

The Sumter Banner.

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

W. J. FRANCIS, Proprietor.

"God—and our Patrie Land."

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POLITICAL.

[From the Southern Standard.]

The Convention.

The election for members to a Southern Congress, held in October last, called to the polls every freeman of South Carolina, who was entitled to exercise that constitutional privilege. They were told that the occasion was momentous in the highest degree, not for the reason that the judgment of voters was to be taxed in the choice of a particular candidate, but because the election involved a principle, that a mighty crisis was impending over the State, demanding the application of the sovereign remedy of separate Secession—and to decide this grave question the freemen of South Carolina were called upon to cast their votes for, or against the candidates who advocated the policy of that measure. It will long be remembered what stirring appeals were made to their passions—what arguments were addressed to their understandings—what indefatigable activity was displayed to win them over as converts to the doctrine of immediate action. All this will be remembered by young and old as long as memory lasts, and there is no good citizen who does not sincerely hope, that he may never again be called upon to participate in similar scenes. But the issue was made and was fairly decided, and the voice of the State declared against the expediency of a State action.

Understanding this solemn declaration, the editorial columns of the Standard, in a recent issue, that some zealous advocates of Secession yet think it would be proper for the Convention to pass an ordinance of Secession, and then submit that ordinance again to the decision of the people. This is trifling with solemn things, and an attempt to carry up an appeal from an appellate tribunal of the highest order. If this course of proceeding is to be resorted to, it may be well asked, how much more weight will the second verdict be entitled to than the first, and whether or not, by the same rule of proceeding, a third verdict may not be demanded? And, in case they should conflict with each other, whether or not a fourth might not be necessary, in order to solve any doubts about the weight and meaning of those preceding? and so on *ad infinitum*. And why shall this be? Why should any one call in question either the sanity or patriotism of the people in making the solemn declaration they have already made? What more can they do than they have done? Are they entitled to no respect, because they have not thought upon a given subject in the way and manner a minority wished them to do? It is to be hoped that there is no one prepared to put this low estimate upon the intelligence or patriotism of so large a portion of the people of South Carolina. The decision they have made was not made hastily and without consideration, but after mature reflection, and, upon every principle of pure republicanism, it is entitled to be respected. And there is no reasonable doubt that it will be. The members of the Convention will be true to the will of the people, as already expressed, and carry it out fully; or, if they desire to throw off from themselves that responsibility, they will, at least, allow others to assume it who can believe that there is no danger or dishonor in being the equals of their fellow-citizens of the other Southern States, and remaining with them as such. Or, there may be found in that body some high-toned patriot, who, calling to mind how unnecessary it was to bring into existence a Convention only necessary for the purposes of Secession, when the people had declared against it, may announce to the world, that, as the voice of the people is the law of the Convention, it is due to them that such Convention should adjourn *sine die*. Such a man the State will long remember, and the world will admire.

But it is well known that the advocates of separate Secession have a numerical majority in that body—they have the power and may destroy the State. What they will do, the public are not yet informed; but no one has yet been found, mad

enough to suppose, that the Convention has been called to turn the batteries of the State against itself. All its members know, that Separate Secession, or any kindred measure, will be in direct opposition to the will of the people—and the proceedings of that body will soon show who it is that thinks it necessary to force upon the people a reversal of the solemn decision they have made.

A LOOKER ON.

THE CONDUCT OF CONGRESS.—The dilatoriness of Congress becomes more apparent every year. The identity-making absorbs every energy of the members. As there is scarcely a member of the Senate but is secretly or openly intriguing for his own elevation to the executive chair, the public business receives little or no attention at the hands of that body; while in the House, affairs are scarcely better. At present the government is in absolute necessity, owing to the non passage of the Deficiency bill. Yet no serious effort appears to be made to pass these requisite appropriations. Members meet and talk bunkum, plotting, in the interludes, for this or that candidate, when having trifled away the day, and secured their eight dollars, they adjourn to renew, on the morrow, the same censurable farce. Congress, indeed, is fast ceasing to be a national legislature, and is degenerating into a mere Presidential caucus. Honorable members go to Washington, not to act for the good of the country, but to plot for their own election, or that of their friends. We sometimes, in contemplating these facts, tremble for the future. It is not twenty years, at the rate it has been doing the past fifty, it will be by the close of the century, as bad as a Polish diet; for faction will reign triumphant, personal ambition control the passage of every law, and the liberties of the Republic racked, till almost torn asunder, in the fierce struggle for the Presidency.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.]

Kossuth and Suite.

KOSSUTH IN AUGUSTA.—The distinguished Hungarian, L. Kossuth arrived in our city yesterday morning by the train from Atlanta, on his way North. We understand that he had telegraphed the proprietor of the United States Hotel to have in readiness a suit of rooms for him; but when he reached the railroad depot, and found no committee of reception, not even a crowd of anxious faces to see and welcome him, he very wisely determined that the prospect for "material aid" was not flattering, and therefore concluded not to remain, but to take the first train for Charleston, which he did, having remained in the city about an hour. His presence produced not the least excitement, and did not call forth the slightest demonstration. So much for the patriotism and real genuine Americanism of the citizens of Augusta.—[Chronicle & Sentinel.]

KOSSUTH IN CHARLESTON.—This distinguished Hungarian patriot, with his lady and suite, arrived in this city, via the Rail Road on Friday afternoon last, and took lodgings at the Charleston Hotel. No excitement or public demonstrations attended his reception or brief sojourn among us. On Saturday, the Mayor of the city and a number of citizens waited on him, at his lodgings, and tendered him the homage of their respect for his character and lofty endowments, and expressed their sympathy for his misfortunes and those of his oppressed countrymen. He conversed freely with his visitors, on the subject which occupies his mind; but the intervention doctrines of the great Magyar, even when enforced by his rare eloquence, have made no impression on a community whose hearts and minds are too strongly imbued with the wise and paternal lessons of Washington to be led astray by the sophistry or enthusiasm of the gifted foreigner. The conservatism of our people furnishing no motive for his prolonged stay, he and his party left, on Saturday afternoon, in the Wilmington boat, for the North. We learn that at Augusta, also, his reception was very lukewarm; and that, on his arrival there, find no preparations on foot to receive him with "distinguish-

ed honors," he concluded to proceed at once on his journey.—[Charleston Courier, 12th inst.]

KOSSUTH'S RESIDENCE IN ENGLAND.—We find the following paragraph in a London paper, in reference to the contemplated residence of Kossuth in that city: It was his intention, with about forty of his countrymen, to reside temporarily in Belgium, and there quietly to watch the progress of events in Europe. The sole reason why Kossuth would have preferred Belgium to England was the greater economy practicable in the former country. The altered state of affairs in France has, however, satisfied him that the Belgian government would not sanction his residence in Belgium at present; and therefore, he has fixed on England as the place of his residence for a season. His course of procedure, we learn from one of his most intimate friends, will be to assume a passive attitude for the present, in the assured belief that events are rapidly hurrying onward to a great crisis both in Germany and Italy.

THE PRESS.—The Richmond Examiner, speaking of the common notion that everybody has a right to publish what he pleases, at the publisher's expense and not his own, says, very forcibly:—

The press is only free to its editors, and to those whom its editors believe to have good ground for addressing the public, and something to say which the public has an interest in hearing. We would recommend those who labor under this mistake to consider the following fact—that newspapers are made for the large class who read, and not for the small

class who want to write. The idea that when a man subscribes to a newspaper he lays its proprietors under some un-definable obligation, or that he has a right to publish his composition therein, with the single proviso that they shall be inoffensive, is a popular fancy and most ridiculous mistake, which ought to be corrected. Not only has he no such right, but the editor who permits him to put uninteresting matter in his columns infringes upon the rights of four or five thousand other people to gratify one individual. Very few editors act so absurdly.

The Life of a Printer.

The following strange, eventful record of a journeyman printer's life is taken from one of our exchanges, which paper asserts it correct to the letter. It develops what a man can do if he likes, and what queer and enterprising, unselfish fellows the majority of printers are:

"The life of a printer is, to say the least, one of variety. I left home at the age of nine, and was apprenticed to the printing business at thirteen, since then I have visited Europe, been in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales and France, in Canada, Nova Scotia, Labrador, South America, West Indies, and all the Atlantic States of the Union from Maine to Louisiana—have lived in twenty-seven cities and towns of the United States. I have been a sailor in the merchant service, and have sailed in all manner of craft—ship, barque, brig, schooner, sloop and steamer—in the regular army as a private soldier, deserted and got shot in the leg. I have studied two years for the ministry, one year for an M. D., travelled through all the New England States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, as a journeyman printer, generally with little else than a brass rule in my pocket. I have been the publisher of two papers in one in Boston, one in Roxbury, Mass., one in New Hampshire, and one in Maine. At one time I had \$7,350 in my pocket of my own. I have been married twice, and am now nearly 26 years old! I have been a temperance lecturer, and proprietor of a temperance theatre."

RECIPE FOR NIGHT MARE.—If you wish to see the "nocturnal horse" of the feminine gender, all you have to do is, about fifteen minutes before bed time, cut up one dozen of cold boiled potatoes; add a few slices of cold boiled cabbage, with five or six pickled cucumbers. Eat heartily, and wash down with a pint of brown stout. Undress and jump into bed. Lie flat on your back and in about half an hour, or thereabouts, you will dream that the devil is sitting on your chest with a Bunker Hill Monument in his lap.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Improved Telegraph Battery. The following description of an improved and far less expensive battery for telegraphic operations than that now in operation appears in the London Times.

On Monday last, by permission of the directors of the submarine telegraph between England and France, a series of interesting experiments were made by Mr. Reid, telegraph engineer, of University-street, London, for the purpose of testing a pair of double needle instruments and two new batteries which he had constructed. One of these instruments was placed in the company's office at Dover, and the other in the French office at Calais, with a battery to each. Two of the submarine wires were then connected with the instruments, and put in circuit with the batteries. The length of the submarine cable in the Channel is about 24 miles, and about five miles of land telegraph on each side, making in round numbers a circuit of 68 miles. The battery that was to work this distance formed a strong contrast to the present battery now in use, the length being only 4 inches by 1 1/2 deep, and the weight 1 lb. 5 oz., while the old common battery used on the lines is 36 inches long, 7 1/2 inches wide, 8 1/2 inches deep, and weighs 64 lb. Some of the telegraph clerks in the office smiled incredulously when Mr. Reid connected the miniature battery with the instrument, but were surprised to find the signals to and from Dover and Calais quite equal to the signals they were receiving from their former batteries. The next experiment was for the purpose of testing an improvement in the double-needle instrument, and will require the utmost stretch of faith on the part of our readers to believe. It was as follows:—The miniature batteries were removed from the instruments on each side of the Channel, and a piece of zinc, three-fourths of an inch square, and a piece of silver to correspond, were then introduced into the mouth of the operator at the office in Dover, and instructions sent to do the same at Calais. The wires attached to these pieces of metal were then connected with the instruments, and by this simple means, and by the simplest of all batteries, the telegraph clerks sent several messages to and fro from England to France. The next experiments were similar to this, only a larger piece of zinc and a larger piece of silver were introduced into the mouth of the operator. The result was an improvement of the signals. These experiments were witnessed on the Dover side by Captain Baldoek, R. N., Major Hammond, and by Messrs. Cheshire, Edwards, and Evans; on the French side by M. Morley, Vice Consul; M. Morris, director of French telegraphs; M. France, &c. This was on the evening of Monday, March 1. The next day, March 2, the experiments were repeated with the same success. The instruments with the miniature batteries transmitted all the commercial messages, prices of stocks, funds, &c. till 1 o'clock, when they were packed up and sent to London. It was thought that during these operations the miniature battery would become exhausted; on the reverse, it improved, and seemed perfectly to maintain its character. From these experiments we may conclude a new revolution is in progress with telegraphs and batteries. They will become more simple, more easy to understand, and will eventually not only become as familiar as household words, but familiar and useful as household servants.

CHARITY.—Mohammed, the great prophet of Mecca, thus illustrated charity: "Every good act," he would say, "is charity." Your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation to your fellow man to virtuous deeds, is equal to almsgiving; your putting a wanderer in the right road, is charity; assisting the blind is charity; removing stones and thorns and other obstructions from the road is charity; your giving water to the thirsty, is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow man. When he dies poor people will say: "What property has he left behind him?" but the angels who examine him at the grave will ask: "What good deeds has thou sent before thee."

A Yankee at Vesuvius.

The following we clip from the Boston Transcript. "Go where you will you meet Americans. We had no sooner set foot in Pompeii, and were busy exploring the Temple of Isis and the sacrificial altar, when in came three curious Yankees and joined our party. The other day, on reaching the top of Vesuvius, I descried a man sitting astride a block of lava. I don't know why, but I marked him at once for one of my countrymen. As I advanced toward him, I could not help noticing the cool manner in which he and Vesuvius were taking a morning smoke together. His long nine was run out like a bowsprit, and he took the whole affair as calmly as one would look upon a kitchen fire at home. As soon as I came up with him he bawled out—'Hallo stranger! Pretty considerable lot of lavy round here! Any news down below? Ye haint tucked out, be ye?' On my asking him if he had looked into the crater, he replied, 'yaas, but I burnt the laigs of my trousers, I tell yew!' He turned out to be a man from New England, who came up from Marselles to see the volcano, and a more delightfully verdant gentleman is not common in these parts. As we came through Portici I read upon a Roman pillar, 'Erected by Concius Dracol.' Could this have been an ancestor of our friend, with his i knocked out? asked the gentleman in Court-street.

We returned to Pompeii by the light of a full Italian moon; passing on the road troops of fat monks, wadding to their wine and wassail; crowds of beggars, merry as larks over their gains, and lines of donkeys laden with boughs, which gave the branches an appearance as if Birnamwood was at his old tricks again." J. T. F.

Fashion of Olden Times.

Old fashions they say come new every seven years; somehow or other knee breeches don't come round any more. They say when Gov. Bowdoin reviewed the troops at Massachusetts, in 1785, he was dressed in a gray wig, cocked hat, a white broadcloth coat and waistcoat, red small clothes, and black silk stockings.

In 1782, Governor Hancock received his guests in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen turned up over the edges of the velvet one, two or three inches. He wore a blue damask gown, lined with silk, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small clothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers.

The judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, as late as 1773, wore robes of scarlet, faced with black velvet; and in summer, black silk gowns. Gentlemen wore coats of every variety of color, of a different color from the coat.

In 1783, General Washington arrived in New York from Mount Vernon, to assume the duties of the Presidency. He was dressed in a full suit of Virginia homespun. On his visit to New England, soon after, he wore an old continental uniform, except on the Sabbath, when he appeared in black.

John Adams, when Vice-President, wore a sword, and walked the streets with his hat under his arm.

At the levees in Philadelphia, President Washington was clad in black velvet, his hair was powdered, and gathered behind in a silk bag; yellow gloves, knee and shoe buckles; he held in his hand a cocked hat, ornamented with a cockade, fringed about an inch deep with black feathers; a long sword in a white scabbard, with a polished steel hilt, hung at his hip.

RESPECT TO AGE.—The Spartans obliged their youth to rise up in presence of the aged, and offer them the most honorable seats. At a theatrical representation, when an old man, an Athenian, came too late to be able to procure a good seat, the young Athenians unanimously endeavored to sit close and keep him out. Abashed at this he hastily made his way to the seats appointed for the Lacedaemonians: they all immediately rose, and received him in the most honorable manner. The Athenians, struck with a sudden sense of virtue, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man exclaimed, 'The Athenians know what is right, but the Lacedaemonians practice it.'

Curiosities of Steam.

There is a question connected with steam which is more strange than any, and yet we seldom hear it mentioned. It is this: water at 212 deg. gives off steam; this steam is totally different in its nature and action from water; and yet it is only 212 deg. also. Why does not the water at 212 deg. all flash in a moment, like gunpowder, into steam—that is, into 1,700 times its original bulk? We cannot tell; we only know it does not do it. It has been proved by Faraday, however, that water, perfectly purged of all atmospheric air, (which all water contains a portion of,) when heated to 300 deg. explodes instantly—that is, all flashes at once into steam.

There is another property belonging to water not so universally known to engineers as it should be; namely: all the water in the boiler will become steam in a given time, when subjected to a constant heat and great pressure. If a certain amount of water, at the heat of melted ice, be put into a vessel, and a lamp applied to the same, it will be found that, if the time occupied to bring the water from melted ice to 212° (the point where steam commences to be given off) be noted, and the lamp kept at the vessel for 5 1/2 times longer, all the water will be changed into steam; it follows, then, that if a certain amount of heat be applied to water, for 5 1/2 times the period it took to raise the temperature from that of melted ice to the steam point, all the water will be in a state to flash at once into 1,700 times its original bulk.

A cubic foot of water converted into steam, occupies 1,700 times the space it formerly occupied, if not compressed; and two cubic feet of water, converted into steam, occupy a space of 3,400 feet. The pressure exerted by such an expansive force is tremendous. If frozen water has burst cannons, is it to be wondered at that heat and water burst boilers? Every engineer should be thoroughly acquainted with all the known chemical and mechanical properties of water and steam. The observations of eminent practical engineers are very valuable: they are situated to observe the phenomena of steam, and there may be many not yet generally known.—[Scientific American.]

The Literature of Distinguished Men of South Carolina.

South Carolina has been distinguished through the whole period of its history, by some of the most striking and brilliant characteristics, that ever belonged to a nation. Founded in part by the best blood of France, the Hugonots, who escaped who escaped from the persecution that followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, she has afforded so many brilliant examples of successful achievements in the arts, letters, statesmanship and in arms. Bringing with them from France as the early settlers did, the spirit of heroism which seems to be inherent in the French character; a love of personal independence, for which no nation was ever more distinguished than the Hugonots; a spirit of liberty and of aristocracy (that aristocracy which is natural to heroic and splendid nations,) these qualities were infused into the body of the people; and long before the American revolution, many noble examples of lofty character were exhibited in the history of the State.

It was, however, at the period of the American revolution, that the attention of the world was fastened particularly on the part she played.—South Carolina was the field of one of the fiercest and best fought struggles of that bloody era. We need scarcely allude to what took place, for the events are engraved so deeply on the pillows of the republic, that they never can be blotted out. They are fresh in the recollections of the present generation, for they have served to embellish the brightest pages of our history. Sumter, Marion, Moultrie, and a host of others, are names which will never die.

TO CURE LOVE.—Take of manufactured hemp about six feet; of courage, enough to make a slip-noose and place it around your neck; of resolution enough to fasten it to the top of a tree; and of determination, sufficient to take a leap downward. If this does not effect a cure get married.

HON. HENRY CLAY, first took his seat in the Senate in December, 1806, nearly forty years ago.—There were but seventeen States in the Union; and of the then thirty-four Senators, it is believed that Mr. Clay alone survives.

"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dear Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back."

A man made application a few days since for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire engine. In answer to this question, "what are the facilities for extinguishing fires?" he wrote "it rains sometimes!"

A Buck while being measured for a pair of boots, observed: "Make them cover the calf." "Heavens!" exclaimed the astounded snob, surveying his customer from head to foot; "I have not leather enough."

There is a tailor in Boston, whose nose is so red, that he can see the finest work in the darkest night with no other light than that afforded him by his flaming proboscis. His head is quite bald from the effect of carrying building materials in his hat.

Truth is like a rustic beauty—most lovely when unadorned, and seen in the open light of day; and whenever truth is thoroughly disowned, it will not fail to come like tried gold from the fire. Like Ajax, it requires nothing but daylight and fair play.

A Vermont paper defines the rights of woman as follows: "To love her man, with all her heart, and to baby as herself—and to make good bread."

Some years ago a Philadelphia merchant sent a cargo of goods to Constantinople. After the supercargo saw the bales and the boxes safely landed, he inquired where they could be stored. "Leave them here, it won't rain to night," was the reply. "But I dare not leave them thus exposed; some of the goods may be stolen," said the supercargo. The Mohammedan merchant burst into a loud laugh, as he replied, "Don't be alarmed, there ain't a Christian within fifty miles of here."

Women are formed for attachment. Their gratitude is unimpeachable. Their love is an unceasing fountain of delight to the man who has once attained, and knows how to deserve it.

ENJOYMENT OF LIFE.—Two wealthy gentlemen were lately conversing in regard to the period when they had best enjoy themselves. "I will tell you," says one, "when I most enjoyed life. Soon after I was twenty-one, I worked for Mr. —, laying stone wall, at twenty cents per day." "Well," replied the other, "that does not differ much from my experience. When I was twenty, I hired myself out at seven dollars a month. I have never enjoyed myself better since." The experience of these two individuals teaches, first, that one's happiness does not depend on the amount of his gains or the station he occupies; second, that very small beginnings, with industry and prudence, may secure wealth.

LET your thoughts be fit or suitable for the subject. Every day have high thoughts of God, lower thoughts of self, kinder thoughts of your brethren, and more hopeful thoughts of all around you.

CHICKENS.—CURE THE PIP.—Undoubtedly about these days some of your chickens will have this common chicken complaint. Cure it. How? Simply by mixing a tablespoonful of sulphur with about three pounds of meal for a feed every other day perhaps for a fortnight. Be very careful not to let any of that substance get mixed with your disposition, or it may give you a worse complaint than the one you are curing.—Too much sulphur in that sweet compound composing female hearts, is apt to make them a little fiery. It will cure the pip, though, so will it kidney worms in the pipe.

[The Plover.]