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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### CURRY AND THE PIG.

Often have I been in the society of good and merry fellows, where wit and jocularly cheated the hours of their sadness; and never heard the following anecdote related but once. I was then not so gray as I am now, but full of blood and "lively humor,"—the hour of the night twelve, sitting with my chum over the remains of a beggarly supper.

"Tom said my chum Step, 'are you dull because there are no more cakes and ale?'"

"Not a whit, my boy," I replied, "yet there is something uncomfortable in an empty stomach."

"There is," said Step, "and to give you food not quite so substantial as meat, but more agreeable in its season, I will tell you a story."

"Do, Step," said I, as I lighted my cigar and prepared for a love affair of the pathetic kind.

Now Step was a welkin-eyed boy, a young Grecian in his class,—of a mild and gentle temper; and for all the world the last student in the world! I would have taken for the veriest wag of us all; yet in this never was a soph more deceived. And though he is now a distinguished professor, I believe should he chance to see this page, he will be tempted for a moment to throw aside his gown and laugh at the story he then invented or told in good earnest.

After musing a little while,—"Tom, command Step, 'you have read the life of Philpot Curran?'"

"His biographers have done him injustice."

"Ah—how?"

"By the suppression of an anecdote truly characteristic of his tact and humor. And I aver, Tom, that I think you will agree with me, that might by the slightest possibility move the reasoning creature to laughter, does what I never could or would forgive."

"Dear Tom, I am happy to say that the question 'where shall I dine?' rarely affects us in this bountiful country; however an ample supper may be desired by you at this late hour of the night. Genius will never starve while bank bills are plenty as black berries in spring time, and hospitality like a four pence brightens in use. But to my story;—it happened that Philpot Curran on a blustering day arrived in London, a few minutes before the dinner hour, with an appetite as keen as Sir John's of fat witted memory."

"Take that trunk," said a little man, as he leaped from a hack before the door of a celebrated hotel.

"Can't," replied the waiter.—"No room sir."

"Glad of that," rejoined Phil.—"Room here?—good?" and without further ceremony, he entered the hotel.

"Mine host?"

"Coming, sir."

"Mine host of the gate?"

"Here, sir," said mine host on his entrance, "any thing?"

"Any usquebaugh?" enquired Phil.

"Sir!" exclaimed mine host in evident surprise, "I don't know what you mean."

"Umph,—don't know,—well then—any St. Patrick's eye water, as we call it?"

"St. Patrick's eye water," repeated mine host, musingly.

"By heavens, he echoes me," said Phil, after the stage fashion, in which he rolled his eyes and looked daggers at the apron man.

"No St. Patrick's eye water?"

"No, sir."

"Then art thou art lost," continued Phil—"Thou shalt not be saved;—turning abruptly on mine host: 'Do you speak Irish?'"

"No, sir."

"Ah, you monster—not a Milesian scholar!"

"What's he?" enquired mine host.

"Tisn't Hebrew, or Chinese or Choctaw;—it is something like English without its shuffling particles and its discourteous 'no; you may learn it on a gusty day like this.—Repeat after me,—come, mine host say to me,—Dear sir, it is cold without, and I am glad to see you; my house is at your disposal,—rooms, servants, drink, food, everything; and, my fading, excuse the impertinence of the waiter who refused you accommodation;—say so, mine host, and you will speak Irish as we do in our land."

"Now I twig you, my wag," said

the host, "you are not to come over me in that way.—Sir, you cannot be entertained,—every room is engaged; and the hall will be occupied in ten minutes by a select dinner party;—here is a list of names as you may see,—I am sorry; but there is no help."

"Is that the cause, my lord?" said Phil. in a forensic vein.—"Shall I have no belly cheer,—no sack every hour, and each minute my capon,—no rooster gear,—no wild water for my brain? Has it come to this? Have I fallen so low, that a man of my dimensions (tip toing) shall be refused by this dictator of the kitchen, at whose nod the animal creation, pigs, sheep, harmless chickens, and all appear on table in as quick succession as the bloodless shades of Banquo's line?—not to be buried in consecrated ground, but in the—oh consider,—let the bowels of your compassion open,—it is the hour when the appetite makes one hospitable,—only let me dine!"

"I cannot," replied mine host.

"Are you a Christian?"

"I hope so."

"I say nay,—a little Irish counselor say nay,—the Pope and King Henry to boot would say nay!—You a Christian, and drive a traveler from your house in this weather, when my nose is blue as puritan gospel, and the rain is pattering outside like the tramp of gongsters, at a place in the next world, where I hope you will never see me. Why, sir, on such a day as this you should exclude but three."

"Who are they?" enquired mine host, tickled by the drollery of Phil.

"Why, the devil, the cold wind and yourself, to be sure."

"Take care," replied mine host, "I do not inform in the next world how you are with the devil's name."

"Now fore all the world," said Curran, "do I abhor an informer; he is the veriest rascal in Christendom."

"Mark ye, mine host, should you do so, know ye what I would say?"

"I should say: I meant no harm in using your Majesty's name,—I have ever been polite to my superiors I did hope to use it not in vain,—it was to frighten one of your carnate jims into something like hospitality."

"But this is all talk," continued Phil.—"I must stop here;—from this list I recognize some to whom I bring letters; and I have no doubt they would be glad to see me. Be assured, my presence will not injure the reputation of your house. Look here, mine host, if thou art not a Turk, let me have my humor. I am sometimes in a queer conceit,—a sort of dot know what kind of temper; and this being one of my days—my periodical days for prank playing, when the Irish blood is a little too familiar with my brain, I desire no happier occasion to cut my caper and say my say. Only be wam, and you shall know me presently. Lead me to the dinner hall, and leave the rest to be developed before 'the first course' shall have ended."

We next see Curran seated at his case by a cheering coal fire in the dinner hall—the servants busy plating on the table rich viands; whose savory odors would occasionally tempt him to twist his melting tongue and cast his eye slyly on the sumptuous preparation. All is now arranged!—the hour of mastication has arrived, big with the impending fate of many a lame pan and witty abortion. The bells rings,—the step incipient between a cautious dignity and hungry precipitation is heard in the passage way,—the ahem! the ahem! the hissing nothings of lips intent on good cheer! The folding doors are thrown open,—the company enter,—Phil moves not—speaks not,—all eyes rest upon him and look inquiringly, as much as to say, 'who knows him?'"

"Come, sir," said one of the stewards to a venerable old gentleman, take the head of the table."

In a moment Phil stood erect; and walking dignifiedly for one of his stature took the head of the table, saying to the steward, "I have no objection."

"Sir!" exclaimed the steward.

"Eh," said Phil, "what?—grace? Oh, yes, my mother taught me that; and a word between us,—I learned a beautiful one of Father O'Leary himself."

"Sir," a mistake, I presume."

"None in the world," said Phil, with a graceful bend of his person.

"Be seated gentlemen,—I am glad to see you,—waiter chairs—skip—by—chairs."

"What does he mean?" whispered several of the company,—"Odd fellow—a mistake surely,—crazy," exclaimed another.

"Pardon me," continued the steward, who was indeed a modest young gentleman, "this room is—ahem—engaged for a select party."

"So much the better," said Curran rubbing his hands, "I'm fond of select company,—nothing so congenial,—delightful, sir,—a flow of soul, of wit, pun, humor, point, repartee."

"None but friends dine here," continued the steward.

"Then, friends and countrymen, I am happy that you should dine with me,—the cost shall be nothing,—in earnest, nothing,—gratis, as Purcell the pig driver said,—God, gratis. Here, sir,—(addressing the steward and pulling out his purse)—take this—shiners, my boy,—stop—once, two, three, four,—never mind counting,—take these guineas and pay for our entertainment. Order wine by the ale tub,—we'll have a house—a bottle trap,—a gallinaufry."

"Sir," said the steward, "let me say this intruding."

"Oh," replied Phil, "because I offer to treat you?—Make yourself easy, my darling,—I have money a plenty,—got homester than Peter Pence,—enough to pay for all your dinners. So come, gentlemen, and let hunger take the hindmost."

With this Phil seized a knife and fork and prepared to carve a pig before him.

"What do you intend to do with that knife and fork?" enquired the excited steward.

"Forks," said Curran sharpening his knife, "were first used by the French, I believe, and—"

"Answer my question," exclaimed the steward in a voice of thunder, "what do you intend to do with that knife and fork?"

"Am," replied Phil, looking at him vacantly, "carve this pig to be sure."

"You do?" enquired the steward.

"What else can I do?" said Phil.

"Then, fellow, you shall be taught manners."

"Glad of your tuition," said Phil with a droll leer.

"I Give you to understand," continued the steward, "if you touch that pig you shall rue it;—have a care, sir, stick not your fork in it, else, upon the honor of a gentleman, I will stick the fork in you."

"Hear him, hear him gentlemen, I must," said Phil.

"Then, sir, let me say," (stepping within striking distance of Phil.) "whatever you do to that pig I will do to you!"

For a moment Phil lost his temper; his bosom heaved, the blood rushed to his swelling temples, his eye shot out a glare of wild damning hate.

"You will?" said Curran in husky whisper, that hissed like a serpent, through the crowded hall, "you will sir?"

"I will," was the firm reply of the now justly enraged steward.

"Then do this to me!"

Twenty forms were at this instant seen advancing on the disputants; but Curran with a hand nerve as with rods of burning iron, held the sharp fork in the act of thrusting it into the bosom of the unarmed steward.

Interference came too late, the deed was done! for Curran, stooping his head to avoid the fury of an impending blow, put his lips to the pig's; and gave them a smack that would have honored an Irish wedding; then turning to the steward and folding his arms, he calmly exclaimed, "Do that that to me sir!"

For a moment a silence, still as death, ensued; the company stood like chisled marble in various attitudes, then simultaneously shouted with laughter.

The steward himself was a paint-bring, a man wrought to madness, his life, as he thought, endangered, expecting to chastise the impudence of an intruder; and so astutiously baffled! What could he do? His eyes sparkled, his muscles began to relax, he bit his lips, until no longer able to preserve his gravity, he too, laughed as loud as any of them. Still Phil kept his countenance.

"Sir," said the steward as soon as he could speak, "who are you?"

"Gentlemen," replied Phil, in a voice now sweeter than music, "I am John Philpot Curran."

"Your hand, your hand," exclaimed the company rushing in their delight towards him, "the first gentleman of the two kingdoms we would prefer to see."

Curran exchanged civilities; then turning to mine host, who had been an astonished witness of the whole scene, said, "See now, they speak good Irish."

A STORY OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The Dublin correspondent of the New-York Courier, & Enquirer furnishes the following curious piece of information, copied from the Belfast Chronicle, which, as he says, "tells its own story"—Charleston Courier.

"There lives in Paris a gentleman who, in December, 1847, wrote,—'I can see with perfect clearness, that Louis Philippe was exiled in February, 1848. That gentleman wrote shortly after the Presidential election,—'This Bonaparte scion is a traitor. Not a man looks at him but feels the instinct of avoiding him as a treacherous man. He will strike for the Consulate—for the Dictatorship; and God knows what will follow.' He struck. The coup d'etat of December, 1851, tells how he struck. The same gentleman wrote in the March of the present year. 'The tyrant aims at the empire. His gaze is fixed upon the crown. Before a year there will be a revival of the Bonaparte dynasty, and the French will kneel before Napoleon the Third.' The empire has come."

The man who predicted events is no common man. He thinks and looks around him. He participates in many movements quietly, and gathers knowledge which in our view, no other man at this moment in or out of Paris could find means to acquire. His previous predictions give us confidence in what he states. In fact we know him, and know that he would not detail as truth what he did not know to be true, for he is generally one of the least speculative individuals we have ever met.

Well, that gentleman—we would give his name if we were permitted) writes the subjoined on Thursday last, and all before whom it comes can measure its worth, and the amount of credence to be attached to it from what they have already learned. The revelation will seem curious to many; to us it by no means so, as we are aware of the sources from which much of his information is derived, and how he derives it. That it is true we are convinced, and that the British government are "up" to the machinations of the French Emperor is evident from the revived state of our defenses, from the embodiment of our militia, from the addition to our maritime hands, and from the establishment of a Channel Fleet.

The following is the communication referred to:

In a secluded part of the wood of Boulogne, at a place called Madria, whilome the residence of Lamartine, is a house surrounded by trees, and the windows of which are never opened, except sometimes at dawn, as if to let in fresh air. This house, all day, and on many nights, has the air of being uninhabited; but oftentimes at night there come about suspicious looking characters, who take up their posts in the thickets, and then about twelve or one up come several carriages, with the blinds close down, the porte cochere is opened mysteriously, they drive in and the door closes behind them.

What is this place?

It is the residence of Virginia, la Sabotiere.

This, for many persons, indeed, nearly all, is no explanation. But let us enter one evening last week, and perhaps what may be going on may enlighten us.

In an apartment sumptuously furnished, is a grand supper laid out, resplendent with plate and brilliant with lights and around sit half a dozen men and as many women, who, while sipping their champagne, are talking animatedly of conquest and empire, of aggression and rapine.

Yes, says one, striking his fist on the table, a man with heavy moustache, hooked nose, and saturnine, bil-

ious countenance, "yes, when once I am crowned I will proclaim Jerome king of Holland, and not only proclaim him king, but make him king, while Belgium shall reign but as my vassal."

"Yes, sire," said all but one whom we shall not mention.

"And then King of Rome and Italy, and Protector of the Helvetic Confederation shall be no empty titles, they shall be mine."

"But, sire, England?" observed one gently.

"England, my eternal nightmare! England, the assassin of my uncle! Every step I take I find her in my way. Let her take care, perfidious and meddling Albion. Let her beware that she interfere not, for as surely as she interferes will I land on her shores, and show them that their island is as easily made a French colony as was Algiers. They fancy themselves impregnable; they will find their mistake."

This spoke Louis Napoleon in the house of Virginia, la Sabotiere.

I must now explain who she is, and how he found himself there, promising that information I am giving you may cost me dear, though I hope no one will aid the rascally police of Bonaparte in tracing the author of the news here given. How I obtained it is a secret of life and death. But every word I write is true. Louis Napoleon may not carry out his after-supper boast, but the words were spoken by him.

When Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was a State prisoner in Ham, he was treated with very great kindness and consideration. Amongst others who saw him for different purposes, was Virginia, a very pretty girl, daughter of an old sabot maker in Ham. After a while Louis made proposals, they were accepted, and two children were the result. These children he was very much attached to. They were provided for, and sent to first rate schools.—On his advent to power in 1848, the Prince gave Virginia a pension, and then, in December, 1851, he gave her the beautiful residence above alluded to.

With a natural taste for debauchery, resembling in character the debauchery of the Regent and Louis XV., one of the delights of Louis Napoleon is an orgy, with plenty of wine and women. In fact, his happiness is a petit souper, such as when the Regent and Dubois lived. To indulge in these at St. Cloud and the Elysee would be dangerous, as there is a certain amount of public opinion still alive; but then there was the cozy little house at Madria and that has been selected by him as the seat of his midnight conferences on the affairs of the Empire. Surrounded by parasites, pimps, and prostitutes, heated by wine, he tries to rouse himself in this despicable way to emulate his uncle.

Not a dozen persons in Paris, a part from his own clique, know a word of all this. But I have told it Was I present? did I not receive the report from one who was present? was the orgy revealed to a second party, and then to me? are questions I cannot answer.

I give the information as true, exact and historical. It may be denied. That will only prove its truth, as, for a Bonapartist to say a thing to be, is to prove that it is not.

A REMARKABLE PHENOMENON NEAR SAN FRANCISCO.—Notice has been already taken of the shock of an earthquake, and singular phenomenon which took place a little before midnight of Wednesday last, at Merced. Before the phenomenon occurred, the lake was a beautiful sheet, surrounded mostly by a fine amphitheatre of hills. It is located about seven miles from this city, in a southerly direction, and covers a surface of about thirty acres. Various opinions have been formed relative to this occurrence; the principal one of which is, that the accumulated waters of the lake, have washed away the sandy barrier by which its northwestern limit was confined.

The facts of the case are simply the following: On rising from his bed on Wednesday morning, Mr. Alfred A. Green, stated that he had sensibly felt the shock of an earthquake at the time just mentioned, and several of the inmates of his residence, made a similar statement. It was accompanied by a report like distant artillery, and was readily distinguished from the thundering of the heavy surge which constantly rolls on the sea-beach nearly two miles distant. One

proceeding towards the beach, as was customary, to collect and number their horses, Mr. Green and one or two of his hired men, at once discovered a wide breach in the boundary of that end of the lake nearest the ocean, and they were convinced it was caused by the shock they had felt on the previous night.

Although nothing is said of any person in this city having felt the same shock, there is every evidence that Mr. Green's statement is correct.—That portion of the lake's boundary which has been swept away, was alluvial, and has been forming during a lapse of centuries. There is ample evidence that it was a number of feet higher than the lake itself, even when the water was the highest. It gradually sloped towards the seashore, which is nearly a mile from where the barrier once stood. When it was carried away, it must have been done in a single moment. A passage seems to have been forced about three hundred yards in width and ten or twelve feet deep, opening on the seashore to the width of a mile.

Subsequently, a sort of mid-channel has been formed, commencing a short distance below the origin of the outlet, narrower and much deeper than the first, down which the water seems to have rushed with great velocity, until the lake has been emptied at least thirty feet below its previous surface. This mid-channel has gradually deepened in the centre, forming outlet, down which the waters are yet flowing into the ocean. It is very evident that if this outlet had been spontaneous, it would have been gradual, leaving no precipitous sides, looking as if immense landslips had taken place, but gradually forming a channel deepening in the centre. Nor would it have caused that loud report, nor have been felt nearly a mile distant.

It seems to have been occasioned by the subtle and sudden agency by which earthquakes are always momentarily preceded, or by a shock of the earthquake itself. Such things are by no means uncommon on the coast of South America. And the bed of Lake Merced may have been instantaneously uplifted, and as quickly have returned to its customary level; thus forming an outlet through the heavy alluvial by which it was formerly confined. Such extraordinary phenomena have several times been witnessed in the bay of Callao and of Talcahuano. And now that the outlet has been forced, from its abrupt sides, may be seen flowing the gaseous fluids which succeed earthquakes among lofty mountains,—the Andes, for instance, but especially coastwise.

For two miles along the coast, on either side of the mouth of the ravine, may be seen numerous water-marks once made by the surges of the ocean. Some of them are more than a hundred feet high. And while many of these strata are horizontal, others rise or fall at an angle of forty or fifty degrees, bearing every trace that they have been tumbled about and displaced by a commotion at a much earlier period. These different strata have been forming during a lapse of centuries, while the shore has gradually been elevated. As a closing thought on this interesting phenomenon, it may be well to state, that the lake was supplied only by springs and rains from the mountains. No serious danger could have been expected of a sheet of water, covering at least thirty acres—as evaporation must have been great—unless some convulsion of nature had taken place, of which fact, there are sufficient evidences.—Alta Californian, Nov. 28.

Death from Hydrophobia.—On Saturday last, in the morning, John Knauss, aged about nine years, son of Mrs. Anthony Knauss, of Hanover township, Lehigh county, died from the shocking effects of hydrophobia. The boy got to riding and playing before school hours with a dog; little Knauss remarked that if the dog could be rode like a horse he must be shod too; in saying so, he took up one of his fore paws, when the dog flew at him and bit his ear. The dog was taken from the boy, after which he fled, and before he was overtaken and killed, he had bitten a hog and several cows, all of which got mad.

The boy was attended by medical aid, and the ordinary prescription was given; finding no particular symptoms arise, the mother felt easy, thinking a cure had been effected. About the beginning of last week however, he complained of having a dullness and slight pain in his head, which gradually increased, until Friday morning. After he got up he went to the pump, and being very dry, drank freely; a short time after

he felt sick at the stomach, which was followed by severe vomiting.

He related to his mother that he dreaded the sight of water; this, with the bewildered appearance of his eyes, were the first symptoms of the dreadful disease.

His situation from this time on through the remaining few hours of his life was truly lamentable. The case obtained its worse phase towards night, when he was taken with violent paroxysms, the spasms increasing fast, with a rapid flow of saliva, at first frothy and viscid, but afterwards tenacious and made up of froth and glairy fluid; which he sputtered forth forcibly, while his strength continued, clutching at it with his hands, sometimes as if to tear it away from his mouth. His countenance was now at times distorted, his brain frenzied, and his teeth grating and gnashing. He continued in this awful condition until about five o'clock on Sunday morning, when his strength having so far failed as to prevent the dislodging the fast accumulating saliva, his throat gradually filled with it, and he expired.—Lehigh (Pa.) Register.

Melancholy Suicide.

FATAL EFFECTS OF SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.—THE CORONER'S INQUIRY.—VERDICT AGAINST THE NEW YORK "KNOCKER" MEETINGS.—On Wednesday morning last we reported a case of attempted suicide, by a man named Martin Langdon, who resides at No. 91, Eleventh street. The unhappy man made an effort to destroy his life, by cutting his throat with a knife. He was removed from his lately happy home to the hospital at Bellevue, where he died, at an early hour on Thursday morning, from the effects of the wound, and a co-existing derangement of his general health, affecting his brain more immediately. Corner Hilton held an inquest upon the body yesterday, and the ample report which we give of the testimony taken at the inquiry, will unfold to our readers a sad and authenticated history of a useful life lost, a wife widowed, and an only child orphaned, by means of the operations of those miserable delusions, practiced under the name of spiritual knockings or manifestations. The deceased was a printer by trade, and of very steady habits of industry.

Some months ago he lost a daughter, by death, which produced in him a very desponding state of mind. When enervated from this cause, and his previous course of reading such publications as the Spiritual Telegraph, and Mountain Cove Journal, he got introduced into what are called "circle meetings," held in this city, where his mind was so acted upon by charlatanism and imposture, that he was made to believe he would become a seeing "medium," and that then he could hold converse with his beloved child. He would call attention to that part of the testimony of Mrs. Langdon, where she narrates a part of his training for this spiritual communion. It was to be accomplished by his sitting in a dull, stupid mood for an hour each evening—by a disruption of the endearments of his home—by a neglect of his then only child and wife, and by close attention to the meetings of the knockers or rapers, in the various houses named. Let our philosophers and literati, who sanction the visionary theory with their names, ponder upon the effects of their detraction and practices. A hitherto vigorous brain became clouded, and the unhappy mono-maniac ended his existence in a state of insanity, and almost by his own hand.

Coroner Hilton deserves much credit for his patience and perseverance during the inquiry; and we trust that the Grand Jury will take the recommendation appended to the verdict into their most serious consideration, and endeavor to protect our people from such painful influence.

Verdict.—We the Jury, upon our oaths and affirmations say that the deceased, Martin Langdon, came to his death from exhaustion, consequent upon mental excitement, and from a wound, inflicted by himself, upon his throat. We also find that this state of mind was superinduced by his connection with persons calling themselves spiritual media. We also recommend to the Grand Jury to take measures for the suppression of circle meetings at the houses named in the testimony.—N. Y. Herald.

"Sal," cried a girl, looking out of the upper story of a small grocery, and addressing another girl, who was trying to enter at the front door, "we've all been to camp meeting," and been converted; so when you want milk on Sundays, you'll have to come in the back way."