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(FOR THE BANNER.)

Mr. Editor:—An old writer says, "History is Philosophy, teaching by examples." Of written history, this is emphatically true; but, traditional history is less interesting and profitable, from the fact, that her statements may not be altogether correct, doubt and uncertainty being usually thrown upon her pages. It is not so, however, where unrecorded facts can be fully authenticated by living, responsible witnesses; we are disposed to yield a prompt and cordial assent. Many thrilling incidents occurred during the American Revolution which have never found a "local habitation" upon the historic page. They have for years been laid away among reminiscences of "by-gone days," and the few eye witnesses of them are fast passing away. They very forcibly illustrate, not only the genuine, undisguised patriotism of our hardy citizen-soldiers; but, demonstrate, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the partiality and ceaseless vigilance of an "All-wise Providence." It will be our purpose, to introduce a few of these incidents for the amusement, if not the edification, of the youthful readers of the "Banner."

During that dark period which "tried men's souls," the district of Colleton, was the theatre of many a bloody battle, and bush-fight between the whigs and tories. Neighborhoods were fearfully divided upon the political questions of the day, and each faction denounced the other in no unmeaning terms. In not a few instances, father and son, were arrayed against each other in deadly hostility, making the word of holy writ true, "a man's foes, shall be they of his own household." Mr. W., who was a near and dear relative of the writer, was then in the prime of manhood, and took an active part against the tories. He was truly "a thorn in their side." Being well acquainted with the leader of the tory faction, and with the localities of the district generally, and with the upper settlements in particular, he was prepared, at the head of his little band, to take many and decided advantages against the enemy. This he did not fail to do. The tories acted in concert with the British soldiery, and it happened sometimes, that their services were in requisition in other parts beyond the limits of the district, and during these intervals, the people attached to the whig interest, were in peace and quietness, and pursued their usual avocations without interruption. Mrs. W. gave her attention to the farm, and with the aid of a few faithful slaves, made provisions enough to supply their wants. On one occasion Mr. W. was at home on a visit. It was in the spring of the year; and, no fears were entertained of immediate interruption. He rode a fine horse called BALL, and to use his own words, he could make him do any thing he pleased except to talk. Ball was a noble animal, fleet of foot and more than a match for any thing of his kind in the district. On the morning Mr. W. expected to leave for the purpose of re-joining his party, he had Ball ready, in waiting, whilst he sat at meat. Mrs. W. kept watch; she could see, far more than a mile up and down the road. By previous agreement, if she saw any one coming, she was to give signs of it, by scaring the birds out of the field, which joined the yard. In a few moments the alarm was given, and Mr. W. mounted his faithful steed and turned his head down the road. A party of tories was upon him, with Col. B. at their head. They were exceedingly anxious to take man and horse both; so every one was ready for the chase. Ball did his very best, but, from being stabled a few

weeks and not having taken proper exercise, it was evident to Mr. W., that something was wrong, and that from the rapid approach of the enemy, he must either take the woods or be captured. In a fit of desperation, he resolved upon the latter expedient; dismounted; took to his heels and left poor Ball to the mercy of his pursuers. Ball was made a captive; but, it was resolved after a little consultation, to set a trap to take "the rascally whig" as he was usually designated. The expedient was this: Ball was put in a small pasture adjoining his farm, and a single sentinel was appointed to guard him, for they were sure some effort would be made to recapture him. The balance of the party went through the settlement in search of plunder. Near night-fall Mr. W. learned through one of his negroes, where Ball was, and how the plan was fixed to catch him: He enjoyed the joke first rate, and at once resolved to have his own horse before day dawn. He lingered about the pasture, in the thick woods until night came on. The sky was clear and the moon shown out most beautifully and advantageously. From the thick branches of an old live oak which grew near the field, he watched, for hours, the movements of the horse and the sentinel, the latter being on the opposite side near the gap. At a late hour of the night, the sentinel was observed to stop his solitary pace, and seat himself in the gap. He remained perfectly still for sometime, and Mr. W. was fully confident that deep sleep had fallen upon him. It was even so. Mr. W. slid down the tree as easily as possible and proceeded to execute his purpose. Ball was quietly feeding near the fence, and so well did he understand his master, that he never refused to come at his call. The fence was let down. Mr. W. stood in the opening he had made, and called Ball, Ball; his call was promptly obeyed, and in a few moments he was moving in "double-quick-time," without saddle, bridle or holsters to the head waters of Cattle Creek where he expected to join his comrades. Ball and his master lived to play many more such pranks with the tories. S.

SOMETHING FOR ALL.—So various is the appetite of animals, that there is scarcely any plant which is not chosen by some, and left untouched by others. The horse gives up the water hemlock to the sheep; the goat gives up the monk's food to the horse, &c.; for that which certain animals grow fat upon, others abhor as poison. Hence no plant is absolutely poisonous, but only respectively. Thus the sponge, that is noxious to man, is a wholesome nourishment to the caterpillar. That animals may not destroy themselves for want of knowing this law, each of them is guarded by such a delicacy of taste and smell, that they can easily distinguish what is pernicious from what is wholesome, and when it happens that different animals live upon the same plants, still one kind always leaves something for the other, as the mouths of all are not equally adapted to lay hold of the grass; by which means there is sufficient food for all. To this may be referred an economical experiment well known to the Dutch, that when eight cows have been in a pasture, and can no longer get nourishment, two horses will do very well there some days, and when nothing is left for the horses, four sheep will live upon it.—*Subterranean.*

The following scale of the average duration of animal life is collected from Linnæus, Buffon, and other celebrated writers on natural history: A hare will live 10 years, a cat 10, a goat 8, a jack 30, a horse from 20 to 30, a sheep 10, a ram 15, a dog 20, a bull 15, an ox 20, a swine 23, a peacock 25, a pigeon 8, a turtle dove 25, a partridge 25, a raven 100, an eagle 100.

From the New York Spirit of the Times.
A scene on Board a Slaver.

By a Correspondent in S. Carolina.
Being on the west coast of Africa, a few years since, I was attacked by that malignant disease, coast fever, in its most virulent form, and was sent ashore by the Captain of the vessel to which I was attached, to enjoy more comfortable and airy quarters than the cabin of our little brig afforded: for being on a trading voyage, there was but little spare room in cabin, or galley, or hold. Upon awakening as I thought, from rather a long sleep, I was informed by my sable nurse that I had been delirious for about three weeks,—that the vessel, having waited as long as it could for me to recover, had sailed, and left me to navigate my own way back as best I might. This was rather a dull prospect, as I was on a part of the coast very seldom visited by merchantmen; but having been always accustomed to "take the world as it came," and trust to Providence, I did not let my tight fix trouble me much.

About the time I was strong enough to travel, I was setting early one morning under the shade of a cocoanut tree, blowing a cloud of smoke from a pipe, and ruminating on my dull and unpleasant situation; when I was accosted by a negro trader—himself a swarthy Ethiopian who had just come in—and told that there was a vessel some miles lower down the coast going to sail in a few days for Cuba; he knew nothing about her, but believed she was an ebony trader, *id est* a Slaver.

I did not much like being passenger in such a craft, but as any thing was preferable to remaining longer in limbo where I was, I huddled up my traps and was off to find her. After travelling all day, I made her just before sundown, at anchor in a river about six miles from its mouth, and I could but stop before going on board to admire this beautiful creation of man's ingenuity, as she swam gracefully upon the placid bosom of the water; a large sized foretopsal Baltimore Clipper, painted jet black, with a narrow gold ribbon round her,—the Spanish ensign floating lazily at her mast head, and "La Doradilla" (The Gold Fish) on her stern. She was the most symmetrical and perfect vessel I ever clapped an eye on. But like a painted sepulchre though fair to look upon, she was all depravity and moral rottenness within.

I boarded her, and was surprised to find in her commander, Captain Tennent, an American, with whom I had had some slight acquaintance in Havana; and though I knew him then to be a very successful and daring slaver, I did not find out until afterwards the desperate hardness and wickedness of his character. His appearance was prepossessing, and in his manners he was gentlemanly and urbane. Upon recognizing me, and learning my business, he very politely granted my request for a passage, and apologized for the limited accommodations at his disposal in consequence of the very crowded state of his schooner—having on board, besides a crew of some forty men, three hundred head of Negroes. I felt like backing out and returning to my old quarters, to wait for a better chance,—but the old adage of "any port in a storm" came into my mind, and I hung on. The next morning we got under weigh, and after working down the river, went to sea with a fresh breeze about three points free, and were bowling merrily over the water at the rate of thirteen knots an hour. At sundown the wind hauled dead ahead, and when we turned in at night we were pitching through a pretty rough sea, which stirred up one of the most nauseating odours in our vessel that it has ever been my bad fortune to know, and my olfactories, had long been accustomed to the smell of bilge water, tar, and other marine perfumes usually found in a ship; but this, combined as it was with the groans and screechings of the poor devils in the hold, and the oppressive heat, was nearly insufferable. Sleep, however, soon made me oblivious to the smell and the heat, until I was aroused from a very pleasant dream of hades, old Square Toes, big imps and little ones, all mixed up in the most admirable confusion—by the rough voice of the mate singing out,

"Sail Ho!" This sound so agreeable to the inmates of a merchantman, is of all others, the least pleasant to Guineaman's ears; for in every sail he expects to find a cruiser, and, of course, an enemy. So from policy they give all vessels as wide a berth as they possibly can.

Impelled by curiosity, I was on deck nearly as soon as the Captain, found it to be just day light, and could plainly distinguish on our weather quarter, about four miles distant a large, full rigged, man-of-war brig, with English colors flying, every inch of canvass set that would draw, and after us hot foot. Our Captain was used to this kind of thing, and took it coolly, having been chased many times before; he said he knew the brig, and that he would show me how his little Gold Fish would swim away from her.

So without altering her course any, we went down to breakfast; but had hardly dispatched the first cup of coffee, before "Sail Ho!" was sung out again from the mast head. This seemed to disturb the Captain's appetite, for hurrying up he made out a sloop-of-war, dead on his lee bow. Though an old hand at the bellows, and conversant with all the tricks and dodges practised; this, was too much for his equanimity. He was decidedly in a close place, and his only chance was to try to hug more to windward, and by making the fellow on our weather quarter sail by the wind, outfoot him. "Keep her up! keep her up!" he sung out to the man at the helm, and he ported his helm a little—but it was no go; the Gold Fish was already doing her best, and the least touch of the wheel would throw her up into the wind.

"Steady, so!" he again sung out. "D—n! I have it! Dick Tennent has not been going to sea all his life to be caught at last by thick headed John Bull's. Santiago?" and his mate, a blood-thirsty looking Spaniard, whose face was tanned by sun and wind until it was nearly black, came to him; he gave him an order in so low a tone that I did not hear it, but soon saw its effects:—one, by one, the poor Africans; were brought on deck, their hands tied behind them, shot fastened to their feet, and they were remorselessly plunged over the lee bulwarks, until the last of the Three Hundred poor mortals had disappeared, and found, at the bottom of the ocean, a final resting place and an end to all their earthly woes. I had been standing on the quarter deck in a horrible waking dream, and was roused as the last victim sunk, by the quick, sharp tones of the devil who commanded, as he ordered the mate to start over the extra water, provisions, and every article that would excite suspicion. It was done! and the hold was just cleared and the deck in order as a shot whistled across our fore-foot from the sloop, and a hail came over the water ordering the schooner to lay too; the necessary commands were issued, "La Doradilla's" head-way was lost, and she rose and fell with the swell like a sleeping Albatross, until an English Lieutenant boarded her, and demanded from the Captain his papers. These he handed out at once, and they were all pronounced "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," and very much chagrined Mr. Lieutenant took his departure. Though as he bid us good day he said he would much rather have had us a Slaver than an honest Merchantman in ballast!!

After a short run we arrived in port, and as I put my foot on shore, I made a mental resolve that my first voyage as a Slaver should be my last. ALDEANO.

If you want knowledge, read the newspapers; not one but several; when business presses be diligent, when your wife scolds hold your tongue.

"Wife," said a married man, looking for his bootjack after she was in bed, "I have places where I keep all my things and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours."

A French writer says, that a man who lives ten years without a physician, lives longer to himself and to society, than he who exists thirty years his victim.

From the Baltimore Patriot, Ath inst.
Fifteen Days Later from Enrope.

ARRIVAL OF THE
STEAMSHIP BRITANNIA.
The Cunard steamer Britannia, Capt. Hewitt, arrived at Boston at 1 o'clock, P. M. The Hon. Louis M'Lane has returned in her.

The news is not of much importance—matters remaining pretty much as they were at the departure of the last steamer.

There had been tremendous storms and floods in England, which had injured the crops severely.

The Cotton market has been in a quiet state. The sales on the 18th at Liverpool, were estimated at 6000 bales. Speculators have taken 700 American, and have exported 500 bales, 1000 bales, consisting of 800 Bahia, were sold at 6 to 6 1-8d; 200 Pernam at 6 1-8 a 6 3-8. The market closed dull.

In the manufacturing districts business is by no means active. However, the news recently received from the United States will give a new impetus to trade.

The money market is easy, and for business cash can be had very readily.

The Produce markets are tolerably active, both as regards the home and the export demand.

Indian corn has risen to 32s. per quarter. The accounts of the Potato Crop continue to be disastrous.

The popularity of the new Pope is unbounded. The new Papal tariff makes great reductions on woolen manufactures, cotton goods, sugar and coffee.

The Cobden testimonial has reached 65,000 pounds.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—Parliament is expected to rise about the 28th of August. On the 17th the House of Lords passed the Sugar Duties Bill.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The destitution in Ireland occupied the House of Commons on Monday. A sum has been appropriated for the employment of the poor in Ireland.

EFFECTS OF THE AMERICAN TARIFF IN ENGLAND.—Several markets have experienced the effects of the liberal tariff which goes into operation in the United States on the 1st December. Iron has already advanced in price, and the woolen manufactures of Yorkshire are firm and improving.

FRANCE.—The French elections have terminated, and great has been the success of the Guizot ministry. The majority in the new chamber is expected to be one hundred, and may possibly exceed that number. The King opened the chamber with a short speech.

A NOBLE WOMAN.—Never shrink from a woman of strong sense. If she becomes attached to you, it will be from seeing and valuing other similar qualities in yourself. You may trust her, for she knows the value of your confidence. You may consult her, if she is able to advise, and does so at once with the firmness of reason, and the consideration of affection. Her love will be lasting, for it will not have been lightly won; and it will be strong and ardent, for weak minds are not capable of the loftier grades of passion. If you prefer attaching yourself to a woman of feeble understanding, it must be either from fearing to encounter a superior person, or from the vanity of preferring that admiration which springs from ignorance, to that which approaches to appreciation. *Subterranean.*

WHERE HE WAS BORN.—Two ignorant persons fell into a dispute about the native place of Jonah who, as the clergyman told them in his text, or at least as they understood him, once *swallowed a whale*. "I tell you," said one with great earnestness, "this Jonah was no Boston man: he was a Newfoundlander—a devil of a fellow for fish."

A young lady, on visiting the Post Office to deliver a letter to her lover, unfortunately threw herself into the box, and did not discover her mistake until one of the clerks asked her if she was single!

The first trait an acquaintance exhibits when meeting you, is his curiosity—isn't he certain to ask you "what's the news?"