

THE BANNER.

[WEEKLY.]

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From our Extra 29th ult.

Below will be found the Proclamation of the Governor of this State, calling for Volunteers to fill the requisition made upon the State by the President. They are not required for immediate service, but to hold themselves in readiness. The call is for one Regiment, to consist of the following officers:—1 Colonel, Lieut. Colonel, Major and Adjutant, (a Lieutenant of one of the companies, but not in addition.) 1 Sergeant Major, 1 Quarter Master Sergeant, and 2 Musicians; 10 companies, to consist of each 1 Captain, 1st and 2d Lieutenants, 4 Sergeants, 4 Corporals, 2 Musicians, and 64 Privates.

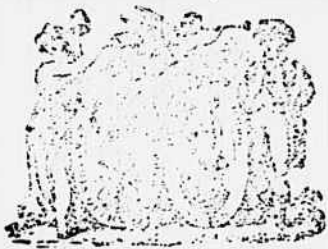
We call upon our fellow-citizens of Abbeville to unite with us in responding to the proclamation, in a manner becoming the old District of "Ninety-Six." It is deemed proper that a Volunteer corps should be immediately organized in Abbeville, and for that purpose a list may be found at this office, and other places in the village.

Those disposed to enroll themselves are requested to come forward and do so immediately.

The following remarks we copy from the Charleston Courier of 25th inst.:

"In another part of our paper will be found a Proclamation of His Excellency William Aiken, Governor of this State, announcing that a requisition for one Regiment of Infantry, has been made from South Carolina, and calling for volunteers to make up the number. That this call will be promptly responded to, we have not the most remote doubt—indeed we have understood that twice the requisite number have already been tendered from the upper districts. "The Charleston Riflemen, an old efficient corps, now under the command of Capt. John E. Carew, at a meeting a few evenings since, tendered their services to the Governor, and will, doubtless, make one of the ten companies to be raised. There are, at present, a large number of individuals anxious to participate in the spirit-stirring enterprise of chastising the enemies of our country, and only await the announcement of the mode and manner of doing it, to enroll their names. The probability is that a much larger number than the requisition calls for will volunteer, in which case a draft will be necessary to decide who shall remain. We understand that it is the intention of the Governor to give every section of the State an equal chance, and that the selection of the officers will be left to the men enrolled."

Proclamation!



Executive Department,
Charleston, May 23d, 1846.
By WILLIAM AIKEN, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over the State of South Carolina.

A REQUISITION having been made on the State of South Carolina by the President of the United States, for a REGIMENT OF INFANTRY, "to be enrolled and held in readiness for muster into the service of the United States"

I, William Aiken, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the State of South Carolina, do issue this my Proclamation, calling upon the citizens thereof, to come forward and enroll themselves in the service of their country.

Congress has authorized the organization of fifty thousand volunteers to serve for twelve months, and the privilege is now accorded to the people of this State to furnish their proportion of the defenders of our country.

Where every consideration of duty and patriotism calls so loudly upon the citizens of our republic—the Executive is assured that there needs no appeal from him to stimulate the hearts of his countrymen. Our gallant army on the Rio Grande, embarrassed for a time by superior number and the craft of the enemy, have signally vindicated the honor of the country and the reputation of our

arms, by recent victories, which rank with the highest achievements of modern times. The enthusiasm of our sister States have poured out thousands of brave men to their aid, but our country still calls for more to carry out this war to a safe and honorable conclusion; and the Governor, in compliance with the requirement made upon him, calls upon his fellow citizens to rally around the standard of our country and enroll themselves in her service.

WILLIAM AIKEN,

By the Governor.

J. W. CANTY, Ad'nt and Insp'r Gen'l.
NOTE.—All communications in relation to the matters contained in the above proclamation, must be addressed to Adjutant General J. W. Canty—Head Quarters, Charleston.

We lay before our readers, all that may be of any interest from the army, as received up to last evening's mail. The steamship Alabama arrived at New Orleans on the 22d instant from Brazos. She reports that official information had been received at Point Isabel, that Col. WILSON with four companies of Regulars and three of Alabama Volunteers had taken Barita without the least opposition. Gen. TAYLOR was to have crossed the Rio Grande on the 18th for the purpose of taking Matamoros. The following officers wounded in the late actions are all doing well. The following is a list of the officers wounded:—

- Col. McIntosh, 5th Infantry, was pierced through the mouth with a bayonet, and shot in three places.
- Col. Payne, Insp'r. Gen., shot in the hip.
- Capt. Page, 4th Infantry, lower jaw, part of the tongue and upper teeth entirely shot away. He is suffering dreadfully.
- Capt. Hoe, 5th Infantry, right arm shot off above the elbow.
- Lieut. Gates, 5th Infantry, right arm broken and shot in the left hand.
- Lieut. Jordan, 8th Infantry, shot and bayoneted in several places.
- Lieut. Luther, 2d Artillery, lower lip shot off.

It is expected that all the above will recover, but most of them will require great care.

The report of the reinforcement under Paredes is not confirmed, and it may be a good deal exaggerated.

LATER FROM THE ARMY.

NEW ORLEANS, May 20.

The New Orleans Picayune says:—The letter from our correspondent from the camp opposite Matamoros gives us to understand that in a day or two at most the army would take position on the west side of the Rio Grande. This will be the beginning, in all probability of a series of advances into the interior of Mexico, which will furnish opportunities for the achievement of fame. We expect to hear good tidings of the volunteers who were sent against Barita.

All eyes are now turned towards Matamoros. All our letters indicate that the next step to be taken by Gen. Taylor is to reduce that city, and that he was making active preparations to cross the Rio Grande. We learn from an intelligent correspondent that the Mexicans anticipated that an attack would be made upon the town on the 10th—immediately upon the victory achieved on the 9th. In consequence all their posts were strengthened, and every individual who entered the city was detained and pressed into service.

During the action of the 8th the house tops in Matamoros were covered with the people, and the bank of the river was lined with spectators; but, writes a brave though facetious correspondent, a "buzz from the Fort, brought forth by a despatch messenger, who rode in to announce our victory, made them all 'slope.'"

From an officer who was not in the fort from the 1st till the 10th instant, we learn that while it was invested during Gen. Taylor's absence with the greater part of the army, Gen. Arista sent into it a summons to surrender upon the score of humanity! This was after the action of the 8th, and before the issue of it was known by those in the fort.

The greatest anxiety was of course felt by them as to the result, because their fate was to depend mainly upon the success of the army. Ignorant of what had happened, and assured that a large army awaited Gen. Taylor, and that it would be impossible for him to reach the fort—thus swayed by anxiety, hope, confidence and fear—no! not fear—that brave band refused to surrender.

What their fate would have been, had General Taylor been defeated, and the whole Mexican horde beleaguered the fort, the history of all Mexican warfare too fearfully presages. While on this theme, we feel constrained to say that the Mexicans dealt barbarously upon those Mexicans who fell in action. No officers were taken prisoners, and those killed were hideously mutilated. All the letters we have read state the fact that the persons of the dying and the dead were not respected.

INVASION OF MEXICO.

We are prepared to state, on the very best authority, says the North American, that it has been determined by the government, that Gen. Scott is to march to the city of Mexico. It is not expected that he will participate in the present struggle on the Rio Grande, as he cannot recruit in season. The laurels of that contest will be reaped by the sword of the gallant Taylor. When the main army shall have been concentrated, the hero of Lundy's Lane will lead them to the Capital of Mexico. We understand that a high military authority in Washington has expressed the opinion that the volunteer forces cannot be concentrated on the Rio Grande, before the close of August, or the opening of September. The task of collecting such force from our widely extended territory, organizing and preparing them for the field, cannot be effected, even with the most strenuous exertions, before that period. The army will consist of twenty odd thousand men and will be provided with all that is necessary to ensure triumph.

Members of Congress Volunteering. The correspondent of the U. S. Gazette, says that about fifty members of Congress have applied to the President for appointments either for themselves or their relatives, in the army, and that there are an immense number of patriotic officers to serve the country upon condition of having a commission.

It is said that Gen. Houston is to be offered the command of one of the divisions of the army, in its future and more extended operations against Mexico.

The officers of the army of occupation have raised a purse of \$1,000 for Capt. Walker, the gallant Texan.

Rifles and Muskets.—It is said that the Rifles and Muskets at the various State Arsenals, and in charge of the General Government, are estimated at one million, three hundred thousand.

Arrival of the Britannia.—This steamer, though sixteen days later, brings very little news of importance. The rumored death of Louis Phillippe has proved false. No advance in the Cotton Market. House of Commons came to a division on the reading of the Coercion Bill; the number in its favor were 274, and 128 against it. Accounts from Ireland are gloomy. The efforts of the Government and of private munificence, seem to fall far short of what the exigencies of the case demand. Prussia has stopped all legal proceedings against Ronge, the Reformer. The number of German emigrants on their way to the Atlantic ports are estimated at 80,000.

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF SILK.—Mix together in a phial, two ounces of essence of lemon and one ounce of oil of turpentine. Rub the spot gently with a linen rag dipped in the mixture.

SCARCE.—Unbustled ladies, pure and undefiled christians, disinterested friends, common honesty, sound potatoes, first rate butter, and rich printers.

Prof. Billy Bluebottle's Lecture on Temperance. Delivered from the top of an empty rum hogshod, before the honorable Association of Wharf-Rangers and Bung Suckers.

FELLERS—I s'pect most of you have heard of this here cruel impersition and villainous bamboozlement they call the Temperance Reform. got up to prevent decent poor folks from enjoying themselves in a rational and innocent way, that is, to liquor when they feels inclined to it; but may be some of you don't know that the Temperance chaps made their brags that they have lick'd us out, and we han't got a word to say for ourselves. Now that's a most outdacious mistake. We've got lots of arguments and ratenations on our side, and we've genius and sperit enough to take our part, I guess, when it comes to the tussel. I think myself good enough for any six of the cold water orators, and I can give um their bitters, I think, when I go at it in yearnest. I'll let um know that Pre taken the field, and its orful to think how paniky they'll feel when they see me come against um. I hope the Temperance assosiation won't dissolve right away, for I want an opportunity to walk right into 'um just like a pig into a turnip patch, and if there's a splinter on 'um left at the end of six weeks from this time—bust me.

I hope I needn't say, my very respectable audience, that I'm in favor of every man, woman and child's having their grog in due season; that is, six or eight times a day, or oftener, if the delerascy of their constitutions requires more stimulerus. What harm will come of it? Wont it make 'em happy? and 'arnt happiness "our being's end and aim," as Mr. Murray says in the English Reader? Suppose a man's got no home and is cold—he takes a drink and feels comfortable. He lays down on the bricks and dont know they ant feathers. Spoze he's friz to death, why he don't know what hurts him; he goes happy, and I guess he never feels cold arterwards.

Them temperance fellers say liquor costs us a heap of money—that's a melancholy truth—it costs a confounded sight more than it oughter cost. I go agin high prices myself. The tavern keepers want to make very onreasonable profits, and its right enough to make 'em ashamed of their extorshernating propensaty. There's a gentleman of my acquaintance in St. Mary's street what sells a werry good glass of grog for a penny, and he allows that he can make a decent living at that. The reason why he can sell so low is, case he's got no license. That license law is what raises the price of liquor, my respectable audience; its a sort of contrivance by which the public goes pardners with the liquor sellers, and comes in for a good slice of the profits. They say it helps to support government Dang government! What do respectable people want with any government? It's another impersition. If government cant be supported without a tax on grog it oughter be choked. Why do they tax some people's drink and not others? Why dont they put a tax on pumps and hydrants, so that them as has no better sense than to prefer cold water to grog, may pay their part of the reckoning?

Now I ax you, fellers, who's the best citizen, him os supports government, or him as dont? Why him as does, of course. We supports government, fellers; every man as drinks grog supports government. That is, if he liquors at a licensed grocery. Every blessed drop of liker he swallows there, is taxed to pay the salary of the governor, the 'sembly men, and tother big bugs. 'Spoze we was to quit drinking, why government must fall, it could'nt help it no how. That's the very reason I drinks, I don't like grog, I hates it mortally. If I followed my own inclination, I'd ruther drink buttermilk, or ginger pop, or soda water. But I lickers for the good of my country; to set an example of patriotism and wertuous self-denial to the rising generation.

'Spoze we was vindictive or malishus, couldnt we show our spite? Well, I rather guess we could. 'Spoze we was to swear off, 'case government wont take our part, and confine them temperance fellers in the Penitentiary, where they oughter be? Why the whole nation would go to smashes right away. Government would be cut out

of its share of the profits of the liker business, and down it would go, just like I would if this here barrel I'm a standing on was stove in. The taverns couldnt pay their license, the stilleries would be stopped, the farmers couldnt sell their grain, and the whole universal world would be in a state of stagnation. But we is too generous to show our spite that a-way; we puts up with every thing like marters. 'Case why? If the present generation dont do us justice, another will. That's our comfort. Fellers, get your reeds and straws ready—the feller they set to watch them barrels is gone asleep. The bungs is all open, so we'll take a suck, and then go to sleep ourselves, like innocent bab. so we will.

The second lecture of this course will be delivered at the same time and place next Friday. I'm much obleeged for your patient attention. You've sucked in my instruction, and I now let's suck in some of old Scriverback's apple brandy. Out with your sucking instruments, fellers, and all to business.

A TRULY AFFECTING SCENE.—On Saturday last, says the New Orleans Delta, there was a barbecue given: the way in which the citizens of the West and South West give evidence of their hospitality—to the patriotic volunteers. What occurred at this rural feast we shall pass over—making no note of the thoughts that breathe of the audience or of the words that burn of the orator. Mr. Brent, well known in this city as a distinguished member of the Convention, who framed the new Constitution. We hurry on to describe a scene in which religion was blended with patriotism—piety with love of country.

On Sunday last it was understood that all would meet at the parish church, and that after prayers for the country's protection, and a benediction from the minister of religion on those who were about to depart for the scene of honor—for the scene of strife, a general parting farewell would be taken. The bell tolled the time for prayer, its call was responded to, and there knelt they, side by side in prayer, who ne'er may meet again.

Divine service over, the thick and foggy smoke from the steamboat gave note of preparation to the volunteers about to start to avenge their country's wrongs—to defend their country's rights. They arranged themselves in single files on either side of the neatly gravelled walk that lead into the church door, and then came—

"That word that hath been and must be, fare-well!"

There were to be seen age on its crutches hobbling up to bid God bless—good bye to youth; the mother embracing her first born and telling him to love his country as she loved him; the father shaking his son affectionately but firmly by the hand and bidding him, while he forgot not that he had a father to remember, he had a country to defend; and the virgin-lover whose eye glistening with the tear of truth seemed to say—Go, I know thou lovest me—love thou also thy country. But who can picture the scene, as on that occasion the prattling infant clung to and kissed its father's cheek, the mother called for blessings on the son of her soul, and the lover wept at proving tears of joy as her gallant betrothed pointed her to his country's flag, and told her his duty 'twas to follow!

A droll fellow was asked by an old woman to read the newspaper, and talking it up began as follows. Last night, yesterday morning about three o'clock in the afternoon, just before breakfast, a hungry boy, about forty years old, bought a penny custard for two pence and threw it over a stone brick wall, 9 feet thick, made of iron and jumped over it fell into a dry mill pond and was drowned. About forty years afterwards, the same day a high wind blew down the Dutch Church and killed and old sow and two dead pigs at Boston, and a dead horse kicked a blind man's eyes out.

A hungry Scotchman took up a raw egg; cracked the shell, and was raising it to his mouth when his ear was suddenly salluted by the shrill pipe of an unborn chicken; "Ye spoke too late," cried Pat, and down went the pullet, feathers and all.