was, and what a rush of deep and earnest feelings was there in my boyish heart, when Mary's playmates would call her my little wife."

"She grew into girlhood, and her affection for me assumed a stronger character. To every other she was kind and good, but to me she betrayed all the fondness of an intense lover. I was glad of my entire power over her, and pleased at the spell in which I held her young affections. But I knew not that I loved her then, and believed not my boyish passion anything but youthful friendship; and of ten, very often, I was cold, distant, and reserved to her, and bestowed on others the thousand little attentions which I carefully avoided granting her."

Had she once ceased to betray her affection for me, had I seen her give to another one of those deep, expressive glances which she bestowed prodigally on me, then, perhaps, I should have discovered those depths of love, which unknown, were buried in my bosom.

"One night, at a gay party, with a group of mutual friends, we were recalling childish exploits, when, as a memory of those days, I was bantered for my gallant attentions to Mary. In reply, unmindful of the strength of the meaning of my words, I gave a light, almost insulting jest."

"It was more than she could bear. An ashy paleness spread itself over her face, and she leaned for support against the window, near which she was standing. As soon as she recovered herself a little, I saw her approach her brother and whisper something in his ear, and they soon after left together. My heart smote me for having pained the delicate and loving creature so much, and I determined in future to treat her more gently, and I longed for another opportunity to show her some little kind attention."

"It was a month before I saw her again, and then I met her in an assembly of the bright and beautiful. I met her there—and much I hoped I might—I had expected to see her pale and sad, and her mild eyes still bearing their love of wounded, painful love upon me. I entered the room, and there I saw my Mary, in the midst of a group, with such a beam of happiness on her brow, as I had not seen there for months before. I knew it was not all assumed, for she was one who was unable at all to conceal her real feelings, and then her deportment lacked that gaiety, that exuberance of joy, which so often conceals the saddest heart. I knew that she was peaceful, joyous, and happy—as free from anxiety else as when I led her to school—a little child."

"I approached the group, and soon found her side. During that evening I devoted myself to her, but she that night to me was only pleasant, gentle and cheerful; she gave not one look of embarrassment, though all was kindness. "That night sleep was a stranger to me. The next evening I called on her. It was long since I had been at her home, and she appeared surprised at meeting me—more so she surprised when I poured out to her the torrent of my hidden love, with all the passionate earnestness of youthful feeling. But, calm and self-possessed, she answered, "It is too late now, Charles. I will tell you all. You know we grew up together; you remember all your kindness to me when a tiny thing, and my confiding affection for you, scarcely feeling safe except by your side.—When I ceased to be a child all things changed with me to a passionate love, and I doted on you—almost idolized you. And thus I continued to feel till the night you uttered that cruel jest. That overcame me, and I was obliged to return home. That night my soul was a chaos of agony. That night the whirlwind and the storm of mighty feeling was upon my soul; but when it had past, I found it had swept all traces of my passionate love for you. It was what might have been with others, the sorrow of years concentrated in that night's agony. And since then I have been happy. I love you, Charles, but it is only as a friend. I feel no reproach, no bitterness; but for you, or for any other, I feel not one spark of passionate flame."

"She paused—and bewildered, I gazed upon her—so calm, so still, so sweet and beautiful. In my soul's bitterness, I felt that that calmness was no outward show. There was no smothered flame; the fire was fully extinguished; and all in vain I tried to fan what I hoped might be its slumbering embers."

"The scene was changed; the home where I had been so happy, seemed a place in which I could not bear to live; and I became a wanderer in foreign lands."

"After years of absence I returned, and then I found my Mary the wife of as noble a man as was ever formed in God's own image. Could I have cherished in my heart my burning love of her, and have felt myself an innocent man, I might have been happy; my emotions were a continual reproach to me, and I again strove to forget in foreign wanderings."

"A few years passed; and the failing state of my father's health brought me home again. Mary's husband was dead, and she was on the verge of the grave. I felt now that I might once more see her and do no wrong; and it was my blessed privilege to be standing at her side as her spirit entered heaven."

"Frank, that beautiful—that blessed woman—was your mother; and the burning passion of my love for her, has been cast on her only child—on you, my own darling boy, the son of my own soul's adoption."

There were tears in the deep blue eyes of Emma Lee as that tale was closed, and gently she stole to Howard's side and placed her hand in his. The old man saw his purpose was accomplished, and placing an affectionate hand upon the head of his niece, and kissing the almost worshipped face of his adopted son, he returned to his library.

### Extraordinary French Police Case.

#### Murder of a Young Woman, and suicide of her Husband.

M. M. V., aged 36, formed towards the end 1836, an intimate liaison with a young woman, whose mother kept a furnished lodging-house. A child was borne, and the liaison continued, but the young man, finally would not allow him to marry the girl. At length, however, in December of last year, he married her. The newly married couple took their residence in the Avenue des Champs Elysees, and received a good many visits, and gave many parties. They also got into the way of giving balls once a week, and it was at one of them a young actress of the odious accidently set fire to her dress, and was a good deal burnt. On Tuesday last, M. and Madame V. held one of their usual receptions, and the latter, though not very well, danced till one o'clock, in the morning; after which she seated herself at a card table and complained of a headache. Her husband who, for some time passed had not approved of the balls, only appeared for about an hour in the saloon, and then retired to his own room, in which he fastened himself. At five o'clock every one withdrew.

One of the guests applying to Madame V.—for having stopped so late, "You have rendered me a service," said she, "as for three nights I have not closed my eyes, and I shall not be able to sleep now." "Why not take a drive in a carriage?" asked a lady. "Take a drive! Why if I did so, my husband, who is already very jealous, would say fine things of me. In fact, if I were to go out at such an hour, even with you, I should have ceased to exist before the evening." In the course of the day, M. V.—went out several times. At 4 o'clock he began writing in his room. The femme de chambre noticing that he was pale and agitated, asked him if he should carry the letter for him. "No," he replied, "I will carry it myself. Go away." The servant obeyed.

When he had concluded his letter, he went to the boudoir of his wife.—He found her sitting near the window, occupied in embroidery, and having her little girl, aged six, seated by her side. It is not known what passed between them, but in the course of a few minutes, the child was heard crying to the servant, "Come, come! I don't know what papa is doing to mamma." The femme de chambre hastened to the room. She found Madame V.—lying on the floor, and her husband lying over her. When she saw her he arose, and threw a poignard, which was covered with blood, into the middle of the room and saying, "I am going to the commissary of police," went away. Madame V.—, who was covered with blood, said, "Louise help me rise; I will see if I can walk." The femme de chambre endeavored to raise her, but was unable to do so.—"Ah!" cried the mistress, "I'm lost." A medical man was sent for and one soon arrived. He found that Madame V.—had received two wounds near the heart, and others much graver in the loins. In moving her, internal hemorrhage was brought on; she vomited blood and in a moment expired. In the meantime, M. V., had taken a cab and had caused himself to be conveyed to the commissary of police of the district. On the road the feverish energy which possessed him gave way, and when the cab stopped

### Our Views on Foreign Books.

Mr. Editor: There is a subject connected with our tariff, which does not seem to have attracted any attention adequate to its importance, especially now, when our Congress will soon be engaged in that novel occupation of stemming a revenue flowing in upon us with alarming abundance. I mean the duty on foreign books.

Mr. Secretary Guthrie, proposes to admit all books printed prior to the year 1840, duty free. Why the year 1840 is taken as a dividing point, is difficult to see. The proposition ought to be at least that books published ten years prior to the importation should be free of duty. But the inconvenience of such a law would be incalculable. Some books have no year of publication. Every volume must be unpacked at the custom house and fraudulent title pages might be very easily affixed to the books in foreign parts.

To this as it may, the far more important question is, why tax any books at all? What is a book, taken in the sense in which we take the word here? It is intellect, clothed in a volume. And we tax the importation of intellect? We allow the importation of labor and skill, in the shape of living artists and beggars, and heads, tax, and severely, the importation of immortal intellect in the shape of books? Is this sensible? Is it dignified? Is it becoming a free and intellectual nation? To be sure all the intellect and amusement which we import in books is not desirable, but I suppose no one would desire Congress to pass an Index Expurgatorie to determine what books ought to be read and what not.

Turn the question whichever way you please, it is pitiful, and nothing less, than a nation so proud of freedom and its love of knowledge, taxes foreign books. As a revenue item, it is not even to be mentioned. And thought a duty put a new paltry dollar into the public chest, is that of any weight? Milton, whose wisdom never left him in his highest flights, and whose poetry cling to him in his deepest thoughts—Milton who knew indeed the value and the power of a book, if any one did, gives the touching advice that we should treat a book as a friend. Yes, and as a gentleman, too, we may add, but then we must add also: "Do you ask a friend, of whom you expect sweet converse at your board, to pay a shilling or so before you admit him into the house to which you yourself invited him?"

A book is intaxable—intaxable, because it never ought to be taxed; and because no tax can ever be levied on it according to any principle of propriety. I observe that some persons propose to return to the law of taxing foreign books by the pound.—Books by the pound! It seems that the idea of a pound of bacon is as natural to those gentlemen as a pound of bacon without a capital. What would we think if the human of Mueset were to say: "I have no objection to the importation of Christianity, but my minister of finance advises me to levy a gold-piece on each cubic inch of missionary brain. Whatever we should think, the human would have a right to say: I tax imported religion by the cubic measure. Why not?"

At present books pay duty on the market value. With all respect for our Collector at Charleston, I think he would be sorely puzzled if a man was to place a Strabo, that now lies on my table, with annotations by the hand of Casanbon, to whom the copy once belonged, before him and say: There, sir, what's the market value of that thing? But if we add the duty according to the price paid by an individual, we positively tax that for which Congress should rather vote public thanks, namely, such a love of knowledge and respect for intellect that the purchaser really foregoes expensive upholstery and extravagant carpets—those low manifestations of civilization and sense—to lay out his money in a great book, often perhaps a great man has even bent in earnest thought or deep devotion.

The duty collected on books is trifling for a nation of 25 millions; but it is very heavy for all those who desire, or stand in need of foreign books; and every one foremost in his line or profession is among these, the lawyer, the physician, the theologian, the scholar, the philosopher, and statesman, ask any man of mark in his peculiar line, and a uniform answer will be given. Alas! any one who has written a book in the United States knows full well that we are not over-blest with books, and Congress ought to facilitate in all possible ways their importation, and not impede it. Sound books brought from distant parts are holy missionaries of knowledge and civilization.

What we want is that foreign books be made unresisted duty free, as they are now, if imported for public educational establishments—as if colleges, aggregates of individuals wanted books more eagerly than the individual scholars themselves.

I have not yet touched upon the subject of an international copyright law, the want of which is a shame to us, but it is a different subject.

All I desire by this communication is to attract more attention to the subject of importance, inviting editors to discuss it, and to make the justice of their opinions felt by those who must legislate upon the matter. The press ought not to forget that this is a subject which, although of great universal interest, is nevertheless not as striking as it does its readily engage the public mind, as many other subjects of far inferior weight.

### Highly Aggravated Affair.

#### Abolition outrage—Inefficiency of the Law—The Higher Law of Rights—Abolition Marshals—Insults and Defiance to Southerners.

A short time ago several gentlemen of Portsmouth lost a number of negroes who were secreted aboard a ship leaving this port. At least that was the surmise at the time, and subsequent events proved the surmise to be correct. Some of the parties, through the telegraph, got into the information of their negroes being in Massachusetts.

Our townsmen and friends, Major Holsden, with several others went to Boston in pursuit of their property, when the following was the reception and success they met with and we ask the attention of every Southerner seriously to it:

Arriving at Boston, they went first and engaged a lawyer S. J. Thomas, as counsel during their stay.

The U. S. Marshal, Freeman, was seen, who appeared anxious to give them all the assistance his official prerogatives justified. To keep down all suspicion of what was on hand—the negroes being understood to be in New Bedford—the Marshal sent a letter by a constable to the deputy, Hathaway, at New Bedford, informing him of the facts in the case, and requesting him to keep a look out to make his plans for the securing fugitives, and to write him by every mail of the progress he made in the prosecution of his duty. This letter was sent on Thursday, and by the next Monday nothing had been received from the deputy Marshal.

Then Mr. Holsden and two or three of his friends went up to that den of negro thieves and fugitive protectors, New Bedford. Here they learned from the deputy Marshal that he had recognized the negroes, and told the street he found them upon, but told them they were gone. He would give them no further satisfaction, except to let them know where the black friends of the negroes a present resided.

Going there, the negroes were not to be found. Mr. H. and his friends used every precaution of secrecy and quietude possible, to keep down the object of their mission. They disguised themselves, went in different directions and used every endeavor in as silent a manner as could be, to discover the whereabouts of the fugitives; but all in vain, so generally was the matter bruited and so well posted was every citizen upon the subject.

It had been made a topic from the pulpits on the day before (Sunday) and the bells of the town were tolled, the whole time they were there; the tolling being a species of telegraph they use in that sink of iniquity and lawlessness, to let the inhabitants know that masters or officers are in search of their slave property.

The output blazoned the affair on Sunday; on Monday the bells rung out the well understood signal, but this was not enough, and the taunts and jeers of the press were added to the injury and the insults our Southern fellow citizens had to endure. The Bedford Standard, the organ of the blackguards, black fugitives and rowdies and negro stealers of that rank stew of fanatics and outlaws, came out with the following notice:

"FUGITIVE SLAVES—We are informed that a person visited this city from Boston, on Saturday, in pursuit of two

fugitive slaves. After looking about and examining the premises, he returned to Boston in the evening train.—This morning he came here again with two or three persons as assistants, but the fugitives had gone. Man hunting, and woman stealing, is considered rather mean business in Bedford, and we imagine that all scoundrels who should attempt it here, would meet a proper reception from the persons pursued."

Thus are citizens of a sovereign State treated when they go in search of their property. This is one of the many outrages our citizens have to submit to from the lawless abolitionist that make up that sweet glorious New England soil which intemperate orators on Virginia soil "thank God they were removed to, from (Virginia)."

If a man is caught harboring a negro in Virginia, with the stain of secreting stolen property upon his fame and the guilt in his heart he is punished with the utmost severity of the law; and negro stealing by Southerners is visited in all the slave States with penalties more or less severe. But let the Massachusetts abolitionist, who gives to New England "its pure atmosphere," steal the negroes of the South, and there is, it appears, no redress. The Constitution, the laws, the Compromises may all go to the devil for them.

There are some 1500 negroes in New Bedford, the greater portion of them runaway slaves, whom the white population of about 19,000 villians, protect and encourage. Ought not Virginia to see to the rights of her citizens? For the last twelve months, from forty to fifty thousand dollars worth of this kind of property has left this port; and when any portion of it is gone after, every obstacle is thrown in the way, and the owners in pursuit stigmatized as "seceders and man hunters and woman stealers."

The Deputy Marshal forfeited his trust by making the matter public, and not giving any aid to the owners; and we do not think the Marshal in Boston did his duty. He ought to have gone to New Bedford immediately himself.—We have not room for further comment at this time upon this shameful outrage. The simple narration of the above, is sufficient comment upon the enormity of the national treason and individual villainy it refers to.

### THE END OF "GREAT MEN."

Happening to cast my eyes upon a printed page of miniature portraits, I perceived that the four personages who occupied the four most conspicuous places, were Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, and Bonaparte. I had seen the same unnumbered times before, but never did the same sensation arise in my bosom, as my mind hastily glanced over their several histories.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another world for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps—after having put to flight the armies of "this mistress of the world," and made her very foundation quake—fled from his country, being hated by those who once exultingly united his name to that of their god and called him Hanni Bal—and died at last by poison administered by his own hands, unlamented and unwept, in a foreign land.

Cesar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his garments in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and popes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name—after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the world in sackcloth—closed his eyes in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which would not, or could not bring him aid!

Thus those four men, who from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand as the representative of all those whom the world called great—those four, who each in turn made the earth tremble to its very centre by their sim le tread severely died—one by intoxication, or, as some suppose, by poison mingled in his wine—one a suicide—one murdered by his friends—and one a lonely exile!—How are the mighty fallen!

### Negro Freedom and Slavery.

The New Orleans has the following interesting example of the horrors of slavery.

"Seventeen years ago, the mother-in-law of the gentleman took a trip to France, accompanied by a favorite slave—a negro woman. While in France, some officious philanthropists informed the slave that she was free, and induced her to leave her mistress's service. A short time after her departure, a white man called upon the lady and claimed wages for the absent slave. The reply was that no wages were due her, but that if she had resolved not to return, her clothing and effects would be given to her as her mistress had no desire to leave her in destitution. Accordingly the girl's things were taken away—nothing more was heard of her, and after awhile M. M. L. returned to the United States.

"This event took place in 1837.—A few days ago the steamship United States arrived in New Orleans from Chagres, and among the passengers was this negro woman, by this time somewhat stricken in years. Immediately on her arrival, she hastened to the home of her old mistress, and implored the family to forgive her escape, and to receive her again as a slave. She told a piteous tale of suffering and privation, and her old mistress in Paris, she remained some time in France, where she led a miserable existence, earning, with great difficulty, her daily bread, and driven to the wall by the superior intelligence, industry and tact of the white race.—Finding it impossible to get along in France, she managed to leave the country, and proceeded to Jamaica, where she naturally hoped to prosper among the emancipated blacks of that island.

Her fate in Jamaica was equally wretched, and after some years of dreadful penury, this misguided but unfortunate woman passed over to Hayti, where she lived for a time, struggling and striving for the bare necessities of life. At length, wearied out with fruitless efforts, she went to Chagres, and taking passage on board the United States, came back to New Orleans, thoroughly sick of liberty, and yearning to be again a slave, to enjoy the comforts of a home, kind owners and regulated service."

MADE A MISTAKE.—The Gloucester News tells an anecdote of two friends, P.— and S.—, having one evening met, at a house of an acquaintance, some young ladies, for one of whom both gentlemen entertained tender feelings. In a spirit of frolic one of the young ladies blew out the lamp, and our two friends, thinking it a favorable moment to make known the state of their feelings to the fair object of their regard, moved seats at the same instant, and placed themselves, as they supposed, by the lady's side; but she had also moved, and the gentlemen were in reality seated next to each other. As our friends could not whisper without betraying their whereabouts, they both gently took, as they thought, the soft little hand of the charmer, and when, after a while, they ventured to give a tender pressure, each was enraptured to find it returned with an unmistakable squeeze. It may well be imagined that the moments flew rapidly in this silent interchange of mutual affection. But the rest wondering at the unusual silence of the gentlemen, one of them noiselessly slipped out, and sud only returned with a light, there sat our friends P.— and S.—, most lovingly squeezing each other's hand—and supreme delight beaming in their eyes! Their contemnation and the ecstasy of the ladies may be imagined but not described.

BORN IN A FIX.—A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master one morning, a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other.

"How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I really don't know, sir—but what bothers me the most is, that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

HINTS TO MOTHERS.—If you wish to cultivate a gossiping meddling, censorious spirit in your children, be sure when they come home from church, a