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THE BANNER.

[WEEKLY.]

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(FOR THE BANNER.)

MUSIC AND POETRY.

When we consider the influence which Music and Poetry, at the present day, exert, both in the economy of nature and over the mind of man; it seems not so wonderful that the ancient world should have so universally acknowledged the sway of the God of the Delphic Oracle.

It cannot be that any daily behold, with enchanted eye, the beauties of the one, or, with delighted ear, drink in the melodies of the other, and never feel constrained to bow at their common shrine.

How much of the refinement, purity, and elevated feeling of society would be lost with Music and Poetry! Had they departed who would wish to linger here! For this earth, should they forsake it, would be like some vast hall, decked indeed for the banquet, but wanting lights to reveal its beauties and adornings. Without them all would be dark and gloomy, for they mingle in all things beautiful and pleasant. They are interwoven with our very being. Powerful are their claims to allay the fever of passion; to soothe the "breast of melancholy;" to recall the mourner back to joy; to inspire the despairing with hope; to lift the heart to Heaven.

Music delights us in childhood's earliest hour. It breathes in the mother's voice and the infant is still. We love to hear it in the wild artless glee of childhood's sport; and there is poetry in the very freshness of childhood's feelings. All in youth acknowledge their power. What would avail the lover's most ardent vow, were not music in the tone, and poetry in the glance!

They too, have subdued manhood's sterner nature, and caused tears to flow from eyes "unused to weep;" and, touching memory's answering chord, the dimmed eye shines again with youthful gleam, as the soul makes loftier resolves for the future. And who would not believe that maturer age but renders us capable of drawing richer streams of enjoyment from the fount first opened to us in infancy!

They reign pre-eminent in Nature. The spring with its numberless tribes brings music. With dawn it salutes us in the varied notes of the little songsters rejoicing that winter is over; and through the busy day they still sing on, cheering their untiring industry, until "still eve comes on," when the doves sweet soothing note strikes on the ear as music most fitting for that calm, peaceful hour. And, in the solemn midnight, is there not wild music, aye, and poetry too, in the shrill shriek of the solitary Owl walking abroad amid the congenial darkness?

Spring's Poetry, though only the gifted may speak, yet all may feel. When this delightful season gladdens our hearts, we exclaim, surely it cannot be surpassed! It seems as though the joyousness and gaiety of all the year had met. We see, hear, only music and poetry. But ere we have time sufficiently to admire, summer comes with still richer melodies, and, varied as its fruits and tints is the soft murmuring, then rushing music in its leaves. In its blossoms may we read its poetry; and where the tiny humming-bird dips his tapering bill in the opening bud, we behold them blended.

Few perhaps, have not remarked and felt the influence of the native music and poetry of this particular season, Autumn. Now, in the years declining age, we may no longer, with eager ear listen to the wild, fresh, overflowing notes of its infancy and youth; nor yet the richer strains of summer; still its melody plea-

ses; and, while it recalls the more glowing past, forbids regret. Autumn has but just begun, and when we behold Nature, wearing each day a brighter and more fancy-pleasing aspect, and then remember that this increasing loveliness is but the sure presage of decay, which will soon mingle the gay and beautiful with the dust. When we see the leaves, lingering, kiss each other in parting, and fall, seemingly chanting their own requiem; the bosom is involuntarily filled with melancholly, almost fearful, forebodings of the future. But, anon the closing beams of day recall us from our meditations, thus saddened; and turning to the glowing west, with rapture, we behold poetry in all its glory. Nature's own poetry! If Autumn's sad, strange, music fills with melancholly; brings death and the grave to mind; its gorgeous poetry reminds us of the joys, the splendors beyond. And while its fading blossoms, and decaying beauty warn us to trust not to earthly, perishable things; we look not long for the point where our hopes should centre, our trust be stayed; for gazing on its glorious skies, we behold written there, "Look above!" When earth's joys, and loves, and enchantments, fade away, then do Heaven's higher glories appear more bright.

Even winter, drear, gloomy winter, void of all that can gladden, as some will represent it, has its music; its poetry. How mournfully sounds the hollow, whistling wind! yet its music arrests us. How soft the faint music of the frost! And who has not fancied he could hear the "fairy footsteps of the snow." And what is more poetical than the winter storm! The thundering blast bearing before it the crackling, crashing boughs; tossing on high the solitary leaves which Autumn has left, seemingly bent upon the destruction of all that remains of grandeur in the forest, or beauty in the grove; then suddenly giving place to the calm, silent fall of the snowy shower. The snow-bird's chirp, and wood-pecker's ringing knock, chime in with the tinkling sleighbells, and crackling boughs bending low with the sleet. Then winter's brightest Moon, rendered still more bright by the dazzling white around, shines more than ever in poetry.

The "viewless air" bears music on its gales. And who has not enjoyed it on the pebbly shore, or rocky bank; in the gentle ripple, or dashing wave.

From my earliest years of thought, I have loved the music of the water; even the dancing drops that refresh the thirsty summer's soil, or the little brook falling over a few grey stones, or pursuing its rippling course over the white sand, and through the yielding grass, and have stood enrapt hearing that alone. I have never heard the ocean's roar, but fancied I had "what might seem like its faint echo, in the booming voice borne from the waves of the Chesapeake dashing over its uneven shores.

The Music and Poetry of Nature are indeed heartstirring; but, because they daily, commonly appear, how oft we pass them by, nor note their deep voices calling us away from grovelling earth, and pointing us above! They

"are all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes, Could trace them midst familiar things, and through their lowly guise."

Music is not alone in chording notes, sweet though they be, nor is poetry only words and feet and measured lines. No, poetry is the music of the soul! It dwells in nature, and music is its voice! The poetry that touches most the soul, is too deep for words; and the music that affects us most is often heard but once. But, best of all, they are immortal.

Wanderers from Heaven, they but dwell on earth, as the last remnants of Paradise, to lure man upward. They cheer his pilgrimage here, and ever bid him hasten on. And, and in his latest moments, music from the "spirit shore," shall hover around and waft his spirit gently away.

Having thus attended him from infancy to the grave, they still stand on the heavenly shore, ready to welcome him to blissful Eternity. And, Oh! how lovelier far, will they appear, robed in all their excellency and beauty divine of which tainting earth had robbed them!

And ever there shall they teach him to sing, in loftiest strain and sweetest melody, the "new song, the song of the redeemed."

Abbeville C. H.

WOMAN.—The government of families leads to the comfort of communities, and the welfare of States. Of every domestic circle, woman is the centre. Home, that scene of the purest and dearest joy, home is the empire of woman. There she plans, directs, performs, the acknowledged source of dignity and felicity. When female virtue is most pure, female sense is most approved, female deportment most correct, there is most propriety of social manners. The early years of childhood, those most precious years of life and opening season, are confined to woman's superintendence, she therefore may be presumed to lay the foundation of all the virtues, and all the wisdom that enrich the world.

THE LADIES OF ITALY.—In form the Italians excel us. Larger, fuller, they naturally acquire a finer gait and bearing. It is astonishing that our ladies should persist in that ridiculous notion, that a small waist is, and per necessitate, most beautiful. Why, many an Italian woman would cry for vexation if she possessed such a waist as some of our ladies acquire only by the longest and most painful process. I have sought the reason of this difference, and can see no other than that the Italians have their glorious statuary continually before them as models, and hence endeavor to assimilate themselves to them! whereas our models are those of French stuffed figures in the windows of milliner's shops. Why, if an artist should presume to make a statue with the shape that seems to be regarded with us as the perfection of harmonious proportion, he would be laughed out of the city. It is a standing objection against the taste of our women, the world over, that they will particularly assert that a French milliner understands how they shall be made better than nature herself.

Headley's Travels in Italy.

THE WIFE OF PARADES.—The Savannah Republican says that Parades is not more remarkable as a soldier than his wife as a heroine.

A captain in the American Navy, well and favorably known in this city, who is intimately acquainted with the Mexican President, informs us that his wife is remarkable for great coolness in danger, as well as her unwavering devotion to Parades. She always accompanies the army on horseback, and on several occasions has been known to dress her husband's wounds with her own hands on the field of battle.

VIRTUE.—The creation of the sculptor may moulder into dust; the wealth of the bard may wither; the throne of the conqueror may be shivered into atoms, by an opposing power; the fame of the warrior may no longer be hymned by the recording minstrel; the hope of the youth may be disappointed; but that which hallows the cottage and sheds glory around the palace—*virtue*—shall never decay. It is celebrated by the angels of God—it is written on the pillars of heaven, and reflected down to earth.

HAPPINESS IN OUR OWN POWER.—The earth would still be a paradise if we had the power of enjoying it, and did not turn it into a curse to ourselves by our own appetites and passions.

From the Mobile Herald.

We have given our readers several specimens of the talent of Mexicans in the way of diplomacy. How they fight is already known—and, by the way, our opinion of them in that respect has improved wonderfully. Below we publish a poem written by a Mexican poet at Vera Cruz. It was translated for the Columbian, a New York Magazine, and possesses very considerable poetic talent:

"RIO BRAVO."

A MEXICAN LAMENT.

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo!
Saw men ever such a fight?
Since the field of Roncesvalles
Sealed the fate of many a knight!

Dark is Palo Alto's story,
Sad Resaca Palma's rout;
On those fatal fields so gory,
Many gallant life went out.

There our best and bravest lances
Shivered 'gainst the Northern steel,
Left the valiant hearts that couched
Them
'Neath the Northern charger's heel.

Rio Bravo, Rio Bravo!
Minstrel ne'er knew such a sight,
Since the field of Roncesvalles
Sealed the fate of many a knight.

Rio Bravo, fatal river,
Saw ye not while red with gore,
Torrejoan all headless quiver,
A ghastly trunk upon thy shore?

Heard ye not wounded coursers
Shrieking on your trampled banks
As the Northern wing'd artillery
Thundered on our shattered ranks.

There Arista, best and bravest
There Raguena, tried and true,
On the fatal field thou layest,
Nobly did all man could do.

Vainly there these heroes rally,
Castile on Montezuma's shore,
"Rio Bravo"—"Roncesvalles,"
Ye are names blent evermore.

Weepes thou lone lady Inez,
For thy lover 'mid the slain,
Brave La Vega's trenchant falchion
Cleft his slayer to the brain.

Brave La Vega who all lonely,
By a host of foes beset,
Yielding up his sabre only
When his equal there he met.

Other champions not less noted,
Sleep beneath that sullen wave,
Rio Bravo thou hast floated
An army to an ocean grave.

On they came, these Northern horsemen,
On like eagles towered the sun,
Followed then the Northern bayonet,
And the field was lost and won.

O! for Orlando's horn to rally
His Palladins on that sad shore,
"Rio Bravo"—"Roncesvalles,"
Ye are names blent evermore.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF DAYS.—It may not be generally known that the English names of the days of the week are derived from the titles of Saxon deities. In looking over Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons the other day, we found the following table, which we give for the benefit of the curious:

Sunday	Sun's day.
Monday	Moon's day.
Wednesday	Wednen's day.
Thursday	Thor's day.
Friday	Friga's day.
Saturday	Saturne's day.

The names of some of our religious festivities are also derived from the same source. Thus Easter which is used to express the seasons of our great paschal solemnities comes from Eetre, an Anglo Saxon goddess, whose festivities were celebrated in April.

It thus seems that the names of some of the idols of our ancestors will be perpetuated as long as the English language shall endure.

Talleyrand ever made it a rule to forget his past misfortunes. "Providence," he was accustomed to observe, "has given us our eyes in front in order that we might look before and not behind!"

Experience too frequently (like the stern-lights of a vessel) throws a light only on the path we have passed.

Advertisements

WILL be conspicuously inserted at 75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 37½ cents for each continuance—longer ones charged in proportion. Those not having the desired number of insertions marked upon them, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

For advertising Estrays Toted, TWO DOLLARS, to be paid by the Magistrate. For announcing a Candidate, TWO DOLLARS, in advance.

All letters or communications must be directed to the Editor, postage paid.

MARRIED OR UNMARRIED.—GET MARRIED.—A European philosopher has furnished the world with some very interesting statistics, showing the benefits of a married life. He says among unmarried men, at the ages of from thirty-five to forty-five, the average number of deaths are only eighteen. For forty-one old bachelors who attain the age of forty there are seventy-eight married men who do the same. As age advances, the difference becomes more striking. At sixty there are only twenty-two unmarried men alive, for ninety-eight who have been married. At seventy, there are eleven bachelors to twenty-seven married men, at eighty, there are nine married men for three single ones. Nearly the same rule holds good in relation to the female sex. Married women at the age of thirty, taken one with another, may expect to live thirty-six years longer; while for the unmarried, the expectation of life is only about thirty years. Of those who attain the age of forty-five, there are seventy-two married women for fifty-two single ladies. These data are the results of actual facts, by observing the difference of longevity between the unmarried and the married.

CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS.—New difficulties have broken out among the California Volunteers at Governor's Island, New York, which are explained at length in the New York Express. On Friday, the Regiment was marched to the guard house to receive their bounty money previous to embarking.

The men of company C—the first company marched up—refused to pay the prices charged for their clothing, viz: \$5 for jackets, \$3 for pants, and \$1.50 for caps. They were willing to pay a fair price, but were confined for insubordination. Company A then came up; and refused. They were marched back to their quarters, and confined to their tents. Colonel Bankhead, finding the refusal general, told them they would be compelled to embark without their pay—which they preferred to taking the clothing at the prices charged.

MORE PLAGIARIS!—Somebody out in the extreme back part of Missouri, has discovered that Tom Moore, like other great poets, has been filching the ideas of another, and altering them to suit himself. He cites the following instance, which is perfectly unanswerable—the critical acumen of a Poet could no further go:—

"The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girdled on,
And his wild harp slung behind him."

"Little Bo-Peep has lost his sheep,
And does not know where to find 'em;
Let 'em alone, and they'll come home,
Bringing their tales behind 'em."

NEWSPAPERS.—A newspaper taken in a family seems to shed a gleam of intelligence around. It gives the children a taste for reading; it communicates all the important events in the busy world; it is a never-failing source of amusement, and furnishes a fund of instruction which will never be exhausted. Every family, however poor, if they wish to hold a place in the rank of intelligent beings, should take at least one newspaper. And the man who is possessed of property sufficient to make himself easy for life, surrounded by children eager for knowledge, is instigated by the vile spirit of cupidity, and neglects to subscribe to a newspaper, is deficient in the duties of a parent or a good citizen, and is deserving of the censure of his intelligent neighbors.

Bradbury and Evans, of London, advertise a new work, in monthly parts, to be completed in twenty numbers, edited by "Boz" and illustrated by "Phiz." It is to be called "Dealings with the firm of Dombey & Sons," and the first number appears at the opening of October.

N. A. L. D. The title conferred by Yale on Professor Morse, with these initials, is said by a Memphis paper to mean North American Lightning Director.