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"God—and our Native Land."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Battle of Monmouth.

BY T. J. HEADLEY.

The English army, ten thousand strong, had evacuated Philadelphia, and was passing through New Jersey on its way to New York. The whole country was filled with its marching columns—the baggage train alone stretching twelve miles along the road. On the rear of this army, in order to cut it and the baggage-train from the main body, Washington determined to fall, and sent forward five thousand men to commence the attack. The command of this belonged to Lee—but he refusing to accept it, it was given to Lafayette. The former, however, thinking it would have an ugly look, to decline serving in such an important battle as this promised to be, changed his mind, and asked for the post assigned him—which was generously granted by Lafayette. The morning of the 28th of June was one of the sultriest of the year; yet at an early hour, Lee, who was but five miles from Monmouth—where the British army had encamped that night—put his troops in motion. Pushing rapidly on, through the broken and wooden country, he at length emerged on the plain of Monmouth, which, like that of Marengo, seemed made on purpose for a battle-field. Forming his men into the woods to conceal them from the enemy, he and Wayne rode forward to reconnoitre—and lo! all the ample plain below them was dark with the moving masses. The stirring sound of music, the steady columns of the grenadiers, moved sternly forward, their bayonets glittering in the morning sunlight, while far as the eye could reach, followed the marching train—horses and wagons boiling through the sand, and filling the air with dust.

Wayne descended like a torrent upon his line of march; and soon the sharp rattle of musketry and roar of cannon, and heavy smoke, told where he was pouring his troops to the charge. Lee, in the meantime, with the rest of his division, took a circuitous march, to fall on the corps with which Wayne was engaged, when he learned that the whole British army had wheeled about, and was hurrying back to protect the rear. The plain then presented a magnificent appearance. Far away the cloud of horses and wagons was seen hurrying from the field, while nearer by, the glittering columns fell, one after another, in order of battle; the artillery opened like a sudden conflagration on the plain—the cavalry went dashing forward to the charge—and amid the pealing of trumpets, unrolling of standards and shouts of men, the battle commenced.

But at this moment, Lee, who had not expected to meet a strong force, and not liking to have a heavy battle thrown on him, with a morass in his rear, ordered a retreat; and the brave Wayne, grinding his teeth with rage, was compelled to fall back, and came very near being cut off in the attempt. Across the morass, and over the broken country, the division kept retreating, with the victorious columns of the British in full pursuit. In the meantime, Washington, ignorant of the shameful retreat, was marching up with the other division of the army. As the sound of the first cannonade broke dull and heavy over the woods, the troops were hurried forward, and the soldiers, eager for the encounter, threw aside their knapsacks, and many of their coats, and with shouts pressed rapidly on. It was a terrible day—the thermometer stood at ninety-six—and, as that sweltering army toiled through the sand and dust, many sunk in their footsteps, overpowered by heat. Washington had dismounted where two roads met, and stood with his arm thrown over the neck of his white steed that was reeking with sweat, listening to the cannonading in the distance, and watching his eager columns as they swept along the road. Far in advance, he heard the thunder of artillery that was moving down his ranks, while before him fluttered the flag of his country, soon, also, to be enveloped in the smoke of battle. A shade of anxiety was seen on that calm noble countenance—but the next moment it grew dark as wrath. A horseman bounding into his presence, cried out

that Lee was in full retreat, bearing down with his divided ranks, full on his own advancing columns. The next expression of his face at that moment was dreadful—and, with a burst of indignation that startled those around him, he sprang to the saddle, and, plunging the rowels in his steel, launched like a thunder-bolt away. A cloud of dust alone told where he and his suite sped onward—and those who looked on him then, with his usually pale face flushed, and his blue eye emitting fire, knew that a storm was soon to burst somewhere. He swept in a headlong gallop up to the van of the retreating army, and the moment his white horse was seen, the brave fellows—who had not been half beaten—sent up a shout that was heard the whole length of the lines, and "Long live Washington!" rent the air. Flushing a hasty reply to Osgood, as to the reason of his retreat, who replied with a terrible oath, "Sir, we are fleeing from a shadow!" he galloped to the rear, and reining up his horse beside Lee, bent on him a fearful expression, and thundering in his ear, as he leaned over his saddle bow, "Sir, I desire to know what is the reason, and whence arises this disorder and confusion?" It was not the words, but the smothered tones of passion in which they were uttered, and the manner, which was severe as a blow, that made this rebuke so terrible. Wheeling his steed, he spurred up to Oswald's and Stewart's regiment, saying, "On you I depend to check this pursuit; and riding along the ranks, he roused their courage to the highest pitch by his stirring appeals, while that glorious shout of "Long live Washington!" again shook the field. The sudden gust of passion had swept by; but a storm that ever slumbered in his bosom was now fairly up, and galloping about on his splendid charger, his full and commanding form towering above all about him, and his noble countenance lit up with enthusiasm, he was the impersonation of all that is great and heroic in man. In a moment the aspect of the field was changed, the retreating mass halted—officers were seen hurrying about in every direction, shouts and orders ringing above the roar of the enemy's guns. The ranks opened, and under the galling fire of the enemy, the steady battalions wheeled, and formed in splendid order. Washington then rode back to Lee, and pointing to the firm front he had arrayed against the enemy, exclaimed, "Will you, sir, command in that place?" He replied, "Yes." "Well, then," said he, "I expect you to check the enemy immediately." "Your orders shall be obeyed," replied the stung commander—"and I will not be the first to leave the field." The battle then opened with renewed fury, and Washington hurried back to bring his own division into action.

It was a glorious triumph of discipline, and the power of one master mind, to see how those retreating troops recovered their confidence, and formed under the very fire of their pursuers before the panic had been communicated to the other portion of the army. But the danger had only just commenced; the few regiments which had been thrown forward, could not long withstand the heavy shock to which they were exposed. Swept by the artillery and enveloped in fire, they were gradually forced back over the field. They fought bravely, as if they knew the fate of the battle rested on their firmness—yet the advanced corps finally fell back on the reserve. On this, too, the victorious legions of the enemy thundered with deafening shouts; the grenadiers pressed furiously forward—the cavalry hung like a cloud on our flanks—while the steadily advanced cannon galled the ranks with a most destructive fire. Our whole line of battle began to shake. Washington, with the rear division, was not yet up, and every moment threatened to throw Lee's whole shattering corps back in disorder upon it. Everything quivered in the balance—but, at this terrible crisis, the noble, the chivalric Hamilton, with his hat off, and his hair streaming in the wind, was seen crossing the field in a sweeping gallop, making straight for Lee. Knowing that the fate of the battle rested on his firmness, and fearing he might shrink under the

heavy onset of the enemy, he flew to his relief. Reining up his foam-covered steed beside him, he exclaimed in that lofty enthusiasm which that day saved the army, "I will stay with you, my dear General, and die with you. Let us die here rather than retreat!" Nobly said, brave Hamilton! the foremost prop of American liberty stands fast in this dreadful hour!

In this critical moment, Washington appeared on the field, and rapidly formed his division in front of the enemy. Casting his eye over the battle, he saw at a glance the whole extent of the danger, and strained every nerve to avert it. His orders flew like lightning in every direction, while full on his centre came the shouting, headlong battalions of the enemy. Both his right and left flank were threatened almost simultaneously; yet, cool and collected, he sternly surveyed the steadily advancing columns, without one thought of retreating. Never did his genius shine forth with greater splendor than at this moment. Ordering up Sterling with the artillery on the left and the other portion of the army to advance, he watched for an instant the effect of the movements. Sterling came up on a furious gallop with his guns, and unlimbering them, poured such a sudden fire on the chasing columns that they recoiled before it. At the same time, the veteran Knox hurried up his heavy guns on the right, and began to thunder on the dense masses of the enemy—while the gallant Wayne, at the head of his chosen infantry, charged like fire full on the centre. The battle now raged along the whole line, and the plain shook under the uproar. But nothing could withstand the impetuosity of the Americans, and the fierce fire of our artillery. The bold worked batteries of Knox and Sterling were like two spots of flame on either side; while the head of Wayne's columns, enveloped in smoke and flame, pressed steadily forward, bearing down everything in its passage, and sweeping the field with shouts that were heard above the roar of artillery. Every step had been contested with the energy of despair—and, under an oppressive heat, scores of brave fellows had fallen in death, unsmitten by the foe.

The whole English army retreated, and took up a strong position on the ground Lee had occupied in the morning. Almost impenetrable woods and swamps were on either side, while there was nothing but a narrow causeway in front, over which an army could advance to the attack. The battle now seemed over—for under the burning sun, and temperature of ninety-six degrees, the exhausted army could hardly stir. Even Washington's powerful frame was overcome by the heat and toil he had passed through; and, as he stood begrimed with dust and the smoke of battle, and wiped his brow, the perspiration fell in streams from his horse, which looked as if it had been dragged through a muddy stream, rather than rode by a living man. The tired hero gazed long and anxiously on the enemy's position, and notwithstanding its strength, and the heat of the day and the state of his army, determined to force it. His strong nature had been thoroughly aroused, and the battle he sought through unexpectedly upon him, and well nigh lost, and he now resolved to press it home on the foe. All around him lay the dead, and the cry for water was most piteous to hear; while those who bore back the wounded, were ready themselves to sink under the heat. The eye of Washington, however, rested only on the English army; and ordering up two brigades to assail it—one on the right and the other on the left—he brought the heavy guns of Knox forward to the front. In a few minutes these tremendous batteries opened, and the English cannon replied, till it was one constant peal of thunder there over the hot plain. In the meantime, the burning sun was stooping to the western hill, and striving in vain with his level beams to pierce the smoke and dust filled atmosphere that spread like a cloud over the field. Still that heavy cannonade made the earth groan; and still those gallant brigades were forcing their way onward through the deep woods

and over the marshes to the attack. But the almost insurmountable obstacles that crossed their path, so delayed their march, that night came on before they could reach their respective positions. The firing then ceased, and darkness shut in scene. For a while, the tread of the battalions taking up their positions for the night—the heavy rumbling of artillery wagons—and the moans of the wounded, piteous prayers for water, disturbed the calmness of the Sabbath evening—and then all was still. The poor soldiers, overcome with heat and toil, lay down upon the ground with their arms in their hands, and the two tired armies slept. Within sight of each other, they sunk on the field, while the silent cannon, loaded with death, still frowned darkly from the heights upon the foe. The young moon just glanced a moment on the slumbering hosts, then fled behind the hills. The stars, one after another, came out upon the sky like silent watchers, while the smoke of the conflict hung in vapory masses over the woods and plain.—Washington, determined with the dawn of day to renew the battle, wrapping his military cloak around him, and throwing himself on the ground beneath a tree, slept amid his followers. So did Bonaparte on the first night of the battle of Wagram, sleep by the Danube, lulled by its turbulent waters.

But at midnight, the English commander roused his sleeping army and quietly withdrew, and before morning, was beyond the reach of Washington's arms. So profound were the slumbers of our exhausted troops, that no intimation of the departure of the enemy was received until the morning dawned on their deserted camp.

British and Double Bass.

The following anecdote, from the New Hampshire Telegraph, is too good to be lost:

Many years ago there was, in the eastern part of Massachusetts, a worthy old D. D., and though he was unambiguously benevolent man and a good Christian, yet it must be confessed he loved a joke much better than the majority even of inveterate jesters. It was before church organs were much in use; and it so happened that the choir of his church had recently purchased a double bass viol. Not far from the church was a large town pasture, and in it a large town bull. One hot Sabbath in summer, the bull got out of the field and came bellowing up the street. About the church there was plenty of untrod grass, and Mr. Bull stopped to try its quality—perchance to ascertain if its location had improved the flavor; at any rate, the reverend doctor was in the midst of his sermon, and "boo-woo-woo" went the bull.

The clergyman paused, looked at the singing-seats with a grave face, and said: "I would thank the musicians not to tune their instruments during service-time; it annoys me very much." The people stared, and the minister went on.

"Boo-woo-woo" went the bull, as he passed to another green spot.

The parson paused again, and again addressed the choir:

"I really do wish the singers would not tune their instruments while I am preaching; for, as I have already remarked, it annoys me very much." The people tittered; for they saw by the twinkle of his eye, that he knew as well as anybody what the real state of the case was. The minister again went on with his discourse, but had not proceeded far when another "Boo-woo-woo" came from Mr. Bull, when the parson paused once more, and exclaimed:

"I have twice already requested the musicians in the gallery not to tune their instruments during sermon time. I now particularly request Mr. Lefavor that he will not tune his double bass viol while I am preaching."

This was too much. Lefavor got up, much agitated at the idea of "speaking out in church," and stammered out:

"It isn't me-e-e, Parson B—; it's th-th—that—town bull!"

"Oh," said the parson, "is it? Then the sexton will please drive away the bull."

The people laughed; but with a gratified look at the success of the joke, he went on with his sermon.

[From the Southern Patriot.]
The following communication was written by John Verner, Esq., in his ninetieth year. He was a gallant and active soldier of the Revolution, and now resides at Bachelors Retreat, Pickens district, S. C. Every word of this communication was written and composed by Mr. Verner himself, in his ninetieth year! The manuscript is in a beautiful, steady, round hand, and very much like a lady's writing. When we consider the age of Mr. Verner, it is the most remarkable piece of penmanship we ever saw.

The writer of this, not having seen any of our papers or records, a history of the transactions that took place a short time after the surrender of Cornwallis to the American army. The place of my residence was in the frontier of Abbeville, S. C. We were rejoicing at the prospect of once more enjoying our rights and privileges in peace; but there was a number of Tories that had committed crimes that were with us unpardonable, and they knew that in order to save their lives they must seek refuge among the Indians. At this time there was a scarcity of corn and breadstuffs, and there were eight men that started four wagons from the upper edge of Abbeville, in order to get corn at Saluda Old Town; and when they had got a few miles below where Abbeville Court House now stands, they struck camp, and no doubt thought themselves safe from harm. But a band of those Tories came upon them, killed four of the men and burned the wagons. Information of what had been done came to my father's early next morning. I took my gun and started to

grass to get a living best way he could. But in a very remote part of the wood, in looking and listening, I saw a man sitting at the root of a tree, with his side toward me. I thought he was a Tory, from the color of his coat, and walked on, determined to know who he was, and was within fifteen or twenty steps of the man before he saw me; but that instant he jumped up, I ordered him to surrender, or I would kill him, for I did believe he was a Tory. I knew him not, but I would take him to where he would be known. I drove him before me at regular distance about half a mile, to my father's, where he was known as a Tory. The prisoner had a sword standing by the tree where he sat, but he had no other weapon of war about him.—He had on a good pair of spurs, which, no doubt, he intended to use as soon as he could get a horse to please him. The horse that I was in search of was found, and at home when I got there with the prisoner. We then tied him. I borrowed the spurs, telling him if he was as innocent as he said he was, he should have them again. A man named James Long, who knew the prisoner, went with me as a guard all the way to the place of rendezvous, which was at Col. Pickens'. When we got in sight, at a branch, the prisoner requested to be loosened that he might drink and wash; and it was done. He was then taken over open ground, in view of a number of men that had collected there, and I saw one man walk out from the rest with a gun in his hand, coming briskly towards us. I told the prisoner, "That man will kill you."

He said, "No; I know him." When he got within fifteen or twenty steps, he cried out, "Clear the way," and pointed his gun at the prisoner.

I told him not to shoot—he was my prisoner; if he had done any thing worthy of death, we would hang him.

He swore that he would kill him, for that he (the prisoner) had been at the killing of his brother and brother-in-law the day before.

The prisoner kept running round my horse, crying "Johnny, Johnny, I never did you any harm," until he was shot through the elbow.

He aimed to get my gun. I would not let him have it. He took the gun from the man that was with me, and deliberately shot the prisoner, who had fallen to the earth.

He died instantly. His name was Joseph Simpson—the man that killed him, Ira McConnell.

It was but a short time after the

above transaction that the Captain was worst and vilest offenders among the Tories had done some mischief. He had stolen some horses, and had started for the Indians. On hearing of this, twelve men instantly started in pursuit of them. They crossed Rocky River and took up Wilson's Creek, where there was no road. But by keeping one man on foot, we followed the trail, crossing the creek several times. At length we saw a smoke. It was on one of the branches of said creek.

It was a clear day, and it was agreed on to divide. Six men were to go round where the smoke was, and to get between them and their horses. I was one of those that went round. They were roasting venison, and were all sitting near their fire. When we got in view they jumped up and ran for life, and we after them, firing at them, and shot down one of them. His name was Andrew Neel. He had received two balls—one in his knee, the other in his body.—The Captain knew him, and said to him, "Andy, you have brought yourself to a fine pass. Tell me what you have done with all the things?"

But the man begged us to leave him.

The Captain told a young man whose name was Sea Wright, to shoot him through the head.

But the young man turned his head away and said, "I can't."

But there was an old veteran there that did shoot him, as he lay begging that he might be left alive. His name was John Hutchins Johnson.

The other two ran on until one of them was shot at by the men that were left, and had taken shelter by a large tree, and became quarters. But he was told he should have no quarters. When we got near enough, he was surrounded and shot to death in a moment. He had a nice rifle gun in his hand, loaded and cocked, when he fell. His name was Masterson. There was a boy, about ten years old, that stood by him, when he was shot down. He was said he was related to Devil Bill Cunningham. He was taken in, and allowed to go to his people.

I must narrate a short history and final end of another Tory—a Captain Wilson, who had the command of a beat company and in good repute as a Whig, until the British had possession of Charleston, and South Carolina. He then left and went to our enemy, and remained there until Cornwallis surrendered to our brave Washington. He then came back, and was pardoned on condition that he would go to a block house or station and help to guard the inhabitants from the savage Cherokees. I was one of the guard when he came and was received by the Captain, whose name was Caruthers. He was cursed and abused for being a Tory, and told frequently that he ought to die. After staying about a week, he got a furlough to go home.

Not many days after Wilson left, we heard of a battle between a company commanded by Capt. Little and a quantity of Indians. Little was defeated, and four of his men killed on the Georgia side. It was not long after hearing of it till we crossed the river, and were at the spot where these four men lay. We had no means of burying them. But a large tree had blown up by the root and made a large hole. They were put in it, and clay cut down off the root with swords. We then took the trail that the Indians went back on, and crossed Toogaloo above the mouth of Chauga; and there was a small village where the Indians had some corn, which we cut down.—

There we found an old Indian trader, not able to travel; but not an Indian there. Capt. Roquet Maxwell took the old white man that we found there up behind him and told him if he did not conduct us straight on to the next village, he would kill him. We hurried on, and in going a few miles we came to another village, which was somewhere near the mouth of the creek called Long Nose.—

There we found two white men, who were shot as they ran from us; and one of them was killed dead. He could not speak. And to our surprise and astonishment, he was well known to us all to be the same Wilson that had left the station on a furlough. And it was him that started the Indians to massacre us at the

station; for he knew the Captain was defenseless, and kept out no sentry; and that was the fate for us that they fell upon us. Little. It was that day that we followed no further.

There was one more transaction that took place on the frontier of Abbeville white. Capt. Caruthers was guarding the inhabitants, which was degrading to human nature, but no less true. There was sixteen Indians came in to him with their flag, with offers of peace, and that was their way to Skisguste, an Indian name for a commander. They were told they must leave their guns, and they would go with them; their guns would scare the woman and children. The Captain had contrived a plan of giving them something to eat in a strong log-walled house, to which they were soon conducted with the intention that as soon as the Indians were all in, they would set fire to house. There was some of the Indians that did go in, and an endeavor was made to force them in, when they all broke to run, and were all but one killed and left lying there—was more than three or four miles from my father's, where I lived when the scene took place. I had no part in the tragedy, but I went the next day to see, and counted; and there was fifteen that lay in the bounds of two hundred yards, that were not buried.

The following article was found in the possession of a young man, who was lost on board of the steamer Henry Clay:

"Keep good company of none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Do not speak the truth. Make no promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.—Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live, [misfortunes excepted,] within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.—Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give you competency with tranquility of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation; through fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.—Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy. Save when you are young to spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.—Verily this is an age of progress, and it is hard to say where science will stop in its discoveries, or human power, thus magnified, pause in its career of bold accomplishments. The success of the telegraph between Great Britain and the European continent has given a new impetus to the scheme of extending the telegraphic wire from the old world to the new, by the way of Behring's Straits. A German savan has proposed a plan to render human beings torpid, like a frog in marble, for any number of years, and then waking them up to enjoy themselves, as young and as healthy as they were originally. Mr. Wise is going to leave Cincinnati for Liverpool, on New York, in a balloon; and a meeting of the "spiritualists" has already been arranged at Worcester, Mass., to arrange a general system of communication between "kingdom come" and this republic, upon the broad basis of mutual admiration and reciprocal duties of enlightenment and protection. A newspaper, called the "Heaven Opener," is about to be started in Boston by these latter familiars with the spirit-land; and when all these wonders shall have been accomplished, we fear the world will come to a stand still for want of some exciting object of additional improvement.—Sunday Times.

The wheat crop has fallen short in Ohio about one-third of the quantity estimated.