

New Terms.

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(SELECTED FOR THE BANNER.)
PROFIT AND LOSS.

In early youth, a reciprocal attachment was formed between myself and a youth, somewhat my senior, named Charles L. Perhaps the only material difference in our dispositions was, that I was impetuous, ardent and confiding: while my friend was cool, calculating and suspicious—From early education, I was taught to look upon riches only as a means of happiness: while my friend looked upon the accumulation of wealth as happiness itself.—At early life, both started even in the race of life. The one in the pursuit of happiness: the other in the pursuit of riches. The city of our birth, for some time, was the theatre of our business transactions, and the most perfect confidence and the greatest intimacy existed between us.

Time and circumstances, however, separated us. I remaining in the city of our birth, and he removing to the great metropolis of our country. Leaving the ardent pursuer of happiness in the quiet home of his youth, we will follow the anxious seeker of gold from his desk as clerk, to his counting house as importer.

A more upright, honorable, high-minded man, no where existed. No one dare breathe suspicion against his character for fair and open dealing. No charge, save that of an overweening desire to "get gain," was or could be preferred against him, and to this end, his soul and all his energies were directed. His calculations were made with the nicest accuracy, his plans laid with the profoundest judgment, and carried out with the greatest care and precision. The indications of change in the market were watched and speculated upon with a foresight almost supernatural, and no advantage was suffered to escape his ever vigilant eye. The earliest hour of business found him in his counting room, and the hour of midnight witnessed his devotion to his heart's desire. And if a continued stream of wealth, almost inexhaustible, could have appeased the cravings of his soul, he now had secured it. Every breeze seemed favorable—every turn of the wheel of fortune increased his store. He added house to house and store to store, while his ships spread their broad canvass to every breeze, and wafted their rich treasure to and from every clime. With every new acquisition of wealth he experienced new desires, and laid wider and deeper his plans of operation. His mind seemed to expand and acquire new and enlarged energies, as his increasing business made its demands.

Years rolled on, and in their flight, brought the wealth of all climes and laid it at his feet. But he had piled upon his mental and physical system, by far too ponderous a weight, which, in a last gigantic effort, crushed them both. Death came like the electric spark, and in an instant of time, he passed from this to another world. How changed was now the scene in that world which he had carved out for his own special use.

I saw him but a moment since in the full vigor of life, eager as ever in grasping at his idol—now frigid in death. How mournful and saddening the change! The disconsolate family—weeping friends—the darkened room—the half-hoisted flag—and the slow tolling bell, spoke in tones peculiar to themselves.

My duty, as his executor, made me acquainted with the extent of his fortune. It was indeed princely. I shall never, however, forget the emotions with which I looked into his ledger, as my eye fell upon the page headed "profit and loss." My eyes, tired with gazing at the numerous sums which went to make up the vast aggregate of his gains, I ran over the items and was amazed—I had almost said gratified—that his plans of gain had been so successful. I looked almost in vain on the opposite side for items of loss—they were as a drop in the ocean; and I was bewildered in the contemplation of the scene it presented. The more I indulged the contemplation, the more was my admiration excited, till a feeling of envy seemed to possess my breast, and shut out every other feeling. It charmed me to the spot, and enwrap my soul in its entrancing folds. I gazed, wondered and ad-

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mired. All else was a blank. I knew nothing—I saw nothing, till an unnatural light lit up the vacant page, and discovered to my returning vision, the words, "My Soul;" and then a still, small voice, as soft as the hushed evening zephyr, whispered, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.
PERSEVERANCE.

If we were called upon to name the quality, to which more than other success in life appears to be owing, we should unhesitatingly mention that which we have placed at the head of this article. Resolution, which is but another appellation for the same inveterate doggedness of purpose of which we are speaking, has been pictured by one of our ablest writers as "the youngest child of destiny; and her mother will give her nearly whatever she asks." It is one thing to allow yourself to be made the sport of circumstances, and another and far different thing to command and control them. Some men are like a vessel that has lost her rudder, and they toss about idly and unrestingly in the trough of the great ocean of life—while others like the same ship, with all her sails set and a steady helm, bear right onward to a destined mark, though winds and waves alike oppose their progress. Often, indeed, may they be compelled to alter their course, and sometimes, perhaps, to yield for a time to the fury of the hurricane, and sail in a directly opposite direction; but with a steady and indomitable purpose, they again pursue their way so soon as it can be done with safety.

And thus it is in life. For a while indeed, the energetic and true-hearted may seem to have abandoned their favorite ends, but it is only seeming. The foolish man is he who has not innate perception of what is possible and what impossible. Not but what many things are possible to the wise that the world generally considers impracticable. Fulton knew that his was not a wild visionary scheme, as most said; but that it was perfectly sober and feasible. Columbus saw the possibilities of his discoveries, where other men could only see great peril or certain death. Therefore let not the man who thinks he perceives the practicability of discoveries or inventions, that shall benefit his race for endless generations, be deterred from his course by the cheers of other men, even though they may be, perhaps, in many things, wiser than himself. As Sidney says to the Poet "Look into thy heart and write," so would we say to such an one, look in thy heart, and devise. Every thing is impossible until it is accomplished—then it becomes a matter of course, and all men wonder that it had never been done before.

But it is by perseverance that the inventor or discoverer succeeds. Many are the failures before the true solution is worked out. It is like guessing a riddle. Columbus must spend weary years in dangle about Kings' Courts, must apply first to one sovereign and then to another, must expose himself to the sneers of the learned and the ridicule of the unlearned, before a Queen Isabella will step forward and, out of her own private purse, advance the necessary funds to test whether he really be a great man or a madman.

Let the young especially, therefore, treasure in their hearts this truth, that success either in the great or small, in the discovery of a continent or the acquisition of the good things of this world, cannot reasonably be expected without the formation of a habit of indomitable perseverance. What if you fail in your efforts once or twice, or even thrice? you have gained a wisdom that will enable you to try again, with a better prospect of success than upon either of the previous occasions. Nearly every one who has succeeded in life, was at first unsuccessful; then it is not only unmanly, but even foolish to despair. Remember King Robert Bruce and the spider, and persevere unto the end.

Two deaf mutes were married on Monday morning in New York, by Rev. Mr. Carey, at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. The ceremony was performed in the language of signs, and was attended by the inmates of the institution.

From the Tennessee Democrat.
EXECUTION OF MAJOR J. Y. BURNEY.

The following is a correct copy of a letter from young Burney, to his mother, a few hours previous to his execution at Castle Perote, Mexico. The young man was brave and generous—a firm friend to his friend—an implacable enemy to his enemies—never feared the odds in a combat—was certainly an intrepid soldier in the field of battle—loved the institutions of his native country, and was one of those chivalric spirits who fought for the rights of Texas. In short, he was a man possessed of many ennobling qualities, with some slight discrepancies, which were multiplied from adverse circumstances in life—it is obvious that his general disposition was honest integrity, and correct regard for his obligations—but fate decreed against him.

The death of this young man is deeply lamented by a large circle of friends and relations, in the vicinity of Hert's Cross-roads, and throughout Tennessee.

The Mexican General has caused one of Tennessee's bravest sons to be put to death, but should an opportunity serve, thousands would sally forth from his native seat, to revenge his unjust and untimely death. The following we copied from his own steady hand-writing.

To Mrs MATHIEA BURNEY—
Castle Perote Mexico,
December 24, 1845.

MY DEAR MOTHER.—Ere this shall meet your eyes, I shall be no more on earth. My race is run, my days, my hours, yea, even my moments are numbered. I am to be executed to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock. No doubt you think strange of not hearing of me. I will tell you the reason; I arrived safe in Texas when I left you, and received my pay from those I had claims against, in March last, and through the persuasions of some of my friends, who were then preparing to go to Mexico, on a trading expedition, I was influenced to purchase some goods, and went with them to Chihuahua, in the northern part of the Republic of Mexico. We sold out our goods at about one hundred per cent profit, and were on our way back; when we were arrested at San Luis Potosi, by order of General Arista, under the charge of being Texans, who fought against Santa Anna, in Texas in 1836.

On hearing the cause of our detention, I resolved never to surrender, and was fired upon, and wounded in seven places; having my left arm and right thigh both broken, I was unable to fight any. I was then lashed on the back of a mule, and carried to the city of Mexico, where I was cast into a dungeon for six months, and never saw the sun, or day light after getting well of any wounds. I was removed to this miserable place to await my trial. This morning I was brought into the Court room, and the sentence read to me, that I was to be shot to death by order of the Court Martial.

1st. For taking up arms, and fighting against the Central party, or army in Mexico, in 1836.

2nd. For having come into Mexico, selling goods, without license or passport.

4th. For refusing to surrender, and killing three Mexicans before I was taken.

These are the charges for which I am to die. I have never been permitted to write a word until to-day, I was told by the Alcalda, that I might write one letter, and one only, and he would have it sent to New Orleans, or wherever I wished. He informed me, that every thing that could be done, had been done, to save me, but all to no purpose. Don't grieve, it will do no good, before this can possibly reach you I shall be in eternity. I don't intend that a tear shall dampen my eyes. I die like a soldier—Texas will avenge my blood. It is hard that I have no chance for my life. I am now manacled down with no less than seventy pounds of chains about me. Oh God! there is no telling what I have suffered, death is preferable to my present situation.

I can't say what I wish to in this, but it is the last you will ever see from me. I hope to meet you in heaven.—Tell all my brothers and sisters to meet me there. Tell them all farewell for me, though they care but little for me, I am

their brother. If I can get another sheet of paper, and get permission, I will write to Milton, concerning my land affairs in Texas, if not he or Robert must see to them, any how, they are worth attending to. Either of them can administer and become my lawful owners. My situation and condition are indistinguishable, I can't say more. Keep this letter as long as you live, if you think any thing of me.

I had \$1,300 in gold, when I was taken, and about three hundred and sixty-three dollars in silver, all of which the Alcada told me that the President, Gen. Herrera, would have remitted to the Treasurer of Texas, so that my relations should have it. I wish Milton or Robert to see to that, and pay off every debt I owe in Tennessee—I owe but little in Texas. Poor unlucky creature I am.

Oh mother! My dear mother! tongue cannot express my feelings: but I die the death of a brave soldier.

Had I reached Texas in safety, again, I should have been back and paid every cent I owed. No doubt there are many harsh words and thoughts against me there, but I can't help it now, fortune has turned against me.

My poor companions I know not what has become of them. When I was so badly wounded, we were separated, and I have never heard of them since. Perhaps they were murdered.

To-morrow morning is Christmas, and I have to go to that world of spirits, from whence no traveller ever returns; my God save me!

Oh mother! the rising of one more sun to me, and then I shall try the realities of another world!

Farewell! Farewell Forever!
J. YOUNG BURNEY.

CHASED BY A LOCOMOTIVE.—The following is a "Hoosier's" description of his first sight of a Locomotive, and his adventure consequent thereon.

"I come across through the country, and struck your railroad, and was plying it about four knots an hour. Now I had heard tell of locomotives, but never dreamed of seeing one alive and kicking; but about two miles from here I heard something coffin, sneezing and thundering, and I looked around. Sure enough here she come down after me plowin the air up and splitting the road wide open with more smoke and fire flying than or to come out of hundred burning mountains. There was a dozen wagons follering arter her, and to save her tarnation black, smokey, noisy neck, she couldn't get clear of them. I don't know whether they scared her up or no, but here she come foaming at the mouth—with her teeth full of burning red hot coals, and she pitched right straight at me as if she was going into me like a thousand of brick—I couldn't stand it any longer, so I wheeled round and broke down the road, and began to make the gravel fly in every direction. No sooner had I done that than she split right after me, and every jump I made she squealed like a thousand wild cats! She began to gain on me comin up a little hill, but we came round a pint to a straight level on the road. Now thinks I, I'll gin you a ginger, as I am great on a dead level, so I pulled to it and soon got myself under full speed, and then she began to yelp and howl and cough and stamp and come on full chisel, and made the hul earth shake. But I kept on before, bouncing at the rate of twenty feet every pop, till I got to a turn of the road, and I was under such full headway that I couldn't turn, so I tumbled head over heels down a bank by a house and landed with my head and shoulders cosmollig into a swill barrel, and my feet stuck out behind and up in the air! Just at the time the locomotive found I had got away from it, it commenced spitting hot

Advertisements

WILL be conspicuously inserted at 75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 37½ cents for each continuance—longer ones charged in proportion. Those not having the desired number of insertions marked upon them, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

For advertising Estrays Toted, TWO DOLLARS, to be paid by the Magistrate. For announcing a Candidate, TWO DOLLARS, in advance.

All letters or communications must be directed to the Editor, postage paid.

water into me, and just literally spat it all over me. I thought in my soul Mount Vesuvius had busted some place in the neighborhood. But do you suppose I stood there long? No sree! I just walked right through that barrel and come out the tother end so quick that it really looked ashamed of itself.

"Now here I am a rale propelling double revolving locomotive Snolly Goster, ready to attack any thing but a combination of Thunder-lightning—smoke--rail-road, iron and hot water."

The following is given as an extract from a sublime speech in a murder case in Texas:—

"May it please your honor—I'm bald! bald!—Not bald from age, but from a knowledge of the law. And what does the law say? murder, murder, says the law, is the killing of a reasonable being under the king's peace! What's the king? thar's no king here! Thank God, the Lone Star shall shine aloft! And I'll speak on this case until the queen of night sits in the west—yea, until the wild cow bellows in the morning sun!"

Look Out.—When a stranger offers to sell you an article for half its value, look out.

When a note becomes due, and you don't happen to have the necessary funds to meet it, look out.

When a young lady has "turned the first corner," and sees no conubial prospect ahead, it is natural she should look out.

When you find a man doing more business than you are, look at the advertisement he has in the newspapers, and look out.

Look out for rain when the almanac tells you to, and if it don't come why you can keep looking out.

NEWSPAPER SUPPORT.—Much depends upon the supporters of a newspaper, whether it is conducted with spirit and interest. If they are niggardly, or negligent in their payments, the pride and ambition of the editor is broken down he works at thankless and unprofitable tasks—he becomes discouraged and careless, his paper loses its pith and interest, dies.—But, on the contrary, if his subscribers are of the right sort—if they are punctual, liberal hearted fellows, always in advance on the subscription list, taking an interest in increasing the number of its subscribers, now and then speaking a word for his paper, cheering him on in his course by smiles of approbation; with such subscribers as these he must be a dolt indeed who would not get up an interesting sheet, with such patrons as these, we would forswear comfort, ease, leisure, every thing that could possibly step between us and the gratification of every laudable desire on their part. We would know on other pleasure than their satisfaction. How much then can the supporters of a newspaper do to make it interesting and respectable; indeed, without concurring efforts on their part, the publishers of a newspaper will not, cannot bestow the attention which is necessary to make it what it should be.

The tomb of Washington is now visited daily by great numbers. Every year this pilgrimage of patriotism appears to increase.

Thomas W. Dorr's health is said to have become latterly very precarious.

"Doctor, I've got the shingles."
"What makes you think so, Bob?"

"Because the roof of my mouth has broke out in a dozen places."