

The Sumter Banner.

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

WILLIAM LEWIS,
JOHN S. RICHARDSON, JR., } PROPRIETORS.

and our Native Land."

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From the Columbia Banner.
FIRST PRIZE TALE.
MICHAEL ALLSCOT;
—OR—
THE SHOT IN TIME.
A STORY OF MARION'S MEN.

BY J. W. ERVIN.
CHAPTER I.

"Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea."

"Never fear for me, captain!" was the light and careless reply of Michael Allscot, as he reined in for a moment his noble steed on the banks of the Black River, a few miles below the spot where Kingstree now stands, for a parting word with his companion: "Never fear for me; a fortnight among my old friends and I will return to our camp in the greenwood safe, sound and ready for duty. True, it is an ugly time for a rebel like myself—as the epauletted minions of King George call me—to venture out of our fastness in the swamp. The craven-hearted Tories are swarming through the country, and that last blow we struck them at Black Mingo has by no means appeased their rage; but if a strong arm, a cautious head and a bold heart, can accomplish aught, trust me to come out safely."

"Mike, I know you too well," replied his comrade, in the same gay tone. "You are the greatest dare-devil in the brigade. Trust you? On my life, I would as soon trust a callow gosling to make its way in the world without the safe watchfulness of mother goose. I give you up, Mike, to your manifest destiny, and will report at the camp in due time that you have been swung up in the usual style by the rascally Tories."

"Well, be it so, captain, since you will," responded Mike laughing, "but pray God that it may be in any other than the usual style. I have exceeded my sensibilities, and trust I may not, like poor Calvert, and many others of our comrades, be hung upon a rough grape vine. I trust, however, to fall into gentler hands than those of the Tories."

"Well, Mike," replied Captain Conyers, his comrade and friend, "I am both to loose and active a bait; but since you will venture your neck in danger, the fare face and bright eyes of Dora Singleton defend you!"

"Amen!" responded Michael lightly. "What would I not give," he continued in a graver tone, "to see the end of this bloody and harassing war! Were you ever in love, captain, he asked in a lighter tone."

"Ay, Michael, but the grave is between us now," answered Conyers, in a grave and saddened tone, while a cloud came over his brow.

"Two short years of wedded happiness, spent mostly in the privations and hardships of the camp, with brief and stolen interviews with one of the loveliest and best of her sex, and I was left alone, heartless, hopeless and comfortless as now. You have known me long, Mike; you have lain by my side in the bivouac, and gone shoulder to shoulder with me to the charge, but you little know what wasting and consuming thoughts go with me wherever I go. You know me too well to doubt my courage or my honor, yet there have been moments when I would have bartered away all—ay, even the hope of my country's independence—for peace, and the blessing of my own loved fireside. It is a painful, ay, it is a heart-rending sacrifice, to turn away as I have from the domestic hearth, hallowed and endeared by fond and almost sacred associations of the camp and endure the pangs of absence, with the hope of making our country free. God grant that those who come after us may faithfully defend that independence which is bought at the price of blood and tears. You know not yet, Mike, none but those who are wedded can know—the rapture of meeting after long absence; nor can you know how

bitter it is to turn away from the fair face of a loving wife, and undergo the agony of a long separation, perhaps an everlasting one. The last time I visited my home, oh! how the memory of it clings to me now! The very sunlight as it came down from heaven seemed to fall around my homestead with a softer light than elsewhere.—My life was like a dream of boyhood realized. But the summons came to part, and more reluctantly than ever I tore myself away. Sad and gloomy presentiments filled the heart of both of us. Alas! we met no more on earth! Three months from that time having solicited a furlough, I sped homeward with joyful anticipations. I found my house in ashes, my children motherless, my land, my gentle wife slept the long sleep that knows no waking! Driven from her burning house on a cold night of rain and winter, after having given birth to my youngest child, she was seized with a fever that carried her to her grave.—She died—died calling upon my name—died clinging to the last to a hope that I would yet stand beside her and hear her last prayer and close her eyes in peace. I found my children—too young to know their loss—homeless dependants upon the charity of strangers. Think you that I can forgive those wrongs—that they can be blotted from my brain, or cease to burn or rankle in my heart? Think you that a wife so kind, so gentle, whose love was the world in which I delighted to dwell, can so soon be forgotten? As God hears me, I will not rest until my sword is red with the blood of her destroyer!"

Never before had Allscot seen Conyers so completely mastered by fierce and vindictive passion. His bosom heaved with tumultuous emotions, and his face became livid with rage, while his dark eye gleamed like a diamond. His voice grew hoarse and hollow, and his utterance was choked by the eagerness with which he panted for revenge. Allscot looked upon him with sentiments approaching to awe while the storm of passion shook his frame and fixed its impression upon his features.

Ordinarily as playful in temper as a child, and of a gay and cheerful disposition that approximated to levity, one would scarcely have dreamed that beneath so quiet and gentle an exterior there slumbered deep and volcanic passions. Usually his features wore an almost feminine softness and gentleness of expression. Even in the wild and bloody melee, where the most inhuman passions are called into exercise, his features bore no trace of cruel or vindictive feelings. His dark, bold, lustrous eyes, fringed by long shaggy lashes, might indeed flash with a somewhat intense light in full view of the conflict, but his finely chiseled features were as inexpressive of ferocity, and as unmoved by angry emotions, as the calm marble fresh from the hands of the sculptor.

Capt. James Conyers, to whose company of dragoons Michael Allscot was attached, was one of that band of partisan leaders by whose skill, energy and invincible firmness, the country was redeemed from the yoke of the invader. His generosity and kindness of heart, with his reckless and almost desperate exhibitions of courage, had rendered him the darling of Marion's Brigade—a name which was applied to the bold followers of the wily partisan, whether their numbers amounted to ten or a thousand men. In those moments of gloom and despondency, when the sufferings and destitution of their families, joined to their own privations and toils, caused the stout hearts of the soldiers to sink in dismay, he stood forth as the ministering angel of the camp, and infused into their despondent souls the courage and the invincible firmness and spirit which shone on his own unclouded brow.—

A bold and dashing soldier, shrinking from no danger or toil, confident and sanguine when others around him were almost driven to despair, ever foremost in the fray and last in the retreat, he won the heart of every soldier in the "brigade," and was regarded as the right hand of the army. A dextrous and fearless horseman, scarcely equalled indeed by the sanguinary Tarleton in this manly accomplishment, his position as captain of the dragoons gave him ample opportunity to display to "the brigade" his qualities to the best advantage; and often when defeat seemed inevitable, and the battle appeared lost beyond redemption, from some unexpected quarter of the field he burst in view with his troop following at his heels, and bore down with his undaunted troopers like a hurricane upon the enemy, and by a single reckless and impetuous charge broke their serried ranks, and in a moment retrieved the fortunes of the day. Well known among the minions of the British King as "the handsome horseman," his terrible daring caused the enemy to quake at whatever point he made his appearance. The Bayard of

the partisan brigade, his heart was a stranger to fear, and his reputation to reproach. Such was the man whose lips had just uttered a solemn oath to the death of an enemy who had wronged him beyond forgiveness.

"And who is he, captain," asked Allscot in astonishment. "As I live, I will labor with you unceasingly to hunt him from the face of the earth." "Have you not heard of him?" asked Conyers, while his voice grew yet more hoarse with emotion. "I have not heard of that bloody renegade, Robert Harrison, whose name is a by-word of cruel and hellish deeds! But leave him to me. Should you ever behold him, spare him for that certain hour of reckoning with me which shall surely come. My heart tells me I shall not long to live, that I must soon gloriously fall in the service of my country; but I feel a presentiment with me, strong and unshaken, that I shall not sink into that welcome rest to which I go, before my hand has struck down that fiend in human form, who has made me the heartless mourner that I am. Twice have I sought him out in battle, and twice has he escaped my sword; but when we meet again, there is something in my heart that tells me he shall die. The hope of that hour has sustained me until now. But for this, and the tender years of my children, that claim a father's care and protection, I would long since have laid down a life which is but a burden. But enough of this. Mike, I shall detain you no longer. God guard you, and restore you safely to the camp. Beware, be vigilant, and throw not yourself into the way of danger. Farewell, my brave boy, I shall feel ill at ease until you return."

Pressing the hand of his comrade, Conyers turned his horse's head and departed. Michael paused and gazed after him as he rode away, bearing himself proudly on his bounding charger, as if on no ravens sorrow flew with him on his course.

Alas! poor Conyers, muttered he as he turned to leave the spot. "As gentle as the dove, but as brave as the lion; the smile of Eden is ever upon his brow, while its serpent is gnawing at his heart." Thus soliloquizing, he turned away with a saddened brow, and proceeded at a quiet pace until he had cleared the crazy bridge that spanned the river, and picked his way along the rotten and broken causeway which led through the oozy swamp; and then giving the rein to his horse, he plunged into the long dense forest through which his route lay.

It was already past the hour of noon when he separated from Conyers, and fearing lest night should overtake him before he reached the end of his journey, he permitted his noble steed to measure over the ground with rapid strides. He had not gone far, however, before the heavens gave tokens of approaching storm, by signs which might indeed have passed unnoticed by a careless observer, but which one so attentive as Michael could not but mark and interpret aright. The wind which had slept for the last twenty-four hours, began to spring up from the east in short fitful puffs, and casting his glance to the westward, a dull haze of atmosphere just upon the horizon caught his eye. In many hours should elapse to look for one of those violent gales to which the southern country is so subject about the incoming of autumn. Meantime the declining sun was kindling up one-half the heavens, "Not as in northern climes obscurely bright, But in one cloudless blaze of glorious light."

But accustomed as he was to all the signs of the heavens, the deceitful glare of the burning sun did not lead him to err in his prognostications. Anxious to reach his journey's end before the anticipated storm should burst upon him, he checked not the speed of his willing horse but suffered him, unchecked by the rein, to speed on as if fleetly to send along the narrow bridle path that wound through the forest.

The eye of the brave young trooper grew bright, and pleasant fancies nestled around his heart, as he hastened away from the toil and confinement of the camp, to meet once more the beautiful and idolized Dora Singleton. Lovely indeed was the maiden whose heart followed the young soldier to the camp, and whose joyful smile welcomed his glad returnings. A dark haired, black-eyed creature, of scarcely the medium height, with a complexion pale yet wondrously fair and transparent, and a form of more than ordinary grace and of exquisite proportions, she was the very being to bring a host of lovers to her feet. Cordial in her manners, proud, vivacious, and with that dash of coquetry in her nature from which no really beautiful woman is wholly exempt, the sphere in which she moved was a delightful, yet a dangerous centre of attraction.

and at the age of twelve years Dora was left to the guardianship of a moody and unsocial step-father, with whom she continued to reside up to the date of our story. Inheriting from her father an ample and even a splendid fortune, yet without relatives or friends in whose sympathy she could confide, the beautiful woman, now in her twentieth year, felt all that utter isolation and loneliness of heart so painful to even the manly and self-dependent, but especially so to a warm hearted and sympathizing woman whose character yearned for the friendship and affectionate companionship of her sex, even as the dying gazelle in the sultry desert longs for the bubbling fountain and the grateful shade of the life had, however, impressed upon her character somewhat of the noble and generous traits of the heroine. Naturally of a proud, though gentle spirit, her very habits of seclusion, which in another might have produced painful diffidence and timidity, had added strength and self-reliance to her character.

Her sorrows, poor creature, had of late been greatly multiplied by the distractions which ensued from the contest with the mother country.—Entering with all the ardor of a heroine into the feelings and sentiments of the patriotic and bold defenders of liberty, so soon as she could comprehend the principles upon which they based their resistance to the mother country, she unfortunately encountered the bitter opposition of Isaac Wharton, her step-father, who, though desirous of remaining neutral in the contest, yet at heart favored the cause of the royalists, and ridiculed and denounced what he considered the folly and crime of the whigs in entering into a contest with the mother country. The undisciplined sentiments of his fair step-daughter, who openly raved at every dissimilitude of the British army, but increased his dislike and hatred, to the cause of independence. On all occasions, even in the presence of British officers themselves, she fearlessly and warmly espoused the cause of her countrymen, to the great mortification of Isaac Wharton, an imperious and overbearing man, who could not endure such inflexible opposition in a member of his own household.

The visits of Michael to his house had long since been forbidden, and latterly he had met his betrothed only by stealth, sometimes at the house of a friend, and at others in the open greenwood—always apprizing her of his presence in the neighborhood by some preconcerted signal which she readily recognized. Many a stolen interview had taken place between them, little suspected by her ungracious step-father, who little dreamed of the artifices to which lovers will resort to elude the vigilance of those who would sunder them forever.

Michael well knew how anxiously Dora longed for his coming, and what ever dangers beset his way, he seldom failed to hasten to her side, when the public service permitted his absence from the camp. Sometimes his signal greeted her ears from the forest near her dwelling, when the sun had but a few hours commenced its morning course, and again when it had sunk to rest, and the stars of heaven were shining brightly in the impenetrable vault some note uttered from afar, more garbled and unrecognized, save by herself, would cause her young heart to flutter with that strange sensation of delight, only felt by those who have loved passionately, and only to be experienced by them when after a long absence a husband or a lover returns to repay them for the long vigil of love.

The sun was within an hour of his setting, when the line of hazy vapor which had long lain motionless on the horizon began to grow dark and dense as it loomed up fearfully in the distance, and the wind, which had lulled for nearly an hour, again sprang up; but this time from the thunder cloud in the west, in fitful blasts, now surcharged with vapor, and now hot and sulphurous as the reeking breath of a volcano. The muttered thunder began to groan and growl in the west fearfully and deep, and with its wings wide spread, the cloud rode wildly down upon the gale, turning day into night as its black shadow rolled over the earth. In an instant all nature was mingled in confusion. The sheeted lightning glimmered and flashed incessantly; the deep toned thunder shook the earth with its terrific tongue, and the tall trees of the forest bent, shivered and snapped in the gale—the crash of their fall swallowed up and lost in the louder thunders of the belching storm.

A scene. The narrow pathway along which he rode stretched away through a dense pine forest, and on every side the tall trees were broken and scattered around him like stubble before the wind.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

From the Star Spangled Banner.

HYPOCHONDRIACISM: A NOVEL CURE FOR IT.

BY K. M. CARLETON.

"Good morning, friend Carter, how is your wife, this morning?" "Bad as ever. I am most discouraged, I assure you."

"Do you still have a physician?" "Yes, but he can do nothing for her." "But what does he say?"

"He says that it is the most awkward case of hypochondriacism he ever met with. I am completely worn out. She insists that she is going to die today, and besought me in the most piteous accents to remain with her, but I have neglected my business too much lately, and can no longer indulge her with my presence, which only makes her appear worse."

"A hard case indeed, particularly for you, but what do you intend to do?" "Do I can't imagine what, friend Bush, unless I become insane and take refuge in a mad-house."

"Do not despair; such cases are by no means hopeless."

"I have done with hope."

"I am no physician, Carter, but I have a plan in my head which I think cannot fail to cure her."

"Out with it, at once. I am ready to grasp a straw if it points out the slightest hope."

"Have you a good sharp axe?" "I believe so."

"If you have not, purchase one by all means. When you return at noon, say as little as possible to her, but proceed deliberately to cut down the bedstead upon which she lays."

"I did not think you would make my afflictions a subject of mirth."

"I never was more serious in my life. Do this, and leave the rest with me; but if you do not agree to it, I wash my hands of the matter."

"Since you are serious I will agree to anything, however ridiculous."

"It is a bargain, then?" "It is."

The friends parted. Carter proceeded to his store, while Bush hastened to the residence of his friend.—As he was an intimate acquaintance, he was at once admitted. He sent word to the invalid that he had something of the utmost importance to communicate to her, and must see her without delay.

Such a message roused the curiosity of the dying woman, as she termed herself, and she consented to see him. The nurse had evidently got her cue, for she made an excuse for leaving him, and at once proceeded down stairs.

"Good morning, Mrs. Carter, how do you feel?" "I am dying," she said, faintly.

"Then I will not disturb you." He moved towards the door as if about to leave the room.

"Do not leave me, Mr. Bush, to die alone; besides, you gave me to understand you had something important to say to me."

"True! but it is an unpleasant task to be the messenger of evil tidings."

"Evil tidings! What do you mean, Mr. Bush?"

"To distress a feeble, fond wife with the irregularities of her husband is most repugnant to my feelings. I wish I had not come."

"Speak," said Mrs. Carter, propping her head with an additional pillow, "let me know all."

"When your husband left you this morning, where did he tell you he was going?"

"To his store, of course. Where should he go?"

"Injured woman—he deceived you; for he called at the house of the young Widow Smith, where he is a constant visitor."

"You amaze me, Mr. Bush!" The invalid had hastily thrown a shawl about her and was fairly sitting up.

"Take care not to excite yourself, my dear madam. I will not shock your feelings any further. I was about to say,—but I cannot, dare not do it."

"Proceed—tell me anything rather than allow me to remain in this cruel suspense. Conceal nothing, as you value my friendship."

"I believe you an injured woman, and I will frankly tell you all, although it will surely cost me Carter's friendship. He is actually engaged to her. They will be married some six months after your death, which they have calculated will soon occur."

"The monster!—but I will talk him, and that smooth faced young widow—to tell me only a day or two

since, that she should never marry again, I'll soon put a stop to these fine doings."

"But this is not all, Mrs. Carter, they have actually consulted Dr. Hoback, or some other humbugging astrologer, to learn how long you will live, and he informed them if your husband could succeed in cutting down all four posts of your bedstead, while you remained in bed, you would not live four days."

"Monstrous! but this tale is incredible. I cannot believe it."

"You shall have proof, for your husband will commence operations this noon, however foolish it may seem."

"But I will not remain in the house to be thus used. If I were not so ill I would return at once to my father's."

"Take my advice, madam. Rest quietly until he returns, but partake of all the nourishment you possibly can, and when he begins his vile work, leave your bed at once and thus put an effectual stop to his villainous intentions. I really cannot remain another moment."

He left the lady in a terrible rage, who, while reflecting upon her wrongs, entirely forgot her illness. The unconscionable Carter returned, and without wasting words began vigorously hacking at the elegant mahogany bed-posts.

The wife, with the fury of a tigress, leaped from the bed and completely overwhelmed the astonished man with invectives and accusations of the most bitter and vindictive character.

He thinking her insane, fled from the apartment, but she followed from room to room, giving her rage full scope and denouncing him and the Widow Smith as the vilest and most criminal of mankind.

After a long and most ludicrous scene of domestic commotion, matters were satisfactorily explained by both parties. The lady was completely cured of her fancies and became an excellent wife, but it was a long time before she forgave Bush.

For the Banner.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered by the Rev. Robert W. Barre, before the "Lone Star Division," of Sons of Temperance of Conwayboro, S. C., on the Fourth of July, 1854.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—You have assembled yourselves here to-day for an object truly praiseworthy, no less a one than that of celebrating the Anniversary of American Independence; of preserving the memory of those departed ones who so gallantly achieved those liberties that we now enjoy; and of promoting the Temperance cause, the cause of all mankind. You have a great work before you in resisting the current of intemperance which has set in like a flood tide upon our otherwise happy land. Every Christian should give this subject serious consideration. Every true patriot should give it that thought which its importance demands. It is an awful fact to contemplate, that in the city of New Orleans, \$20,000,000 are annually expended in ardent spirits. The liquors and wines produced annually in the United States amount to 42,183,955 gallons. You see I have only glanced at the importation into, and the produce of liquors in the United States; now let me give you a brief sketch of the results. In the first place, pauperism in the year 1850, cost the State of New York \$1,200,000; an average of the other States would give the vast amount of \$12,000,000. The cause is intemperance with a few exceptions.

retail system has been the prime mover in all this mischief we believe it to be the duty of all good citizens to join heart and hand against this common enemy and to continue these exertions until our land is freed from this noxious pestilence. Whatever the ultimate object of temperance men may be in carrying on the great principle of reform, their present one is to put down the retail system, to put temptation out of the reach of the rising generation, as we daily see our boys becoming drunkards and falling into drunkard's graves. The next consideration is to remove ardent spirits beyond the reach of our slave population, as it is evident to all the evil of them is a very great one as well as to their masters. In this matter temperance men, whether "free men's temperance" or not, should combine to put down the evil. It is the imperative duty as well as interest of slaveholders, when they consider their responsibility and accountability to their God, generally and spiritually, to rise to the power of their freedom. Let their motto be down with the mountains to the seaboard, and the land to become of the grand old one distilled! To such I would put the thrilling question. Are you willing for me to make money at the expense of your immortal soul? But if there has ever been any grounds for such an objection as that, it certainly will not help you now. Look at Europe and Asia in a blaze of war. Where do they expect to get food for their soldiers? From America. Then why not rescue every grain of produce from the stills and send it to feed the hungry soldiers. In all probability before the struggle is over, you will see two millions of soldiers looking to you for bread. There is no demand abroad, is the home market supplied? Are the destitute? What but sheer avarice induces the vendor to deal out death by the half-pint to his fellow creatures, when he sees daily what an effect it has upon the community. He sees the orphan's rage, he hears the widow's wail as the chords of her affections are cut one by one, until at last all that she once loved, is laid in the silent tomb, unloved and unwept, save by that heart that has clung to him as the ivy to the oak. It is against the vendor, that we now would direct the thunder of our artillery and tell him with an unblushing front, that he is the cause of nine-tenths of the crimes that are committed in the land. The consumer comes next, and against him some have been very bitter, and it is true that he will have an awful account to render at the judgment seat of Christ, whether he be the drunkard wretch that dies in the ditch, or the millionaire that sips his costly wines in lordly palaces. There is one class however in favor of whom my sympathies have been, and I hope ever shall be enlisted—the unfortunate youth who has fallen a victim to the fell destroyer. It is to him that you, fellow citizens, should extend your sympathies. And let it be of the right sort. Bring it to the ballot box; let freemen have a watchword until the widow's heart beat for joy over her reclaimed son. Let your motto be "to the rescue!"

Let us test the right of the liquor-seller; as it is independence day. Let us observe that we do not trespass upon any moral, civil, religious, or political rights. But as we have made sure, dry sore thrusts at the trade of a certain class of men, let us see if we can vindicate our character as lovers of American freedom. Every man owes something to society in return for the protection that the law throws around him. The Farmer, the Mechanic, and the Merchant, all contribute something to the good of society. Now observe the bearing the rum traffic has upon society. Could you see with an angel's eye the desolations it hath wrought, you would say, "put it down." But says the rum-seller what right has government to interfere with a man's private business. A great right it is, when that business interferes with public good. And pray has not the counterfeiter and gambler a right to the same plea? But suppose they attempt to carry on their operations in the light of the non-day sun, how soon would they be hurled from their employment, and their effects confiscated. And why this procedure? answer, self-preservation, the good of society demands it. Then why does not society demand the suppression of the liquor traffic? Not because they believe the vendor to be less blameworthy, but because he panders such articles as are congenial to the vitiated tastes of a corrupt populace. But not only so he is guilty of a positive crime. "Crimo says Mr. Webster is the violation of law whether divine or human." And

the vendor to be less blameworthy, but because he panders such articles as are congenial to the vitiated tastes of a corrupt populace. But not only so he is guilty of a positive crime. "Crimo says Mr. Webster is the violation of law whether divine or human." And