

# THE ABBEVILLE BANNER.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.]

“THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE.”

[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

BY DAVIS & CREWS.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 9, 1859.

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From the New York Mercury.  
KATE ARCHER.

A SKETCH OF CHARACTER.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

“Oh, I wish you wouldn't bother me so!” exclaimed Miss Wetherby, casting a pettish glance at her admirer; “I never saw such a man, in all my life, as you! It is none of your business who I like, or how much I flirt with them; and if you don't like it, you can just let me alone!”

“You are very unjust, Alice!” said the young man, gravely; “I never saw you so before. I do not find fault with you, nor scold you, but merely wish you to know what kind of society you are getting into.”

“No, I know you don't scold—I wish you would, instead of putting on such a long face, and preaching such straight-laced propriety to me!”

“When did I ever preach to you, Alice!—When have I ever sought to place any constraint upon you? You exaggerate my treatment of you very curiously, it seems to me.”

“Everybody insults me and my friends!” she said, bitterly; “if I choose, I shall marry Count Izavotkiwitsch!”

“You are a little gossip, and you shan't say anything of it! I want a new whip, and you have got to make up your mind, if I have to marry the Russian myself, to keep you from him!”

“The result of this conversation was, that Archer went home with a singular feeling of joy and vexation; and Wetherby—foolish virgin that she—retired to her room to have what we call a ‘real good cry,’ and to humbug off into the belief that the count was an old and injured man, in every way worthy of her love and sympathy.”

Charlie Mynturn was punctual in his appearance in Squire Archer's garden that afternoon; and I can't tell what fun Kate had shooting at a target. Kate all his cigars, sleeve buttons, his eye, and a variety of other trifles, and all the villagers crazy with horror, by being in a light wagon, with a pair of boys, at a killing pace—she being ever conspicuous by having the eye fixed firmly in her left optic.

“You know very well what his name is—and you show a meanness of disposition in talking so, that makes me angry above all patience. I wish you to go, now, and never to come here again!”

“As you please. Suit yourself; but remember, you have said those words a dozen times before without meaning them. If you mean them now I will go—I came near saying, ‘gladly go!’—and what is more I will keep to your request. Once, and for all, do you wish to break off the engagement between us?”

“Yes, if you do?”

“Then you have no real affection for me?”

“Not when you are so unreasonable.”

“You are jocose?”

“Not at all. I mean it.”

“Good bye, then. I shall never be more reasonable than now?”

“Good-bye.”

As the emaciated lover left the house he met a tall, buxom girl, with red cheeks, bright eyes, and a wholesome looking figure, lithe and plump. She was arrayed in a green velvet riding habit, trimmed with gray fur, a jaunty little black hat and feather, cunning little wash leather gauntlets and she flourished a slender riding whip as she walked in a peculiarly independent, amazonian, characteristic style.

“Hallo, Charlie? What's the matter?” she cried, in a clear, cherry voice, as she saw the cloudy expression of his face.

“Nothing—only Alice and I have broken off.”

“For the ninety-ninth time, eh?”

“For the last time, anyhow.”

“As usual.”

“You shall see!”

“I'll bet you a box of cigars against a new whip that you are excellent friends again within a week!”

“Done! Give me your hand on it!”

They shook hands, laughing, and the amazon, after making Charlie promise to go and shoot pistols with her, in the rear garden, that afternoon passed into the house to learn the *casus belli* from Alice.

“So you've quarreled with Charlie, again, eh?” asked she, as soon as salutations were over.

“How did you know?”

“I met him, and he told me.”

“Yes, we have separated in earnest, now—and I'm glad of it!”

“But I am going to bring you together again!”

“No—you must not try. I do not love him, and he does not love me. We have only kept up the engagement because we have been taught to, ever since we were children.”

“But I've bet Charlie a box of cigars against a whip, that you will make up your quarrel within a week, and I want a new whip—this one is all worn out!”

“Did you see the riding whip Count Izavotkiwitsch has! It is such a beauty—pearl handled, with a carbuncle set in the end!”

“That for Count Izavotkiwitsch!” cried the amazon, snapping her fingers; “what does he know about riding? He's a great Russian bear, and unbearable!”

“Now, Kate, don't you turn against him, too! Everybody seems to hate him, just because he is a nobleman, a foreigner, and has a long name.—I think he is a perfect gentleman—and I shall take his part against all of them! Charlie has already seen the folly of trying to make me dislike him!”

“Oh, ho! That was the trouble, was it?—Charlie has had a shade of green in his eyes has he? Well, I don't wonder, considering the style of manners Monsieur le Comte puts on with you!”

“Ah, Mess Alice, ah, you haf ze beauty off ze angels zis morning, ah!”

“Kate Archer, you must not mimic my friends! It is very impolite and very unkindly. I request that you will stop making those grimaces, they are not at all like Count Izavotkiwitsch's manners; and if they were, would be in very bad taste!”

“Hoity toity! Ze angelique Mess Alice haf some leetle ebullissione off ze temper, ah?”

Alice flushed crimson from brow to bosom.

“Everybody insults me and my friends!” she said, bitterly; “if I choose, I shall marry Count Izavotkiwitsch!”

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It was a fine day in early summer, and Charlie and Kate were taking a short stroll after a lively horseback ride. They turned down a green lane, near the village, where the hedges were crowned with the best cushions of blossoms, over which the bees gathered, humming ceaselessly in the soft, bland air of June.

“I haven't seen Alice in an age?” said Kate; “and I think it is a shame! We used to be so intimate!”

“It isn't your fault that you're not friendly now!” replied Charlie; “I am sure you have always been willing to meet her halfway. She is bad tempered!”

“I certainly never thought to see you quarrel with her for more than three days at a time! It is three months and more, now, since you spoke to her. You ought to be ashamed! I do think that you ought to make up with her—nothing would give me more pleasure than to see—to see—you as you used to be!”

“O Kate Archer!—is that true?”

“Nonsense!” laughed Charlie; “she never suited me! I liked her well enough; and had always been taught to consider her as the future Mrs. Mynturn; but she is not the kind of woman I want for a wife. She is too tame—too ill-natured—too spiritless—too apt to get angry at trifles—too—”

“Oh, what a work you make of finding fault! You say she is too tame and too wild—too spiritless and too spirited? I don't understand you!”

The conversation was interrupted, at this point, by the approach of a boy with a letter. He had been to Charlie's house, and hearing that he had gone down the lane, had followed him to deliver the note.

Charlie opened it and colored up, terribly, for a self-possessed man. It was from Alice, asking him to come and see her. She was ill, she wrote—ill of a mental ailment—and he must come and call her his “friend,” at least, before she could be happy again.

On the whole, it was pitched rather strong considering how very intimate Count Izavotkiwitsch was with the writer; but a woman's vanity is strong as love, death, pride, or New England rum, fresh from the still; and Alice could not stand it, to see Kate consoling Charlie so effectually, so soon after his separation from herself.

Charlie read the note through, and handed it, without comment, to Kate.

“If Charlie's face had been flushed when he saw who had written him, Kate's was a blaze. She could not speak for a moment; and her hand shook perpetually for an expert with pistols. I am sure I don't see why she should have been so much excited at the near prospect of a reconciliation between Alice and Charlie, when she had, only a moment before, argued in favor thereof.”

“What shall I do?” asked the young man, eyeing her sideways, from the corner of his eyes.

“Go of course?” she answered.

But her eyes also slid around to their corners, and two sidelong, underhand glances met. Both burst out laughing; and a tablean ensued that would no doubt, have rivaled the garden scene in Faust and Marguerite, had it not been interrupted by a fresh intrusion.

This time it was a man who was overseeing the construction of a bridge on the Mynturn property, near at hand. Seeing Charlie pass down the lane, by the bridge, and requiring further instructions, the overseer had come to him therefor. Charlie retraced his steps to the place, leaving Kate to gather flowers for a moment till he should return.

“He had just got out of sight when the young lady heard a dry cough and a shuffling footstep; and turning around, saw a scrawny figure, with a great deal of fur, and bristles, and wrinkles, and cheap jewelry at out it, coming slowly towards her.”

“Good day, Mess Archer?” said the new comer; “you iss look something very charming, to-day?”

“Thank you, Count Izavotkiwitsch—you are complimentary?”

The old rascal leered at the young girl in that way that is so hateful to brothers, fathers, husbands, and lovers.

“You tak ze air all alone?” he asked.

“I seem to be alone, don't I?” replied Kate, asking one question answer to another, Scotch fashion.

“Soch pretty young ladies as you, ought neavare go out ver much alone, ah?”

Kate tapped her left palm impatiently with the butt of her riding whip, which she had not relinquished since her ride.

“I do as I please, generally, Count?” said she.

Whether the count misunderstood her, or whether he supposed her off-hand independence to be a sort of challenge, I know not; but he certainly behaved very outrageously. He kept edging up to Kate, telling her how beautiful she was, and that he didn't believe that Charlie could stay away from Alice—betraying a knowledge that Alice had written to her former lover.

When he got about as far as this, he contrived to slip his arm about Kate's waist, and assumed an expression which he doubtless considered killing.

“That's a fine strain,” said one gentleman to another, alluding to the tones of a singer at concert the other evening.

“Yes,” said a countryman who sat near, “but if he strains much more he'll bust.”

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THE OLD MILL.

Live and die; live and die;  
And all the weary years gone by,  
And the quaint old mill stands still;  
The unmix'd shade, like a spotted snake,  
Lies half concealed in the bushy brake,  
And half across the mill.

The summer comes, and the winter comes,  
And the flower-blossoms, and the striped bee hums,  
And the old mill stands in the sun;  
The lichen hangs from the walls about,  
And the rusty nails from the ragged roof  
Drop daily one by one.

The long grass grows in the shady pool,  
Where the cattle used to come to cool,  
And the rotting wheel stands still;  
The gray owl winds in the chimney loft;  
And the sky rat slinks, with a pit-pat soft,  
From the hopper of the quaint old mill.

The mill-wheel clicked and the mill-heel creaked,  
And the graining grooves once creaked and cracked,  
And the children came and played;  
The lazy team in the days of yore  
Unshed their fodder at the old mill door,  
Or drew in its grateful shade.

But the good wife died, and the miller died,  
And the children all went far and wide,  
From the playground by the dam;  
Their marble-grass is grass of yore,  
As is the mossy foot of the rough grave stone,  
Where the old folks sleep so calm.

But the miller's son in the city thick,  
Dreams that he hears the old mill click,  
And sees the wheel go round;  
And the miller's daughter, thro' her half-shut eyes,  
Can see her father in his dusty guise,  
And the place where the corn was ground.

Neutrality of the United States.—It is stated that despatches have gone out by the Persia, informing all the powers of Europe by a circular letter, of the purpose of the United States Government to maintain the strictest neutrality with all parties during the European war. By the same vessel despatches are said to have been sent to Judge Mason, at Paris, instructing him to intimate to the French Government, that in case Germany should be drawn into the war, this Government will not suffer any interruption of their service in the Hamburg and Bremen steamers, now carrying the United States mails, so long as these steamers do not convey contraband articles of war. The French Ambassador is said not to look unfavorably upon this remonstrance.

“What are articles ‘contraband of war,’ is a point, however, which seems by no means settled. The New York Journal of Commerce intimates that the United States has no treaty stipulations on the subject of general application. Vattel, in his Law of Nations, defines the term to include ‘‘commodities particularly useful in war, such as arms, ammunition, timber for ship-building, every kind of naval stores, horses and even provisions, in certain junctures, when we have hopes of reducing the enemy by famine.’’ Most civilized nations, however, have treaties which exempt articles of food. The United States have such treaties, but it is supposed that none of them are in force. That any stipulation exists with England, is not free from question. At any rate, it is now understood that coal, as it may be used as fuel for war steamers, will be treated as contraband by England. She will also certainly include timber for ship-building, tar or resin; copper in sheets, sails, hemp and cordage, and generally whatever may serve directly to the equipment of vessels except unwrought iron and fire-planks. By the general consent of civilized nations, provisions have ceased to be regarded as contraband, so that our beef, pork and flour, and other national productions may be carried into every port not under blockade. The whole subject of contraband goods, as between France and the United States, is an entirely open one; and as to England, it is matter of argument as to what articles are excluded as contraband or exempted. It is presumed that our ministers at the courts of the belligerents, however, have already begun to look into this important subject.

In a general European war, nothing can be more desirable, and at the same time more difficult than to preserve the neutrality of the United States.

One of our agricultural exchanges assures its readers that the leaves of the elder, scattered over cabbage, cucumbers, squashes, and other plants, subject to the ravages of insects, effectually shields them.—The plum, and other fruits subject to the ravages of insects, may be saved by placing on the branches and through the tree bunches of elder leaves.

Corns.—Boil a potato in its skin, and after it is boiled take the skin and put the inside of it to the corn, and leave it on for about twelve hours; at the end of that period the corn will be much better. The above useful and simple receipt has been tried and found to effect a remedy.

How is it proved that Adam was orthodox in his sentiments? Because his belief was undoubtedly Eve-angelical.

Why is the freight of a ship like a locomotive? Because it makes the cargo.

A WEDDING.

The wedding was over, the guests had departed, and the happy pair had retired to their chamber, and were snugly ensconced in bed, when Jack, in the course of a quiet conversation with his wife, unwittingly alluded to his favorite subject by casually speaking of himself as being a democrat.

“What?” exclaimed she; turning sharply and suddenly toward him, “are you a democrat?”

“Yes, madam,” replied Jack, delighted with the idea of having a patient listener to his long restrained oratory.—“Yes, madam, I am a democrat, a real Jeffersonian democrat, attached to the great progressive party, a regular out and outer, doubly dyed and twisted in the wool.”

“Just double and twist yourself out of this bed, then,” interrupted his wife; “I am a whig, I am, and will never sleep with any man professing the doctrine you do.”

“Jack was speechless from absolute amazement. That the very wife of his bosom should prove a tripartite, was horrible! she must be jesting. He remonstrated—but in vain; tried persuasion—twas useless;—entreaty—twas no go. She was in sober earnest, and the alternative left him was a prompt renunciation of his liberty or to a separate bed in another room. Jack didn't hesitate. Aligned the great and established doctrines of his party, to renounce his allegiance to the faith that had become identified with his very being, to surrender those glorious principles which had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, to the mere whim and caprice of a woman, was utterly ridiculous and absurd, and he threw himself from the bed and prepared to leave the room.

As he was leaving the door his wife screamed out to him,—

“I say, my dear, when you repent your heresy and your past errors, just knock at my door, and perhaps I'll let you in.”

The door was violently slammed, and Jack proceeded wrathfully in quest of another apartment.

A sense of insulted dignity, and the firm conviction that he was a martyr in the “right cause,” strengthened his pride, and he resolved to hold out until he forced his wife to recantation.

In the morning she met him as if nothing had happened; but whenever Jack ventured to return to the rupture of the night previous, there was a “laughing devil” in her eye, which bespoke her power and extinguished hope. A second time he repaired to his lonely couch, and a second time he called upon his pride to support him in the struggle, which he now found was getting desperate. He ventured curses “loud but not long,” on the waywardness and caprice of the sex in general; and at his own wife in particular—wondering how much longer she would hold out—whether she suffered as acutely as he did, and tried hard to double himself into the belief that she loved him too much to prolong the estrangement, and would come to him in the morning—perhaps that every night and sue for reconciliation. But then came the recollection of that inflexible countenance, of that menacing will, and of that laughing, un pitying eye—and he felt convinced that he was hoping against hope, and despairing he turned to the wall for oblivion from the wretchedness of his own thoughts. The second day was a repetition of the first; no allusion was made to the forbidden subject on either side. There was a look of quiet happiness and cheerfulness about the wife that puzzled Jack sorely, and he felt that all idea of forcing her into a surrender must be abandoned. A third night he was alone with his thoughts. His reflections were more serious and compassionate than the night previous. What they were, was known only to himself, but they seemed to result in something decided, for, about midnight, three distinct raps were made at his wife's door. No answer, and the signal was repeated in a louder tone, with violent attacks from the outside. “Who's there?” cried the voice of his wife, as if just aroused from a deep sleep. “It's me, my dear, and perhaps a little the best whig you ever did see.” The revolution in his opinion was radical and permanent. He removed to another country, became popular, and offered himself as a candidate on the whig ticket for the legislature, and was elected, and for several sessions represented his adopted county as a firm and decided whig.

Stenographs of Battle.—Dr. Holmes, in his scientific contribution to the last Atlantic Monthly, says:

“The next European war will send us stenographs of battles. It is asserted that a bursting shell can be photographed.—The time is perhaps at hand when a flash of light, as sudden and brief as that of the lightning which shot a whirling wheel standing stock still, shall preserve the very instant of the shock of contact of the mighty armies that are even now gathering. The lightning from heaven does naturally photograph natural objects on the bodies of those it has just blasted—so we are told by many witnesses. The lightning of clashing sabres and bayonets may be forced to stereotype itself in a stillness as complete as that of the tumbling tide of the Niagara as we see itself pictured.”

Why are large rivers like trees? Because they have branches.

What is the difference between a blind man and a sailor in prison? One can't see to go, and the other can't go to sea.

ABELARD.

“The freedom of thought and Independence of life in these institutions, and the fact that the want of books (the immensa multitude of professional copyists being wholly unable to supply the demand) rendered them the sole roads open for the gratification of the yearnings of the awakened intellect of all classes—were the great causes which caused them to be numerously and enthusiastically attended for several hundred years; which led men in early youth, in full manhood, and even in old age, to throng the Academic halls and spend long years in gathering instruction from the lectures of the great lights of the age. The zeal was unbounded, and often wrought to the highest pitch by the teachings of profound and eloquent instructors. When the young, vain and ambitious student, the eloquent and accomplished Abelard, alike renowned for his loves and his learning, entered the lists with William de Champeaux, and came off conqueror in the discussion of one of the great questions of philosophy, he became the favorite of the student world.

By repeated victories he soon overshadowed the reputation of his master. His fame went abroad. The ambitious and earnest young of all nations gathered themselves together in Paris, and hung upon his lips as if he were the only teacher of Christendom. No difficulty nor danger by the way, neither rigorous band, nor mountain height, nor dangerous gorge, nor perils of the sea, deterred or kept them back. In the countries of the North, South, East and West, in Rome itself, were seen bands of students taking up the pilgrim's staff for the long, rugged and weary way to this Bethlehem, where the bread of wisdom was broken to the children. When the opinions of the master brought on him persecutions without number, his disciples, ever faithful, followed him from place to place, giving up the luxuries and comforts of the city for the hardships of the rude life of the province. On his return to Paris, his retreat there was again thronged with ardent, anxious hearers, and multitudes followed him finally to the solitary retirement of Paraclete, where they provided for his necessities, and by their liberality, built for him the convent which he bestowed upon his