

THE BANNER.

[WEEKLY.]

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(FOR THE BANNER.)

WHO IS TRULY GREAT—No. 2.

Julius Caesar was crowned by his contemporary writers truly great. His devotedness to arms, and his great adroitness in destruction and blood shed, was deemed by them, as evidence of true greatness. He was indeed the most brilliant hero that ever waded through blood to conquest, or that ever loaded the limbs of freedom with the galling chains of tyranny. CAESAR was no less ambitious than victorious. He enslaved his own country. He waded to dominion through rivers of human blood. And after having conquered the world, and maimed, and murdered thousands of mankind, he fell beneath the dagger of his adopted son, a victim to ambition.

The garland that graces his brow, the very next moment adorns his tomb.

CAESAR knew how to conquer, to murder, to spread devastation and ruin, but he knew not how to obtain that greatness of fame, which is true and genuine—that enlightens the soul—calms the heavings of unhallowed ambition, and humbles the man. His greatness was that of a mad, blinded conqueror, who delighted in profusion of blood, and not that of self-denying debased philanthropist. But the darkness is partly removed from his imputed greatness, by the splendid endowments of his genius. He described in the purity and grandeur of his language, the greatness of his achievements, and the success that crowned his exertions. He proved that he knew more than to conquer. But the noble critic, who pronounced CAESAR'S writings sublime, hath been derided, with scoffings and geerings. But he who pronounced CAESAR truly great, hath not only been permitted to pass uncensured, but gained approbation and much applause. Now CAESAR, was as far from great, as his writings are from sublime. Nay! he was much further. His writings were sublime. They speak forth the true nobleness and fire of his soul, and powers of his mind. His great power and unparalleled success, filled his mind with contempt for small things, and rendered it a proper residence for sublime feelings. The ancient desert hill over which he passed—the dark and midnight hour in which he stood sentinel—the roar of rapid rivers—the burst of falling cataracts—the frequent news of dreadful battles were well suited to make, and did make, CAESAR think and write sublime. Yet all his fears did not make him prudent. All his power did not make him contented, nor all his guilt forgiving. CAESAR was not great. "War was his element" And he buried in ruin, the rights of feeble, but of free people. He knew nothing of that relenting and soothing spirit, which rewards innocence and pardoning guilt. But revenge and a remorseless soul, filled his proud austere bosom. Mothers he made widows, and children orphans, and even the proudest monuments, of art and genius, crumbled to ruin before his proud aspiring soul.

"But leaving now, the temporary greatness of conquerors," whose greatest study is "physical force and physical obstruction, and whose employment the lowest combination of objects," still we see man active in exertion, and aspiring to distinction.

He rears up the lofty pyramid, whose towering heights seem to pierce the stormy clouds, the wonder and admiration of the world: and laying down, and making out with careful exactness the boundaries of magnificent cities, and costly monuments, the ornaments of his name and country. But such is vain glory.

And we also see man through history as

through a glass, raising a sacrilegious arm, as the pusillanimous EROSTRATOS did, when he struck down the edifice, consecrated to the God of his faith, alone to be remembered in the great book of time. But such is pusillanimity and real meanness of soul. True greatness consist not merely in having that name which will be remembered and spoken of; but it consists in a very opposite principle. And men thus prostitute to wickedness, and to the God of ambition, cannot in the classification of truly great men, hold a pre-eminence. It would be madness in us to class the wild careers of the murderous conqueror, with the career of those men, who have sacrificed not alone their worldly interest for the good of mankind, but have been engaged through life in deeds of charity, and virtue. He is great and truly great too, who hath ventured his reputation, his friends, and his all for the good of mankind. True greatness is no companion of wickedness, or of artful craft, neither is it the companion of valor and address, but of true meekness of spirit, and Godliness of heart. MORRISON, whose noble bosom filled with the richest blessings of God, and who from the real and natural impulses of his magnanimous and generous soul, traversed Europe, visiting the lowly cells of loathsome dungeons, and dirty hovels of neglected and unfortunate human beings, preaching to them, and instructing them, in the wisdom and knowledge of God, was truly great. Like PAUL in Athens, fearless he stood upon the walls of China and held forth the Bible, and in bold defiance to the sacerdotal tyranny of their priests and kings, and with an arm unshaken with fear, he drew aside the veil which concealed from infatuated millions, the degraded delusion of their idolatrous and mystical religion. He taught them that ignorance is the parent of vice and superstition, and that knowledge peace and justice are the teachings of the Bible. Thus the name of MORRISON has come down to us, decked and adorned with the finest tinsels of glory, and bearing too, a reputation that neither, the dyes of malice can stain, nor the frost of envy nip, but will endure and brighten with revolving years.

And again, in the actions of the unyielding martyr, who wreathing beneath the torturing scourge of a persecuter's hand, stands forth, firm in the spirit of his cause, and amid the horrid and fearful gloom of death proclaims aloud the great injustice of religious intolerance, we behold a spirit of magnanimity, characteristic of none but the good and the great. The zealous missionary too, who forsakes his own home, with all that is near and dear, and repairs perhaps to heathen lands to undergo a life of toil and vexing cares, is indeed truly great. The names and greatness of MORRISON, and the noble saint, who suffered martyrdom on Smyth-field, will stand untarnished by the mockings and scoffings of infidels, and will endure as lasting monuments of greatness, when the names of NAPOLEON, ALEXANDER and CAESAR, will be entombed in forgetfulness.

A. L.
(To be continued)

FATE OF A CALIFORNIA EXPEDITION
—It is feared that Capt. Leavitt, and his friends, eleven in number, who started to California last April, have been murdered. A party of hostile Camanches have been seen in possession of their guns and other arms, and the traders of Little River, in the Seminole country, believe them to be murdered.

(FOR THE BANNER.)

Mr. Editor:—I am a southerner, and regard with deep interest any position we may occupy as a people. At the present day therefore, I feel it to be a solemn duty resting on myself, and all others south, to exert ourselves, as far as we are able, in promoting every enterprise that has for its end, the independence, and welfare of our much abused portion of the Union. And however much our agricultural and commercial embarrassments call on us for action—they constitute, in fact, the least of our difficulties—for the claims of literature and religion, are truly yet more imperative. It is with an eye, especially to this latter interest, that I have undertaken this article; and I have been urged to it by the recent perusal of a prospectus proposing to issue in Columbia, first of January next, a review to be called the Southern Presbyterian Review, under the guidance of three Presbyterian Clergymen of that city, whose learning and ability, have already yielded them and enviable reputation in the literary and religious world. As this prospectus is short, I beg leave to lay it before your readers; it will also enable many of them to detect readily in its pure vigorous style, the familiar name of one of those who design to conduct the Review.

"An association of Presbyterian Ministers in the Town of Columbia, propose to publish a quarterly work, theological and partly literary, to be called The Southern Presbyterian Review. "As its title imports, it will be devoted mainly to the exposition and defence of the doctrines and polity of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. Still, as it is designed to be thoroughly evangelical and protestant, its Editors hope to give it attractions for all who love the truth as it is in Jesus. It will be the unflinching advocate of spiritual religion, and will devote no small portion of its pages to the great questions connected with the Romish and Prelatical controversies. It is to be an original work, and though it will, perhaps consist chiefly of Reviews, and critical notices of recent works, yet dissertations and essays upon particular subjects, without reference to existing publications, will fall equally within its designs. In the literary department, the Editors are anxious that it should sustain the reputation for learning, which has generally been accorded to the Presbyterian Clergy. It will defend the claims of the ancient languages, endeavor to raise the standard of education, and to diffuse sound principles in Moral Philosophy. Every effort will be made to render it worthy of public patronage. Each number will consist of one hundred and fifty octavo pages, and the first will be issued early in January, provided a sufficient number of subscribers can be procured to justify the undertaking. The annual subscription will be Three Dollars, and for the first year it must be paid in advance, to meet the expenses which must be incurred at the very beginning of the enterprise. Until further notice is given, all communications must be addressed to the Editors of the Southern Presbyterian Review, Columbia S. C."

Now Mr. Editor, there is no Yankee catch-penny in this, and it must strike every one, that the successful establishment of this proposed able Review will go far towards satisfying an important desideratum in our own State, and the whole South. For at this very moment notwithstanding the acknowledged genius, and piety of the "Land of the sun," we are totally destitute of such a work; and it becomes a subject of the most serious consideration, not only of

every christian in our midst, but of patriots also, that we are almost wholly dependent on the North to supply us, and our children with religious books, tracts and newspapers. They are the keepers of our creed—the fabricators and treasurers of our theological principles. And is this state of things to be continued until it is too late to remedy it? Are we content to be dependent forever? Have piety, zeal, and intelligence ceased utterly in the South, that she must look to the Presbyterian New York Observer and Princeton Review, for all her literary and religious knowledge? I do not believe it, and the generous support which we, at least as a State, will hasten to give to the establishment of the Southern Presbyterian Review, and to that of many others of like import and ability, which are soon to follow in its footsteps, will prove to the world that our powers have been only dormant, not wanting, and strike from the recollection of the South the foul blot that has so long obscured her destiny. This enterprise will be especially welcomed in Abbeville district: it is an effort congenial with the spirit of her people. And besides the many intelligent christian families, who will gladly hail it, and come up to its help; there are several promising young men, whom I could name, who will readily, when they learn that such a thing is in progress, give it their united support and influence; not only on account of the high literary character the Review will sustain, but for the sake of that one of its Editors, whose uniform kindness of manner and unrivalled eloquence have so often beguiled the tedium of their College days.

Greenwood, S. C.

From the Charleston Evening News. THE SANTA FE EXPEDITION.

The St. Louis Republican states that an express from Gen. Kearney's camp, at Bent's Fort, arrived at Fort Leavenworth on the 14th instant. The express left Gen. Kearney on the 19th July.

Gen. Kearney, with his command, consisting of several companies of U. S. Dragoons, the 1st Regiment of Missouri Volunteers, under Col. Doniphan, and the Battalion of Volunteer Artillery, under Maj. Clark, set out from Bent's Fort for Santa Fe, on the 1st day of August. The troops were all in excellent health and spirits, there had been but one death up to the time the express left.

A short time before the express left, Captain Moore, of the Dragoons, captured three spies who had been sent from Santa Fe to ascertain the strength of our force. They were shown all over the army, by order of Gen. Kearney, and then dismissed.

From these men, and from other sources it had been ascertained that the Mexicans were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the army, believing that it would furnish them a harvest in the way of trade, and protection from troublesome Indians in their vicinity. There was no troops at Santa Fe, from the upper provinces, and none were expected. Gov. Armijo had issued a proclamation in which he states that the existing hostilities between the United States and Mexico will not interrupt the trade between the United States and Santa Fe.

The ladies of Santa Fe were making extensive preparations in the way of fandango balls and other sports, for the reception of the United States troops; and some of them expected to be permitted to go with the expedition to California.

It is said that Gen. Kearney will stop at Santa Fe until Col. Price's Regiment arrives there. That upon their arrival, that Regiment, or a portion of it, will be left to occupy Santa Fe and other important points in the vicinity, and Gen. Kearney, with the residue of the force, will proceed immediately to California.

The five hundred Mormon Infantry, under the command of Lieut. Col. Allen, were progressing rapidly. It was believed they would reach Bent's Fort nearly as soon as Col. Price's Regiment.

A great many traders and a very large amount of goods are going out. They are scattered all along the route. The road is represented as in splendid condition.

To WINE DRINKERS.—It is not generally known that wine *both* are quite common in France; nevertheless, such is the case. The Duke of Clarence is not the only gentleman who has enjoyed an immersion in malaise. Punch has tried it with the very best sherry. Only imagine! Punch—the veritable English Punch—swimming in French wine, and kicking, and plunging, and laughing, until the tears run down his cheeks, and never thinking of expense—a five franc piece!

"What! a five franc piece for a tub full of wine? Hurrah! *Vive la France!*"
"Gently, gently. At least fifty others bathed in the same wine—after Punch. The keeper of the *barge* had a preference for Punch, and gave Punch the first dip. After him, came fifty others—making in all *five* franc pieces. A good price for the tub."

"The wine was then thrown out?"
"Not at all. Not so, by any means."
"What then?"
"Bottled! Bottled, of course!"
"Bottled! And for what purpose?"
"Why, for drink, to be sure."
"I think! Who would drink such stuff?"

"Why, the English do—the Yankees do!" The latter import it in large quantities. It is a great favorite in Yankee-land."

Now, dear wine-drinking friends, anti-temperance friends, when you next smack your lips over a glass of champagne or burgundy, reflect that a Lyonsese alderman may possibly have bathed in it, and see if the reflection will not assist you in approaching its flavor.

A TALE OF HORROR.—We meet daily says the New York Mirror, with accounts of crime, the results of cupidity, in our own country, but we have yet some steps to advance before hopeless poverty will lead to such horrors as are enacted in Europe. At Kleinzell, in Hungary, a widow lady who was in the habit of coming annually from Perth, to attend the Fete Dieu, bringing with her, her little daughter an only child, missed the little girl in the crowd, and after all possible effort, was obliged to return home without her, giving her up for lost. This year she went again to this religious ceremony, and as she passed through the street, recognized the poor little thing all in rags, holding out her hand to receive charity, and *deprived of both eyes!* Behind the child sat an old woman, who, upon the mother's reclaiming her daughter, pushed her away, and resisted violently her attempt to communicate with the child. The police interfering, all were carried before a magistrate, where the old woman confessed she had stolen the child during the procession, and torn out its eyes with a knife, in order to attract compassion, and gain the more money by her begging. This woman is a Moravian, aged 68 years, and was formerly a domestic. The punishment for her crime is being broken alive upon the wheel. The unfortunate mother is said to be in a dying state, broken hearted under this dreadful misfortune.

THE BLOCKADE.—A vessel arrived here yesterday from Alvarado—one came to this port several days ago from the same point—which was reported from the neutral port *via* Ardenes. This goes to show that the blockade of Mexican ports is a humbug. Alvarado is but a few leagues from Vera Cruz, and yet no vessel has watched that port since the war began, with the exception of the Somets, which was stationed off Alvarado a few days in June by order of Capt. Gregory, then senior officer of the squadron, in the absence of Com. Conner. The blockade does not appear to give the Mexicans any uneasiness, as Alvarado is quite or nearly as convenient a port as Vera Cruz; and at the latter vessels find no difficulty in importing such merchandise as Santa Anna, Almonte, etc.—N. O. Picayune.

"Gin me a kiss, my charmin' Sal;"
A lover said to a blue-eyed gail:
"I shant," said she "you lazy elf,
Shut up your "trap" and help yourself!"

The papers at Washington, the Union and Intelligence, have given notice that hereafter they will not publish at length the speeches of the members of Congress unless compensated for it.