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## TEMPERANCE.

### A Vision.

BY A. M. GORMAN, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

I had a Dream!—and yet, it was not all a dream!—I had wandered far and high among the mountains of my own dear native State, occupying a somewhat central position, whence I could view, as it were, the entire continent; at one and the same catch a glimpse of the distant land beyond the great Gulf in the sunny South, and the green hills of the frozen North; and, looking down from the lofty eminence which I occupied, I saw, issuing from thousands of valleys and from every gorge in the mountains, dark and dismal columns of smoke, whose awful stench filled my nostrils, as if proceeding from the caverns of hell!

But I was not left long thus to misjudge of the location of these "fiery furnaces." Association had made me familiar with a small which forbade my imputing to the infernal regions the manufacture of an article unknown there;—there is no alcohol made in hell!—but on earth, which was created for man's happiness and enjoyment, and which God pronounced, as he viewed his vast creation, not only "good," but "very good"—on earth only is it made. Nor do evils and damned spirits drink the maddening poison of the still; but man, made after God's own image—be alone of all God's works converts it into a beverage, and by it sends his guilty soul into hopeless ruin!

And, as I gazed still further, I beheld in every city, town, and village; at every cross-roads and places of public gatherings, temples and palaces, saloons and hovels, dedicated to the worship of the rum-god—where murder and b-ills, blasphemy and all manner of abominations were engendered, fostered, and sustained, as the legitimate offspring of the sale of this unnatural beverage.

Looking towards the halls of legislation and the temples of justice, erected by man for the suppression of crime and iniquity, I invoked their mighty interposition, and imploringly called upon the rulers and law-makers of the land to rid the nation of this mighty evil, that was degrading her sons, degrading her daughters, and converting this fair heritage into one vast acclama of human blood; when a loud sound, accompanied by a demoniac laugh of defiance from the infernal crew beneath proclaimed: *This is a business built up by the law! Legislators bestow upon us the privilege! Judges justify, and the nation approves our patriotic work! The law is our benefactor!!*

Acknowledging the awful truth of the horrible declaration, I turned, with a sick and heavy heart, from the scene. The wail of disconsolate widowhood, and the cries of suffering orphanage rose upon the air, and reached my ears; when, lifting my burdened heart and eyes towards heaven, I saw, standing on a lofty peak far above me, a tall, commanding figure, gazing with anxious eye upon the mighty panorama spread out before him. His brow was wrinkled o'er with care, and his scant and hoary locks were wreathed with the night-dew of long watching. Regarding him as some benevolent spirit, who was mourning over the desolations of earth; and that from his position it might be that he could give promise of a better coming morning, I took up the burden of Dunah, when he called out to me: "WATCHEMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

Is there any sign of hope for the future? Does the same dark, impenetrable gloom hang over the moral horizon, forbidding all confidence in a prospect of its entire removal, and of the sure, permanent rising of the life-giving sun of Temperance, that shall shed its glorious rays of light and joy, disseminating consolation and happiness among the sorrow-stricken sons of men? Say, faithful sentinel, does no day-star peer above the horizon, giving promise of a happy noontime of emancipation of our rum-cursed land from the tyranny of Intemperance?

And the Watchman said, or seemed to say: The morning cometh! Lo! a light in the East arises, above the snow-capped hills of Maine, with healing in its beams. A shout of joyous welcome greets its appearance, as its piercing light penetrates the dark bosom of the cloud above. Loud and long is the voice of triumph, echoing and re-echoing along the hills and valleys that redeemed land; until the sound is heard upon the mountain-tops of the "Granite State," whence comes a responsive cry: "We, too, will be free!"

Competent catches the inspiring song of freedom, and, from all her borders goes forth the determined declaration of resistance to the tyrant. The "Green Mountain Boys" of Vermont swell the glad chorus; while,

from the proud heights of "Bunker Hill," the joyous anthem, as if inspired by the remembrance of that day when resistance to oppression bathed its summit in the life-blood of America's best men, swells to a torrent, "as the voice of many waters," assuring her sisters that the "Old Bay State" will be found foremost in the great moral strife for man's redemption.

The thunder of voices is heard above the deafening roar of Niagara; Canada catches the strain; and, acknowledging herself our debtor in this great movement, gladly follows the example of the States.

Rhode Island, small in stature and few in words, but with the firm decision of freemen, boldly proclaims:—"We want the Maine law; we will have it; it shall be sustained!"

The mighty Empire State next catches the sound. Tired of the imbecile, temporizing policy, that has so long shackled the gigantic energies of the greatest State in the Contide race, she rushes to break the ignoble fetters from her limbs, and join in the crusade against the system of Alcoholic traffic—a system that was born in hell, baptized in the blood and tears of human suffering and misery, and is nursed and perpetuated through a policy so unwholly, that none but the Arch-demon of the dark vaults of Perdition is worthy of its paternity.

Next speaks the "Acetyone State." Ashamed of the retrograde steps she has made, she nobly marches to the rescue. From her halls of legislation the word comes forth, that the descendants of the philanthropic Penn will no longer have their statute-book defaced by the foul blot of a License Law.

New Jersey, not often backward in a good cause, boldly avows the "Maine Declaration of Independence."

Delaware filters not in her duty, but valiantly moves on the high road to progress and reform.

The gallant spirits of Maryland, re-echoing the heroic deeds of old, and gazing upon her proud Monuments, wheels into line, and registers her name on the muster-roll of this great national campaign.

And the little District of Columbia, proud of the exalted name she bears, forgets the cares of State, the corruptions and intrigues of political demagogues, appeals to her people to say for themselves whether they shall be free from a worse than Russian despotism, which is grinding them into abject slavery, under the very shadow of the Capitol of American Freedom.

Virginia, "the Mother of States," the land of Washington, Patrick Henry, Jefferson, and Madison, strains her ear to catch the glad sound, as it comes sweeping over the broad Potomac. The clarion notes of a Gally, a Drinkard, and a Lee are heard throughout the wide domain of the "Old Dominion," marshalling her forces for the conflict against the rumfiend and the soul-destroying traffic.

The glorious "Old North State," the first to throw off her allegiance to the tyrant King George, and declare herself independent, is eager and panting for the strife! The spirit that stirred the hearts of her Alexanders, her Brevards, and her Polks, in '75, and caused them to "beard the Douglas in his halls," boldly and openly to defy the myriads of royalty and oppression, cannot and will not quietly submit to a assalage more degrading and ruinous than that against the tolerance of which she poured out her blood like water, on the fields of Alamance, Guilford, and Camden. From Currituck to Cherokee, from the shores of the Atlantic to the loftiest mountain-peak in the West, she is arousing to strike the blow of separation of Alcohol from State sovereignty. North Carolina shall be freed from the vile traffic, for so the People will declare.

Nor will South Carolina be outstripped in the contest; but, entering the arena like a gladiator, her sons will be found doing valiant service wherever duty calls. The descendants of Pinckney, Rutledge, and Calhoun can never submit to be the slaves of appetite, passion, and the rum-cracy, any more than they could to political bondage. The patriotic dead would arise from their tombs and curse their degenerate sons had they sunk so low into venality and dastardness. Led on by the gallant O'Neal, the people of the "Palmetto State" will prove "worthy sons of noble sires" in this great work, and banish the poison from their borders.

Georgia, too, is waiting for the watchword, to make a vigorous onslaught upon the vile traffic. Alabama, who is just old enough in the family of States to appear in her bridal robes, adorns the turbid waters of the still, and will finally forbid their being borne upon the surface of her many navigable streams. And Mississippi, a younger sister, is now loudly calling upon her sons

and daughters to absolve allegiance to a despotism so revolting to all the finer feelings of the human heart.

While Louisiana, as a grave and prudent matron, smiles approvingly on her fair daughters, and says, "I too, will join in this holy work."

Florida, blushing in maiden innocence, disdains to have her virgin purity defiled, and her sweet perfume, wafted from a thousand flowers, contaminated by the besotted woodings and foul breath of the rum-fiend.

Tennessee, the child of the Old North State, sets her venerated mother a glorious example, and bids her emulate in the blessed cause. Her first men are in the field, the sound political and judicial wisdom of a Dilalunty has awakened her people to an investigation of the subject; while the convincing eloquence of Haskell, Campbell, Pavatt, Brownlow, and others, is arousing a spirit of eternal hostility to King Alcohol.

Kentucky, "the dark and bloody ground," is not a listless spectator of the stirring scenes around her. She is girding up her loins for the fray; and, when she speaks, like the steady, unerring aim of her Riflemen at the battle of New Orleans, it will tell, as then, a sad tale to this great enemy of their country.

Ohio, the great giant of the mighty West, which, but little more than a quarter of a century ago, was a vast unexplored wilderness, and now stands third in the Union for agricultural and commercial wealth, and political strength and importance, imitating her superior growth in these respects, has advanced far ahead of her elder sister States, and engraven upon her *Mayna Charta*, as though "written upon tables of brass with the pen of iron," the decree of a violation of the chartered liberties of people, totally at variance with one of the fundamental principles of her constitutional government, for her law-makers to pass any Act by which the sale of ardent spirits can be tolerated on her soil. Who will dare say that the Buckeye State will not now be free!

Indiana and Illinois; Michigan and Missouri; Arkansas and Texas; California and New Mexico; Oregon and Wisconsin—all, all are moving to fill up the ranks in this great, sublime, moral battle-field, to strike at once a decisive and effectual blow for the relief of down-trodden humanity, and for the honor and glory of God!

The venerable Patrician here ceased, and sank to the earth, overpowered with the sublimity and grandeur of the prospect spread out before him. But say, honored Patrician, speaker than truly the words or Prophecy, or is time the language of the wild enthusiast, proceeding from the extravaganist of a disordered brain? Speak! Tell me, can these things be in store for happy America; and shall we indeed realize the full fruition of all thou hast told me?

For shame, thou doubting, infidel man! Canst thou not read the signs of the times, written as with a sun-beam athwart the clear, expansive vault of heaven? Aye, all these things, and more than these, shall thou behold, ere the great millennial day of Temperance shall burst upon the enraptured vision of the world! Then shall the angel, whose mission it has been to bind up the broken-hearted, to direct the wanderer, and treasure up the tears of the disconsolate, as in a bottle, to stand as a perpetual memorial before the throne of the Father, to kindle his wrath against those who have caused them to flow—the Angel of Mercy and Benevolence, shall then lay aside the pitying employment, which has so long engrossed its attention; and, on a far more delightful mission, and on wings of gold, speed his way to earth, to all who have come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Then shall due honor be given the Whites, the Careys, the Goughs, the Hunts, the Grants, the Gallys, the O'Neals, the Dilalunty, and all who have led forward the mighty phalanx of this invincible and victorious army; while not a soldier in the entire ranks, however humble or feeble, if he have alike revered the kindred virtues of temperance, "faith, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity," but shall have joy and rejoicing.

The old man ceased to speak, and I fervently exclaimed, "God grant that not a single one of the vast array may be found unworthy!" "Amen!" responded the venerable Patriarch, with a sound that seemed to pierce the sky, and he vanished from my sight!

Raleigh, N. C., Jan. 1, 1852.

Those who abandon themselves to drunkenness, if they do not die of inflammation in the breast, pleurisy, or some other critical disorder, in the Flower of Life, do in allably sink into a premature Old Age, with all its weakness and all its pains. The diseases incurred by drunkenness are almost always incurable.

## POLITICAL.

### Perplexities about Party Platforms.

Carlyle's striking image of modern society applies most forcibly to the present position of the component parts of the old parties, seeking to re-organize for a regular campaign. He says that society now "is like a pitcher of Egyptian tamed vipers—each trying to get its head above the other." This seems to be the great struggle now between the sections of the old parties, and will be the motive power of each collectively, should the difficulties of reorganization and nomination be surmounted. These difficulties and perplexities instead of diminishing have increased as the period for holding the convention draws nigh, and new splits are perceptible every day in Congress and out of it. It is idle to talk, at this time, of there being but two parties in the country. No sensible man will believe such slang—no prudent man would stultify himself by insisting on it. It is true that there may possibly be a partial reconciliation, and a common struggle made by the former members of the old parties, for the purpose of securing the election of a candidate who would represent more nearly their different interests than the nominee of the opposition—but the re-union would only go to this extent, no further, and the foundation of each would be a shaky platform, not a rock.

Let any man look at the existing divisions in the old parties on matters not alone of personal preference for particular candidates, but of principle also. Both Houses—Whig and Democrat—are divided against themselves.

The Whig party North is a triangle, composed of Compromise, Freesoil, and Abolition Whig. South, it is also a triangle composed of Southern Rights Whigs, most of whom act with Southern Rights Democratic brethren—the Constitutional Union Whigs who are for, and those who are against the National Whig Convention. Thus the National Whig party as at present composed, consists of six parts to which the schism in Congress has added a seventh.

The sharp sparring; the House on Monday between the Fillmore and Scott divisions will not tend to harmonize matters much. The criminalities and recriminations were very spiey. The squabble was, as usual, between the Southern men—the Northern men smiled and held their peace, allowing the Kilkenny cat process to go on. When the last tail is left on the field they will step in and stick the bush in their caps as a trophy of triumph. They prefer the South should perish by *fele de se*, rather than by the more violent process of open assassination. Curious revelations were made during this controversy, which we shall lay before our readers, as the special Whig organs went—being stone deaf and blind to anything that might disturb the harmony of the party.

So the Whig party is now 'an unit' of seven parts, each having wonderful little affinity for the other.

The Democratic party—whose convention meet in two weeks time, is not much better plight. It is at present composed of two great sectional divisions, like the other party, embracing several minor divisions in the bosom of each, between the members of which anything but a fraternal feeling reigns. The Northern Democracy counts among its numbers the friends of the Compromise measures, and its bitterest enemies, the one insisting on its finality, the other on the repudiation or final repeal of the fugitive slave law, its only Southern feature.

The Democracy of Pennsylvania is a Compromise Democracy—that of Massachusetts and Ohio, a Freesoil Democracy—that of New York, composed of both. In the Southern States the divisor is between the Southern Rights and Union Democracy, whose feelings are warm, if not cordial towards each other. The latter have been insisting on a Compromise test in the Baltimore convention, which the former have steadily opposed. That difficulty—the stumbling block of the Compromise after much struggling in and out of Congress, was supposed to have been removed by a tact understanding that the convention would not meddle

with it, on account of the opposition of the extremes to it, for widely different reasons. Seizing this, the Southern Compromise Whigs and Democrats who would be crowded out of both conventions, were laboring to perfect a new and independent organization—when a new brand has been flung into the heart of the Democratic camp, which may kindle up a most dangerous and devastating fire. The Freesoilers in both houses on the Democratic side, have thus far this session kept very quiet, except when forced out to define their positions; but the rapid strides made by Seward and the Freesoil Whigs towards putting that party on a Freesoil platform, and thus erasing and yielding the Northern mud, have compelled the Freesoil Democrats to talk out too, to contest that supremacy at home—for that the rooted religion of Northern sentiment is Anti-Slavery, no sane man can doubt, no candid man deny.

Even if by so doing they are ejected from the Baltimore convention, of which they feel little risk, they are bold enough and confident enough to believe that they can defeat the party, and fall back on the Buffalo platform—even as the Freesoil Whigs would have done, had not SEWARD'S *outsider agency* (as revealed in Monday's debate) worked the Whig caucus wires to suit his plans and purposes. Therefore, on Friday last, Mr. HALE, in the Senate, flung down the gauntlet of the Freesoil Democracy in the face of the party, and proclaimed the ultimatum of himself and his party, in a speech of startling boldness, which, as it has apparently escaped the attention of the *locum tenens of the Union*, we would invite his attention to, as well as that of our readers.

On Monday, Mr. PRESTON KING, in the House, made a similar pronouncement. That the move was planned, is evident from the way in which the speeches were made.—They were apropos to nothing passing at the time but were fired off because the hour had arrived to take their stand. No response was made to either speech in either House.

The attitude of the Freesoilers on both sides, is now bold and imposing. They are determined not to be misunderstood, will give no pledges to the South of indemnity for past, nor security for future anti-slavery agitation—but distinctly declare their principles and position to be unchangeable and unchangeable. The Whig Freesoilers have shown superior jockeying. They have accomplished by insinuation what their antagonists are seeking to secure by bluster—but both occupy identically the same ground. Such are a few of the perplexities of parties, immediately preceding the Baltimore conventions.

[Southern Press.]

From the Unionville Journal.

### Common Schools.

The subject of education is one of so much importance that we hesitate to approach it—but we will take the liberty of making a few suggestions upon the subject of schools, hoping thereby to elicit something from others more competent than ourselves to discuss the subject. It is a conceded point, that the institutions under which we live, and the form of government which is over us, derive their force and vital energy from the sanction of the people. The people govern themselves, and the old forms and systems, sustained by force and fraud, and based upon the ignorance and presumed inferiority of the masses, have passed away; and in their stead has been built up the form and substance of republican freedom, founded in reason and the natural rights of man. The consent of the governed is essential to the permanence of democratic governments, and without this consent, express or implied, it ceases to be a republic and becomes a tyranny. This prerequisite, then, is the ground work of our system—and it presumes a general dissemination of intelligence and education amongst the great masses of the people. Liberty and education can exist alone. The enlightened intelligence of the people enables them to recognize the privileges they enjoy, and to detect and check the slightest movement towards a restraint of those privileges.

These general propositions being thus briefly stated, it becomes a mat-

ter of the gravest importance, to inquire how this general diffusion of knowledge amongst the people is to be promoted and continued with each succeeding generation. No nation or individual can remain stationary either in their moral or social condition; and unless the course of each is onward, the movement must be retrograde. We come now, briefly to consider the condition of things in this regard, within the limits of our own State.

Few persons are aware of the extent to which ignorance prevails in our State. But it is a lamentable fact that there are probably more persons who cannot read or write in South Carolina, than in any other State in the Union, in proportion to the population. Our system of education is radically defective. The legislature have made repeated efforts to improve this system and promote the cause of education by the establishment of free schools, which afford opportunities for the attainment of the rudiments of education to the humblest classes of the community. But notwithstanding these efforts, our free school system is so defective, that it has failed almost entirely to meet the purposes of its creation.—But much may be done to improve it. Why do our legislators approach it with so much reluctance? Whenever a move is made towards advancing this matter, we immediately see our wise law-givers turning their backs upon the mover and bringing forward some more exciting topic, in order to distract attention from this subject. Surely it is a matter worthy of our deliberation. The permanent permanency of our institutions depend entirely upon the diffusion of intelligence and morality amongst the people. No box will never be abused, so long as the people are sufficiently informed to understand their rights and to judge of the effect of any particular course of legislation upon them. With these facts in full view, our legislature has heretofore permitted the free school system—that deformed and decrepit issue of their wisdom—to drag out a miserable existence, producing no good effects and resulting only in an unprofitable expenditure of the public money. Better kill this miserable banthing at once, and starting from the beginning, project an entirely new system. Will our people oppose such a measure because of its expense? We trust not. Better that every dollar in the treasury should be expended, if thereby every man woman and child within our limits could be taught to read and write. The advantages of education cannot be estimated in dollars and cents, and he would seek to measure them by this standard, is himself ignorant and therefore not qualified to legislate upon the subject. This subject is susceptible of great expansion, but we leave it to bring to the notice of our readers another branch of the question, in which they are immediately interested, and which they have it in their power, to some extent, to control. We refer to the primary schools established in this district.—The teachers of Union have organized themselves into a society for the purpose of promoting the cause of education, and of elevating the standard of excellence amongst the teachers themselves. This is an important step and must, if properly encouraged, produce great results. But the teachers can do nothing unless they are aided and sustained by public opinion, and properly supported by our citizens. There is no compulsory process in this State by which a parent can be required to educate his children—we wish there was—but if our people will encourage these movements of their teachers, by patronizing their schools, the cause of education must and will be materially promoted. And why should they not? Your teachers are mostly composed of your own citizens—men reared in your midst—familiar with your habits and wants—thoroughly acquainted with the peculiarities of your population—and withal competent, in most instances, to impart the elements of a useful education. They should be properly supported and encouraged. As we before remarked, there is no compulsory process by which we can be compelled to send our children to school. This is one great defect in our system. The law that would require every parent to give his child an education, would

be a wiser and more politic one than any now upon our statute book.—Many persons, who themselves have been reared up in ignorance, suppose that if they can only be so fortunate as to give their child a lame negro or two, and a few acres of worn-out land, cut up with gullies and grown up with broom-sedge, they are fully discharging their duties as parents. But we affirm that the father who shall voluntarily permit his son of his daughter to grow in ignorance—to reach maturity without having the ray of light to bear upon their intellectual darkness, is guilty of a crime in the eyes of Heaven, for which nothing can atone. Rear your children up in ignorance—never assist them to advance one step towards intellectual cultivation—and you send them forth into the world without a single protection against crime, and misery, and ruin. Of what avail will their few sick negroes and their worn out gullies prove to them without the means of improvement or the capacity of enjoyment?

What a mistaken policy is this! And yet how common is it! The ignorance so prevalent in our State is the natural result of this erroneous and criminal policy. Is not this, a deplorable state of things? Is it not a shame upon us, that our State, which has so long claimed pre-eminence for its patriotism and intelligence, should yet be compelled to plead guilty to the charge of having perhaps the most defective system of education of any in the Union!

It comes us therefore, to look to this matter. Let your teachers be men who are qualified for important offices they fill—a good first certificate.

your children, to school—if you are too poor to pay for their education, send them to the poor school—anywhere—so they can obtain some education. The parent who denies this boon to his child is a criminal of the deepest character, and inflicts an injury on his offspring for which no wealth can ever compensate.

The North Carolina Standard thus refers to

The Two-Thirds Rule.—The statement of the correspondent of the Washington Telegraph, published in our last, that the two-thirds rule was adopted at the suggestion of Silas Wright is, we learn, a mistake. The origin and history of the rule is this: The convention of 1832 appointed a committee, to report to govern its action in making its nominations. In this convention the question was raised and discussed with some feeling, as to what should be the rule of voting, whether the vote should be confined to the majority States which had voted for Gen Jackson in 1828, or whether the minority States which had voted against him, should also be entitled to their full electoral vote—when member of Pennsylvania, now deceased, proposed the two-thirds rule and reported by Col. King as chairman of the committee. This rule was intended to secure the majority States from a nomination against their wishes, which might have been effected by combinations between a portion of their own strength and the minority States. On being reported from the committee a member from Massachusetts moved to amend by inserting "a majority," which was carried; and then a motion was made and carried; under the influence of Silas Wright, Dickinson, and the lamented Kane—a Senator from Illinois who had as much influence in the adoption of the rule, as any one—to reconsider the vote, establishing the "majority" rule, and to adopt and adhere to the two-thirds rule. The rule was again adopted by the conventions of 1836 and 1844, and the nominations then made were carried by the Democratic party.

These facts have been furnished us by a gentleman who was a member of the convention in which the rule originated, and also of the conventions of 1836 and 1844. It is a good rule and ought to be adhered to. Virtue begets and keeps up friendship.