

New Terms.

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(FOR THE BANNER.)

THE RAIL ROAD.

Mr. Editor—It is painful to observe the apathy that is now pervading all ranks of the citizen of this and adjoining Districts upon the vital question, "whether or not the Mountain regions of this State shall have a Rail Road communication with one of the best markets in the Southern States, to wit: Charleston." Cast your eye for a moment upon the maps of New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania, and you cannot but at once perceive the vast difference, that appears between the public spirited citizen of those States, and those of this State. Every man there, who has fifty acres of land, within twenty-five miles of the route of a rail road or canal, at once, and that too, promptly contributes all his energy to the enterprise. He sees at a glance, that his lands will increase from one hundred to five hundred per cent, per acre. That where he had no market, except a little inland village; he has now a quick and cheap transport of all his surplus produce to the best markets in the world. Mountains are made to bow their lofty heads, to make way for the civilizer of mankind, "the steam engine." Cities, Towns and Villages, are brought in daily contact with each other, so that one looks upon the other as his next door neighbor—Towns and villages as by magic, spring up in every direction—A new stimulus is given to industry and agriculture—dormant capital brought into active circulation, and every river and stream is studied with manufactories and mills, giving employment to thousands of her citizens, who otherwise would be compelled to seek better land in the distant west.

Look upon your own State, and see the sad picture that this presents in comparison with those of the North; our State is as rich, if not richer, in lands and minerals, as any other State in the Union: we have unlimited water power, and the application of this to manufacturing purposes, would be greatly beneficial to the agricultural interest; but we are sadly deficient in energy and enterprise. Our lands, if properly managed, are not only capable of supplying the wants of our population; but of sending off a large surplus abroad. We would then ask in the name of patriotism, if we possess these great natural advantages, why is it that so many of our best citizens, are removing themselves and their capital to other countries for better investments? Why is it that we are contented to wallow in our own supineness and lethargy? Do we not see what great strides our sister States are making in rail roads and manufactories? Do we not see that the North, by industry and energy, are enabled to administer to the every want of the slothful Southerner. They have so far outstripped us in skill and energy, they have now the boldness to make our own negro garments, and send them to us! They even make our axe handles, and if we do not arouse ourselves, and make use of the means that God and nature has laid out before us, we will have our houses made by them. Have we then no means of stopping this system of migrating, and of recalling the hundreds and thousands of dollars that have been sent out of the State, in quest of more lucrative investments? we answer yes. And the means proposed, is a quick and cheap communication between the mountain districts and Charleston. The idea of growing grain, raising stock, manufacturing cotton, iron and lime, and then think of dragging them to market by the old waggon and team system, over the miserable roads that traverses

the country from Greenville to Hamburg or Columbia, would be absurd. All we want then to develop the resources of the back country, is a rail road connecting Charleston with Greenville." We then come to the question as proposed by the citizens of this district in a late meeting, "whether or not, we shall construct a rail road from Aiken, passing through the districts of Edgefield, Abbeville, Anderson, and crossing the Saluda river at some convenient point to Greenville. The first question then, that presents itself, is "is it practicable?" in other words, will the proposed route be the means, of giving a new stimulus to agriculture, and industry? Will it enhance the value of real estate; develop the mineral resources of the mountain districts, and increase the number of our manufactories? We answer, that it is highly practicable. If you will for a moment cast your eyes over the map of South Carolina, you will find that the route will pass through the finest regions in the State, commencing at Aiken, it will pass directly to Edgefield C. H., from thence it will strike the dividing ridge between the waters of Saluda and Savannah river, on by Greenwood, Cokesbury, Due West, Calhoun in Anderson, and to Greenville C. H. This route will embrace some of the wealthiest portions of the State. Compare for a moment the present population and value of real estate in the above villages, with what it will be in the course of ten years. Where Lots are now selling for twenty-five and fifty dollars, they will sell from three to five hundred dollars. Where the population is from two hundred to three hundred souls, you will see from five hundred to a thousand. Where land is worth from one to three dollars per acre, you will see it selling from five to fifteen dollars. Why all this magic work? We answer, that its brought about by the means of a quick and cheap transportation of one surplus produce. A new stimulus will be given to agriculture and industry; the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant, the manufacturer; in a word, all classes will share in the general prosperity which such an enterprise will produce, independent of the large amount of money that would be disbursed by the Company in the several Districts. But some of us are like the "unbelieving Thomas," must thrust our fingers first. If so, we refer you to the magic work the Erie rail road and canal have produced upon western New York. Those rich Genesee lands were so far from market before the construction of the road and canal, that they were of little value, and was sold by the State of Massachusetts to Phelps and Goshen for three cents per acre; now they cannot be purchased for less than fifty to one hundred dollars per acre. Go to the pine barrens in this State on the Charleston and Columbia road, where land could be purchased by the thousands of acres at fifty cents per acre; you cannot purchase them now for less than five dollars per acre. Go to the Central rail road in Georgia, and ask the price of lands there now, and what it was before the construction of the road: see at the increase of population in the old town, which have now become at the North cities, such as Buffalo and Chicago, and behold the number of towns and villages springing up all along the route. When you have seen and heard all this: can any one doubt for a moment, whether this route is practicable. What then we would ask every well-wisher of his country, are the obstacles in the way of such an enterprise? We have no mountains to tunnel; no stupendous hills to excavate, and but one small river to cross; these are no obstacles; the mystery is soon solved, it is a want of energy and enterprise. We are too prone to look upon all such schemes as "Utopian Chimeras obscure," and "great humbugs." The good people of this and adjoining districts have not forgotten how much money and patriotism were expended on the mammoth road from Charleston to Cincinnati. When we talk to any one about rail roads, we receive the reply—"humbugs impracticable," and if that will not do, they will point you to the L. C. & C. rail road. As to this road, we would reply, that the great error of the stockholders, was attempting too much: they had no practical men at the helm: too much time and money

were expended in useless surveys, stump speaking and negotiating with other States. If the agents, instead of this great ado in preparation, had directed the surveys to some convenient point, say Greenville or Spartanburg, the road could have been built for the same amount of money, and in the same time that was consumed in the mammoth road, which ended just when the patriotic citizens of Columbia wished. But great as has been this mammoth failure, as is said by the opponents of rail roads, let us compare the cost of its construction with other rail roads, and we will find that it cost by one half and one third less than other rail roads which are not clearing more neat profit than the branch to Columbia is now doing.

To satisfy the skeptic, hereto is annexed a schedule of the cost of some of the most important rail-ways in other States, and also the comparative difference between them and the South Carolina rail road from branchville to Columbia.

So. Ca. rail road from Branchville to Columbia, cost per mile \$24,242 42; Boston & Lowell, cost per mile, \$60,000, excess over S C R R, \$35,757 58; Baltimore and Washington, cost per mile, \$53,570, excess over S C R R, \$31,327-58; Providence and Stonington, cost per mile, \$45,000, excess over S C R R, \$21,757 38; Boston and Worcester, cost per mile, 42,000, excess over S C R R, \$18,757 38; Boston and Providence, cost per mile, \$42,000, excess over S C R R, \$18,757 58; Philadelphia and Providence, cost per mile, \$40,000, excess over S C R R, \$16,757 58; New Jersey, cost per mile, \$35,000, excess over S C R R, \$11,757 57.

We think the above comparison, will convince the skeptic, that rail roads can be built cheaper in the Southern, than Northern States; "for when figures are placed right, they cannot lie." We must also bear in mind, that the S. C. rail road was constructed for a double tract; a great deal of heavy and expensive masonry, and bridges were constructed and done when wages were very high: that most of the contracts were given to stock holders, and land owners through whose possession the road ran, and in many instances on most extravagant terms. But with all these obstacles, the road according to the last report of the President, is in a flourishing condition, and yielding handsome dividends; and we hazard the assertion, that under its present directors, it will be in the course of a few years, one of the safest and most profitable investments in the State: the stock having risen from 44 cents in the dollar, to 85 cents.

It does not appear from the above schedule, that the public spirited citizens of the North stopped to count the cost of their road in dollars and cents, when fifty and sixty thousand dollars per mile did not check for a moment their energy and enterprise. Their vision was not circumscribed by the present; it was to the future they looked for their reward, and in every instance, their highest expectations have been realized. They subscribed the money and went to work.

We not only think that the contemplated road is practicable, but that it will be a profitable investment: Open a quick and cheap transport to our markets, and then we will see the hidden resources of the back country develop themselves. Thousands of things now not thought of, (that would be consumed by time, wear and tear, that would take to carry them to market,) would find its way to this road. North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky, would pour through this channel all their surplus produce, which is now in a great measure pent up for the want of transportation to market. The merchants of Tennessee and western part of North Carolina, instead of shipping their goods by Northern routs, will be induced to direct them over this road. Hundreds of men who now stay at home, will travel abroad, and thousands of dollars will be expended in our midst, by those who fly to the North to escape the miasma of the low country. Our rivers and creeks will be studied with manufactories and merchant mills, and employment given to thousands who are compelled to seek better homes in the west. Our great mineral wealth will be developed by those who are daily depriving the State of that capital, which would make the owners and State happy and glorious. In short, the inducements that this route will offer to the farmer,

mechanic, merchant, and the traveller, cannot be calculated by dollars and cents. Under a proper and economical disbursement of the funds in its construction, and a proper direction when in operation, it is obliged to be profitable. Have we no other stimulus than mere lucre, to induce us to engage in such an enterprise? Shall fifteen or twenty thousand dollars per mile deter our public spirited men who are so famous in resolutions of, "it is the opinion of this meeting,"—from engaging at once in the enterprise.

If our "patriotism" and energy have not oozed out of our fingers' ends, we must not stand a moment longer, and squabble about cost and sectional interests. Now is the time, if we ever intend to move in the matter, to subscribe liberally, and allow the road to go where it can be built at the least cost and in the shortest time. Greenville, for the last two years, has been wide awake to her interest. Anderson and Edgefield are throwing off their lethargy, and are going to work in earnest; and while we are trying to screw ourselves up to the sticking point, Laurens will wake up and snatch from our grasp this great enterprise and send it entirely out of our reach. How, then, is this to be averted? Let Edgefield, Abbeville, Anderson and Greenville subscribe three-fifths of the stock, and we can and will have the Road. The State is pledged for the other two-fifths.

LONG CANE.

(WRITTEN FOR THE BANNER.)

"All Flesh is Grass, and the Goodness thereof as the Flower of the Field."

'Twas autumn, and I wandered forth To mark the falling leaf, and muse alone, As silently it fell upon the drooping herbage, Whispering in its fall, "all flesh is grass; The form and comeliness thereof is as the flower That falls before the blast," and dies away. I gazed abroad upon the fields, where Verdure and plenty waved; they now were waste; And, as I gazed upon the dull air rose, The sound of rattling wheels, the noisy din Of moving multitudes, hurrying to and fro. Workmen were passing to their shops; The toil-worn husbandman, with weary tread, Following the plough, whistled sadly as he went: Nature is dying; and soon will dreary winter, Wrap her in her shroud; but, who can tell Whether yon busy multitude shall pass away. Err'd he who said, "all flesh is grass?" Nay, friend, he err'd not; for the blast of death Sweeps the fair field of this vain world; For rank, or wealth, or intellect, it cares not, But lays the human family in one common grave, And o'er them sighs one common requiem? "All flesh is grass, and as the flower that fadeth, So is man." His ashes mingle with his mother earth, Nor stone, nor useless epitaph shall mark his tomb. The good, the great, the mighty men of old, Like dying echoes from the earth, have passed. The sacred temple and gorgeous palace Lie crumbling in the dust. Cities, where once The pomp and pageantry of wealth, Shone in sad contrast with the tattered rags, The hallow cheek, the sunken eye of poverty, Are now the abode of beasts. As break old ocean's waves in quick succession. On the rocky shore, and die away upon the bosom of the deep, So dash upon the shore of time, the race of men, Foaming and murmuring for a moment, Then silently and darkly, into the bosom Of the unknown deep retires. Mark yonder war horse. Majestic thunder clothes his neck,

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With eye of fire, and limb of wondrous strength Proudly he treads the earth, as if 'twere substance firm; But 'tis a film, and cracks in twain, burying War horse and warrior, beyond the plummit's reach. All flesh is grass, and man is but a shadow. Millions of these shadows vanish, and millions more appear, Some grinding in the mill of industry, hear hourly, Her noisy clattering proclaim "all flesh is grass." Others, idling their time in dens of slothfulness, Or lolling in the pampered lap of luxury, Or dashing madly 'gainst ambition's rocks, Have whispered in their ear, "Man is as the flower That fades; his comeliness like its, shall pass away." Like some wild-thundering train of heaven's artillery, This creature, man, thunders and flames With long-drawn, quick succeeding grandeur, Through the mighty bosom of the unknown deep Man, like some passion-breathing spirit, host, emerges From unknown, sweeps stormfully across earth, Levelling her mountains, filling up her seas; Then wearied hastens back, into unknown. OGLE. West Point Oct. 7th 1846.

NEWSPAPERS DEFINED.—A newspaper is a bill of fare, says a scribbler, of the 18th century, containing a variety of dishes suited to the different tastes and appetites of those who sit down to the entertainment.

Tales are boiled mutton, rare done. Adventures and news from the army, roast beef. Election news, venison. Congressional matters, stuffed meats. Essays, humorous, speculations, moral and divine, are a boiled dish, where, by a happy commixture in the use of bread, meat and vegetables, a diet is attained, nutritive, healthful and pleasant. Poetry is custard pudding. Anecdotes, conundrums, epigrams, etc., are spice and mustard. Sometimes there comes along a printer's dun—that is sourcrot or vinegar pickles.—Star Spangled Banner.

FOSSIL REMAINS OF MAN.—According to the United States Gazette, a very remarkable discovery has recently been made of the fossil remains of the human species. They consist of the bones of the pelvis, and were discovered by Dr. M. W. Dickerson, in the mammoth ravine, near Natchez Mississippi, in the same stratification with the bones of the megatherium miodon, megalonyx, the tapia, castroides, zebra, bison, elk, gigantic horse, and a nondescript animal, discovered also by Dickerson, and below those of the mastodon, and a stratum containing marine shells. This discovery is perhaps the most remarkable one that has lately characterized the progress of modern geology. These curiosities have been deposited in the rooms of the Academy of Natural Science in Philadelphia.

COL. JOHN L. MANNING.—This gentleman with his accustomed liberality, and fondness for letters, has endowed a scholarship in the South Carolina College, for the education of indigent and clever young men. While the act bespeaks the beneficence of the donor, it is an example, which should only be more generally followed in South Carolina. We scarcely take up a paper from New England, in which, we do not find some instance of similar bestowments upon the literary institutions of those States; while in South Carolina, so noted for its individual wealth and refinement, not more than a half dozen acts of the kind are upon record. We trust, this noble charity of Col. Manning, will so stimulate others in our State, that while it will appear they are blest with affluence, it will no longer be a reproach, they have not learnt to apply it to elegant and intellectual purposes. South Carolinian.