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. W. J. FRANCIS, PROPRIETOR. 3

"God—and one Pattic Land."

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## THE SUMTER BANNER.

Every Wednesday Morning BY W. J. FRANCIS.

THE BE VES,

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MIRCELLANEOUR.

## THE SOLDIER'S THE REST.

It is now many years since the first attalion of the 17th Regiment of Foot under orders to embark for Indiathat far distant land, where so many of our brave countrymen have fallen few have slept in what soldiers call the bed of glory'—were assembled in the barrack-yard of Chatham to be inspected previously to their passing on board the passports, which lay moored in the Downs.

It was scarcely daylight, when the merry drum and fife were heard over all parts of the town, and the soldiers were seen sallying forth from their quarters, to join the, ranks, with their bright firelocks on their shoulders, and their knapsacks and canteens fastened to their backs by belts as white as

Each soldier was accompanied by some friend or acquaintance—or by somes. With a deeper title of

weeping and his filer as setabled groups. ad battallion was to remain in Eng. at, and the greater portion of the civision were present to bid fare well to their old companions in arms. But among the husbands and wives,

uncortainty as to their destiny prevailret -for the lots were still to be drawn the lots that were to decide which of the women should accompany the regiment, and which should remain behind Ten of each company were to be taken, and chance was to be the only arbitratora. Without noticing what passed elsewhere, I confined my attention to that company which was commanded by my friend, captain Ledon, a brave and excellent officer, who, I

am sure has no more than myself for

gotten the scene to which I refer. The women had gathered around the flag-scrgeant who held the lots in his cap-ten of them marked " to go" and all the others containing the fatal words "to remain," It was a moment of dreadful suspense, and never have I seen the extreme of anxiety so power. fully depicted in the countenances of human beings as in the features of each of the soldiers' wives who composed the group. One advanced and drew her ticket; it was against her, and she retreated sobbing. Another; she succeeded; and giving a loud huzza, ran off to the distant ranks to embrace her husband. A third came forward with hastening steps; tears were already chasing each other down her cheeks, and there was an unnatural paleness on her interesting and youthful countenance. She put her small hand into the sergeant's cap, and I saw by the rise and fall of her bosom, even more than her looks revealed. She unrolled the paper, looked upon it, and with a deep groan fell back and fainted. So intense was the auxiety of every person present, that she remained unnoticed, until the tickets had been drawn, and the greater part of the women had left the spot. I then looked round and beheld her supported by her husband who was kneeling on the ground gazing on her face, and drying her fast falling tears with his coarse handkerchief, and now and then press ing it to his own manly cheek.

Captain Ledon advanced towards

I am sorry, Henry Jenkins," said "that fate has been against you; but bear up and be stout "hearted." "I am, Capain," said the soldier, as

he looked up, and passed his rough hand accross his face, " but 'tis a hard thing to part from a wife, and she soon to be a mother."

& O, Captain !" sobbed the young woman, "as you are both a husband and a father, do not take

and looking up in his face exclaiming, "Oh! leave me to my only hope, at least till God has given me another; and repeated in heart rending accents, "O take me with him?"

The gallant officer was himself in tears - he knew that it was impossible to grant the poor woman's petition without creating much discontent in his company, and he gazed upon them with that feeling with which a good man always regards the sufferings he cannot alleviate.

At this moment, a smart young soldier stepped forward, and stood before the Captain with his hand to his

And what do you want my good ellow?" said the Captain. "My name is John Carty, please

your honor, an I belong to the second battalion."

" And what do you want here?" "Only, yer honor," said Carty, scratching his head, "that poor man and his wife are now sorrow hearted at parting, I'm thinking."

" Well, and what then ?" - "Why yer honor, they say Pm a a likely lad, and I know I'm fit for service—and if your honor would only let that poor fellow take my place in victims to the climate, and where so Captain Bond's company, and let me take his place in yours-why, ver honor would make two poor things happy, and save the life of one of em I'm thinking."

Captain Ledon considered for a few moments, and directing. he young hishman to remain where he was proreeded to his brother officers' quarters. He soon made arrangements for the exchange of soldiers, and returned to the place where he had left them.

"Well, John Carty," said he, "you go to Bengal with me; and you, Henry Jenkins remain at home with your

" Thank yer hor or," said John Car. ty again touching his cap has a work.

you enplain! I he soldier as he pressed his vate are to his bosom. Oh, bless han forever!' said the wife: "bless him with prosperity and a hap-py heart!—bless his wife, and bless his children;" and again she fainted.

The officer, wiping a tear from his eye, and exclaiming, "May you never yout a friend, when I am far away from you -you, my good lad, and -gor annialde and loving wife!" pass ed on to the company, while the hap-py coulde went in scarch of John Car-

About twelve months since, as two boys were watching the sheep confided to their charge, upon a wide heath in the county of Somerset, their attention was attracted by a soldier, who walked along apparently with much fatigue, and at last stopped to rest his wearied limbs beside the old finger post, which at one time pointed out the way to the neighboring villages: but which now afforded no information to the traveller, for age had rendered it useless.

The boys were gazing upon him with much; curiosity, when he beckoned them towards him, and inquired the way to the village of Elderby. The eldest, a fine, intelligent lad, about twelve years of age, pointed to the path, and inquired if he was going to any particular house in the vill-

"No, my little lad." said the soldier. but it is on the high road to Frome. and I have friends there: but, in truth I am very wearied, and perhaps may find in your village, some persons who may befriend a poor man, and look to God for a reward."

"Sir," said the boy, "my father was a soldier many years ago, and he dearly loves to look upon a red coat, you may best got a welcome.

"And you can tell us stories about the foreign parts," said the younger lad a find chubby-checked fellow, who, with his watch-coat thrown carelessly over his shoulders, and his crook in his right hand, had been minutely examining every portion of the soldier's dress. The boys gave instruction to the intelligent dog, who, they said, would take good care of the sheep during their absence; and in a few moments the soldier and his young and sprightly compenions reached the gate of a flourishing farm house, which had all the external tokens of prosperity and happiness. The young boy trotted a few paces before to give his parents notice that they had invited a stranger to rest beneath their hospitable roof and the soldier had just crossed the threshold of the door when he was received by a joyful ery of recognition

rom his old friends, Henry Jenkins this wife; and he was welcomed as brother to the dwelling of those, who all probability were indebted to him their present enviable station.

is unnecessary to pursue this stoarthan to add, that John Carty long at Flderby farm; and arter.

that at the expiration of it, his discharge was purchased by his grateful friends. Cast thy bread upon the waters, said the wise man, aud it shall be returned to thee after many days.

TRUE AND TOUCHING INCIDENT .- The New Orleans Delta gives the following: An official, on All-Sarats' Day, are rayed himself in his best apparel, and at the request of his wife, called a carriage to visit the cemeteries. The husband, be it premised knew that his beloved, ere he married her, was a wid ow. As soon as they entered the gate of the said City of Silence, a shade of melancholy passed over the lady's face, and clinging to her husband's arm, she went to a tomb, at which she knelt, and prayed for the repose of her "dear dead husband's soul," Tears flew plentifully; but the living husband, though he felt a little mortified at the strong affection which his little obelisk, indicating one of those wife showed for her first love, now sleeping the eternal sleep, still for- owy, and time defying trees grow up. gave the outburst, and hurried her from the spot. Soon, however, she knelt before another tomb, and again uttered a touching orison for the repose of the soul of her "dear dead husband," whose holy dust there found a resting place.

The husband thought that was a litthe more than he had bargained for; that long cpic on heroic perseverance but he said nothing, though grave were and 'divine curiosity' which tells the his reflections, as he again led his wife from a spot which awakened such sad remembrances. He had not gone sad remembrances. He had not gone knelt, and then prayed as before the repose of her "dear dead husband's soul!" The husband could stand it soul! The husband could stand it and aftered an unexcusable "I was delighted to see, in the Mar vous your pervading influ-Ere the accusing spirit had flown to heaven's chancery with the orth, the the accusing spirit had flown to heaven's chancery with the orth, the the bis of the wife were reached to see, in the Markening impact of the wife were reached to see, in the Markening impact of the spirit had flown to t

s the air of putrifaction, Speed to all the perils of con- ing whether the poor girls had not a View Jim in the practice of simmering tea-pot for their use. Dr. his difficult art which he has acquired Johnson certainly must have believed at the risk of his lite! He saves or so, though he loved the Muses, he lovcures his patient; it is the result of charge, or else it is alleged that it is nature, nature alone, that cures disease and that the physician is only useful; for form sake--Then, consider the er could accomplish. Lonce got the mortification he has to undergo when Duke of Weilington his conflishers. mortification he has to undergo when he sees unblushing ignorance win the success which is denied to his learning and talents, and you will acknowledge that the trials of the physician are not and that row of houses in with surpassed in any other business of life.

There is mother evil the honorable physician has to contend with-a hidcous and devouring evil, commenced by the world, and seemingly forevermore destined to be an infliction upon humanity. This evil is Quackery, which takes advantage of that deplorable instinct which actually seeks falsehood; and prefers it to truth. How often do we see the shameless and ignorant speculator arrest the public attention, and attain fortune, while neglect, obscurity and poverty are the portion of the modest practioner, who has embraced the profession of medicine with conscientiousness, and cultivates it with dignity and honor.

Prof. Carnochan. "Poor Fellow! I'm Sorrow for him." Did you know him when he was not rpoor fellow; when all that makes life dear, surrounded him happy sure present-a golden future was his tence and his prophetic destin now the cloud of adversity he ped his hopes-calamity, ever produced by his own indisc. ise the mildest term, has over him in its dark embrace, and poor fellow! These words wer ed by a party of gay young me the counter of one of our palace of ing saloons while they supped fragrant "punch," referring to or had once been their boon comand with them then a clever (ii) to him the bowl contained tion irresistible, and he fell. a noble big hearr-though all himself-spent his substance upon just such cold-blooded things as now exclaim "Poor fellow, we pity him!"

Jim says there is no place like home except the home of the girl you are Literature.

Letter from Dr. Lieber in Lieut. Maury on International Uniformity

of Measure, The following letter having been submitted to our perusal, we have the satisfaction—with the consent of the writer—of presenting—to our read ers. The graceful and happy manner in which an important subject is handled, and the personal 'courtesies, remind us of an older day in literature:

mind us of an older day in literature:

Literary World.

"Columbia, S. C., 16th November,
1853.—My dear Matry—I am now ready, but by no means desirous of returning to you the copy of the 'Maritime Conference' which you kindly sent me—ready because on it is written 'Licat. M. J. Maury's own,'

Ly no means desirous because that -by no means desirous, because that copy is to me a memer to, a cairn, a acorn events from which broad, shad-You twelve men as you are sitting round the table at Brussels, represented the effect of a long chain of civiliz ing facts, and the germs of many new spreading and lasting ones. It falls in my note on page 61, vol ii., of Civil Liberty and Self-Government. The World's Fair in 1851; the closing of

seem by your outing as comes for the international cause of civilization and science, than the dequisition of a process.—If we sample the life of the practicing physician, we find it gil.

You have indelibly a tacked your ded and shiring on the surface, but he name to a great cause, and others have neath the spangles, how much pair and carved your name in never melting ice. hardship! The practicing physician up there, even above the name of Welis one of the marty's of modern societing to be dead of the marty's of modern societing to the driefs have the cup of bitteness, and emptionally and his reward is but too often injustice and ingratitude. He wish his youthful years in the expension of the year, with snow on Mount items of the year, with snow on Mount items, and the year, with snow on Mount items, the year in the East India waters that are provided in the year, with snow on Mount items, the year is the year, with snow on Mount items, the year is the year, with snow on Mount items, the year is the year, with snow on Mount items, the year is the year, with snow on Mount items, the year is the year, with snow on Mount items, the year is the year, with snow on Mount items, the year is the year, with snow on Mount items, the year is the year, with snow on Mount items, the year is the year, with snow on Mount items, the year is the year, with snow on Mount items, the year is the year, with snow on Mount items, the year is the year, with snow on Mount items, the year is the year, with year is the year, year is the year is the year. is using investigation of anatomy; he that sacred spots afrom a hint of rub and is bish in Corinth, I could not help think

> so, though he loved the Muses, he lov. this tea no less. Your name being whe map above that of Wellington methat I once areceded in . aher Soult nor Napoleon ev-

> I was invited to a break in London, and being behind my ting down that lane hetween 'cr. on L.

ers, the veteran poet, lives. Walking briskly down the somewhat, inclined plane, I harriedy turned the corner, when I ran against an old gentlemen, and made him/stagger for a moment. They your Lindship's pardon,' Lexclaimed, for I brecognised at once the Duke of Wellington, and saw that I had actually baken the hero of Great Britain. 'Nothing, nothing,' he mamided, and waked on.

"I am very glad that your Maritime Congress willlead to the adoption of a uniform thermometer. At least, it is to be hoped that it will be so, It is a downright shame that the Eu repides, with the religion and one al phabet, one Jumeric notation, one mathematical language, one music, one dress, one confity, one science, one architecture, on taste in the fine arts one love of effect, one international law, one comilerce one rigging, one traing for liberty, one fishion, one

tre, one organization of armies, and miform things-that these same from ies should worry one anothe h different longitudes, different therometers, different veights, coins and miles. Soon after this veturned from my pilgrimage to the crystal Merca in London, it became known that there would be a curplus. I proposed, in a letter to the London Times, that this sum towards which all nations had contributed, might be invested in the spirit in which it had been contributed, by the establishing of an international society for the promotion of uni form measure (in all branches) and uniform postage. I proposed even a blan, but the letter was mover published. suppose the editors thought-what good can come from America? 1 knowithe task would be no easy one;

Columbus knocked in vain at many a put finely powdered salt on the candle door, but he discovered America nevertheless, and in a crazy c aft too. We ought to remember the spider of Bruce and the ant of Timoor; that Rome was not built in one day, and parliamentary reform was carried on after a hundred failures. What in worldly point of ciew had Christ done when he expired on Golgotha? Ear less than Mahomet. He had taught twelve poor amknown men, and one even of that number turned a traitor. It is destruction and relapse that are quick. All rearing is slow. It takes centuries to develop the majestic oak but our lightening shatters it into fragments in one second. Modern civilization does not fight under the proud letters S. P. Q. R., but under the letters P. P. P.

Patience, Prudence and Persever " in uniformizing measures (let the word pass,) we only carry on a process which has been going on for cen turies. In those periods, when tribes and districts were not yet nationalized, each patch of land, each town, even different trades and detailed branches of commerce, had-their own laws and measures. Many traces of this disjunetive state of things can be found to this day, in every arithmetic of England and of the United States; and in Hamburg von will find different yards for silk, woolen, and cotton goods. Why does not our annual meeting of scientific men to something toward this uniformiting and put itself in contact, for this propose, with the corresponding meetings in England? You have seen, no doubt that there is an active movement lath, pland to bring about a decimal standar 1 of coins.
"I think it is in Humboh's 'Aspect

Nature,' translated by Mrs. Sabine, that the trans after says the foises and entigea hydometer have been retaine to assure greater accuracy. I not the really p lycharces state accuracy. A dimension with a state of Fahr obig... while his country mer, have ton

given it up? "I was told in New York that the necomplished mechanist, Whitworth. sent over by the British Government to the great exhibition in that city, orged his favorite idea that screws should be made by like patterns all over the world, so that an inch serew, for want it may be, of a screw of a cortain size. Serews purporting to be of that size, are for sale, but they will not fit, and none can be made on board What can be done? Why, let off the

steam and crawl along by wind. Whit by's uniformity would remedy this. But you are a sailor, and although sailors like an occasional long yarn they are known to be fond of verbal yarus only. I cut short my epistolary

" Let me know whether I ought to return your copy of the Maratime Conference. Ever yours. "FRANCIS LIEBER."

Pressure A Wife.—Is there not something vary touching, very tender, and very true, in the reflections which ensue? They are from an English journal. In comparison will the loss

wite, all other bereavements sink into

nothing. The wife-she who fills so large a sphere in the domestic heaven: she who is busied, so unweariedly, in laboring for the precious ones around her-bitter, bitter is the tear that falls upon her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars glittered over head. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your hand may have unwittingly planted. Her noble, tender heart, lies open to Your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead! The dear head that lay upon your bosom, rests in the still dark, ness, upon a pillow of clay. The hards that have ministered so untiringly, are folded, white and cold, beneath gloomy portals. The heart, whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her with tears, shaking the dew, from their petals, that the verand beautiful.

TO MAKE A CANBLE FURN ALL NIGHT. I remember of seeing some years since in an agricultural work, now out of print, an article on Economy in Candles," which may be new and use.

The danger of disturbance becoming ful to many of our readers. "When serious, the captains of the police, as in case of sickness, a dult light is whose wards were more immediately

till it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be had through the night, by a small piece of candle."

Ercuble in New York.

There is a great excitement in New York just at this time on the subject of what is called "street-preaching," or rather the fanatical denunciation and abuse of religious sects, involving the question of Protestanism vs. Roman Catholicism—and in consequence of the dangerous and threating aspect of things in connection with it, the mayor, of the city, on Friday evening, thought proper to issue a proclamation counselling the people of the city to refrain from discussions in the public thoroughfares, by which the passions or the prejudices of others might be aroused, and not to attend, particularly on Sandays, any assemblages in any public place or street, the consequences of which may be a breach of the peace. Archbishop Hughes also addressed the Catholics of the city through the press, exhorting them to behave themselves quietly, and not to go near the assemblies which are gathered to listen to men of the stamp complained of, but if any attempt should be made on their persons or property as Catholics, to resist it gal-

That our readers may have a fair understanding of this matter, its origin and history, and the circumstances under which the mayor and Bishop Hughes act, we amex from the Commercial Advertiser, of Saturday evening, an avowed Protestant journal, the following:

The mayor's proclamation, which we published yesterday and republished to day with some typographical errors corrected, was made expedient, if not indeed necessary. By a state of excitement in the city deeply to be regreten. The origin of that excitement is known to many only if general terms; and it is desirable that fuller particulars should be placed-before the community. We have been at some pains to procure full and impartial information on the subject, and flatter ourselves that we can throw some light upon it. We shall, at least, candidly

endeavor to do so. The following facts are derived from high and competent authority: Some weeks ago an Englishman. (not Mr. Parsons) commenced public or street lectures against Romanism.-He was but a recently arrived emi-

hose unruly youths who infest the city gathered around while he was speaking, tipped over the plank, called a platform, on which he stood. This rudeness excited some laughter, but the police restored order, and replaced the speaker on the stand. Subsequent- black,) and scrupulously neat, his hair ly he removed the theatre of his operations to Abingdon Square, where he violently denounced Romanists in offensive language, virtually asserting personal appearance goes, there is no that the Sisters of Charity were the most unchaste of women, that nuncries | the man with pride. were the brothels, and that Romish priests frequented them for lewd purposes, & &c.; and denounced the police (some of whom were present to preserve order) as Jesuits in the pay of that day; is a constant attendent on the Romish priesthood. The whole passed over quietly, however, being favor of sound morals and religion is interespect only by laughter, ironical strong and decided. The appearance

on the following Handay. At this point, ben ver, a secret go ciety of young men, organized onlimated "Native American" principles, but not of a religious character certainly, took comisance of the mater ter. The incongrupusness of their supporting one whose foreign Firth and education were so pulpable, led to a change in the person of the lecturer .-The London gentleman was set aside, and Mr. Parsons, who is we believe, not a native American, was put in his el or instruction, by philosophy or stand,—This gentleman has been class vanity nor is public hay piness to ed as a clerge man. But this, we bethough an estimate citize, is not, by any mode of ordination, a chaister of the Gospel. He is a porter we understand, in a mercantile house, the mane villages, in the shops and farms; and of the firm baving been given to us .-The style of his addresses, where informed, is very similar to that of the Edglishman above mentioned. While indulging in these strong phrases, he was kindly informed by the police that he must not pursue that course, as it dure around her may be kept green | would lead probably to a breach of the peace. He claimed, in reply, that he had a license thus to discourse in the public streets, granted to him by the late Mayor. On further inquiry, how-

serious, the captains of the police, but this is only an additional reason as in case of sickness, a dult light is whose wards were more immediately it is the thing why we should begin stirring at once. wished, or when matches are mislaid, affected by these proceedings; represented the people,

ented the case to Mayor Wastervelt, who revoked whatever license Mr. Parsons possessed. The much talked of arrest at the foot of Third street was rather a removal of Mr. Parsons from the scene of a threatened disturbance than aught else. No intention of incarceration was entertained. Capt. Squiers had been apprised that Mr. Parsons had no license, and was ordered by the Mayor to take the step he did, because the Mayor believed that the speaker was violating the city or dinauces. The error was promptly corrected, and the inconvenience suffered by Mr. Parsons was too insignificent to be a matter of serious com-plaint under the circumstances. Mayor Westervelt's reply to the crowd who surrounded his house was worthy, of the Chief Masistrate of the city.—
"Gentlemen," said he, in substance "If Mr. Parsons has been illegally removed, or is illegally held, the law will right and release him; but if the proper tribunal adjudges otherwise, though you were a million, I will up-hold and enforce the law." Mr. Parsons was discharged, and with subsequent proceedings our readers are fa-

## President Pierce at & Church.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Presbyterian gives a description of President Pierce at church, a few Sabbaths since, which will be recognised as strictly true, not only as to the par-ticular Sabbath referred to, but of every Sabbath, by a large number of the citizens of Washington. We copy the letter, that our readers abroad may know the personal habits of the chief magistrate, and that they amay know how to appreciate the late calumnies upon his moral character. The letter runs as follows: - Washington Union.

"The Rev. Mr. Baird, of South Carcolina prombed a plain, carnest distinguished in the afernoun I attended at the same place. The President of the United States, although evidently not expected by the congregation, was present at this second service, he being a stated hearer elsewhere. There was a simple majesty, in my own mind, very impressive, in the fact that the chief magistrate of this mighty nation should thus come alone and unattended to the house of God, and sit down among the humblest of the people, so unostentatiously, that it was impossible for me, a stranger, to single him out. He was pointed out to me as he retired; and he grant from London, as was inferred went as he came-and I believe withfrom his manifest "cockneyism." On the second or third occasion some of ling with the throng on the sidewalk as he wended his way back to the white House.

"President Pierce is a refined, polished looking man; and his countenance is indicative of great sagacity and decision. His dress was plain, (simple arranged in the most perfect order: In person he is, I should judge, about five feet ten inches high. So far as American who would not look upon

"I am told that he is a careful observer of the Sabbath; refuses to receive visiters, and refuses to look into any correspondence or other bulsness on public worship and his influence here in the close of head fewers the speaker annoused his internal of repeating it closely to the sermon, and at one passage, in which the preacher spoke of the manner in which God averrules the afflictions and was of the was observed to shed tears. May God give him the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness!"

> Who the the Prople?- The tranners people are not to be find in the schools of learning or the places of greatness, where the national character is obscured or obliterated by travestimated by the assemblies of the gay or the buquets of the lich. The great mass of nations is neither rich nor gay, from them; collectively considered, nact the measure of general prosperi ty bewken.

Men scorn to kiss among themselves, And will scarcely hiss a brother; But women oft want a kiss so bad, They smack and kiss each other.

The following is one of the toasts iven on a recent public occasion out west: "American youth: May their ambition reach as high as their standing collars."

A man's marriage concerns none else, (except it may be herself, ) but it is the thing most meddled with by