

# The Sumter Banner.

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

J. RICHARDSON LOGAN, Proprietors.  
WM. J. FRANCIS,

"God—and our Native Land."

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## TEMPERANCE.

To the Religious Public of South Carolina.

Men and Brethren:

The Sons of Temperance, at their late annual meeting in Columbia, constituted the undersigned, a Committee to address you on the claims of Temperance.

Is this necessary? Can it be possible that followers of the meek and lowly Lamb of God, have to be stirred up to the great work of Temperance? "Know ye not brethren that Temperance is the fruit of the Spirit?" Why is it then that ye are idle? Do you dislike our plans of labor? If so, point out other more effectual means, we are ready to adopt them, and to bear our part in sustaining them!

At present however, persuaded as we are that there is but one sure remedy to prevent intoxication, that is by stringent laws to prevent the sale of intoxicating drinks. Except for Medicinal and Mechanical purposes. We appeal to you to aid us in obtaining them; our project would be substantially the enactment of the Maine Liquor Law!

What, it may be asked, is the necessity of such a law? Look around you upon society, and the answer is plain and palpable! For near a quarter of a century the friends of Temperance have been unceasing in the field, they have accomplished much; but they have failed to extirpate the vice of Intemperance. They have exhausted moral suasion; they have brought a majority—a large majority of the people to acknowledge that their cause is a righteous one; and yet drunkenness in high and low places abounds. The reclaimed man, like the sow that was washed "returns to her wallowing in the mire." Why are these things so? The answer is obvious, temptation, in its most alluring form is everywhere present. Your Cities boast of their Exchanges, your Towns of their houses of refreshment, your Villages of their Groceries, and your Cross-roads and Country places, of their Doggeries, everywhere liquor is presented to the people, and sometimes it happens, that a Grog-shop keeper ventures to call his establishment, after a distinguished Temperance man. Who would suppose that a Grog-shop could be called the Tipper House? yet such is the fact, in one of the most flourishing Towns of the Interior! How is the land to be rid of these pest houses, these places of temptation? to talk to such men is "like singing psalms to a dead horse," they must be made to feel this strong arm of the Law!

Our Biennial, local and Military Elections, are other fruitful sources of multiplying the evils of intemperance as long as a candidate can have access to a Grog shop, and buy the keeper's vote, and influence, by buying his Grog, so long will the work of reformation be maimed and destroyed.

Whence comes crimes? where are your slaves corrupted and destroyed? where is blasphemy regarded as an accomplishment—where is the Lord's day profaned? where are the young contaminated? where comes the curse of women and children? where do poverty, disease and death come forth as a troop on the pale horse? Truth, answers from the houses where intoxicating drink is sold.

Is it not time then! Warriors of the Cross, that you should gird on your armour, and come to the "help of the Lord,—the help of the Lord against the mighty?" to him especially who stands between "the Porch and the Altar," the ministers of God's holy religion, may we not say let us have your aid in this great work? Tell me not, you cannot be a Son of Temperance! You are a pledged man to your holy vocation; you are a Nazirite, and you must be separate from wine and strong drink. Be so! and let us have your powerful word to the people! say to them, "Come and go with us: Point them to the poor drunkard in rags; covered with the blotches of disease, trembling with the weakness of his Vice, or crouching with the fears and torments of the damned," already upon him, point them to him dyed with the blood of his fellow man, or writhing

under the lash for crimes against property,—say to them see there his deserted emaciated suffering wife and children, reduced to worse than widowed or orphanage condition, and tell them these are the evils of intoxicating drink, and urge them by their love of life, character, home, wife and children, to be sober.—But above all tell them, oh! tell them! in voices of thunder, and with tongues of fire, that the drunkard has no part in Heaven; say! oh! say to our suffering bleeding country, nothing ought to deter from stretching out your strong arm, to succor and to save the people from themselves. Be instant in season and out of season, to warn and rebuke the miserable policy of shrinking to do what is right.

Religious men of all creeds, sects and denominations you can, you must aid in this great moral warfare. Let us have your example. Let us have your prayers; the fervent effectual prayer of the righteous man avails much. Let us entreat you to humble yourselves before the King of Kings and cry mightily unto him to bless the work.

To you all we would say the Maine Liquor Law by simply providing that intoxicating liquors should alone be sold for medicinal and mechanical purposes, and that such sale should alone be made by agents appointed for the purpose, and that all other intoxicating liquors found in the State, after a given day should be as contraband and destroyed has effected wonders. Intoxicating liquor has been banished from Maine. Sobriety pervades every place, and the name of Neal Dow as the benefactor of his race is praised by men women, and children, throughout the length and breadth of his North Eastern, glorious home. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Minnesota, Vermont, and Texas, have all adopted the peace preserving, life strengthening, God honoring policy of Maine, and blessings will be showered down upon them. Is South Carolina to be behind? When Massachusetts warty of "Liberty" was heard at Concord and Lexington, South Carolina's guns of deliverance answered it from Fort Moultrie! Will she not again stand beside the descendants of the Pilgrims, the sons of the Old and noble Bay State? Will she suffer the lone star of Texas to culminate in glorious effulgence in such a warfare, and fail to throw her Palmetto flag wherever it may lead? We will not pursue this address further; and yet we call upon you in the name of the living God, to take your post, like the followers of Gideon, around the camp of Midian, and be like them ready to strike, and follow to glorious Victory.

WILLIAM LEWIS.  
JOHN BELTON O'NEAL.  
W. THURLOW CASTON.  
"Committee."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

BY ONE WHO SAW IT.

The following capital story is from the pen of Charles A. Davis, Esq., of New York. It was originally published in the Knickerbocker Magazine, and transferred to the Home Journal, from which excellent paper we copy:

It is now very generally conceded, that of all the inventions of man, none holds any comparison with the steamboat. The mind can scarcely combine a calculation which may measure its importance. Some vague estimate may indeed be formed of it, by imagining what would be the state and condition of the world, at the present day, were there no steamboats; were we to still find ourselves on board sloops, making an average passage of a week to Albany, exposed to all the disasters of flaws from the "downcomer," and discomfort of close cabins; or ascending the Mississippi in a keel-boat, pushed every inch of the way, against its mighty current, by long poles, at the rate of "fourteen miles in six hours."

It is now just thirty years (written 1839) since the first steamboat ascended the Hudson, being the first practical application of a steam engine to water conveyance. Then, no other river had ever seen a steam-

boat; and now, what river, capable of any kind of navigation, has not been beppaded with them? It is not my purpose to enter the list of disputants lately sprung up, striving to prove that the immortal Fulton was not the first successful projector of a steamboat. In common with the world, I can but mourn over the poverty of history, that tells not of any previous successful effort of the kind. Steam, no doubt, was known before. The first tea-kettle that was hung over a fire, furnished a clear development of that important agent. But all I can say now, is, that I never heard of a steamboat, before the "North River," moved her paddles on the Hudson; and very soon after that period, when it was contemplated to send a steamboat to Southern Russia, a distinguished orator of that city, in an Address before the Historical Society of this city eloquently said, in direct allusion to the steamboat:—"The hoary genius of Asia, high throned on the peaks of Caucasus, his moist eye glistening as he glances over the destruction of Palmyra and Persepolis, of Jerusalem and of Babylon, will bend with respectful deference to the inventive spirit of this western world; thus proving, conclusively, that the invention was not only of this country, but that no other country yet knew of it. In fact, the invention had not yet even reached the Mississippi; for it was not until a year after, that a long-armed, high-shouldered keel-boatman, who had just succeeded in doubling a bend in the river, by dint of hard pushing, and run his boat in a quiet eddy for a resting place, saw a steamboat gallantly paddling up against the current of that 'Father of Rivers,' and gazing at the scene with mingled surprise and triumph, he threw down his pole, and slapping his hands together in ecstasy, exclaimed: 'Well done, old Mississippi! May I be eternally smashed, if you ha'n't got your match at last!'"

But, as before hinted, it is not my design to furnish a conclusive history of the origin of steamboats. My text stands at the head of this article, and I purpose here to record, for the information of all future time, a faithful history of "The First Locomotive." I am determined, at least, that that branch of the great steam family shall know its origin.

In the year 1803, I enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten gratification of a paddle up the Hudson, on board the aforesaid first steamboat that ever moved on the waters of any river with passengers. Among the voyagers, was a man I had known for some years previous, by the name of Jabez Doolittle. He was an industrious and ingenious worker in sheet iron, tin and wire; but his greatest success lay in wire work, especially in making "rat traps;" and for his last and best invention in that line, he had just secured a patent; and with a specimen of his work, he was then on a journey through the State of New York, for the purpose of disposing of what he called "country rights;" or, in other words, to sell the privilege of catching rats, according to his patent trap. It was a very curious trap, as simple as it was ingenious; as most ingenious things are, after they are invented. It was an oblong wire box, divided into two departments; a rat entered one, where the bait was hung, which he no sooner touched, than the door at which he entered fell. His only apparent escape was by a funnel shaped hole in the other apartment, in passing which, he moved another wire, which instantly re-set the trap; and thus rat after rat was furnished the means of "following in the foot steps of his illustrious predecessor," until the trap was full. Thus it was not simply a trap to catch a rat, but a trap by which rats trapped rats, and *ad infinitum*. And now that the recollection of that wonderful trap is recalled to my memory, I would respectfully recommend it to the attention of the treasury department, as an appendage to the sub-treasury system. The "specification" may be found on file in the patent-office, number eleven thousand seven hundred and forty six.

This trap, at the time to which I allude, absolutely divided the attention of the passengers; and for my part, it interested me quite as much as did the steam engine; because, perhaps, I could more easily comprehend its mystery. To me the steam

engine was Greek; and the trap was plain English. Not so, however, to Jabez Doolittle. I found him studying the engine with great avidity and perseverance, inasmuch that the engineer evidently became alarmed, and declined answering any more questions.

"Why, you needn't snap off so tartal short," said Jabez; "a body would think you hadn't got a patent for your machine. If I can't meddle with you on the water, as high as I can calculate, I'll be up to you on land one of these days."

These ominous words fell on my ear, as I saw Jabez issue from the engine room, followed by the engineer, who seemed evidently to have got his steam up.

"Well," said I, "Jabez, what do you think of this mighty machine?" "Why," he replied, "if that critter hadn't got riled up so soon, a body could tell more about it; but I reckon I've got a little notion on't; and teen taking me aside, and looking carefully around, lest some one should overhear him, he 'then and there' assured me in confidence, in profound secrecy, that if he didn't make a wagon go by steam, before he was two years older, then he'd give up invention. I at first ridiculed the idea; but when I thought of that rat trap, and saw, before me a man with sharp twinkling gray eyes, a pointed nose, and every line of his visage a channel of investigation and invention, I could not resist the conclusion, that if he really ever did attempt to meddle with hot water, we should hear more of it.

Time went on. Steamboats multiplied; but none dreamed of a steam wagon; for even the name of "locomotive" was then as unknown as "the coffee." When, about a year after the declaration of the last war with England, (and may it be the last!) I got a letter from Jabez marked "private," telling me that he wanted to see me "most desparately," and that I must make him a visit at his place, "nigh Wallingford." The din of arms, and the destruction of insurance companies, the smashing of banks, and suspension of specie payments, and various other inseparable attendants on the show and "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," had, in the meantime entirely wiped from memory my friend Jabez, and his wonderful rat trap. But I obeyed his summons, not knowing but that something of importance to the army or navy might come of it. On reaching his residence, imagine my surprise, when he told me, he believed he "had got the notion."

"Notion?—what notion?" I inquired.

"Why," says he, "that steam wagon I told'd you about a spell ago," but, added he, "it has pretty nigh starved me out;" and sure enough, he did look as if he had been on "the anxious seat," as he used to say when things puzzled him.

"I have used up," said he "plague nigh all the sheet-iron, and old stove-pipes, and mill-wheels, and trunnel-heads, in these parts; but I've succeeded; and for fear that some of these 'cute folks about here may have got a peep 'through the key-hole, and will trouble me when I come to get a patent, I've sent for you to be a witness; for you was the first and only man I ever hinted the notion to; in fact," continued he, "I think the most curious part of this invention is, that, as yet, I don't know any one about here who has been able to guess what I'm about. They all know it is an invention of some kind, for that's my business, you know; but some say it is a thrashing machine, some a distillery; and, of late they begin to think it's a shingle-splitter; but they'll sing another tune, when they see it spinning a lone past the stage-coaches," added he, with a knowing chuckle, "won't they?"

This brought us to the door of an old clap-boarded, dingy, long, one-story building, with a window or two in the roof, the knot-holes and cracks all carefully stuffed with old rags, and over the door he was unlocking, was written, in bold letters, "No Admittance." This was his "sanctum sanctorum." I could occupy pages in description of it, for every part exhibited evidence of its uses. The patent-office, at Washington, like your magazine, Mr. Editor, may exhibit "finished productions" of 'inventive genius;' but if you

could look into the port-folios of your contributors, in every quarter of the Union, and see there the sketches of half-finished essays, still-born poems, links and fragments of ideas and conceptions, which "but breathed and died," you might form some 'notions' that were presented to me, on entering the workshop, of Jabez Doolittle. But to my text again—"The First Locomotive." There it stood occupying the centre of all previous conceptions—rat-traps, churns, apple-parers, pill-rollers, cooking-stoves and shingle-splitters, which hung or stood around it; or, as Lord Byron says, with reference to a more ancient but not more important invention:

"Where each conception was a heavenly guest,  
A ray of immortality, and stood  
Star-like around, until they gathered to a God."

And there it stood, "the concentrated focus" of all previous rays of inventive genius—"The First Locomotive." An unpaired, unpolished, unadorned, oven-shaped mass, of double-riveted sheet iron, with cranks, and pipes, and trunnel heads, and screws and valves, all firmly based on four strongly-made travelling-wheels.

"It's a curious critter to look at," says Jabez, "but you'll like it better when you see it in motion."

He was by this time igniting a quantity of charcoal, which he had stuffed under the boiler, "I filled the boiler," says he, "arter I stopped working her yesterday, and it han't leaked a drop since. It will soon bile up; the coal is first-rate."

Sure enough, the boiler soon gave evidence of 'troubled waters,' when, by pushing one slide, and pulling another, the whole machine, cranks and piston, was in motion.

"It works slick, don't it?" said Jabez.

"But," I replied, "it don't move." "You mean," said he, "the travelling wheels don't move; well, I don't mean they shall till I get my patent. You see," he added, crouching down, "that trunnel head, there—that small cog wheel? Well, that's out of gear just yet; when I turn that into gear, by this crank, it fits, you see, on the main travelling wheel, and then the hull scurge will move, as high as I can calculate, a little slower than chain lightning, and a darn'd leetle too! But it won't do to give it a try afore I get the patent. There is only one thing yet," he continued, "that I han't contrived—but that is a simple matter—and that is the shortest mode of stoppin' on her. My first notion is, to see how fast I can make her work, without smashing into all bits, and that's done by screwing down this upper valve; and I'll show you—"

And with that, he clambered up on the top, with a turning-screw in one hand, and a horn of soft soap in the other, and commenced screwing down the valves, and oiling the piston rod and rank-joints; and the motion of the mysterious mass increased until all seemed a buzz.

"It is nigh about perfection, ain't it?" says he.

I stood amazed in contemplating the object before me, which I confessed I could not fully understand; and hence, with the greater readiness, permitted my mind to bear off to other matters more comprehensible, to the future, which is always more clear than the present, under similar circumstances. I heeded not; for the very best reason in the world, because I understood not, the complicated description that Jabez was giving of his still more complicated invention. All I knew was, that here was a machine on four good sturdy, well-braced wheels, and it only required a recorded patent to authorize that small connecting cog-wheel, or trunnel-head, to be thrown "into gear," when it would move off, without outs, hay, or horse-shoes, and distance the mail-coaches. As I was surrounded with notions, it was not extraordinary that one should take full possession of me. It dawned upon me, when I saw the machine first put into motion, and was now full orb'd above the horizon of my desire; it was to see the first locomotive move off. The temptation was irresistible. "And who knows," thought I, "but some prying scamp may have been 'peeping through the key-hole,' while Jabez was at work, and, catching the idea, may be now at work at some clumsy imitation?—and if he does not succeed in turning the first trick, may at least divide the honors with my friend?"

Jabez, said I, elevating my voice above the noise of the machine, 'there is one thing wanting.' "What is that?" says he, eagerly. "Immortality!" said I, "and you

shall have it, patent or no patent!" And with that, I pulled the crank that twisted the connecting trunnel-head into the travelling-wheels, and in an instant away went the machine, with Jabez on top of it, with the whiz and rapidity of a flushed partridge. The side of the old building presented the resistance of wet paper. One crash, and the first locomotive was ushered into this breathing world. I hurried to the opening, and had just time to clamber to the top of a fence to catch the last glimpse of my fast departing friend. True to his purpose, I saw him alternately screwing down the valves, and oiling the piston-rod and crank-joints—evidently determined that, although he had started off a little unexpectedly, he would redeem the pledge he had given, which was that when it did go, it "would go a leetle slower than a streak of chain lightning," and a darn'd leetle too!

"Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,  
Like an arrow," he flew away!

But a moment, and he was here; in a moment he was there; and now where is he?—or, rather where is he not? But that for the present is, "neither here nor there."

The vile Moslem ridiculed the belief so religiously cherished by the Christian Don, that in all the bloody conflicts that laid the crescent low in the dust, Saint Iago, on a white horse, led on to battle, and secured triumph to the cross; but as this has become matter of history, confirmed, by the fact that on numerous occasions this identical 'warrior saint' was distinctly seen "pounding the Moors," successfully and simultaneously, in battle scenes remote from each other, thus proving his identity by saintly ubiquity; so we may safely indulge the belief, that the spirit, if not the actual body and bones, of Jabez Doolittle, stands perched on every locomotive that may now be seen in every direction, threading its way at the rate of thirty miles an hour, to the total annihilation of space and time. The incredulous, like the Moors of old, may indulge their unbelief; but for myself, I never see a locomotive in full action, that I do not also see Jabez there, directing its course, as plain as I see the immortal Clinton in every canal-boat, or the equally immortal Fulton in every steamboat.

Unfortunately, however, these, like Jabez Doolittle, started in their career of glory without a patent; trusting too far to an ungrateful world; and now the descendants of either may (if they pay their passage) indulge the luxury that the 'inventive spirit' of their ancestor has secured to the age.

But my task is done. All I now ask is, that although some doubt and mystery hang over the first invention of a steamboat—in which doubt, however, I for one do not participate—none whatever may exist in regard to the origin of the locomotive branch of the great steam family; and that, in all future time, this fragment of authentic history may enable the latest posterity to retrace, by 'back-track' and "turn out," through a long railroad line of illustrious ancestors, the first projector and contriver of "The First Locomotive," their immortal progenitor, "Jabez Doolittle, Esq., nigh Wallingford, Connecticut."

[In the number of the Knickerbocker, succeeding the one in which the above appeared, we find the following characteristic letter from that golden-hearted gentleman, Washington Irving, which we also copy for the edification of our readers:—]

"To the Editor of the Knickerbocker,  
Sir:—In your last number, I read with great interest an article, entitled, 'The First Locomotive.' It throws light upon an incident which has long been a theme of marvel in the Far West. You must know that I was one among the first band of trappers that crossed the Rocky Mountains. We had encamped one night on a ridge of the Black Hills, and were wrapped up in our blankets, in the midst of our first sleep, when we were roused by the man who stood sentinel, who cried out, 'Wild fire, by—!'"

"We started on our feet, and beheld a streak of fire coming across the prairies, for all the world like lightning, or a shooting star. We had hardly time to guess what it might be, when it came up, whizzing, and clanking, and making a tremendous racket, and we saw something huge and black, with wheels and traps of all kinds; and an odd-looking being on top of it, busy as they say the devil is in a gale of wind. In fact, some of our people thought it was the old gentleman himself, taking an airing in one of his infernal carriages; others thought it was the opening of one of the seals in the Revelations. Some of the stoutest fellows fall on their knees, and began to pray; a Kentuckian plucked up courage enough to hail the infernal coachman as he passed, and asked whether he was driving; but the speed with which he whirled by, and

the rattling of his machine, prevented our catching more than the last words; Slum bang to eternal smash. In five minutes more, he was across the prairies, beyond the Black Hill, and we saw him shooting, like a jack-a-jantern over the Rocky Mountains.

The next day we tracked his course. He had cut through a great drove of buffalo, some hundred or two of which lay cut up as though the butchers had been there; we heard of him afterwards, driving through a village of Black Feet, and smashing the lodge of the chief, with all his family. Beyond the Rocky Mountains, we could hear nothing more of him; so that we concluded he had ended his brilliant career, by driving into one of the crevices that still smoke among the peaks.

This circumstance, sir, as I said has caused much speculation in the Far West; but many set it down as a 'trapper's story,' which is about equivalent to a traveller's tale; neither would the author of 'Astoria' and 'Bonnevilles Adventure' admit it into his works, though heaven knows he has not been over squeamish in such matters. The article in your last number, above alluded to, has now cleared up the matter, and, henceforth, I shall tell the story without fear of being hoaxed at. I make no doubt, sir, this supposed infernal apparition was nothing more nor less than Jabez Doolittle, with his locomotive, on his way to Astoria.

"Who knows, who knows what wastes  
He is now careering o'er!"

as the song goes; perhaps scouring California; perhaps whizzing away to the North Pole. One thing is certain and satisfactory; he is the first person that ever crossed the Rocky Mountains on wheels; his transit shows that those mountains are traversable with carriages, and that it is perfectly easy to have a railroad to the Pacific. If such road ever be constructed, I hope, in honor of the great projector who led the way, it may be called the "Doolittle Railroad;" unless that name should have been given as characteristic to some of the many railroads already in progress. Your humble servant,  
HIRSH CRACKENTHORPE, of St. Louis."

A SURE MARKSMAN.—We find in the "Autobiography of W. Jerdan," the following concerning Lord do Tabley's shooting:

"Lord de Tabley was the surest shot I ever saw in the field. His piece was rarely raised but to kill, and twenty snipes in succession have fallen in proof of his accuracy of aim. And with the pistol he was still more wonderful. The head of a swallow peeping over a corner in the old tower was a sufficient object for a bullet about the size of a pea. A wagtail hopping and skipping upon the lawn was a gone bird if I asked for another specimen of skill, though he was out of practice since the time he fired for a wager of a thousand guineas, laid upon him by the prince regent, the evidence of the winning of which bet was testified by a card with no holes in the centre, resembling the ace of clubs, and which had been perforated in that way at the duelling distance of twelve paces. He would have stood a poor chance in a duel who ventured to meet Lord de Tabley. The loading of the pistol was a bit of minute science which amused me. The gunpowder was carefully measured in a ram rod with a funnel end to receive it, and smoothed by a fine card; the pistol was inverted over this, and being reversed every particle was deposited in the breech. The rest of the loading was equally precise, and, as his lordship never missed, I was brought to the conclusion that three or four of the finest grains of powder, more or less, made all the difference in the hitting and missing.

There is a flourishing grape vine growing on a farm in the vicinity of Elkton, Ala., with the following singular history: The seed from which it germinated, formed a covered button or clasp to a lady's kid glove, which was imported from Paris, among a lot of others, by a merchant of Philadelphia, who sold it to a merchant in Elkton. A lady purchased the gloves containing this grape seed, wore them out, discovered the seed, caused it to be planted, and it is now a flourishing vine.

WORTH TRYING.—A lump of wet galaratus applied to the sting of a wasp or bee, will stop the pain in one moment, and prevent it from swelling. It is a sure remedy for rattlesnake bites if applied immediately.

Scientific American.