

The Abbeville Banner.

"LIBERTY AND MY NATIVE SOIL."

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(FOR THE BANNER.)

Mr. Editor:—It would afford me unfeigned pleasure to add in the least to the growing interest of your valuable little paper; and I often regret that it is out of my power to devote more time, in the best manner that I am able, to the pleasure, well-being and literature of Old Abbeville. Urged on the present occasion, however, by the magnitude of the subject, I have exerted myself to give you a succinct account of the manner in which the Greenville Rail Road enterprise has been revived among the good citizens of Columbia. They say, the enterprise cannot succeed, that all this noise and parade about it in the *backwoods*, will result in mere smoke,—insinuating however, that when Columbia gives them a helping hand, all difficulties must vanish, and the work progress. There are many here, and yet more lower down the country, who seem to think, that the Upper Districts of the State, have not the financial power, and scarcely the intellectual that would enable them to conceive and accomplish any important enterprise without their assistance—that they are the small dependencies, who in all danger and exigency, find it their duty and necessity, to cry for aid and protection at the gates of Athens and Sparta. More than once, being a citizen of Abbeville, have my cheeks tingled with indignation, when compelled to witness in silence the sneers of these contracted topographers. The projection of the Greenville Rail Road notwithstanding, belongs exclusively to the people of the up country, and theirs will be the glory and profits of its completion, whether Columbia or Charleston gives them their aid or withholds it.

The chief cause of the opposition of the people in Columbia, is that they fear, the Road passing through their town, will injure its trade,—in other words, they are perfectly willing to rest satisfied with the advantages they receive from their branch of the Charleston and Hamburg Rail Road, and will take good care that those advantages reach no farther—they are no advocates of free trade in their own business, however much they would cry out for it in the excitement, and vagueness of party spirit. But on examining in every respect this truly civilized objection, and placing it in comparison with the present noble and enlightened views and exertions of the people in the *backwoods* in apprehending, and carrying out practically the great principles of justice and free trade—the principles that are immortalizing, and so deeply marking

done more to develop and inculcate it,) declared that so highly did he estimate their importance, that it was with him a matter of profound regret that England a monarchical government, should be the first to proclaim and apply them. I repeat that on a comparison of these facts I am astonished beyond measure, at the blind prejudice of human nature. It reminds me wonderfully of Dr. SAM. JOHNSON of London, who believed that nothing great or good could exist out of his own city,—tell him that something heroic or refined had transpired in Scotland, and you are laughed to scorn for your pains—inform him in the same

breath that fairies and demons peopled that country, and he listened with the most child-like credulity, and wonderment. Neither is this prejudice, I cannot say ignorance, confined to the mere fashionable and unthinking class, it pervades the minds of some of the best business men in Columbia,—men who have been conversant with the results and effects of rail roads for years. The scene however, is already beginning to shift,—truth must triumph, as sure as murder will out it is to be lamented, nevertheless, that it *g* fails in its first overtures,—in its appeal to our reason—good sense, virtue and humanity. It is not until it touches our interest—our pockets—that a shaking among the dry bones becomes perceptible. This was the case with the people of Columbia; as soon as they saw that the *backwoods* were about to accomplish their enterprise, without their money or their smiles, and above all without consulting their interest, and would quickly thunder by, leaving them far to the left, en passant, to Charleston. They began to reflect, or in other words, to count the cotton bags, about ten thousand of which, they had already lost, by the trifling mistake perpetrated in not complying with the proposition made from Camden to aid them in a comparatively insignificant project. A meeting was called, in which a committee of twenty-one was appointed to consider the matter and report at a subsequent meeting, that took place yesterday evening. Capt. I. BLACK, chairman of the committee, introduced the resolutions they had drafted, with a speech of considerable length; to some of the views of which, as an advocate of free trade, I could not subscribe. It proved, however, that the truth of the matter was rapidly dawning: the best motto of this speech was: "*Necessitas non habet legem.*" Not that the subject, as intimately connected with the great doctrine of free trade, commanded the attention, and support of an intelligent, free people; but that the people of the up country had set their hearts and hands to this rail road, and would have it. He knew their enterprise and intelligence too well, to believe for a moment, that they would falter now in the work, although they should stand alone. The question was no longer as to the policy of rail roads in general, or whether the Greenville road could be accomplished or not, but whether it was to touch at Columbia, or pass on around her in noisy contempt; for the road will be constructed, and they had no alternative but to join the enterprise, or to stand aloof and abide the consequences. Capt. Black, was followed by Mr. CARROLL, Editor of the *South Carolinian*, in a most sensible and enlightened address. He considered it in all its important connections with social life—religion, virtue, and the intercourse of trade,—showed them that their contracted views had been entertained in the beginning of all similar enterprises, and had vanished before the test of experiment as the early dew before the sun—demonstrated the expediency of the road, and dissipated the miserable fallacy, that only the *termini* of rail roads are benefitted by them—anticipated the vast advantages it would give Columbia, until piles of cotton bags and goods rose mountain high in the unfettered imaginations of the burghers,—they chuckled—rubbed their hands with delight, and voted unanimously for the resolutions, enlisting in the great army of free trade.

Yours respectfully, H.

CHAS. H. ALLEN, 1847.

Arms again Victorious.

Capture of Vera Cruz and the Castle—4000 Mexican prisoners—5 General, 60 Superior, and 270 Company Officers Prisoners—Immense Loss of the Mexicans—Loss of the Americans—Death of Capt. J. R. Vinton.

By this Evening's mail from Augusta, we have received the following glorious news, which we hasten to lay before our readers. The news of the surrender of Vera Cruz, is received here with great joy, and whilst we write the Court House and houses of our patriotic citizens, are blazing with many a light and volleys of musketry thunder in our streets.

From the Pensacola Gazette 31 ult. The U. S. war steamer Princeton, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Conner, arrived at this port this morning, and came to anchor off our wharf, at half past nine o'clock—exchanging salute with the Navy yard as she passed. The Princeton sailed from Vera Cruz on the 29th ult., and brings the glorious intelligence of the reduction of that city with the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, and their entire unconditional surrender to our arms.

We are indebted to one of our officers of the P. for the following summary of the proceedings in this most brilliant achievement—an achievement that will redound more to our Army and Marine, among the nations abroad, than any that has yet had place in our military annals.

March 9th.—Disembarkation of troops commenced.

13th.—Investment of the city completed.

18th.—Trenches opened, at night.

22.—City summoned to surrender—on refusal 7 mortars opened a fire of bombs.

24.—Navy battery, 3 long 32 pounders and 3 68 pounders—Paixhan guns—opened a fire in the morning; distance 700 yards.

25th.—Another battery of four 24 pounders and three mortars opened. This day the Navy battery opened a breach in the wall of the city; the fire was very destructive to the town.

26th.—Early in the morning the enemy proposed for a surrender. Commissioners on the American side—Gens. Worth and Pillow and Col. Totten.

29.—Negotiations complete; City and Castle surrendered; Mexican troops marched out and laid down their arms. The American troops occupied the city and batteries of the town and castle; at noon of that day the American ensign was hoisted over both, and was saluted by our vessels.

The garrison of about 4,000 men, laying down their arms as prisoners of war, and being sent to their homes on parole. Five generals, 60 superior officers and 270 company officers, being amongst the prisoners.

The total loss of the American army, from the day of landing, (March 9,) is 65 persons killed and wounded.

Officers Killed:—Capt. John R. Vinton, 2d Artillery; Capt. Alburts, 2d infantry; Midshipman T. B. Shubrick, Navy.

Officers Wounded:—Lieut. Col. Dickinson, S. C. Volunteers, severely; Lieut. A. S. Baldwin, Navy, slightly; Lieut. Delozin Davidson, 2d Dragoons, severely.—All the wounded are doing well.

Of the Mexicans, the slaughter is said to have been immense. The Commanding General was stationed in the city, while his second in command held the castle. Their regular force was about 3,000, and they had about the same number of irregulars.—Outside the city was Gen. La Vega with a force of from 6,000 to 10,000 cavalry.—Col. Harney, with between 200 and 300 U. S. Dragoons, charged on, and repulsed this immense force with terrible carnage; scattering them in all direction. They had barricaded a bridge to protect themselves, but our artillery soon knocked away this obstacle, and gave Harney's command a chance at them.

In the attack on the town and castle only our small vessels, drawing not over nine feet, were available. But few shot and shells thrown into the castle, the attack being mainly upon the town. None of the enemy's missiles struck our vessels; and Midshipman Shubrick, who was killed, was serving a battery on shore.

With the city the hopes of the enemy fell as they had no provisions in the castle to sustain a protracted siege.

The Princeton is commanded by Capt. Engle; as she sailed from Vera Cruz, Commodore Connor's flag was saluted from the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa.

The Commodore is a passenger on board having been relieved by Com. Perry before the commencement of the operations. The Princeton having landed the bearer of dispatches for Washington, and Col. Totten at this place, will immediately for Philadelphia via Havana.

Correspondent of the, N O.

prepossessing manners, country's peculiarities about festly deeply attached to her country's interest.

"Allow me the privilege of correcting a report that the Mexican spy Ryley, now in jail at Tampico, is an Irishman. This is not the fact, he is a Londoner, his name is Ryder, not Ryley. I speak of this confidently, as having some little knowledge of Irish character which would enable me to detect imposition, and the poor wretch's own account of himself, added to my observation, has brought me to this conclusion. He is not an Irishman! Poor Paddy has enough to do to bear his own faults without saddling him with the vices of other nations."

(WRITTEN FOR THE BANNER.)

Winter is Gone.

Yes, Winter is gone, its cold bleak winds Have yielded to a warmer day; And earth's fair dress is springing up, Beneath the sun's still brighter ray. But alas! how many a warm fond heart, Has slept beneath a snowy shroud; E'er whose cold grave the flowers will bloom. Beneath the spring's bright showery cloud, But winter, I cannot say farewell, Without a sigh—without a tear; For thou hast brought full many a joy To me, that I have held most dear. For while the earth was cold and chill, And other hearts knew nought of love; My soul drew pleasures rich and sweet From fancy's land, from realms above. Then farewell! winter, my thanks to thee, For each bright spot in thy drear hours; And welcome to thee, joyful spring, With thy wild, sweet bouquet of flowers. And may each flower like hope's sweet ray, Descending from a clime above; And tell of flowers that never fade, Whose every language is of love.

CONSTANCY.

Hints to Husbands.

We not unfrequently meet with "Advices to Wives," but seldom any thing respecting a *Husband's* duties to his *Wife*. The following selection, by a fair correspondent, being very good, we copy it for the benefit of our readers.

It should not be forgotten that a wife has her rights, as sacred after marriage as before, and a good husband's devotion to his wife, will concede to her quite as much attention as his gallantry did while a lover. Before marriage, a young man would feel some delicacy in accepting an invitation to a company where his lady-love had not been invited; after marriage, is he always as particular? During courtship, gallantry would demand that he should make himself agreeable to her; after marriage, it often occurs, that he thinks more of being agreeable to himself. How often do men, after passing the day at their stores or places of business, leave their wives alone in the evening, to attend some place of amusement, and even when the evening is spent at home, it is employed in some way, which does not recognize the wife's right to share in the enjoyment of the fireside.

Look, ye husbands! and consider what your wife was when you took her, not from compulsion, but from your own choice—a choice based, on what you then considered her superiority to all others. She was young, perhaps the idol of a happy home, gay and blithe as a lark, and was cherished as an object of endearment at her father's fireside. Yet she left all to join her destiny with yours; to make your home happy, to do all that woman's love could prompt, woman's ingenuity could devise to meet your wishes and to lighten the burdens which might press on you in your pilgrimage.

She, of course, had her expectations, and she did expect she would, after marriage, perform those kind offices of which you were so lavish in the days of betrothment. She became your wife; left her home for yours! burs' assunder, as it were, the bonds of love which had bound her to her father's fireside, seeking no other boon but your affection: left, it may be, the ease and delicacy of a home of indulgence; and now what must be her feelings if she gradually awakens to the consciousness, that you love her less than before; that your evenings are spent abroad; that you only come home to satisfy the demands of hunger, to find a resting place for your head when weary, or a nurse for your sick chamber when diseased. Why did she leave the bright hearth of her youthful days? Was it simply to darn your stockings, mend your clothes, and provide for the wants of your household? Or was there some understanding that she was to be made happy in her connection with the man she dared to love. It is our candid opinion that in the majority of instances of domestic misery, *man* is the aggressor.

Uneducated Women.

There is no sight so truly pitiable as that afforded by a rising family of children under the guardianship of an ignorant mother. I would be understood in the use of the term *ignorant*, as wishing to convey the picture of a mother whose maiden days were devoted to the acquirement of fashionable accomplishments, to the exclusion of solid mental culture and acquirements. The woman who reigns the queen of the

should she select a partner for life among her partners in the dance, she will find, when it is too late, that her choice has been as unfortunate as the place where she first attracted his notice was injudicious. I ever look with pain upon that young wife who enters upon her second era with fashionable ideas of society.—Her first era has been devoted to the attainments of certain rules and systems which are scarcely pardonable in the girl, certainly censurable in the wife, and criminal in the mother.

The following remarks by Hannah More so forcibly express my views on the subject, that I give them in lieu of any thing farther from myself:

"When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint and play, sing and dance—it is a being who can comfort and counsel him, one who can reason and reflect, and feel and judge, and discourse and discriminate—one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a mother, and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in a drawing-room, and attract the admiration of the company, but she is entirely unfit for a help-mate to a man, and to 'train up a child in the way it should go.'"

Extravagant Language.

There is an untasteful practice which is a crying sin among young ladies—I mean the use of exaggerated, extravagant forms of speech—saying splendid for pretty, magnificent for handsome, horrid or horrible for unpleasant, immense for large, thousands, or myriads for any number more than two. Were I to write down, for one day, the conversation of some young ladies of my acquaintance, and then to interpret it literally, it would imply that within the compass of twelve or fourteen hours, they had met with more marvellous adventures and hair-breadth escapes, had passed through more distressing experiences, had seen more imposing spectacles, had endured more fright, and enjoyed more rapture, than would suffice for half a dozen common lives. This habit is attended with many inconveniences. It deprives you of the intelligible use of strong impressions, when you need them. If you use them all the time, nobody understands or believes you when you use them in earnest. You are in the same predicament with the boy who cried "wolf" so often when there was no wolf, that nobody would go to his relief when the wolf came. This habit has also a very bad moral bearing. Our words have a reflex influence upon our characters. Exaggerated speech makes one careless of the truth. The habit of using words without regard to their rightful meaning, often leads one to distort facts, to mis-report conversations, and to magnify statements, in matters in which the literal truth is important to be told. You can never trust the testimony of one who in common conversation is indifferent to the import and regardless of the power of words. I am acquainted with persons, whose representations of fact always need translation and correction, and who have utterly lost their reputation for veracity, solely through this habit of overstrained and extravagant speech. They do not mean to lie; but they have a dialect of their own, in which words bear an entirely different sense from that given them in the daily intercourse of discreet and sober people.—Address of A. P. Peabody.

PROOF OF SINCERE AFFECTION.—A Flemish painter, having some doubts of the sincerity of his wife, and being anxious to ascertain if she really loved him, one day bared his breast, and painted the appearance of a mortal wound on his skin. His lips and cheeks he painted of a lived hue, and on his pallet near him he placed his knife, painted on the blade with a blood-like red; he then shrieked out as if he had been instantly killed and lay motionless. His wife, hearing the noise, ran into his study, and horror-struck at the appalling spectacle, uttered an involuntary scream, fell into a swoon, and in a few minutes became a lifeless corpse.

CURIOSITIES OF HISTORY.—Pulteney, the great leader of the opposition, afterwards Earl of Bath, having, in one of his speeches, made a Latin quotation, was corrected by Sir Robert Walpole, who offered to wager a guinea on the inaccuracy of the lines. The bet was accepted, the classic referred to, and Pulteney being found to be right, the Minister threw the guinea across the table, which Pulteney, as he took it up, called the House to witness that it was the first guinea of the public money he had ever put into his pocket. The very coin that lost and won is still preserved, as the "Pulteney guinea," in the British Museum.

The most solemn of beasts (says an ancient proverb) is an ass—and the most solemn of men, an ass also.