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THE BANNER.

[WEEKLY.]

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(FOR THE BANNER) WHO IS TRULY GREAT. (Concluded.)

Prudence and greatness are ever persuading man to contrary pursuits. The one, instructs him to be contented with his station in life, let that station be what it may, and to find happiness by bounding every wish. The other, impels him to superiority, and calls nothing happiness but rapture. The one again, directs him to think and act with the rest of mankind. The other drives him forward and exposes him as a mark to the taunts of envy, or shafts of ignorance. And in a word, the little mind that loves itself will act and think with the vulgar; but the great mind will bravely deviate if necessary, and scorn the beaten path from universal benevolence (GOLD-SMITH.) Thus SOCRATES, the great and noble Greek, whose name decks the annals of his country's history, and sheds honor on the land that gave him birth; who, when in the hour of awful danger, marched gallantly with sword in hand to fight the battles of his injured country, and in peace, usefully employed in rearing and instilling the principles of morality in the minds of tender youth, boldly deviated from the beaten track, and unlabeled by the splendor of others reputation, he chalked out a true path to fame. He looked on and beheld the towering forest and craggy peaks of lofty mountains, and thus observing mysterious nature, he discovered the peculiar adaptation of all nature for the different purposes to be secured. He marked the stormy cloud, as it rose in awful gloom above the horizon, and heard with admiration the deep majestic roar of distant thunder. And in contemplation, observes the ruling hand of Providence, in fixing and guiding the destinies of man. Now SOCRATES, revolving these things in his mind, and meditating upon them with the judgment of a philosopher, concluded that such must be the works of omnipotence. No longer could paganism rule his magnanimous soul, for "through nature he had looked up to nature's God." SOCRATES knew that God did exist. He saw him in the clouds, and heard him in the winds. All nature spoke his existence, and who is he that cannot hear? Actuated then, by the pure spirit of magnanimity and of benevolence, he taught the youth of Athens a strange God—yet the true and only God—the maker of heaven and earth and all other things that exist. Such doctrines being considered corruptions by the *literati* of Athens, SOCRATES was summoned before the council to account for his teachings. Proud of his fault, he stood without friends in the midst of his accusers, mad with envy and fanaticism, and declared with the firmness of a stoic, that God did exist. Uproar and confusion prevailed, and SOCRATES unjustly condemned, died a martyr to the cause of truth and humanity. As if conscious too, that he had accomplished the end for which heaven had designed him, he drank the fatal draught, and reclining, drew around him his robe in calm resignation, unmoved by the chill of death, he bid farewell to friends and foes, without a blessing or a curse.

Who then, does not admire the greatness of the philosopher, reared as he was in paganism and superstition,—deprived entirely of inspired truth! Envy and malice stand confused in approving silence. SOCRATES was great in his day and generation, and may justly be ranked with those of brighter days and brighter opportunities. But he stands alone. None other of his countrymen deserve the name of truly great. Athens may boast of warriors and of conquerors, of sages and philosophers, but of none so deserving, as him whom we have classed.

But again, in looking over the names of the illustrious, we behold PULASKI, KOSIUSCO, and the generous LA FAYETTE, shining with more than ordinary brilliancy. Those individuals, whose actions at home, will ever adorn their country's history, have deep claims upon the gratitude of America. "A distant people are struggling for their national rights"—the hand of oppression is laid heavily upon them. Their cries and complaints ascended, and fell upon the shores of France and Poland. Actuated by philanthropy and a love of liberty, LA FAYETTE, KOSIUSCO, and the brave PULASKI, being the early periods of liberty, religion, and humanity—heroes, patriots and philanthropists too, they offered their services and fortunes in the glorious revolution, which brought freedom to a people capable of appreciating it. They were truly great—their souls were free from all that were sordid. Their entire aim, was to defend the cause of humanity, and to humble the pride and power of tyrants.

But again, besides the names of the worthy three whom we have noticed, another name presents itself high up on the list of greatness. WASHINGTON, has by his virtues, secured to himself, immortal greatness. He stood the guardian Angel of his afflicted country—high exalted above every fear, and prepared for every extremity. When all seemed lost—"when the golden sun of liberty had nearly set in the gloom of night," upon our political horizon, WASHINGTON, still hovered around the American camp to preside over her destinies. England boasted of her success—she prided in her power. But not long were her boastings heard. Propitious fate, had decreed it otherwise. WASHINGTON, was destined to humble her pride—to stem the tide of misfortune, and even to roll it back, upon the destined heads of the enemies of his country. Such was the destiny of a man, whom we admire and honor, as truly great.

All nations can boast of worthy fathers. England can boast of her brave hearted ALFRED—America of her great and good WASHINGTON, and France of her NAPOLEON, whose success in war is without a parallel, and whose deeds are deeds of daring. The name and greatness of NAPOLEON, are sealed upon the hearts of all that know him. In war he was an overwhelming conqueror, but his mighty career was as transient as it was brilliant. Hatred and revenge give the impulse to all his actions, nourished and fostered by unalloyed ambition.

But that NAPOLEON benefited Europe there cannot remain a doubt; for the pages of history, are crowded with ample proof. In Spain and Portugal, he broke down the hateful inquisition, and threw open their terrific dungeons, and exposed to a gazing world the instruments of tyranny and torture, which were concealed there. And with a relentless arm, he subjected to the torture those very individuals, who for years had tortured with merciless delight, the innocent and unoffending. Noble deed in the history of NAPOLEON; it can never be too highly commended by the good and great.

But need we expatiate longer on this one gem, which if alone, would sufficiently adorn his diadem, for we might stud it with thousands of others, alike bright and glorious. But while we commend the deeds of NAPOLEON, yet we must denounce his intentions; for they were evidently to promote his own personal interest. Glory and revenge were his greatest desire, and madness dictated all his plans. But alas! NAPOLEON's star went down—it sunk in blood on the crimson plains of Waterloo. He was at last swallowed up in the great vortex of his own ambition. And deserted by friends and foes—he died an exile, on the barren Helena—borne down by grief and keen despair.

But it was not so with the father of his country. With WASHINGTON, whose life every American with patriotic pride reveres, and with the true greatness of whom, even those of other nations, who have been pre-eminent in fame, can never compare. Before the brilliancy and splendor of his career through life, the destroyers of nations stand abashed. For his many virtues reproves the great intemperance of the ambitious, and darkens the splendor of their victories.

But WASHINGTON was a conqueror.

He conquered Britain's most gallant troops, and most skillful and artful generals. And also the depravity of his own nature which is the most formidable of foes. Easily might he have taken upon himself royalty, and been crowned with royal honors. But his generous soul would not. The patriotism, the humanity, and philanthropy of his magnanimous heart, spurned with disdain the paltry honors of kings and nobles, whenever he contemplated the greatness and goodness of that glorious cause, for which he had struggled so long, and for which he had encountered so many difficulties and privations. He was a patriot and a republican, and would not sacrifice the interest of his country, and the confidence of his countrymen, for the honor of kings and princes—nay! not even for all that earth could afford. He must then, have possessed a heart free from all that was sordid. For when he had in his very grasp, the richest honors and proudest emoluments of earth, he drew back (and as it were) said, I care not for any of these things but let them go for the good of my country, and for the good of my fellow man. What then have we to say of such a man? Is he truly great? Yes! And

"Some guardian angel" of our "nations' peace,
Some seraph sent to bid the slaughter cease!
Yes! "his Columbia's son—the heir of fame,
Creation's Hero, Washington his name."
Erskine College. A. L.

HON. FELIX G. MCCONNELL.—This gentleman a member of Congress from Alabama, who rendered himself quite notorious during the last Session, by his rowdyism, the effects of intemperance, committed suicide in Washington City, on Thursday last. A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, says:

"It appears that the deceased terminated his existence by deliberately cutting the jugular veins on each side of his throat, and by inflicting deep wounds in his sides with a knife. Two of the stabs were nearly perpendicular. The others glanced off from the bones, and made frightful gashes. His friends say that for about a week past he had relinquished drinking owing to indisposition, and that the absence of his usual stimulus caused great despondency. He was in fact suffering the horrors of delirium tremens. He could not, as has been stated, been in great want of money, for I am told he had not drawn his mileage. In addition to this he had his watch and valuable jewelry on his person, besides a sum of money. A short time before he committed the deed, he called for a pen and ink, for the purpose, it is supposed, of writing to his wife. A coroner's inquest was held on the body, at his room, at the St. Charles Hotel, and a verdict was rendered in accordance with the facts."

A correspondent of the Charleston Patriot says:—

"I attended the funeral of poor Felix, or rather Intelix McConnell this morning, of whose melancholy demise the papers doubtless have informed you. For sometime past this unhappy gentleman was literally, genius in ruins. Within the last few days however, he had rallied his energies, and spoke of going home to his family, whom he appeared to idolize. It was only the other day he observed to a friend of mine, 'Sir I must quit this constant excitement, now and forever—it degrades me in the estimation of my friends, and in my own, and what is worse than all, it deeply pains my family.' It was in this effort to recover his tone, that he was seized with *delirium tremens*, during which he terminated his existence in the frightful manner described. The exterior of McConnell, 'when he was himself,' was really bordering on the elegant—he was a man of genius, a wit, a ready and fluent speaker, and a kind hearted and most estimable man; but then he had that fatal propensity to inebriation which destroyed him—Peace to his ashes

Great respect was paid his memory. The President of the U. S. who knew him in other days, in Tennessee, some of the heads of departments, and Mr. Hilliard a representative from the same State, paid the last mournful rites due to the departed.

From the Savannah Georgian.

Written on the Prospect of a Battle with Santa Anna.—BY MIRABEAU B. LAMAR.

Give to the poet his well earned praise,
And the songs of his lore—preserve them—
Encircle his brow with fadeless bays,
The children of genius deserve them;
But never to me such praises breathe,
To the minstrel feeling a stranger,
I only wish for the laurel wreath
That a patriot wins in danger.

Speed, speed to the day when to war I bid
The fame of the field is inviting,
Before my sword shall the foeman fly,
Or fall in the flash of its lightning.
Away with song, and away with charms,
Insulted freedom's proud avenger,
I bear no love but the love of arms,
And the bride that I woo is danger.

When shall I meet the audacious foe,
Face to face where the flags are flying?
I long to thin them, two at a blow,
And ride o'er the dead and the dying;
My sorrel steed shall his fetlocks stain
In the brain of the hostile stranger;
With an iron heel he spurs the plain,
And he breathes full and free in danger.

When victory brings the warrior rest,
Rich the rewards of martial duty,
The thanks of a land with freedom blest,
And the smiles of its high-born beauty,
Does victory fail? enough for me,
That I fall not to fame a stranger;
His name shall roll with eternity
Who finds the foremost grave in danger.

IMPORTANCE OF LISTENING WELL.—

It seems paradoxical to observe that the art of listening well forms part of the duty of conversation. To give up the whole of your attention to the person who addresses himself to you is sometimes a heavy task; but it is one which we must pay for the privileges of social life, and an early practice will render it almost an involuntary act of good breeding; whilst considerations for others will give this little sacrifice a merit and a charm of which the lowest proof of social feeling can never be devoid. To listen well is to make an unconscious advancement in the power of conversing. In listening, we perceive in what the interest, in what the failure of others consists. We become, too, aware of our own deficiencies, without having them taught through the medium of humiliation. We find ourselves often more ignorant than we could have supposed it possible. We learn, by a very moderate attention to the sort of topics which please, to form a style of our own. The "art of conversation" is an unpleasant phrase. The power of conversing well is least agreeable when it assumes the character of an art. In listening, a well-bred gentleman will gently sympathize with the speaker; or, if needs must be, differ as gently. Much character is shown in the art of listening. Some people appear to be in a violent hurry whilst another speaks; they hasten on the person who addresses them, as one would urge on a horse, with "Yes, yes. Very good. Ah?" Others sit on the full stare, eyes fixed as those of an owl, upon the speaker. From others, a loud and long laugh is at intervals produced, and all the company turns round to see what was the cause of the merriment. But all these vices of manner may be avoided by a gentle attention and a certain calm dignity of manner based upon a reflective mind and humble spirit.—Hints to Young Ladies on their Entrance into Society.

The President of the U. States has issued a proclamation announcing the result of the late vote in Alexandria county, by which said county has been retroceded to the State of Virginia.

CABBAGE SPROUTS.—Very few people take half the pains they ought with cabbages. When they are cut—no matter how—the stumps are left to bring sprouts; no matter when, nor how many. Now, they fact is, that when the sprouts begin to come, they should be all rubbed off but the best—or at most two; but if there be only one left to grow on each stump, it will grow faster and better, and be occasionally as good as the first head that was out; instead of which, a multitude of small ones are allowed to grow, not any of which brings good hearts, and all are, for the most part, but a poor apology for greens. When a cabbage is cut, the leaves should be cut off the stem, and as soon as the buds of the stump begin to grow, rub off or cut all that are not wanted leaving one of the strongest and best to grow into a head, which it will do in an incredibly short time; equalling, and more frequently excelling, the first head itself in flavor and appearance. This is adapted for families more than market gardens, because there is some trouble in rubbing or taking off the useless shoots; but it is well worth while in the case of early cabbages, in a private family, for it forms an excellent second crop.

Southern Planter.

A GOOD RULE.—Lord Erskine was distinguished through life for independence of principle, for his scrupulous adherence to the truth. He once explained the rules of his conduct, which ought to be deeply engraven on every heart. He said, "it was a first command and counsel of my earliest youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and trust the practice, of this paternal lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and shall point out the same path to my children for their pursuits."

A TOAST OF THE TALLEST KIND.—At the late celebration of the 4th July, in the parish of Caddo, Louisiana, the following toast was given. It may be called the romance of the confectionary shop:

WOMAN—Heaven's best gift to man—his Pandora, or casket of jewels—his confectionary shop, or stick of rock candy—his otto of roses, or sugar coated pill—her presence his best company—her voice his sweetest music—her smiles his brightest moments—her kiss the guardian of his innocence—her arms the pale of his safety—her lips his most faithful counselors—her bosom the softest pillow of his cares.

Girl's d'ye hear that! "His otto of roses!" Oh, Moses!

The Louisville papers have intelligence from the Army, that Capt. W. L. Ball, of the Washington Blues, a volunteer corps from that city, whose disappearance has heretofore been noticed, has been found in a chaparel, about 3 miles from Matamoros, with his throat cut, and three stabs in his breast.

We learn from the Journal of Congress, that the Yeas and Nays at the late session were called 500 times. This is equal to about three hundred hours, or sixty working days for Congress, and at \$8 per day for 224 members of the House, the expense to the nation was over one hundred thousand dollars.