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THE BANNER.

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(FOR THE BANNER.)

WHO IS TRULY GREAT.

No study can present to the mind more pleasure than the study of man, and the peculiar features which mark the leading propensities of his character, and disposition. By contemplation, it is easily observed that there are certain principles in human nature, which teach, that every man is created with various and dissimilar forms of desire, which move to active and persevering exertion. That some are moved to action from pure and laudable principles of philanthropy, while others are inflamed by the jealous pride of power, and dazzled by the vain glories of aspiring demagogues. And that also the seeds of true and real virtue, planted by nature, early springing up, yields at pleasure the evil propensities of the one, and makes him look into his own heart, and from himself learn not alone, the weakness of human nature, but to bound and set limits to its natural wants and cravings. Whilst the inordinate love of fame fires the breast of the other, arouses his slumbering energies, paralyzes his nobler faculties, and prepares him for the horrors and bloody scenes of unholy strife, and to grasp with a hand goary with the blood of innocency the wreath of transitory fame.

But how fleeting are its phantoms. Like a star on the verge of the horizon, they dazzle in the gaze of the world for a moment and then sink into the abyss of darkness, "even the renowned Aeneas, the terror of the Greeks, and whose magnanimity of soul drove him amid the flaming towers of boasted Troy," bearing upon his back "his old father Anchises," was "made to wander even an exile from the land he loved; and is only remembered in the songs" and fictions "of Virgil." No conqueror has ever yet shook the world by arms, or made nations bow suppliant at his feet who was not indeed doomed to go down in the great vortex of revolution. His fame is low and poor compared with the magnanimity of virtue. "It vanishes before the greatness of principle." The martyr, the patriot, and the philanthropist.

"The unshrinking adherent to despair, of deserted truth and religion," without a smiling compassionate friend, to extend to him the balm of consolation, "nor variety of objects to draw his thoughts from himself, with no cheering voice to arouse and nourish energy," but yields calmly to the most powerful scourgings of fortune, and perhaps to the most excruciating pain which one word retracted would remove," is as far superior to the bloody conqueror, "as heaven above is superior to all beneath."

God then, the maker of heaven and earth, and all things else is alone truly great. And he who aspires to greatness, should with the rest of his conduct, practice christian purity and holiness. That greatness is not true, which is gained by the sword of an ambitious and relentless unfeeling conqueror, or by the artful intrigues of the aspiring politician. But he is great, and truly great too, whose generous heart exults with proud delight, and swells at the sametime, with gratitude and benevolence to humanity, for the high distinction to which he may have promoted himself.

True greatness is not then, what the world has always supposed it to be. But what is it? and in what does it consist? Now it is a subject of peculiar difficult determination. But why is it a subject of difficult determination? It is so from the fact, that the principle errors which exist concerning it, are real errors of the heart. We mean not, that men have more correct notions of greatness,

than of most other subjects, or that any man is fully competent to tell precisely what greatness is, but this much is certain, that all are competent to tell what it is not. When SIMONIDES was asked by the king, who God was, although not being able to answer the question, after several days of deep and arduous study, considered it certain, beyond a doubt, that God was not a rock, or a piece of wood. So also, no one can tell what greatness really is, but every one, is fully competent to decide, that it is not the child of mad ambition. That it is not the mad and bloody conqueror, although he may have "scrambled up to thrones, and sat in vestures dripping with gore, and with his sword dipped in blood; written his name on lands and cites desolate." He must pass away to the grave, leaving behind no monuments of greatness, but a name of pity, and a memory profaned and despised. The conqueror must and will be forgotten. His victories sung in artful songs and commemorated by proud monuments of art, and triumphs decked by the rich trophies of vanquished nations, can never procure that precious gem, which amid the changes and vicissitudes of revolving ages, will endure and grow even brighter and brighter.

But men who made ambition their only God, and fame their greatest desire, were looked upon by the ancients, as truly virtuous, and truly great. Valor was the greatest of their virtues. They would, by the dictates of nature, which is to judge men great, who are most eminent in virtue, look upon the conqueror as the greatest of men. But their revenge and valiant deeds are justly considered, the greatness of crimes. The freeness with which they expose themselves to danger, is nothing but despicable madness. The chaste LUCRETTIA, was considered great in Rome, alone for the rash defence which she made for her virtue, and for her honor. But suicide is denounced, by both God and man, it is despicable rashness.

Gentle forgiveness then, is the first marks of nobleness of mind and true greatness of character. Ancient historians recorded men truly great, whose career were marked by the darkness of death and desolation. The proud usurper, and ambitious destroyer of all human happiness, were considered by the ancients fully and justly entitled to that high distinction, which in truth, but few and very few, deserve. A. L.

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(To be continued.)

VERY COOL.—An apparently unsophisticated youth went into a refectory a few days since, and asked for something to appease his hunger. The keeper gave him a very good dinner, after which the youth said to him;

"If you ever come up our way, call."

"That won't pay. Your dinner is a quarter."

"O, I hain't got no money; but if you'll come up to Alleghany county, I'll give you a better dinner for nothing."

"Why," said the keeper, "you are very cool."

"Why, yes, I'm a very cool chap, so much so that mother always makes me stand in the pantry in hot weather to keep the meat from spoiling."

LOVE OF CHILDREN.—Somebody once said, beware of that man who does not love children; and we have abundant proof that great minds have always been delighted with the frolics of innocence. The Duke of Wellington was remarkable for his fondness of children; and when the veteran Blucher beheld the children assembled at St. Paul's, the unconscious tear trickled down the cheek of the hardy warrior. The great Burke delighted to unbend his mighty mind amid children's play, and would lie his listless length on the floor, whilst they jumped over him in laughing sport; and as for the fairer portion of creation, Euripides hath long ago declared, they are "all fond of children."

From Headley's Napoleon & his Marshals THE LAST DAYS OF MARSHAL NEY.

At length a dark object was seen to emerge from the distant wood, and soon an army of 30,000 men deployed in the field of Waterloo, and began to march straight for the scenes of conflict. Blucher and his Prussians had come, but no Grouchy, who had been left to keep them in check, followed after. In a moment Napoleon saw that he could not sustain the attack of so many fresh troops, if once allowed to form a junction with the allied forces, and so he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and endeavor to pierce the allied centre with a grand charge of the Old Guard—and thus throwing himself between the two armies, fight them separately. For this purpose the Imperial Guard was called up, which remained inactive the whole day, and divided into two immense columns, which were to meet at the British centre. That under Reille no sooner entered the fire than it disappeared like mist. The other was placed under Ney, the "bravest of the brave," and the order to advance given. Napoleon accompanied them part way down the slope, addressed them in his fiery, impetuous manner. He told them that the battle rested with them, and that he relied on their valor. "Vive l'Empereur!" answered him with a shout that was heard all over the field of battle.

He then left them to Ney, who ordered the charge. Bonaparte has been blamed for not heading this charge himself; but he knew he could not carry that guard so far or hold them so long before the artillery, as Ney. The moral power the latter carried with him, from the reputation he had gained of being the "bravest of the brave," was worth a whole division. Whenever a column saw him at their head, they knew that it was to be victory or annihilation. With the exception of McDonald, I do not know a general in the two armies who could hold his soldiers so long in the very face of destruction as he.

The whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly palcing before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single charge. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column, and terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rung on every side, "la garde recule, la garde recule," makes us for the moment forget all the carnage in sympathy with his distress.

Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle, to cheer their study courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another, before it also sunk to the earth. Again

and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till five had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot with drawn sabre at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very tuzzles they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, on through the English lines. But at that moment a file of soldiers who had lain flat on the ground behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and such a fierce and unexpected flow, that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled. Ney was borne back in the reflux tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and fallen on his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to fly, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific current, and would have done so if it had not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time these squares stood and let the artillery plough through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ, and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The Star that had blazed so brightly over the world, went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name, and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, with him at their head, will be pointed to by remote generations with a shudder.

We now come to the expiation of his treason by a public execution. The allies, after they assembled in Paris, demanded some victims to appease their anger. Many were selected, but better counsel prevailed, and they were saved. Ney was a prominent example; he had routed their armies too frequently and too nearly wrested their crowns from them at Waterloo, to be forgiven. It was intended at first to try him by martial law, but the Marshals of France refused to sit in judgement on so brave, generous, and heroic a warrior. By a royal ordinance, the Chamber of Peers was directed to try him. Scorning to take advantage of any technicalities of the law, he was speedily found guilty and condemned to death, by a majority of a hundred and fifty-two. Seventeen only were found to vote in his favor. That he was guilty of treason in the charge, is evident, but not to that extent which demanded his death. No man had done more for France than he, or loved her honor or glory with a higher affection; and his ignominious death is a disgrace to the French nation. Justice was the excuse, not the ground of condemnation. To have carried out the principle on which his sentence was based, would have ended in a public massacre. Ney and Labedoyere were the only victims offered up to appease an unjust hatred. Besides, Ney's person was sacred under a solemn treaty that Wellington had himself made. One of the articles of that treaty, expressly declared that "no person should be molested for his political conduct during the hundred days." On such conditions was Paris surrendered, and there never was a more flagrant violation of national honor than the trial of Ney. The whole affair, from beginning to end, was a deliberate murder, committed from feelings of revenge alone. Napoleon never did so base an act in all his life—and on Wellington's forehead is a spot that shall grow darker with time, and cause many a curse to be uttered over his grave. He should have interfered to have saved so gallant an enemy at the hazard of his life, but he let his honor go down before the clamor of vindictive enemies, and become a murderer in the sight of the world. Ney was publicly shot as a traitor.

His last moments did not disgrace his life. He was called from his bed and a tranquil sleep to hear his sentence read. As the preamble went on enumerating his many titles, he hastily broke in—"why cannot you simply call me Michael Ney,—now a French soldier and

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soon a heap of dust?" The last interview with his wife and children shook his stern heart more than all the battles he had passed through, or his approaching death. In reply to one of his sentinels, who said, "Marshal, you should think of death," he replied, "Do you suppose any one should teach me to die?" But recollecting himself, he added in a milder tone, "Comrade, you are right, send for the Curate of St. Sulpice; I will die as becomes a Christian!" As he alighted from the coach, he advanced towards the file of soldiers drawn up as executioners, with the same calm mein he was wont to exhibit on the field of battle. An officer stepping forward to bandage his eyes, he stopped him with the proud interrogation, "Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullets?" He then took off his hat, and with his eagle eye, now subdued and solemn, turned towards heaven, said with the same calm and decided voice that had turned the tide of so many battles, "I declare before God and man, that I have never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy, vive la France!" He then turned to the soldiers, and gazing on them a moment, struck one hand upon his heart and said, "my comrades, fire on me!" Ten balls entered him, and he fell dead. Shame upon his judges that for a single act could condemn one braver and nobler than they all, to so base a death. A sterner warrior never trod a battle field—a kinder heart never beat in a human bosom, and a truer patriot never shed his blood for his country. If France never had a worse traitor, and if she has no worse defender, disgrace will never visit her armies. Says Colonel Napier, in speaking of his death, "thus he who had fought five hundred battles for France—not one against her—was shot as a traitor."

His wife was on her knees before the king praying for his pardon when the fatal news was brought to her, and immediately fainted away, then went into convulsions, which well nigh added another victim to this base murder. His father, who loved him tenderly as the son of his pride and the glory of his name, was never told of his ignominious death. He was at this time eighty-eight year his age, and lived to be a hundred years old. He saw by the mourning weeds on his family that some catastrophe had happened, and his father's heart told him but too well where the bolt had struck; but he made no inquiries, and though he lived twelve years after, never mentioned his son's name, and was never told of his fate. He knew he was dead, but he asked not how nor where he died.

HABITS OF INDUSTRY.—There is one thing of vital importance in the education of the young, which is very far from being attended to as it ought. It is training them to habits of useful industry, as exercises to the body, while it interests the mind. Active exertion is essential to health and comfort. Every physician will tell you so. Indolence begets disease, while it destroys enjoyment. The oil of gladness, says one, "glistens on the face of labor only." But not only so; idleness is a positive vice, and of a very heinous kind. God has created every thing to be useful; and every faculty of body and mind is a talent conferred under the injunction, "occupy till I come." He who arrives at manhood, without having acquired a habit of industry, lacks a most essential part of education.

It is said that a bird suspended near the top of a curtained bedstead, in which people sleep, will generally be found dead in the morning, from impure air. Small close rooms in the habitations of the poor are as ill ventilated as the curtained bedstead.

EXPENSES OF WAR.—According to a statement in the St. Louis New Era, the cost of 500 barrels of pork, with expense of transportation from that city to Santa Fe, is twenty-five thousand dollars.