

The Sumter Banner.

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Wm. J. FRANCIS, Proprietor.

"God—and our Fatherland."

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TEMPERANCE.

From the American Temperance Magazine.
The Drunkard's Warning.
BY HON. JOHN BELTON O'NEILL.

That truth is stranger than fiction, has been often said, and is often fully proved in the incidents brought to light by the temperance reform.—The result of intemperance are the tender mercies of cruelty, and when they come to be presented to sober, intelligent, reformed minds, they startle us with their strangeness!

Tragedy depicts imaginary horrors. Love, jealousy, madness are their causes: but of all these, as shadowed forth by the pens of Shakspeare, Dryden, and Kotzebue, are as nothing when compared with the real tragedies produced by intoxicating drink. On altars burn the offerings of every diabolical passion, goaded into tenfold madness! The priest is madness himself, and with *mania a potu* floating above his head, every thing which is horrible may be conceived; and yet the reality is worse.

I have now before me the poetical effusion of a husband and father in South Carolina, whose hands had been imbrued in the life blood of a wife and children, and who had vainly attempted to take his own life!

If it were practicable to stand by his side, in the dark midnight hour of his solitary condemned cell, between the hours of condemnation and execution, and witness the awful throes of a guilty conscience, then, indeed, we should fully realize the sad fate of the drunkard, and know why truth is stranger than fiction! Then we might participate in the ruck numbers of his prison solitude, as fettered he wept over the slain!

"My wife was the idol of my heart,
And I was the idol of her heart;
From her I never thought to part,
Lest I should lose the wife of my heart."
As a mother she was amiable and kind,
I thought her match could not be met.
As a wife to please her husband was her aim,
So well did she know how she was complete.
My children were the ornament of my heart,
They were in number one son and daughter fair.

Those were the prize of my pride and heart,
More than all, they were a complete pair;
But alas! where is this blessed family gone,
Whom the husband and father so much esteems?

To heaven, I hope, their everlasting home,
There to rest in happiness with the redeemed."

In Strobart's Reports, 477, is to be found the case of *The State vs. Reuben Sedlar Stark*. Lawyers, read and understand the awful story of blood which it discloses.

The prisoner is described in the case as "a man under the ordinary size, about thirty years old, of swarthy complexion, black hair, and black eyes!"

"He was charged," says the report, "with having murdered his wife, Julia B. Stark, on the 30th day of January 1847, by striking her on the head with an axe, and cutting her throat with a razor, that he killed his wife and two children in the most shocking manner, was made manifest."

"This was an awful array of guilt! Who was the prisoner? Once a highly respectable man. Blessed with abundance and well informed, he had the promise of usefulness and happiness. His wife, too, was a young and beautiful girl, the daughter of good parents, with every quality to make a husband and family blessed. Two children a son and daughter, smiled upon their love. But drink, strong drink, intoxicating drink, like the thief in the night, stole and destroyed all that was blissful and useful in their home. Property went, character followed, and drunkenness revelled in the ruin which it had wrought!"

The poor criminal, in his prison house tells us!

"I was a man of a quiet mind,
When sober, harmless towards mankind;
But while dipping in the bitter cup of drink,
I came to be of quite a different life."
True! most true! "The bitter cup of strife" was indeed drained by the miserable husband and father to its very dregs. "Home, sweet home," ceased to be so to him. "In the fiery draughts of the poisoned bowl he forgot the toiling wife, the weeping hungry children! "Drunk as usual," was the running commentary on his life! One morning he came with an uplifted axe, creeping towards his wife as she was preparing breakfast for the family, and with one fell blow striking her to the ground, and then, with slow after blow stretching his helpless little ones at his feet, afterwards with a razor cutting the throats of each, and, with his hands warm

with their blood, he applies the instrument of death to his own throat. But God, in his great mercy spared the bloody, drunken wretch! He gave him yet a little longer to live, a little longer to pray. He reserved him for a season that he might die as an example; and that as he stood on the fearful of the gallows, he might warn others, and say to them, in his rudo poetry, "Reform!"

The husband, father and murderer, as far as earth is concerned, expiated his horrible crime. *He died on the gallows!* Wife, children, husband and father, all sleep in graves opened for them by the poisoned bowl.

Over their graves well may we write the words of the drunken husband, father, and murderer:

It is the following up of the intoxicating bowl,
That destroys the pure and damns the soul."

This is a single example, in the fearful annals of crime, of the effects of intoxication. It might be multiplied to almost any extent. For the records of crime, of the prison house, of the judgment-hall, and of the place of execution, are full of drunkenness. Nine-tenths of all the crimes in South Carolina are to be ascribed to this fearful vice!

Yet there is no noted attempt on the part of the people to uproot the cause, and thus destroy the tree of crime!

Would that such a man as Neal Dow, of Maine, could arise among us at the South! Would that some self-sacrificing spirit such as his could stand in our State house, and pointing to the bloody records of crime, to our taverns, grog-shops, restaurants, groceries, holes in the walls, and distilleries, would say to our legislators, in the language of truth: Suppress these pest houses, abolish the sale of intoxicating drinks, make every drop liable to seizure, and then South Carolina will be redeemed, and take her place by the side of Maine!

What a glorious picture does Maine now present! Not a drop of intoxicating drink within her borders; all her people sober; her farms resounding with the songs of industry and peace; her forests falling before the axe of stout and healthy laborers; her streams covered with the rafts of her enterprising people, who seek wealth as the means of happiness, and not to produce drunkenness, misery, and crime; her towns and cities rejoicing in sober intelligence, commerce, and happiness. Crime has comparatively ceased within her borders.

Where, oh, where is the Palmetto State? Mother of my life and affections, where art thou? Hast thou forgotten the high destiny which ought to be thine? Are the live-oaks, the pines, the palmettoes, and the laurels, so high in every breeze as they bend in mourning sadness over the hemlock of the drunkard?—Are their roots always to be nurtured by blood?

God forbid! Up, up my countrymen, to the rescue! *Now is the day—now is the hour!* We seek political freedom, we love it as a priceless treasure. Is it to be found in the sparkling Madeira, the foaming Champagne, or the fiery whiskey? It is a stranger to these friends of darkness. Their companion is the fettered slave. We love reason—it is not to be found in the midnight revel? No, oh no! There is to be seen the blood-shot eye of madness!—We love learning—it is to be found with those who tarry long with the wine cup? Ignorant stupidity is there seen plying drink upon drink? We love wealth—is it to be found in the intoxicating bowl? Rage and poverty are there! We love happiness—is it to be enjoyed in the whirl of drinking pleasures? Misery totters forward and exclaims, *I am here!* We hope to live forever in everlasting happiness—can this be so if drink, intoxicating drink, be followed? The Scriptures answer, "Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revellers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God!"

CURIOUS FACTS FOR MODERATE DRINKERS.—Some object that they drink but a small portion of alcohol and therefore cannot be injured by it. This remark arises from ignorance. One drop of alcohol would fill a tube whose length and diameter are the eighth of an inch. If you decrease the diameter one-half

you must prolong the tube four times, if you wish it contain the same quantity of liquid. This is a mathematical fact, and therefore no conjecture. Well then, go on decreasing the diameter of the tube in question, and prolonging it until you get a capillary as small as the smallest blood vessel in the human body, the tube will be of an astonishing length, demonstrating that one single drop of alcohol, when passed into the minute vessels of the human frame, will be sufficient to cover nearly the whole surface of the body, and consequently, as an inflammatory poison, capable of deranging our health to a very great degree.

What then must be the mischief effected by taking daily a wine-glass or more of this pernicious spirit? To talk of moderation in the use of alcohol is absurd; the only moderation is abstinence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Gala Day in New York—The President's Reception.

Thursday was a great day in New York, and it is estimated that its population was temporarily increased to nearly a million of souls by the great influx of strangers, to witness the reception of President Pierce, and the inauguration of the Crystal Palace.—The Express, of Thursday afternoon says:

Providence has favored us with one of the pleasantest days of the year, and thousands upon thousands of our fellow citizens from near and far points are here to enjoy it. The cars and steamboats, public and private conveyances, have come thronged with people. Many are here from the other side of the Atlantic, many from the shores of the Pacific, and tens of thousands from the more accessible quarters of our own land. We see mingled with the crowds of all nations, Chinese, Germans, Swiss, Italians, and Europeans of every country and tongue. Many of them appear in costume, and add thereby not a little to the grand picture of ceremonies.

The grandest picture of all is the military of the city, who better than any thing else perhaps, in the city, represent the varied character of our people. Every country of Europe now has its military representation here. There are out regiments of Irish and Germans; companies of Scotch and Italians; Veterans of 1814; Mexican volunteers of 1848; all sorts of military, and all sorts of conditions of people.

The city between 6 and 10 o'clock in the morning, was thronged with the military, moving to and fro, and in the brazen morning looked busier, merrier, and gay than we have ever seen it before. The cavalry, with their highly colored plumes and uniform made a dashing appearance in marching from and into quarters. So did the infantry with their full ranks and neat soldierly appearance. Union Park, Astor Place, the Lower Park, the Battery, were the prominent places for meeting in the morning.

As the steamboat Josephine, gaily decked with flags, having the President and suite on board, neared the Battery, the air resounded with the *boom* of the immense multitude assembled on the Battery, and on the vessels in the harbor, added to which the deafening roar of the cannon, made the scene a very impressive one.

In reply to an address of welcome by Mayor Westervelt, President Pierce made an eloquent speech, during which he was frequently interrupted by the plaudits of the immense audience.

After a review of the troops, the President on horseback, escorted by a military staff, proceeded in line toward the Crystal Palace.

At 12 o'clock, as the grand procession was moving up Broadway, a most important and heavy shower came pattering down upon the head of the President, and upon the Secretaries, the bright uniforms and dashing plumes of the staff and the military. Broadway was lined and thronged with men, women, and children, and the instant scattering of "horse, foot and dragoons" was such as if legions of Cossacks had suddenly made a charge on them. The military, even, did not "stand fire" in all cases, but in many broke up the procession, and fled under arms, into shops, houses, &c.—The brilliant throngs of spectators fled in all directions for shelter. The shower lasted about 15 minutes, when the procession reformed as well as possible, but much of it was wet dripping or draggled.

SCENE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The great centre of attraction, the Crystal Palace, was the scene of much excitement all day, and spectacle presented, in that neighborhood, was one of the most stirring character. [Not-

ing like it was ever seen in New York before.

From early morning immense crowds of people came pouring in from the lower part of the city, from Brooklyn, Williamsburg, and the country round about. Every kind of vehicle was put in requisition, and every means and mode of conveyance seemed to have more business on hand than it could accomplish. The Sixth, Eighth and Third avenue, and the Harlem cars, were crowded to suffocation, almost, and the various lines of omnibuses were full, both inside and out. The hacks were extensively pressed into the service, and so were private carriages—driving hither and thither—but all shaping their course to the common focus up town.

Towards noon the main avenues leading to the Palace—especially Broadway and the Bowery—presented a lively scene. "All creation" seemed to have turned out in holiday attire, *en masse*—some to gain the most advantageous position to see the President and the procession, as they marched along the route, but the greater number *en route* for the World's Fair.

In the interior of the Palace, the spectacle at about twelve o'clock, was most animated. People came crowding in, through the several entrances, in hundreds, all eager to get possession of the seats nearest the platform, in the centre, the place assigned to the distinguished visitors. The special police, however, managed to maintain admirable order, and though the crowd grew denser and denser every minute, no confusion to speak of was visible.

Workmen were busy in different departments of the edifice, unpacking and arranging goods. Boxes containing many of the foreign contributions were piled up in some of the wings mountain high, and it is not expected that they will be arranged for a week or a fortnight yet to come.

The colossal statue of Daniel Webster, and the equestrian statue of Washington, which attracted names, naturally attracted the same attention. The crowd seemed, indeed, to gather the thickest at this particular point.

The general feeling in regard to the Palace itself, among the people, so far as we could ascertain, was one of pride and satisfaction. The edifice itself seemed to have surpassed, in grandeur, beauty and extent, the anticipations of every body.

Thus much for the interior of the Palace. The "scenes" outside were neither so pleasing, nor so easily described. The sidewalks of the Sixth avenue looked like one solid mass of human beings, men, women, and children, some standing, and some sitting—some in horizontal attitudes, on stoops and piazzas, and many crouching upon awning posts and the eaves of the houses above. These were the "masses" who had no tickets of admission, and could not get in, but they seemed to enjoy, even under a brilliant sun an outside look at the Palace, quite as much as the more fortunate fortunate inside.

The hundred and one rare shows in the vicinity were driving a profitable business. Bands of music were stationed in front of almost every door, to attract the stranger. Nearly all the wonders of the world were advertised, within the circuit of a quarter of a mile, and to see what was to be seen, kept the crowd in continual commotion. But everything nevertheless seemed to go on orderly enough.

THE INAUGURATION CEREMONIES.

The *coup d'œil*, the spectacle was magnificent, inside the Palace, beyond anything ever before seen in this country. The vast multitude present beamed with the greatest propriety and decorum.

It was 2:12 o'clock when Gen. Pierce, at the head of the procession, reached the Palace. His entrance was greeted by a perfect outburst of applause from the 10,000 spectators—men rose to their feet and raised their hats, and thousands of fair hands waved their handkerchiefs. The President, during the cheering, was conducted to the seat intended for him, on the platform.

On the platform of the invited guests were a large number of men, distinguished and well known in all professions and occupations of life, than we have ever before seen in New York. The Governor of Georgia, Hon. Howell Cobb, was present; U. S. Senators Brodhead, of Pennsylvania, Chase, of Ohio, and J. S. Miller, of New Jersey, and Ex-Senator Preston, of S. C., were seen.

Chief and prominent among all was Major Gen. Winfield Scott, with his arm in a sling, and apparently yet suffering from his unlucky fall. The army and navy were largely represented, and among the officers were Major General Wool and staff, Major General Henderson, and Commodore Sloat. Lord Ellesmere and suite, the Representative of British Industry,

was present: Major Gen. Quitman, of Mississippi, was also present.

Bishop Wainwright was dressed in his canonicals, and made a very venerable appearance. The clergy of this city and the surrounding country, of all denominations, were present in large numbers.

After the opening prayer by the Rev. Bishop Wainwright, the following anthem (composed for the occasion) was sung by the New York Sacred Harmonic Society, accompanied by the National Guard Band, and members of other Societies:

Here, where all climes their offering send,
Before Thy presence, Lord, we bend,
And for Thy smile and blessing pray,
For thou dost sway the tides of thought,
And hold the issues in Thy hand,
Of all that human toil has wrought,
And all that human skill has planned.

Thou lead'st the restless Power of Mind
O'er destiny's untrodden field,
And guid'st him, wandering bold, but blind,
To mighty ends not yet revealed.

Theodore Sedwick, Esq., President of the Association, then arose and remarked in substance as follows:

He first returned thanks to the President for attending the inauguration.—He was glad that the exhibition had secured the support and approbation of our own government, though mainly relying upon its own energies. He paid a compliment to Daniel Webster, (pointing to his statue near him,) who among the first, had lent his influence and name to this enterprise. (Cheers.) He then dwelt upon the importance of bringing before the American people the genius and industry of the Old World—inasmuch as the exhibition of them would diffuse like taste among our own people.

To this address President Pierce replied as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen: I return you my most warm and cordial thanks for the honor you have done me. I come to be present at the inauguration of this building, and to express the respect I entertain for this great industrial exhibition, designed and calculated to promote all that belongs to the interests of our country. You, sir, and the gentlemen associated with you, have laid claim in all that you have done to thanks that will be enduring.

Whatever short-comings you have spoken of, may be, but I can only say they appear not here, and so far as I have learned, they appear not at all. Everything around us reminds us that this is a utilitarian age, and that science, instead of being locked up, appears before the admiration of the world, and has begun to be tributary to the arts, manufactures, agriculture, and all that promotes social comfort. (Applause.) Sir, if you had achieved no other object but that you have done in bringing together citizens from all parts of this Union, you would have fulfilled, perhaps, one of the most important missions that can be imposed upon any of us in the way of strengthening the Union.

Sir, you have done more. You have nobly alluded to it. Your exhibition has brought here men eminent in almost every walk of life, from every civilized country on the face of the globe. And this you have done more, perhaps, than any of us in promoting that great object dear to you, dear to me, dear to my venerable friend near me, (alluding to Bishop Wainwright) to promote peace among men. (great applause.) Sir, I have not the voice to address you and return you my thanks again for the honor you have done me. I must conclude.

The President's Address was in very good taste, and was well received. Three hearty cheers were given him, when he closed his remarks. He was dressed in black, with a black neckerchief, and spoke in black kid gloves. His mode of delivery was very effective, and he was quite well heard all over the assembly.

A note worthy incident of the day was the appearance of Archbishop Hughes and Bishop Wainwright on the platform. They shook hands with each other with a seeming cordiality that challenged many remarks on the part of the lookers-on. They were also introduced to President Pierce, as were likewise Lord Ellesmere, and a number of other distinguished strangers. The President, immediately after the ceremonies, returned to his quarters at the Astor House.

INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.

President Pierce, soon after leaving the building, was overtaken by Gen. Scott, and the two had an interesting interview, the crowd, in the meantime, cheering them alternately.

The building, although not over 10,000 persons were present at the inauguration, is capable of holding nearly 30,000. During the day, \$60,847 were contributed for the Washington National Monument.

Thirteen nations are represented in the Exhibition, besides British Guiana and the British North American colonies.

Assumption of State Debts.

We lately published a letter of Gen. Sumter's while a member of Congress in 1789. The following from Judge Burke, one of his colleagues, alludes to that letter, and gives the votes in the Congress of 1789, against the assumption of the debts of the States by the General Government. It will be seen that Gen. Sumter was the only one of our delegation who voted against that measure.

NEW YORK, 27th April, 1790.

DEAR SIR—I enclose a few papers for your perusal; they will convey to you but little news, for we are rather barren of news. Going on four months, Congress has been engaged in the business of the revenue. The assumption of the State debts by the United States, has taken up much time and attention. The States against that measure, are, Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia (except one member, Col. Bland) Maryland, 6 members of Pennsylvania, 2 of Jersey, and 3 members of New York. The question on the Assumption is lost. South Carolina voted for it, except Gen. Sumter. I expect some will try to make a run against Sumpter for it. I respect the General for acting agreeably to his conscience and judgment—he may be right, and we wrong for ought any one can tell; for the effects and consequences that flow from it, are in the womb of futurity, and God alone can foresee them. The General thinks the measure would ruin the State Governments—he reasons judiciously on it. My motives in supporting the assumption are such, as it would not do to declare in the House. In the first place, if the States are left to pay their debts, (our State or instance) our interests will come to nothing, and I have no idea the people will ever willingly be taxed to make 20 shillings in the pound to the speculator, for what cost him 78 pence. This will injure the State credit, and make the creditors bitter enemies to the State; they will form a phalanx, abuse the Legislature, excite hatred against it, embarrass its affairs, and work mischief in every way. I think it better policy to throw the odium of such a disappointment on the General Government even were the debts assumed. Besides, should the Union sever, which, in case of Washington's death or resignation, is not impossible, Carolina, unnumbered with her State debt, would be like a soldier, with a light knapsack, having only his arms to carry, could march easily and take care of himself. I think the national debt of America is so enormous—through the necessities and profusion of the day, I have no idea that the nominal amount of it will be ever paid, to the few speculators that hold the securities. There must be a failure, in my opinion—and I would rather the Continent should bear the blame and loss of credit and character, than a particular State; for I argue with respect of our own.

So they are going (I hear) to ruin Columbia, and carry the Government back again. I am afraid the thing will be effected; for they have only to throw things into confusion, excite discontent, and above all, divide you, and gain over some of yourselves. However, I tread, on forbidden ground at present.

It mortified your friends here to find to Legislature had resolved to take no compensation.—Were I an enemy to a Republican Government, and were I bent on throwing all authority out of the hands of the people, to a few wealthy families, and confine it there, the first thing I would do would be to pass a vote that the members should take no pay. That single stroke would establish a revolution in Carolina, to the ruin of the popular interest. The thing is quite plain, and yet how it passed at Columbia, God above knows.

How came it that our Assembly did not pass an Act for the election of Representatives to Congress? Or are you to meet in the Fall, or before Christmas? If the State does not do it, Congress must pass an Act for you. I shall make one remark herein. If the people do not produce a few men who will attend to the business of the Government, and understand it, and attend also to

the business of the General Government, or at least to see from time to time, what they are about, if this be not done, what little power or weight the people have, will slip through their fingers.

Young Mr. Pickens, Tom and James Taylor's sons are to dine with me to-day. They are really fine genteel youths. I cannot tell you what pleasure I took to see and converse with them, and what hopes I form, that our country will soon abound with such.

Show this letter, or send it to my worthy friend John Hampton—with the papers after you have read them. He knows well my friendly regard for him; remember me to my friend Wade. I am only sorry I cannot write to every one of my friends. Farewell with sincere regard,

I am yours,

Æ. BURKE.

RICHARD HAMPTON,
P. S. I have been reading Mrs. Timothy's papers, and they are enough to give one the heartache to see ruin hanging over so many families. May the creditors and lawyers have mercy on the poor people. Farewell!

INQUIRIES ABOUT SHANGHAI.—A Mohawk farmer writes to an agricultural editor that the "hen fever" rages some up that way, and inquires: "Now, what do you think of the variety called *Shank-highs*, whose name don't belie them? I tell my wife they have no body at all, and that when the head is cut off the legs come right apart! Am I right? Neighbor Buckingham's wife says they're the bestest chickens to lay on earth, and that they sit and lay both at once! I don't believe it—it's contrary to nature. I think they only resemble a hen, as it were, and—Jerusalem, how can their things set? my jack-knife can set as well as they can."

"I tell you, Mr. Editor, they put things out of joint too, dreadfully. When Buckingham's wife got her *Shank-highs* home the other day, old Kink happened to hear the rooster crow the first time, and not knowing anything about the matter, summoned half the hands on the place to come and help get the old blink-eyed mule out of the crib. Old Kink says, 'daddy don't sit on do-roost same as other chickens nollow; but dey sits straddle of do stick, cause why, when dey temps to sit same as a common chicken do head ain't heavy 'nuff for de legs, and dey falls off backwards. Correct prospect that!"

They sit when they eat, I know, for I've seen 'em do it; and I've seen 'em try to eat standing, but 'twas no go, for when they peck at a grain of corn on the ground, they don't morn half reach it, but the head bobs right between their legs, making them turn a complete somerset. May be they're like swung cats, worse than they look, and that's bad enough, any how. 'Tis as soon as a pair of tongs or compasses walking about the yard as these *Shank-highs*. And I had like to have forgot to tell you that Pete says they're big liars, 'cause dey crows long time fore day in the mornin' when 'tain't day; but Kink says don't let dat der legs is so long, dey see daylight long time fore common chicken."

A SINGLE MAN.—"Fanny Fern says, 'if there was but one woman in the world, the men would have a terrible time.' Fanny's right; but we would ask her what she'd do if there was but one man in existence?"—*Exchange.*

What kind of a time would they have? Why, of course no grass would grow under their slippers! The "Wars of Rome," the battles of Waterloo and Bonaparte, would be a farce to it. Black eyes would be the rage, and both caps and characters would be torn to tatters. I imagine they'd not be much of a miller, but either to the moving rans of the disturbance. He would be as crazy as a fly in a drum, or as dizzy as a bee in a ten acre lot of honey-suckles, uncertain where to light. He'd roll his bewildered eyes from one exquisite organization to another, and frantically and diplomatically exclaim—"How happy would I be with either wot'er other charmer away!"

"What kind of a time would the women have? Were there only one man in the world?"

"Why, they'd resort to arms of course! What is that to me? They might 'take their own time,' every 'Miss Lucy' of 'em, for all I should care; and so might the sad man himself, for with me the limited supply would not increase the value of the article."

FANNY FERNS.