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TEMPERANCE.

Why does not that Clergyman sign the Temperance Pledge?

BY CAROLINE GILMAN.

A minister of the Gospel sat in a cozy study, which overlooked a pleasant prospect on the Jersey shore. He had written his text, and one paragraph, and was gently rubbing his forehead with the forefinger of his left hand, waiting for a thought. His young niece was filling a reticulated aperture, commonly called a darn, in his stocking. She rose occasionally with a light step to sweep the ashes on the hearth, but at the time of which I speak, her attention was attracted by the jingling of approaching sleigh-bells. They stopped at the gate, a lady was announced, and soon a well-dressed stranger entered.

The Pastor received her with courtesy, and she sat down.

There are times when the commonplace of life utterly fail, when even to say "a very pleasant or cold day, madam," jars on some string of sentiment or feeling. So it was in this case. The Pastor cast his glance on the lady, with a silent air of respectful inquiry, and Mary's needle made quick movements, while the rustle of the stranger's silk dress sounded loud in the silence.

Mary would have retired, but the visitor said, "You can stay my dear," and then, drawing from her side her delicate handkerchief, she leaned her head an instant upon it, as if there were tears to wipe away. At length she said:

"I have come, sir, on a singular and embarrassing errand. I wish your assistance to rescue a fellow-being from misery. I have a lovely friend, educated, intelligent, warm-hearted, a wife and mother. She is happy in all her domestic relations with an indigent and wealthy husband, high in his profession. She has committed me to call on you.

"I notice the stranger's eyes were fixed on the Pastor, and she endeavored to catch her lowered and tremulous endence.

"This friend, so seemingly blessed, and indeed so beloved, is intemperate, and we fear (indeed she fears herself) for the life of a beautiful infant, only two months old, which is in hourly danger from the intoxication of its mother."

A thrill of astonishment, and almost of terror, ran through the veins of her hearers. There was a pause. Mary's needle trembled in her fingers, her uncle gazed at the floor, and the stranger pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"How can I assist you?" said the Pastor, with a sweet tremor in his voice, that told volumes of sympathy.

"My friend wishes to sign the Temperance Pledge," replied the stranger, "and has asked me to call on you for the purpose."

"But how is this?" interrogated the Pastor. "Why does she not apply to her own minister?"

"Because," replied the stranger, "he takes no interest in the Temperance cause, and has never signed the Pledge. She has heard of your efforts, and feels confidence in your aid and sympathy."

"To-morrow is the New Year," said the Pastor, thoughtfully; "say to her, that I will be with her, and help her present her New Year's gift to our Heavenly Father."

The stranger gave directions respecting her friend's residence, which was a few miles distant, and departed with the same tender melancholy with which she came.

The next morning Mary and her uncle started on their humane errand; the crisp snow sparkling and crackling, as the horse drew their light sleigh over its pure surface.

Mary wrapped her furs closely about her, seeming to be lost in thought; but she became restless, and at length said:

"Uncle, why does not that Clergyman sign the Pledge?"

The Pastor gave an unnecessary frown at the reins; he looked up to the sky, the sun dazzled him; round at the landscape it was all glitter; then, resting on Mary's soft eyes, as they peered up among her furs, he said:

"I think, my little girl, that either he is not aware of the miseries of drunkenness, or that he loves to sip his own pleasant glass."

They reached the place of destination; one of those romantic country seats which stud the out-skirts of our more northerly sea-port towns. The gay bloom of summer was hidden, but the snow and frosts throw their feathery ornaments over the trees and shrubs that marked the well-planned walks.

They were introduced into an apartment graced with the luxuries of wealth; flowers, books, and birds animating its soft repose.

Mary and her uncle, drew close to each other, with a sense of awe. They had often gone on errands of mercy, with the Pledge, to the launts of pov-

erty and ignorance, and there seemed to be a sad but proper keeping with such and drunkenness. They had seen the victim of mania a porta, raving and blasphemous, while his wife and children shrank in terror; they had seen the tavern reveller pay the last cent which should have gone to clothe his little ones; they had followed the poor reeling sot from the grocer's den, and tried to restore him to his family and heaven; they had seen the bribed elector lying in besotted stupidity, or the poor miserable female driven to stimulants by want and anxiety; but here—drunkenness here, in this soft and perfumed atmosphere! This was beyond belief.

A picture of a churchman in his robes was suspended from the wall. He gazed benignly and serenely on the creature-comforts around him.

"Uncle," said Mary, in a whisper, pointing to the picture, "is that the Clergyman who will not sign the Pledge?"

But the door opened, and a lady entered with an infant in her arms. They were dressed in white as if for baptism.

"Are you the person," said the Pastor, advancing towards her with the instinct of benevolence, "who desires to give our Heavenly Father a New Year's Gift, by signing the Temperance Pledge?"

"It is my desire, was the low but firm reply."

Mary's eyes were full of tears, and as the baby held out its little hands with a cheerful utterance, she took it in her arms, and hid her emotion in caresses.

The Pastor spoke in a kind, grave tone of the responsibilities involved in the step she was about to take. The lady stood humbly before him. He drew his pocketbook a written Pledge, the lady seated herself at a table, shaded her eyes for an instant, then, a hand trembling from the effect of scattered nerves, signed her name. The Pastor called God's blessing on the act, and his New Year's Gift bestowed.

The infant and Mary, and the godly churchman in the picture, witnessed the scene.

"Uncle," said Mary, drawing a long breath after they re-entered the sleigh, "I wish that kind-looking minister in the picture would sign the Pledge!"

The Doctor Degree.

The subject suggested in the annexed paragraph from the columns of 'To-day,' is worthy of attention. The indiscriminate and frequently ill-advised bestowal of the highest degrees by our Colleges, is calculated to bring them into disrepute. It requires very little learning now-a-days to be made a Doctor of Laws, and even less to be dubbed a Doctor of Divinity.

A correspondent in the London Notes and Queries asks, with apparently sincere curiosity, for some information about the obtaining of American degrees; 'if it is the President, or President and Professors of American academies who confer them,' and complains that 'recently a large cargo of diplomas had arrived in this quarter [Liverpool], such as D. D., and L. L. D., and conferred on men of third-rate talent.'

It is indeed a matter of regret that such academic honours cannot be bestowed in this country upon some more generally understood principles, and that there could not be some arrangement made for concert among the numerous colleges before granting them, in order to give them validity. As it is, such degrees are so frequently and plentifully conferred, that, even when bestowed by institutions of acknowledged reputation and long standing, their value is comparatively slight. The colleges under the control of the different religious denominations, particularly vie with each other to such an extent in conferring the degree of D. D., on the clergyman of their own faith, that, nearly all the gentlemen of standing and repute in that profession having it, it has almost ceased to be a distinction; or, if it is one, it is of so arbitrary a nature as to have little value.

ROSE INSECTS.—If our lady readers are desirous of keeping their rose bushes free from the small green vermin that so frequently infest them, the following remedy will be found a most effectual one:—To three gallons of water, add one peck of soot and one quart of unslaked lime.—Stir it well—let it stand for twenty-four hours, and when the soot rises to the surface, skim it off. Use a syringe for applying it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Boy and the Panther.

A WILD WESTERN SCENE.

It was a fine morning in August, when little Samuel Eaton, about seven years old, was making a dam in the brook that ran before his father's door. He was an only and beautiful child, and his mother, almost idolized him. There he was with his trousers tucked up above his knees, working like a beaver, his mother's eye glancing out from beneath his sunburnt hair, and with some of his father's strength, tugging at a large stone in the bed of the stream.

"Samuel, you had better come in, hadn't you?" said Hannah, in a tone of half mother and half mate.

"No, I guess not," said Samuel.

An acorn came floating down the stream. The boy took it up, looked at it, was pleased, and 'reckoned' in his mind that there were more up the 'gully,' and when his mother's back was turned, off he started for the acorns.

The gorge of the mountain into which he was about to enter, had been formed (the work of centuries) by the attrition of the stream he had just been playing in; and walking on a level that bordered each side of the water, he boldly entered the ravine. An almost perpendicular wall or bank ascended on each side to the height of a hundred feet, composed of rocks and crags, fretted by decay and storm into fantastic shapes and positions. A few scattered bushes and trees sought nourishment from the earth that had fallen from the level above, and excepting their assistance, and the unseen surface of the rock, this natural part seemed inaccessible but to the beaver.

About the eighth of a mile from the entrance a cataract veiled the gorge, throwing up its white veil of mist in seeming guardianship of the spirit waters. The verdant boughs hanging over the bank cast a deep gloom upon the bed below, while so lofty was the distance, they seemed to grow up to the sky. Blue patches of water were to be seen peeping between them.

Hannah soon missed her boy, but as he had often wandered to the fields where his father was at work, she concluded he must be there, and checked coming fears with the hope that he would return at the hour of dinner. When it came, neither Josiah nor any of his men knew where he was. Then the agitated mother exclaimed,

"He's lost! he's lost! and my poor boy will starve in the woods!"

Gathering courage, she hastily summoned the family around her, and dispatched them all but her husband to search in different directions in the neighborhood forest. To her husband she said—

"Scour every field you call your own, and if you can't find him, join me in the gorge."

"He wouldn't go in the gorge, Hannah."

"He would go anywhere." She knew not why, but a presentiment that the boy had followed the course of the stream dwelt strongly upon her mind.

"I can't find him Hannah," said the husband, as he joined her at the mouth of the gorge.

An eagle flew past the mother as she entered the ravine. She thought to herself, the dreadful birds are tearing my child to pieces; and frantic, she hastened on, making the walls of the ravine echo back with her screams for her offspring.

The only answer was the eternal thunder of the cataract, as if in mockery of her woe, as it threw its cold spray upon her hot and throbbing temples.

She strained her eyes along the dizzy height, that peered through the mist, till she could no longer see, and her eyes filled with tears.

Who but a mother can tell the feelings of a mother's heart? Fear came thick and fast upon the reeling brain of Hannah.

"Oh, my boy—my brave boy will die! and wringing her hands in agony, she sank at her husband's feet."

The pain of 'hope deferred,' had strained her heart strings to the utmost tension, and it seemed as if the rude hand of despair had broken them all.

The terrified husband threw water

upon her pale face and strove by all the arts he knew to win her back to life. At last she opened her languid eyes, stared wildly around and rose trembling to her feet. As she stood like a heart-broken Niobe, 'all tears,' a fragment of rock came tumbling down the opposite bank. She looked up. She was herself again; for half up the ascent stood her own dear boy.

But even while he glad cry was issuing from her lip, it turned into a note of horror.

"Oh, mercy—mercy!"

The crag on which the boy stood projected from the rock in such a way as to hang about twelve feet over the bank. Right below one of the edges of this crag, partly concealed among some bushes, crouched a panther. The bold youth was aware of the proximity of his parents, and the presence of his dangerous enemy at about the same time.

He had rolled down the stone in exultation to convince his parents of the high situation he had attained, and he now stood with another in his hand, drawing it back, and looking at them as if to ask whether he should throw it at the terrible animal before him. Till then the mother seemed immovable in her suspense; but conscious of the danger of her son, if he irritated the beast, she rushed some distance up the rock and motioned with her hand that he should not throw. Yet, with the fearless mind of childhood, and a temper little used to control, he fearlessly threw the fragment with all his might at the ferocious animal. It struck one of his feet. He gave a sudden growl, lashed his tail with fury, and seemed about to spring.

"Get your rifle Josiah!"

"The poor man stin," said. His glazed eye was fixed with a look of death upon the panther, and he appeared paralyzed with fear. His wife leaped from the spot, and placing her hands upon her husband's shoulder, looked in his face and said,

"Are you a man, Josiah Eaton? Do you love your child?"

He started as if from sleep, and ran with furious haste from the ravine.

Again the mother looked towards her son. He had fallen upon his knees, and whispering the little prayers she had taught him, not in cowardly fear, but a thought came across his mind that he must die. The distracted mother could keep still no longer. She rushed up the steep ascent with the energy of despair, reckless of danger, thinking only of her son. The rocks crumbled and slipped beneath her feet, yet she fell not. On, she struggled in her agony.

The ferocious creature paused a moment when he heard the wretched mother approach. True to his nature, he sprang at the boy. He barely touched the crag and fell backward, as Hannah ascended the opposite side.

"Ah!" said she, laughing deliriously, "the panther must try it again before he parts us, my boy; but we won't part," and sinking on her knees before him, she fondly folded him to her breast, bathing his young forehead with her tears.

Unalterable in his ferocity and the manner of gratifying it, the panther again sprang from his situation. This time he was more successful. His forefoot struck the edge of the crag. "He will kill us, mother, he will kill us!" and he nestled close to his mother's bosom. The animal struggled to bring his body to the crag—his savage features but a step from the mother's face.

"Go away, go away," shrieked the mother, hoarse with horror, "you shan't have my child!"

Closer—still closer he comes—his red eyes flashing fury, and the thick pantings of his breath came in her very face. At this awful moment she hears the faint report of fire arms coming from the gulf below—the panther's foot-hold fails, his sharp claws loosen from the rocks, and the baffled beast rolls down the precipice, at the feet of Josiah Eaton.

The sun's last rays gleamed on the little group at the mouth of the gorge. They were on their knees—the mother's hands raised over the head of her son, and the voice of prayer going to their Guardian for His mercy in thwarting the panther's leap.

The Dying Wife.

That wife over whom your love broods is fading; that, now that your heart is wrapt up in her being, would be nothing.

She sees with quick eye your dawning apprehensions, and she tries hard to make that step of hers elastic.

Your trials and your loves together have centered your affections. They are not now as when you were a lone man, white spread and superficial. They have caught from domestic attachments a finer tone and touch. They cannot shoot out tendrils into barren world soil, and suck up thence strengthening nutriment. They have grown under the forcing glass of the home roof; they will not now bear exposure.

You do not now look men in the face as if heart bond was linking you, as if a community of feeling lay between. There is a heart bond that absorbs all others; there is a community that monopolizes your feeling. When the heart lay wide open, before it had grown upon and closed around particular objects, it could take strength and cheer from a hundred connections that now seem colder than ice.

And now those particular objects, alas for you! are failing.

What anxiety pursues you! How you struggle to fancy there is no danger!

How it grates now on your ear—the toll and turmoil of the city! It was music when you were alone; it was pleasant even when from the din you were elaborating comforts for the cherished objects—when you had such sweet escape when evening drew near.

How it maddens you to see the world careless while you are steeped in care. They hustle you in the street; they smile at you across the table; they bow carelessly over the way; they do not know what canker is at your heart.

The undertaker comes with his bill for their dead boy's funeral. He knows your grief; he is respectful. You bless him in your soul.

You wish the laughing street goers were all undertakers. Your eye follows the physician as he leaves your house; is he wise? you ask yourself; is he prudent? Is he the best? Did he ever fail? Is he never forgetful?

You are early home—mid afternoon. Your step is not light; it is heavy, terrible.

They have sent for you.

She is lying down, her eyes half closed; her breathing long and interrupted.

She hears you; her eyes are open; you put your hand in hers; your's trembles—her's does not. Her lips move; it is your name.

"Be strong," she says, "God will help you. She presses harder you hand—" Adieu!"

A long breath—another; you are alone again.

No tears now; poor man you can't find them?

Again home early. There is a smell of varnish in your house. A coffin is there; they have clothed the body in decent grave clothes, and the undertaker is screwing down the lid, shipping round on tiptoes. Does he fear to waken her?

He asks you a single question about the inscription upon the plate, rubbing it with his coat cuff. You took him straight in the eye; you motion to the door; you dare not speak.

He takes up his hat and glides out stealthily like a cat.

The man has done his work well for all that. It is a nice coffin—a very nice coffin. Pass your hand over it—how smooth!

Some sprigs of mignonette are lying carelessly in a little gilt edged saucer. She loved mignonette.

It is a good staunch table the coffin rests on—it is your table; you are a house-keeper—a man of family! Ay, of family—keep down outer, or the nurse will be in. Look over at the pinched features; it is all that is left of her! And where is your heart now? No don't thrust your hands, nor mangle your lips, nor grate your teeth together. If you could only weep.

Another day. The coffin is gone out. The stupid mourners have wept—what idle tears! She, with your crushed heart, has gone.

Will you have pleasant evenings at your home now?

Go into your parlor that your prim housekeeper has made comfortable with clean hearth and blazing sticks.

Sit down in your chair; there is another velvet cushioned one over against yours—empty. You press your fingers on your eye-balls, as if you would press out something that hurt the brain; but you cannot. Your head leans upon your hand; your eye rests upon the flashing blaze.

Ases always come after blaze.

Go now into your room where she was sick—softly, lest the prim housekeeper come after.

They have put new dimity upon her chair; they have hung new curtains upon the bed. They have removed from the stands its pibals and silver bell; the perfume will not offend the sick sense now. They have half opened the windows, that the room so long closed may have air. It will not be too cold. She is not there.

—J. K. Marvel.

Conditions of Sale by Auction, in Ireland.

I. The highest bidder to be the purchaser, unless some gentleman bids more.

II. If any dispute arises as to who was the highest bidder, the sale is to stop until the parties have fought it out; but if either combatant is killed, he shall be allowed to amend his bidding, for the sake of his bereaved family.

III. If after a piece of land has been sold, it cannot be found in the estate to which it belongs, it shall be taken from the estate that lies most convenient to it; but the purchaser of said land shall pay to the owner of the estate the full price of the piece thus taken; but this purchase-money shall be laid out in improving the same. Anyhow, they must settle it between them.

IV. If a lot has been wrongly described, such misdescription shall not vitiate the sale, but such compensation shall be granted as may be just. If a piece of land has been described as a house, the auctioneer shall be bound to build a house thereon with the money paid for the same; and if it is not convenient for the purchaser to pay for his purchase, the money may be borrowed out of the poor rates. If the poor complain of this, they must write to the newspapers; and if they can't write, more shame for them.

V. The auctioneer shall not be liable to be called out upon any pretense whatever connected with the sale now to take place; but this condition shall in no wise prevent his giving satisfaction in regard to any other sale, or his conduct in knocking down other lots or bidders.

VI. In regard to its being insulting to ask a gentleman to show his dirty parchments, and make out titles and all that bother, no title shall be required beyond the sellers giving his word and honor that the title is as good as possible, and better. If this, if there's any awkwardness, is a case for the Phoenix Park.

VII. If what the lawyers call "outstanding terms" can't be "got in," they must stop out.

VIII. If it shall turn out that the seller has sold property to which he was not entitled, and which belongs to some other person, and the right owner upon proper application, unreasonably refuses to give up possession, the trouble, and expense of bringing him to a sense of what is gentlemanly conduct shall be equally divided between the seller and the buyer.

IX. If the purchaser thinks he has paid too much, the balance shall be handed back to the auctioneer, to be treated as liquidated damages, that is laid out in claret, to be drunk by all the bona fide bidders at the sale.

X. The Auction Duty shall not be paid at all, as it only helps to maintain English ascendancy.

XI. Should there be much starvation on the estate, or much difficulty in getting rent enough out of the tenants, part of the purchase money shall be laid out in publishing, in the English papers, an appeal to the charitable.

XII. That none of these conditions shall be binding on any body who disapproves of them.

How Antoine Galland was Hoaxed.

The Chambers' Edinburgh Journal contains a sketch of the life of Antoine Galland, a celebrated French author, who died in 1715. We are indebted to this sketch for the following anecdote:

Though the author of many learned and important works, that which has made him popular is the *Thousand and One Nights*. On the appearance of the first volumes of this work, a singular hoax was played off on the author.

One very cold night, in the middle of winter, Antoine Galland was suddenly awakened by several knocks at the street door. He got up, threw his dressing gown hastily around him, ran to the window, opened it, and in spite of the darkness, perceived several persons assembled at his door.

"Who is there?" said he.

"Is this Monsieur Galland's door?"

"Yes," replied he.

"Are you sure?" inquired they.

"Quite sure," said Galland.

"Take notice," said one of the persons below, "that what we have got to say can only be said to himself."

"Then you may speak freely for I am Antoine Galland; but speak quickly, for the wind is blowing in my face in no very agreeable manner."

"Do you speak," said one of the interlocutors to his neighbor.

"Speak yourself," rejoined he.

"No, I must speak a third time; my bidding, for the sake of his bereaved family."

"For the love of Heaven," gentlemen, cried Galland, who was perspiring with cold "make haste; I am freezing."

The same colloquy recommenced with the same result.

"For the love of heaven, gentlemen, make haste, for the cold is piercing."

At last the young people who had disturbed the sleep of the oriental, joined in one chorus.

"Ah, Monsieur Galland, if you are not asleep, tell us one of those stories which you tell so well."

This was in allusion to the two first volumes of the *Thousand and One Nights*, in which every chapter begins thus: "My dear sister, if you are not asleep, tell us one of those stories you tell so well."

Antoine Galland had too much sense to be angry at this rally; he began to laugh, and replying "Gentlemen, au revoir," he closed the window, and returned to his bed where he was not long before he regained some of the caloric which he had lost at the window. He, however, profited by the lesson, and published all his other volumes without this exordium.

THE POCKET-BOOK.—Scene First.—A young Gent discovered surrounded by his friends, who are jesting with him, regarding his attentions to a certain young lady.

YOUNG GENT.—"Boys, I'll just tell you how it is. You see I care nothing for the girl—it's the old man's pocket-book that I'm after."

CHORUS OF FRIENDS.—"Ha! ha! ha!"

Scene Second.—A parlor. Time eleven o'clock, P. M. Young lady seated.—Young gent rising to depart. Hesitates as if bashful, and then slowly remarks:

"Miss Matilda, excuse me, but you must be aware that my frequent visits—my attentions—cannot have been without an object."

YOUNG LADY.—"Ah, yes, so I've heard, and shall only be too happy to grant what you desire. [Takes from the table a paper parcel, and unfolding it displays a large old fashioned, and empty morocco pocket-book.] Thus, I have been informed, is that object. Permit me to present it, and congratulate you that you will in future, have no further occasion to renew these visits and attentions.—YOUNG GENT swoons."

"Coffee, is that the second bell?" "No, Massa, dat's de second ringing of de-fass bell." "We hadn't no second bell in dis er hotel."

When minds are not in tension, the words of love itself are but the rattling of the chain that tells the victim it is bound.

It is no shame to learn the shame is to be ignorant.

Procrastination is the thief of time.