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THE BANNER.

[WEEKLY.]

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Advertisements
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(Correspondence of the Banner.)

LAKE HARRIS, (Fla.) May 10.

Friend Allen.—I took leave of you at St. Augustine, on the 27th April. On the morning of the 29th, mounted upon a pony, with gun in hand, accompanied by William Gordin, a mulatto, who owns several thousand acres of Florida land. I started up Mandarin river, on my route to Smyrna, a distance of nearly one hundred miles. At 8 o'clock of the first day, we passed fort Peyton, near which Ocoola, was ingloriously captured.

The country through which we travelled was mostly pine barren, and scrub land. At 2 P. M. we called on Mr. DUPON, an old settler, who is experimenting upon raising the arrow root, of which growth, he has twenty acres planted, besides a large crop of corn. He thinks that growing the arrow root, will soon become a very profitable business in this region. At 6 P. M. we arrived at the place of Gen. Hernandez, which is the largest plantation in successful operation in the coast region, of East Florida. He has 60 acres planted in sugar cane, and 180 in corn, and works 96 hands. His overseer is from Louisiana,—has experience in the sugar raising business, and expects to make 500 hogshead of Sugar for the General in 1848. They have an engine in operation of sufficient power to grind all the cane, as well as to grind the corn, used on the plantation, and it is now propelling two saws, each of which, will saw 3000 feet of lumber per day. The General's corn is splendid, and his cane is tolerably good.

On the morning of the 30th we left for Smyrna. This was a gloomy morning; the road almost perfectly level, in a pine barren, a little to the right of a very rich country, embracing several extensive hammocks. At 10, my guide directed my attention to a prairie on the left, where were several deer feeding, as yet undisturbed. I immediately dismounted, raised my gun, and taking deliberate aim at the largest buck, fired, when, to my utter astonishment, he raised his colors, cast a scornful look at the aggressor, and giving one nasal shout of victory, sailed triumphantly into distant retreats of the extensive prairie. Could you believe that the deceptive distance of an object, on a treeless plain, had induced me, to shoot three hundred yards at a deer, with buck-shot, expecting to bring him down?

At 12 M. we entered a road, leading to the magnificent ruins of the Bulow plantation. Here are some of the best lands on the east side of the St. Johns river; several hundred acres of which were once cultivated. The rich lands are still there, but the very expensive mills, and machinery, are in ruins, having never been restored since they were destroyed by the Indians.

Harris's place, as well as Dunlawton, and one or two other places, are in a similar condition, a mass of ruins.

At Sundown, we arrived at Munson's, on spruce creek, nine miles from Smyrna. During the two days, I travelled nearly ninety miles—killed one eagle, one alligator, two deer, and having stopped for the night, on spruce creek, came well nigh being conquered, by musketoes and sand flies.

Fancy that you see me seated at the table at candle light. A struggle ensues. The stomach stimulated by hunger, makes powerful effort to secure an amount of nutriment, greater than will supply the waste, consequent upon a contribution, levied upon the system, by the musketoes and sand flies. And when victory seems perching upon the standard of insect army, a reserve corps appears in the form of a mulatto servant, armed with a roll of burning paper. After circling the table some five times, and enveloping your correspondent in a dense cloud of smoke. The insects are dispersed, and the stomach becomes victorious.

On the first day of May I dismissed my guide, and with an overcoat and my faithful gun as baggage, I took "the people's line," for Major Taylor's, upon Lake Monroe, distance, 25 miles. The first part of the road was only an Indian trail and hard to find, but at 9 o'clock, I

came to a plainer pathway. After passing the bad waters of spruce creek, I entered a prairie, and owing to the heavy spring rains, I walked more than two miles, where every footstep was in water of three inches depth. To an individual who is miserable, when deprived of society, this day, could not have been equalled by any thing short of a Catholic Purgatory. But to me it seemed crowded, with circumstances of solitary interest. The atmosphere I breathed, was the scented atmosphere, of the full blooming sweet bay and magnolia, occasionally interspersed with the rising insects, emanating from the extensive plant beds on the ever-blooming prairies. My music was the sweet warbling of the forest birds, with an Eolian accompaniment, produced by the passing of the sea breeze through the long leaves of the pines, while the intermediate forest were filled, down to the double base, by the paroquets, the jackdaws, the whooping Cranes and owls, and alligators.

My fare was plain, but a fatiguing walk of twelve miles, gave an appetite which made my plain fare more desirable than the dainties of a king.

Seated upon a river bank, thirteen miles from any living human being, who could suppress a thought from wandering home, and enquiring, how would my family relish their noonday meal, if they knew my present situation?

Refreshed, I wandered on amidst flocks of wild Turkeys, and herds of spotted fawns, accompanied by their aged sires.

Robbery? What means that king of birds, in hot pursuit of a fish hawk, which bears a large fish in its talons? The eagle advances with a wild and horrific scream. His lightning speed, cannot be evaded by the powerful fish hawk, and he lets fall the fish. The eagle's eye discovers it, he seizes the fish in its fall, in mid air, and bears it away in triumph. This is what I saw, and this is the character of the American eagle.

At dark I arrived at Major TAYLOR'S, the enchanting residence on the beautiful lake Monroe. B

(FOR THE BANNER.)

HINTS TO YOUNG MEN.

The illustrious BUNYAN, never in my opinion uttered a sentiment more replete with truth than when he said:—"an idle man's head is the devil's workshop." Human nature is so constituted that the immortal mind must and will be employed either for good or evil.

How import it is then, that young men should be engaged in some kind of business. I would say, if they have hitherto realized two dollars per day, it is better now to make 5 cents per day than to live in idleness. But we are told by one, that life is irksome to him, and he imagines every one to be his enemy. Now all this is the legitimate offspring either of idleness or dissipation, and they are almost always found in company:

The best enjoyment
Is good employment.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, will he mend it again. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not, if a trouble come upon you, keep up your spirits though the day be a dark one:

"Hope in the true heart never dies
Trust on the day star yet shall rise."

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars—if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. In other words trust in God. If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have composed your end. By little and little great things are completed.

"Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away."

The principle key to certain success in any thing is Perseverance; by it FRANKLIN was enabled to bind the lightning with a hempen cord and bring it harmless from the skies. By untiring perseverance, our gallant forefathers, made us a nation of freemen. Because

you may have been unsuccessful in business do not despair, remember the dying declaration of the immortal LAWRENCE "don't give up the ship."

"Hold up your head, then, man of grief,
Nor longer to the tempest bend;
For soon or late must come relief
The coldest darkest night will end."

Let your motto henceforth be industry, perseverance and frugality, and you will soon be enabled to cross rivers of sorrow, and mountains of difficulties, that now appear to you impossible.

RURICOLAST.

LOVE IN A PRINTING OFFICE.

I once heard an old Jer remark, that a printing office was no place for love-making, and I have since experienced the truth of his observation—being now perfectly convinced that the flower of love can never bloom in the midst of types, stands and printing ink.

It was my fortune once to sojourn for a few days in the village of—. Directly opposite the office was a pretty white cottage, with rose bushes clambering around the casement, and I was not long in making the discovery that the afore-said white cottage with the rose-shaded window, contained a fair inmate—a flower whose beauty far outshone the roses that clustered around the window. She was a little blue eyed, saucy looking creature of some sixteen summers. She was the belle of the village. Her name was Mary—sweet poetic Mary.

"I have a poetic passion for the name of Mary."

It was a beautiful summer morning, and I had raised the window to admit the cool breeze from the flower-decked fields, and it was not long before I perceived that the cottage window was also hoisted, and that sweet little Mary was seated near it busily engaged with her needle. I worked but little that morning. My eyes constantly wandered towards the cottage window, where little Mary sat, and all sorts of strange and fantastic notions whirled through my fancy lighted brain, and I began to think I felt a slight touch of what the poets call love, sliding in at the corner of my heart.

A few days passed and chance made me acquainted with Mary. Heavens! she was a sweet creature—she had a form that would have shamed the famous Venus de Medici—a cheek that outblushed the richest peach—and a lip that would have tempted the bee from his hive on a frosty morning. I thought, as I gazed on her in mute admiration, that I had never looked upon one so exquisitely beautiful. She seemed the embodiment of all that is lovely and bewitching.

Well, time passed on, and one day Mary expressed a desire to visit the printing office. Gad! thought I, what a change! I'll do it there, yes, there in the very midst of the implements of mine art—why shouldn't I? Love in a printing office—eh! There was something original in that, and I resolved to try it at all hazards.

Well, Mary came to the office, and I explained to her the uses of the various implements of the black art—the press and the roller—the ink and the stands, and the boxes of the A. B. C's. I took an opportunity to snatch her pretty lily-white hand, and she drew it back, knocking a stick of matter into pie!

"I must have a kiss for that my pretty one," said I, and at it I went. I managed to twist my arm around her waist, and in struggling to free herself, she upset a galley of editorial, a long article on the Oregon question. Nothing daunted I made at her again. This time I was more successful, for I obtained a kiss. By St. Paul! it was a sweet one—and the little witch bore it like a martyr—she never screamed once; but as I raised my lips from hers, she lifted her delicate little hand, and gave me a box on the ears that made me see more stars than ever were viewed by Herschel through his big telescope. Some what nettled, and with my sheek smarting with pain, I again seized her waist and said, "Well, if you don't like it, just take back the kiss." She made a desperate struggle, and as she jerked herself from my arms, her foot struck the lye-pot, and over it went! Another galley of editorial was sprinkled over the floor, and in her efforts to reach the door, her foot slipped and she fell, and in the effort

to sustain herself, her hand—her lily white hand—the same little hand that had come in contact with my ears—oh, horrible! was stuck up to the elbow in the ink keg! Shade of Franklin! what a change came over the beauty of that hand! She slowly drew it from the keg dripping with ink and asked me what use I made of that *lar*! I began to be seriously alarmed and apologized in the best manner I could, and to my surprise, she seemed rather pleased than angry—but there was a "lurking devil in her eye" that told me there was mischief afloat. As I stood surveying the black covering of her hand, scarcely able to suppress a laugh at its strange metamorphosis, she quickly raised it on high, and brought it down "ker slap" upon my cheek! Before I could recover from my surprise, the same little hand had again descended, and again left its inky imprint on my cheek.

"Why Mary," I exclaimed, "what are you about?"

"I think you told me you rolled ink on the face of the forni," with a loud laugh and again her hand lit upon my face—taking me a broad slap in the very middle of my countenance, and most wofully bedaubing my eyes. With a light step and a merry peal of laughter, she skipped through the door. She turned back when beyond my reach, and with her roguish face peering at the doorway, shouted back,

"I say, Charley, what kind of a roller does my hand make?"

"Oh," said I, "you take too much ink."

"Ha! ha!" she laughed, "well good bye Charley—that is my impression! ha! ha! ha!"

I went to the glass and surveyed myself for a moment, and I verily believe I could have passed for a Guinea negro without the slightest difficulty.

"And so," said I to myself, "this is love in a printing office. The devil fly away with such love!"

The next morning when the editor came to the office, I "rather calculate" he found things a little topsy-turvy. However, that made no difference to me—for I had mizzled long before daylight.

I bore the marks of that scene for many a day, and now whenever I see a lady enter a printing office, I think of little Mary, and keep my eye on the ink keg—and though she were as beautiful as Hebe I would not venture to touch her with a ten foot pole.

Talk about love in a boudoir—love in a bower—love on a spring seat sofa—love by moonlight, starlight, lamplight, or any other kind of light, and I am with you heart and soul—but I pray you by the ghost of Faust, never talk to me about love in a printing office!

From the N. Y. Sun.

**Four Days Later from Europe.
ARRIVAL OF THE
STEAMSHIP G. BRITAIN.**

The steamship Great Britain, Capt. Hosken, arrived this morning at half-past nine o'clock, less than twenty days from Liverpool, having sailed thence on the 9th inst.

Cotton has advanced 1-8 of a penny. The form of the Oregon Notice passed by the United States Senate is highly gratifying to the British, and all agree that it ensures a speedy adjustment of the dispute.

The strike amongst the English operatives in the building trade continues. The masters are meeting it by a counter-combination.

Smith O'Brien, member of Parliament, continued in bondage.

WEEKLY STEAM MAILED BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—We are enabled to make an announcement regarding the conveyance of mails between this country and America which will be hailed with gratification by the whole community. The government have entered into a further contract with the British and North American Royal Mail Company, the effect of which is to secure a weekly communication by steam between Liverpool and the United States of America. A steamer of great power and size will be dispatched direct from Liverpool to New York every alternate Saturday during eight months of the year. These trips are to be performed as additional voyages and irrespective of the fortnightly voyages to Halifax and Boston; as this latter service will con-

tinue just as at present, with the alteration of sailing from Liverpool as well as from Boston, always on Saturdays, instead of a fixed day of the month, as at present. The steamers to New York will also take their departures always on Saturday. By this arrangement there will be a steamer from Liverpool to America every Saturday, and from the American side also every Saturday, the only difference being that Boston and New York will alternately be the ports of departure.

The European Times of the 8th ult. says:—

"Six months ago fears of a rupture with the United States were general. Now they have disappeared. Not the least commotion was visible yesterday, when it became known that the Senate had passed the resolution for giving the notice, and, as we have intimated in another column, it had no visible effect on the cotton or any other market. This is most gratifying. We are now in the second act of the Oregon drama, under Mr. Polk's management—may the concluding one be as satisfactory and pacific.

From the Manchester Examiner we extract the following:—

"Now the long debate is at an end, the field of negotiation is again opened; and we hope and believe, that both Governments will enter into it with a full determination to adjust a question which, however really unimportant to either country, has for some time given rise to serious apprehensions, lest the peace of the world be disturbed.

The London Sun discourses in this wise:—

"The Senate of the United States after nine weeks tedious discussion, have at last brought their deliberation on the Oregon to a close, and a resolution as mild and inoffensive, and indeed friendly towards England, as the most sincere advocate of peace in both countries desire—with a few exceptions, at least, as far as our attention has been directed to the long speeches—the language was conciliatory and prudent—it displayed but little of the animosity which distinguished the harangues in the House of Representatives. The speakers in general, showed that they were practical men, and resolved to follow a safe and peaceful line of conduct, spite of the fiery denunciations of the mob orators, and and the no less fiery and warlike Message of the President."

We could fill in this way, a column, with extracts from various papers, all breathing the same amicable spirit. But we have furnished sufficient we think, to satisfy the friends of peace, that our difficulties with England are in a fair way of adjustment.

IRELAND.

The accounts from various parts of Ireland, as to the wants of the people, are painfully apparent. One day last week sixty people were admitted into the poor house at Dunraven. At Tuam the destitution is described as being fearfully on the increase.

The Relief Committees in Galway are busy in meeting the evil. The people are stated to be in the most wretched condition imaginable. Towards the Listowel Relief Fund the Lord Lieutenant has subscribed the sum of 500 pounds. In various parts of Tipperary efforts are being made to meet and provide for the deficiency in the food of the people.

TELEGRAPHIC JOKE.—The Washington correspondent of the Pennsylvania Inquirer says that a few evenings since in Baltimore, the people were anxiously waiting for news from the Army, and there being none to send, the operator at the Washington line sent on letter by letter—"T-h-e-r-e a-r-e a g-r-e-a-t m-a-n-y M-e-x-i-c-a-n-s"—here there was a full stop, and the Baltimore operator made signs to proceed. The Washington operator did so, and ended the sentence with the words i-n M-e-x-i-c-o." A great rattling followed from the Baltimore end of the line, as much as to say—"when I come on I will pitch into you like a thousand of brick."