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THE BANNER.

[WEEKLY.]

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REMARKS OF MR. BURT, OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

In reply to Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, on the protection of American Settlers in Oregon. Delivered in the House of Representatives, April 13th, 1846.

Mr. BURT said, that he did not intend to enter into the question of title to this territory, nor to propound interrogatories to the gentleman from Mass. [Mr. Adams.] That gentleman had a right to pursue such a course of argument as, in his discretion, he thought proper. But (continued Mr. B.) I should have been gratified if the gentleman had thought fit to answer some of the objections which have been urged against his course on this subject. I remember that when, amongst others, I had the honor of addressing the committee upon it, I desired to know why it was that he, (entertaining the views he had expressed to-day, and denying, as I understood him, that he had received any new lights respecting our title to this territory,) while Secretary of State under Mr. Monroe, and again whilst President of the United States, offered to divide the country with Great Britain; and, in the emphatic language of Mr. Clay—language which, upon the gentleman's own authority, I may attribute to him as conveying his sentiments, and not the sentiments of his Secretary of State, spoke of an equal partition of this territory as being the only just mode of settling the conflicting pretensions of the two governments. I then said that this House, and this country, had a right to know of that honorable gentleman, why, if he entertained the opinion that Great Britain had no just pretension to this territory—nay, without the expression of any opinion whatsoever of our own title—if he believed, as he says to-day he does, that Great Britain has no just pretension or title to land on that coast, why he was then willing to divide the country equally between the United States and Great Britain? I believe that he is responsible for the offer of Mr. Gallatin. That proposition I understood to be the proposition of the gentleman from Massachusetts, and the country, and the world, will now demand of him why the proposition he then made he is not to-day willing to accord to Great Britain. I do not mean now, or at any time, to speak disrespectfully or discourteously to that gentleman. I have many reasons for not doing so. But I must be permitted to say that, in my judgment, there is great truth and force in the position of the present Executive, that his predecessors, and, chief among them, the honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, were responsible for that necessity, which, in his estimation, authorized this government to divide that territory with Great Britain. The gentleman is responsible, and he should answer.

But the gentleman from Illinois, [Mr. Wentworth,] in his brief remarks this morning, as well as on another occasion, seemed disposed, in my estimation, to place these members of the democratic party who, during the last session of Congress, voted for the territorial bill reported by a gentleman at that time at the head of the Committee on Territories, and now Governor of the State of Tennessee, [Mr. Brown] in a position which subjected them to the imputation, at least, of very gross inconsistency. Not only once, but twice, during the present session of Congress, the honorable gentleman has made special reference to the representation in this Hall from the State of South Carolina. As one of that representation, as one of those who voted for the bill to which the gentleman has referred, I think proper, on this occasion, to place that representation and myself right before this House and the country. I understand the gentleman to allege that the bill of the last session, which passed this House, asserted the title of the United States to the northwest territory from 42 to 54 40. Now, I have that bill before me. Its history will be remembered, I am sure, by many members who now hear me. And I call upon the gentleman to put his finger on the section, the line, or the word of that bill which asserts the title of the United States to 54 40.

The first section of the bill, which as every gentleman then here, (and there are many of them now as then members of the House) knows was a bill to extend the jurisdiction and the laws of the

United States over citizens of the United States in the territory of Oregon, described that territory, and designated as a portion of it the parallel of 54. But there was not a single sentence or word in any section of the bill which asserted the title of the United States to 54 40. I shall be sustained by every member of Congress when I say that it was well understood that the object of that bill, (as I think is apparent on its face) was to extend the jurisdiction and laws of the United States over American citizens in the territory of Oregon. Fifty-four forty was given as a part of the description of the territory, and nothing more. There was contained in that bill a provision, as an inducement to emigration, making grants of land; and I now beg leave to show, not only that there was no assertion of the title of the United States to 54 deg. 40 min., but that it was distinctly admitted in the bill that Great Britain had rights there; that she had asserted her pretensions; and that these pretensions were respected by the bill. The 40th section is in the following words:—

"And be it further enacted, That no sale or contract of any kind, of such lands, shall be valued before patent issues therefor, nor shall the same be taken in execution, as bound by any judgment, mortgage, or lien of any kind before the patent is issued."

And (continued Mr. B.) there is a proviso appended to this section; which is in the following words:—

"Provided always, That the future grants of lands contemplated by this act shall be subject to the settlement of any dispute now pending between Great Britain and the United States, in relation to these respective claims, and subject also to the acquirement by treaty or otherwise of the Indian title to said lands."

Now, (continued Mr. B.) the bill before the committee is, in my estimation, identical in its objects and purposes, although carried out by somewhat different means with that which I have referred, I have not the slightest objection to vote for it. I intend to do so. Without admitting any great obligation on the part of the United States to provide for American citizens in the territory, I choose, as one who has some participation in this matter to give my vote to extend the laws and jurisdiction of the United States over them. But it will be remembered on all sides, that during the last session of Congress, the title to this country was not the subject of discussion. I remember well a most just rebuke which the honorable gentleman from Massachusetts gave to the Committee and the House, when they proceeded to vote for that bill. I remember that the House had authorized the purchase of Greenhow's book, which that gentleman, in his own peculiar, and racy phraseology, called the Gospel of our title. I remember that before that book was laid upon the desks of members, through the pressure of the West, this House did proceed to vote upon the bill, as to the merits of which they were to be enlightened by that book. I know that many others, like myself, had no access to information in relation to our title, or to the quality of the soil. I gave my vote from the confidence I felt in the western gentlemen, I gave it from the well deserved confidence I felt in the gentleman from Tennessee, [Mr. A. V. Brown,] who now so worthily fills the highest office in the gift of his State. But if, in the absence of information then, and with full information now before me, I should be satisfied that I gave an erroneous vote, I have no such pride of consistency as would induce me to adhere to it. I would cheerfully retract. But not having perceived that I was in error then, or that I am now required to proceed one step further than I then went, I am ready to give my vote for this bill.

THE DEAD.—In New Orleans, children are often buried in coffins painted white, and ornamented with bows of ribbon intermingled with flowers. We have heard no reason assigned for this, but there is something peculiar appropriate in the custom. It speaks of the innocence of childhood, the purity of infancy and the bliss of those of whom our Saviour said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

MUSIC IN HEAVEN.

There is another, a glorious theatre, in reserve for us, even a heavenly; where, with an ear that will never grow dull, a medium that will present no hindrance, a voice that will never break, a body that will bear all pressure of emotion, subjects of infinite variety, extent and grandeur, drawn from God's creative acts; a scene where we may praise him with all the powers of heart and tongue, where we may go on praising him with more and more of skill, and enthusiasm, and joy.

Therefore, I believe that the scenes of the Apocalypse are not arranged as they are, merely in accommodation to our earthly condition, but are intended to shadow forth to us some points of real analogy between the music we essay to perform here, and the music of the Heavenly world, that we may in the future world in fact hear the very choruses, and bear some humble part in them, which John, rapt in the trance of Patmos, heard. The chorus of unnumbered millions, the millions of redeemed sinners, will be sung and heard; and it will be responded to by the chorus of unnumbered millions of angels, and they both will be like "the voice of many waters" and of mighty thunders; no want, as in Handel's puny orchestra of a thousand performers, of bass deep-toned enough to balance other parts. There, genius, which in this world so quickly finds its limit through want of appropriate facilities, may soar at will; and with faculties unlike those in this world, which grow weary and give out, will never need refreshment or repair. There, one shall not grow deaf with Beethoven, nor another die at thirty-six with Mozart, through sheer exhaustion of the body, nor a third expire with Haydn at the sound of cannon bombarding Vienna; but above weariness, confusion, and wreck shall sing on and sing on, in sweeter and yet sweeter, in louder and yet louder strains.

"There no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join sweet harmony,
That through Heaven all spacious round
Praise to God may ever sound."

And here, there is a solemn thought. Can there be music hereafter in the soul that does not love God? Nay, music and hostility to God are incongruous ideas. The oratorios of Heaven will give no pleasure to those in whose hearts the love of God does not exist. If we enter the future state unreconciled to him, then farewell peace, farewell joy; farewell hosannas, halleluiahs, praises; farewell the company of the redeemed, the glorious church of the first-born, whose names are written in Heaven, and farewell the chorus of angelic beings; farewell all that can purify and enoble the soul. That we had enjoyed something of music here, and felt longings of soul for something far beyond what the present state permitted to attain, but which we did hope to reach in that better and more glorious world; this will but aggravate our bitter disappointment. Nay, the capacities of music, the remembrance of earthly enterprise and enjoyment in the harmony of sweet sounds, will be turned into thorns and daggers of remorse. O, the powers of the immortal mind! its capacities of joy; its capacities of wo;—solemn thought! The heart says, would there were no wo! But reason—conscience, God—says there is. One of the grand choruses of the Apocalypse is, the pæans of rejoicing of the victory for the Lamb over the enemies of his Church. Some of these enemies are the apostate of this world. "And the smoke of their torment ascendeth for ever and ever."

FOR THE LADIES.—A new way to make merinoes wash well—Infuse three gills of salt to four quarts of boiling water, and put the calicoes in while hot, and leave it till cold. In this way the colors are rendered permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washing. So says a lady who has frequently made the experiment herself.

Gapes in chickens may be easily cured by giving them small crumbs of dough impregnated with a little soft soap; once or twice is sufficient.

Murmur not at Providence. Examine thyself and thou wilt acknowledge that thy lot is better than thy deservings.

RELIGION.—Impress your minds with reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no complacency with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane sallies. Besides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives you a more odious appearance of petulance, and presumption in youth, than the affectation of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind, which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind revere. At the same time you are not to imagine that when exhorted to be religious you are called upon to become more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same years; or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around you. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability. It is social, kind and cheerful; far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition which clouds the brows, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirit, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, on the contrary, connect preparation for heaven with an honorable discharge of the duties of life. Of such religion, discover on every proper occasion that you are not ashamed; but avoid making any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world.—Blair.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.—In the evening, when your children have prayed for pardon and peace, endeavor to infuse the spirit of that beautiful expression of the Psalmist, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety." At no time is the influence of the mother more valuable than when her children are retiring to rest. It is then, that having ceased from the business and pleasures of the day, their minds are quieted, their feelings more tender, and more fitted for the reception of religious impressions. Happy it is if the spirit of her own heart be such as to enable her to make use of these favored moments; to make use of them as opportunities for withdrawing the hearts of her children, "from things which are temporal," and of fixing deeper and more lively impressions of those "which are eternal."

JOSEPHINE was one of nature's Queens—she was divorced says her biographer, but her love did not cease; in her retirement, she joyed in all Napoleon's successes, and prayed that he might be saved from the fruits of his rash ambition. When his son was born, she only regretted that she was not near him in his happiness; and when he went a prisoner to Elba, she begged that she might share his prison, and relieve his woes. Every article that he used at her residence, remained as he left it. The book in which he had been last reading there with the page doubled down and the pen that he had last used by it, with the ink dried on its point. When her death drew nigh, she wished to sell all her jewels, to send the fallen emperor money; and her will was submitted to his correction. She died before his return from Elba; but her last words expressed the hope and relief "she never caused a single tear to flow." She was buried in the village church of Ruel, and her body followed to the grave not only by Princes and Generals, but by two thousand poor, whose heart had been made glad by her bounty. Her marble monument bears only this inscription: "Eugene and Hortense to Josephine."

The glory of men ought always to be measured by the means, which they have used to acquire it.

Pardon thy enemy, and do him good as thou hast opportunity, and thou wilt resemble the incense that fills with perfume the fire that consumes it.

"Here's the banisters, but confound me if I can find the stairs," as the drunken fellow said when he walked around the bed-post.

Believe nothing against another, but upon good authority; nor repeat what may hurt another unless it be a greater injury to others to conceal it.

BORROWING.—"My dear," said Mrs. Green to her husband one morning, "the meal which we borrowed from Mr. Black a few days ago is almost out, and we must bake to-morrow."

"Well," said her husband, "send and borrow half a bushel at Mr. White's, he sent to mill yesterday."

"And when it comes shall we return the peck we borrowed more than a month ago, from Widow Gray?"

"No," said her husband gruffly, "she can send for it when she wants it. John, do you go down to Mr. Brown's and ask him to lend me his axe, to chop some wood this afternoon, our's is dull, and I saw him grind his last night. And James, do you go to Mr. Clark's and ask him to lend me a hammar—and do you hear? you may as well borrow a few nails, while you are about it."

A little boy enters and says, "father sent me to ask if you had done with his hoe, which you borrowed a week ago last Wednesday; he wants to use it."

"Wants his hoe, child? What can he want with it? I have not half done with it yet—but if he wants it, I suppose he must have it. Tell him to send it back though as soon as he can spare it."

They sat down to breakfast "Oh mercy!" exclaims Mrs. Green, "there is not a particle of butter in the house. James run over to Mrs. Notable's; she always has excellent butter in her dairy, and ask her to lend me a plateful."

After a few minutes James returns; Mrs. Notable says she has sent you the butter, but begs you to remember that she has already lent you nineteen platefuls, which are scored on the dairy door.

"Nineteen platefuls!" exclaims the astonished Mrs. Green, holding up both hands, "it is no such thing—I never had half the quantity; and if I had, what is a little plateful? I should never think of keeping an account of such a trifling affair—I declare, I have a great mind never to borrow any thing of that mean creature again as long as I live."

SPEAKING CROSS.—You gain nothing by a rash word. What if that little boy broke the pitcher, or put his elbow through the glass, do you mend either by applying harsh epithets to him? Does it make him more careful in future? Does he love you better? Hark! he is murmuring. What says the boy? "I'm glad of it—I don't care how much I break."

He talks thus to be even with those who scold him. It is very wrong in him, we know; but it is human nature, and the example has been set before him by you.

Say to the careless boy, "I am sorry—you must be more careful in future;" and what will be his reply? "It was an accident, and I will be more careful." He will never break another pitcher or glass if he can help it; and he will respect and love you a thousand times more than when you flew in a rage and swore vengeance on his head. Remember this, ye who get angry and rave at a trifle.

FEEDING OF POULTRY.—Professor Gregory of Aberdeen in a letter to a friend, observes—"As I suppose you keep poultry, I may tell you that it has been ascertained that if you mix with their food a sufficient quantity of eggshells or chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay, cæteris paribus, twice or thrice as many eggs as before. A well-fed fowl is disposed to lay a vast number of eggs, but cannot do so without the materials for the shells, however nourishing in other respects her food may be; indeed a fowl fed on food and water, free from carbonet of lime, and not finding any in the soil, or in the shape of mortar, which they often eat off the walls, would lay no eggs at all with the best will in the world. Lay this to heart, and let me know in the spring if the hens lay two, or two for one."

"You are from the country, are you not, sir?" said a dandy clerk in a book-store to a homely-dressed Quaker, who had given him some trouble.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, sir, here's 'An essay on the Rearing of Calves.'"

"That," said Obadiah, as he turned to leave the store, "thou had better present to thy mother."