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(Written for the Abbeville Banner.)
CHARLES BORDEN;
OR,
"IT IS THE FIRST STEP THAT COSTS."
BY PETREL.

Persons brought up in the country, can scarcely realize or believe the number, the variety, or the seductive character, of the temptations, presented to the young in large cities; nor can they be too grateful to Providence, for having cast their lots amongst groves and fields, where the first impressions made upon the minds of their offspring, instead of being vitiated, false and corrupted, by an early contact with vice, like the serpent, in Eden, clothed in most beautiful colors, are pure, just, and holy, and from an intimate acquaintance with nature, they instinctively turn to Nature's God. Amongst the multitude of snares thus set by Satan, and their name is legion, none is more dangerous or fascinating, to the inexperienced, than the Theatre. Like all other vices, its mischievous tendency is greatly increased by using false colors and appearances. To the world, it would palm itself off, as the Temple of the Muses; a school, to teach a knowledge of the world and mankind; a nursery of talent, and of oratory; when in reality, it is but the entrance, to the gin palace, the gambling room, and the brothel house. Countenanced too, as it is, by many of the wealthy, and fashionable, who give it the sanction of their presence, it becomes more baneful in its effects; for many a well educated piously inclined youth, who would shrink with horror, from the thought of seeking the intoxicating draught, the gambler, or the courtesan, will unhesitatingly enter the theatre, and not until bitter experience has compelled him to acknowledge the truth of what I have written, and when it is too late believe that "It is the first step that costs."

I will give one instance, that came within my own experience.—CHARLES BORDEN, was an orphan; the only hope and stay, of a fond and devoted mother; whose every thought and aspiration, was centered in the welfare of her darling child, and well was that child by nature calculated to inspire love, and repay with interest, the fondness thus lavished upon him. His disposition was gentle, and affectionate; his thoughts pure, his passions well regulated; and all the energies of his mind, and body were bent, and strained, to minister to the wants of his widowed mother; for they were poor. His highest ambition was by his own exertion, to place her in the affluence, from which the death of his father had reduced her. At the age of thirteen, he had obtained a situation in one of the largest commercial houses in the city, where by his unremitting industry, and attention, he had gained the complete confidence of his employer, and by the suavity of his manners and his obliging disposition, he had a friend in every customer of the house; thus for three years, did he avoid every temptation and immorality—spending all his leisure time at home, and the Sabbath was always spent in the service of the Most High. But the tempter was on the watch, and one cold winter's evening, as CHARLES was on his way home from the counting room, accompanied by two fellow-clerks, youths about his own age, but of the full grown stature of men, in depravity, he was compelled to pass by the fashionable theatre. Unfortunately, it was as the flaming placards announced, a night of unusual attraction. Mr. FORRESTER, the celebrated tragedian, was to perform one of his original and most popular characters.

The doors had just opened, and the bright, the beautiful, the virtuous daughters of the aristocracy, with the judges, the doctors, and the millionaires of the city were jostling the painted, bedizened, and shameless harlot, the loafer, and the pickpocket, as they crowded through the passage in their eagerness to obtain seats. CHARLES's companions determined to go in, and he bid them good night, with the intention of going home, but they would not hear to it, he must come in with them, for they liked not the reproof of his example. They insisted, he refused, and would have left them had they not each taken hold of an arm and detained him by main force. Whilst they were thus debating, Mr. KIMBALL, the gentleman in whose employ they all were, passed with his wife, and daughter, and bowing to them, entered the theatre. The companions of CHARLES made use of Mr. KIMBALL's example as a convincing proof, that there was nothing to be dreaded in going; and he knowing Mr. K. to be a man of the strictest morality, and feeling assured that he would not visit, or countenance any thing, he thought improper—at last consented, and the three young men entered the dress circle, already crowded by the beauty and fashion of the city. The play commenced, and CHARLES was delighted, and bewildered; the lights, the crowd, the music, the actors, the scenery, it was all new to him, he would have been willing to have remained motionless, until the end of the performance, but not so his companions, to them it was an old story, dry and familiar, and after the curtain dropped for the first act, they craved something more exciting, and dragging CHARLES along they sought the drinking saloon. He, though earnestly solicited, would drink nothing but lemonade; his friends, to show their manhood, tossed off strong brandy slings, and both again locking arms with him, before he knew where he was going, found himself in the saloon of the third Tier, filled, as it always is, with the dissipated, the vile, and the hardened, of both sexes. CHARLES was both shocked and frightened, but one of those squabbling fights so frequent in such places, commenced in the passage behind him, and he sat down on a settee in a corner to wait until the road was clear, and then make his way down, but he was hardly seated, before a girl, neatly, and plainly dressed, whose age could not have exceeded seventeen, and whose face had once been of surpassing loveliness, though already faded by sorrow and excess, placed herself on the settee within a few feet of him; he looked round at first, involuntarily; but there was so much distress depicted on the girl's countenance, she seemed to be suffering so much, either physically, or mentally, he could not tell which, that the natural kindness of his heart instinctively, prompted him, to speak to her: he asked with sympathy in his voice, what ailed her, why she looked so sad? She told him such a pitiful tale, of want, sickness and woe, that all his benevolent feelings were enlisted in her behalf, and the girl shortly after complaining of faintness, and debility, forgetful of himself and his own character, and only thinking of relieving a suffering woman, he offered to accompany her home, she of course was apparently very grateful, and it was not until CHARLES found himself within sight of home, that he thought of the culpability of his conduct, and the anxiety he must have given his kind mother, who met him as he put his foot on the door step, rejoiced at his return, for he had promised to be home early, and she had been very uneasy at his long absence. He told her he had been to the theatre. She did not rebuke him, but he could see how much she was pained, for she knew "how much the first step costs," and CHARLES, fretted at the thought of his mother's unhappiness, passed his first sleepless night. Alas, how many was he fated to spend, in consequence of what many would think his first slight error. The next day he was worried, restless and feverish, and had made a solemn resolution, never again to enter the Thespian Temple; but the rubicon had been passed and it was now too late. Just before dinner time, a porter handed him a note; he opened it and

found it was from the girl he had seen at the theatre the night before; saying she was very ill, and praying him to come and see her, at least for a few moments; he knew that if seen, it would subject him to severe censure, but confident in the integrity of his motives, he did not think he would be doing wrong, and before going to his dinner he stopped to see her; she was very sick and had no physician, he stayed a short time with her, and promised to send her one. He did; and as she was ill a long time, and it was but a short distance out of his way, in going from home to the store; and she seemed to look forward to his visits with so much hope, and expressed so much gratitude when he came, that he stopped to see her several times a day. But his visits were seen by an acquaintance, who informed his employer, that his favorite clerk, CHARLES BORDEN, in whom he had such confidence, and whose conduct he held up as an example to all the other young men, was a rascal, and so far gone and shameless, in dissipation, that he did not hesitate visiting houses of ill fame, in broad day light, and insinuated, that all his goodness and morality consisted in consummate hypocrisy. Mr. KIMBALL, was much grieved, and calling CHARLES, into his private room, asked him if it was true, that he frequented houses of ill fame? He acknowledged that he had been to one, and explained his motives, but Mr. KIMBALL was thoroughly a man of the world, and never having been influenced by such feelings himself, did not believe that any one else could be, and severely reprimanding him, charged him with falsehood, and ascribed his visits to very different motives. Feeling assured of the honesty of his intentions, CHARLES was very much mortified and vexed, and talked back to his employer very shortly, and as Mr. K. thought, so impertinently, that believing him hardened in vice, he dismissed him at once. CHARLES was too proud to intercede, but it was with an aching heart, and a faltering step, that he walked towards his home. Dreading the effect his heat-rending news would have upon his mother; but confident in her love, he summoned up resolution enough, to tell her all the circumstances. Deeply, deeply, grieved was she; but knowing the goodness and veracity of her boy, she believed his tale and encouraged him by all the means in her power, to hope for better times in the future, and told him he would have no difficulty in finding another situation. But a blight was on his name, his reputation was gone, and after in vain trying every house in the city, he found his only chance was to accept the situation of bar keeper in a hotel. Feeling chagrined at the world for what he thought their unjust treatment, and constantly in the midst of temptation, he gradually learned to drink. From drinking, the road is strait and short to gambling, and hoping to better his condition, he allowed himself to stake money of his employer's that was in his possession—he lost it—was charged with the theft, tried, convicted and condemned to prison. His mother who had treated him with unwavering kindness in all his troubles, and had used all the gentle and soothing arts of kind and virtuous woman, to keep his mind in the right way, was so shocked by this overwhelming blow, that she was attacked by a brain fever, which ended her misery, and the poor lost degraded BORDEN, was alone in the world. After he came out of prison, feeling poignantly, the loss of his beloved parent, and conscious of the weight of his moral disgrace, gave up all hope, and resigned himself to vice and dissipation, and in his twentieth year, CHARLES BORDEN—the once talented, high minded, and virtuous—the youth of so much promise—the hope of a devoted mother—died a miserable outcast in the almshouse.

Thus, was one in itself, slight error—one step from the strict line of duty, the means of breaking a fond mother's heart, and bringing her head in sorrow to the grave—and the cause of ruining both for time, and for eternity, a once virtuous youth. Pause and think young man, when you start to enter a theatre; to touch the intoxicating glass; to handle a pack of cards, or to do any thing, of whose morality there can be a question, and remember; oh! remember, that "It is the first step that costs."

THE HOUSE THAT ZACK BUILT.

Fort Brown.—This is the house that Zack built.

The Cannon.—These are the bull dogs, that lay in the house that Zack built.

The Garrison.—These are the men, that fed the dogs, that lay in the house that Zack built.

General Taylor.—This is the general as sharp as a thorn, that led the men, that fed the dogs that lay in the house that Zack built.

General Arista.—This is the General that rose in the morn, to meet the General as sharp as a thorn, that led the men, that fed the dogs, that lay in the house that Zack built.

Mexican Troops.—These are the troops all tattered and torn, that followed the leader that rose in the morn, to meet the general as sharp as a thorn, that led the men, that fed the dogs, that lay in the house that Zack built.

Capt. May, of the Dragoons.—This is the Captain not shaven nor shorn, that charged the troops all tattered and torn, that followed the leader that rose in the morn, to meet the general as sharp as a thorn, that led the men, that fed the dogs, that lay in the house that Zack built.

Gen. Vega.—This is the prisoner all forlorn, that was taken by the captain not shaven or shorn, that charged the troops all tattered and torn, that followed the leader that rose in the morn, to meet the General as sharp as a thorn, that led the men, that fed the dogs that lay in the house that Zack built.

The Mexican Army.—These are the men all weary and worn, that abandoned the prisoner all forlorn, that was taken by the captain not shaven or shorn, that charged the troops all tattered and torn, that followed the leader that rose in the morn, to meet the general as sharp as a thorn, that led the men, that fed the dogs, that lay in the house that Zack built.

The American Army.—These are Yankees American born, that defeated the men all weary and worn, that abandoned the prisoner all forlorn, that was taken by the captain not shaven or shorn, that charged the troops all tattered and torn, that followed the leader that rose in the morn, to meet the general as sharp as a thorn, that led the men, that fed the dogs, that lay in the house that Zack built.

The Press.—This is the Press with its newsman's horn, that told the Yankees American born, that defeated the men all weary and worn, that abandoned the prisoner all forlorn, that was taken by the captain not shaven or shorn, that charged the troops all tattered and torn, that followed the leader that rose in the morn, to meet the general as sharp as a thorn, that led the men, that fed the dogs, that lay in the house that Zack built.

"As I was going," said an Irishman over Westminster bridge the other day, I met Pat Hewings. Says I, "how are you?"

"Pretty well I thank you, Dolley," says he.

"That's not my name," says I.

"Faith, no more is mine Hewings," says he.

So, we looked at each other, and, faith! it turn out to be neither of us.

The Illinois volunteers have received their commutation money for clothing, which is \$42 for each man, amounting in the aggregate to about one hundred and thirty thousand dollars!

Several of the officers of the U. States government have been burned in effigy in Mississippi, lately, for discharging the volunteers,

A very rich and costly silver vase has been manufactured in New York for a number of Whig ladies in Tennessee, who intend presenting it to Henry Clay.

Since the commencement of the present hostilities with Mexico, there has been prepared and shipped, from the arsenal at St. Louis, one hundred and seventy tons of fixed ammunition.

TEMPERANCE NOTIONS.

Mr. Editor:—It is with diffidence that I undertake to drive my pen upon this subject, when I reflect that it is one which, for a few years back, (in this country,) has formed a laboring theme for the combined talent of the present age of enlightenment; one, to which the morally wise of the land, the artful in persuasion, the influential in song, and the mighty in mind have turned the thunders of their eloquence. Could we wield the pen of APPELLESE, or speak with the tongue of TULLY, we might then assume to add something new upon so hacknied a theme. We shall not by any means contend that the evils of intemperance should be promoted, or that this great monster of enmity and destruction should be permitted to range unchecked over the peaceful dominions of a civilized people. But we think there is a propriety in measures which should always be consulted. We believe that a greater influence can be exerted over an enlightened people by the gentle art of persuasion, as a method of reformation, than by any resort to forced restrictions. The mind is the ruling principle by which are regulated the thoughts and actions of man; and by acting upon the mind convincingly, touching the chord of refined feeling, exciting the sympathies, or striking at the sensibility, is the most effectual way to move the public. It is an influence which will extend itself alike with all ranks and classes; with the ignorant, the learned, the wise and good, the high and low. If in olden time ORPHEUS could sing the trees to bow, and the rocks to weep; if then, DEMOSTHENES could chain and melt at will the Grecian Council; what, at this age of progress and improvement, might we not expect from the overpowering influence of persuasive eloquence? When we appeal to the understanding of man, we strike at his strongest point—one, however, which in a conflict of reason, it is not discreditable to yield to a superior force: When we move at the passions, we attack him where he is weakest in resistance, and where we are likely to meet with an easy success. In either case, we reach him in a manner which he is proud to recognise, by addressing his reason and feelings—high attributes of God! reason is his distinguishing feature. To persuade and convince, the most ready and efficient mode of reaching it and exerting a lasting influence. But if we adopt harsher means and bring men to observe our creed, not from conviction, but from necessity, we will exert an influence which will be offensive and of short duration; an influence similar to that exercised by the Turk over his serf, or the master over the slave, which will last only so long as the power of coercion is held over them. The present and past history of the world declares that by the gentle art of persuasion, wonders may be wrought, which would baffle the success of any other project. Do we not see by it, hundreds and thousands deserting the evil of their ways, forming in one brotherhood, and in perfect unison, striking the march of holy reformation? And who can gainsay, but that if this simple work were let alone, and kept unprejudiced by other unpopular agencies, it would encircle and overcome the depravity of the globe. And when we find the circle of temperance reform, enlarging and gaining strength at every step under this influence—when we find the people joining hand in hand, and with one accord, uniting their power to promote its advance-