

# The Abbeville Banner.

"LIBERTY AND MY NATIVE SOIL."

VOL. 4.

ABBEVILLE C. H., S. C., MARCH 17, 1847.

NO. 3.

Published every Wednesday, by  
CHARLES H. ALLEN,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

## Terms.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS if paid within three months from the time of subscribing, or TWO DOLLARS if paid within six months, and TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid until the end of the year. No subscription received for less than six months; and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid. Subscriptions will be continued unless notice be given otherwise, previous to the close of volume.

No paper will be sent out of the State unless payment is made in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, inserted at 75 cts. per square of twelve lines for the first insertion; and, 37 1/2 cts. for each continuance. Those not having the desired number of insertions marked upon them, will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

ESTRAYS, TOLLED TWO DOLLARS, to be paid by the Magistrate.

For announcing a Candidate TWO DOLLARS, in advance.

The Postage must be paid upon all letters and communications to secure attention.

## From the Charleston Mercury. Scene in the Senate.

We copy from the Washington correspondence of the Boston Courier, a graphic sketch of a debate in the Senate. The Courier is a decided Whig paper, but is just to its political opponents, and states their arguments with fairness. Its correspondent partakes of the same spirit, and we have had frequent occasion to mark his liberality of sentiment, as well as the general ability of his letters.

The Hero of San Jacinto addressed the Senate for upwards of two hours this morning; and it must be admitted that he spoke with no inconsiderable force and ability. Some parts of his speech were irrelevant, diffuse and pointless. But he has a happy flow of language and a pleasant manner; and his spirit seems to be of a far less ruthless and revengeful nature, than that of some of the war gentlemen who have addressed the Senate. His doctrine is, in the conduct of the Mexican war, "Strike home." "We can conquer Mexico." He undertook to show, from documents issued from the office of the Secretary of State, when Mr. Calhoun was at its head, that the Senator from South Carolina did not now agree with the then Secretary of State. He likewise assailed Mr. Calhoun's plan of a defensive war, and said the line indicated by him could not be defended by ten thousand men.

He closed his remarks in quite a happy manner, by drawing an example from Scripture, and holding it up to illustrate the position he assumed for the conduct of the war. He desired to strengthen the hands of the President, even as the arms of Moses were held up in the combat between the children of Israel and the Malekites. It would seem that they do have Bibles in Texas.

When General Houston sat down, Mr. Calhoun rose. Senators flocked to their seats, and a profound stillness pervaded the chamber. You could have heard a pin drop. Every eye was fixed on the speaker, and every face said listen! He triumphantly despatched the first allegation, by calling Mr. Houston to read the whole document from which he quoted.

The document itself was the Senator's vindication. He then put a stopper upon the general assertion, that ten thousand men would be required to defend the line he (Mr. Calhoun) proposed to adopt, by asking him how many men Texas had had on that part of the line where he proposed to establish forts, during which time Mexico had scarcely ever crossed it, and never with a force of a thousand men.

The General was forced to reply, that the people had to be their own defenders, and when the enemy came, they shouldered their muskets and drove back.

But now came the scene. Mr. Benton, Gen. Cass, and others, came to the aid of the Senator from Texas. A further colloquy ensued. Books were brought; a fumbling of documents commenced. General Houston stepped outside the bar, and on his return, said something about Texas having a force of 2500 men. Mr. Calhoun said he proposed a force of 4000 men to defend a line across which Mexico had not attempted to pass in eight years with a force of 1000 men. But, said Mr. Calhoun, rising to his full height, and looking round upon the administration Senators who thronged about him, with a majesty of demeanor which an assured consciousness of power can only give, said he "I know the ground I stand upon. I have indicated the course of the administration. It must be followed. Gentlemen must come to it." Memorable declaration! Never was any thing more electric. Mr. Benton looked daggers. Gen. Houston lifted the upper part of his face, as much as to say, "You startle me." Gen. Cass's phlegmatic countenance said only, "It may be so." Senator Allen poked up and down the aisle in front of the President's chair with his hands behind him, apparently in the gravest and most abstracted meditation. Others looked on in silent astonishment at the confidence and boldness of the declaration. The spell was only broken

when Mr. Calhoun almost immediately resumed his seat. A moment passed, to take breath, and Gen. Cass rose to another point in the controversy. The scene was one of great moral sublimity. To see a man rise in the midst of the whole administration phalanx, every syllable commanding the deepest attention, and upon a question of momentous consequence to the nation, declare to them, emphatically, "You are wrong, and I am right, and you must follow me," and making the impression upon the minds of his hearers, at the same time, that there existed some mysterious power in the man, to drag them from their convictions, was a spectacle of intense interest and excitement, such as is seldom witnessed.

## From the French of Prosper Merimee. Vision of Charles XI.

There are more things in heav'n and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.  
SHAKESPEARE, HAMLET.

We ridicule visions and supernatural apparitions; some, nevertheless, are so well authenticated, that, if one should refuse to believe them, he would be obliged, as a natural consequence, to reject *en masse* all historical evidence.

A *proces verbal* in the customary form, attested by the signatures of four credible witnesses, is my guaranty for the authenticity of the fact which I am about to relate. I will add, that the prediction contained in the *proces verbal* was known and cited a very long time before the events, which have transpired in a latter age, had appeared to accomplish it.

Charles XI., father of the famous Charles XII., was one of the most despotic, and at the same time one of the wisest monarchs who had ever governed Sweden. He restricted the overweening privileges of the nobility, abolished the power of the senate, and made laws by his own authority; in a word he changed the constitution of his country, which had previously been an oligarchy, and obliged the States to confine to him the absolute authority. He was moreover an enlightened man, strongly attached to the Lutheran religion, brave and of a character cold, inflexible, positive and entirely destitute of imagination. He had just lost his wife, Ulrica Elenora. Although his harshness to his princes had, it is said, hastened her end, he esteemed her, and appeared more affected at her death than one would have expected of a heart as cold as his. After this event he became still more gloomy and taciturn than before, and devoted himself to toil, with an application which denoted an imperious necessity of dispelling painful thoughts.

At the close of an evening in autumn he was seated in his *robe de chambre* before a huge fire, kindled in his cabinet, in the palace of Stockholm. His chamberlain was with him, the Count Brahe, whom he honored with his favor, and the physician Baumgarten, who set up for a free thinker, and wished that people should doubt of every thing except medicine. This evening he was present to be consulted on some slight indisposition. It grew late, and the king contrary to his custom, did not signify to them by the usual "Good night" that it was time to retire. With head bent low and eyes fixed full upon the fire, he preserved a profound silence, weary of his company, yet fearing without knowing why, to be left alone. Count Brahe perceived that his presence was not very agreeable, and ventured to express this fear that His Majesty might need repose; a gesture of the king retained him in his place. The physician in his turn spoke of the injury which watchings do the health; but Charles replied to him between his teeth:—"Stay, I have no desire to sleep yet." Then they essayed different subjects of conversation, all of which became exhausted at the second or third phrase. It appeared evident that his Majesty was in one of his dark moods; and, at such a period, the position of a courtier is very delicate. Count Brahe, suspecting that the sadness of the king proceeded from his regret for the loss of his wife, regarded for some time the portrait of the Queen suspended in the cabinet, then cried with a deep sigh, "How striking is this portrait! Behold that expression at the same time so majestic and so sweet!"—"Bah!" replied the King, who thought he heard a reproach whenever they pronounced before him the name of the Queen.—"This portrait is too flattering: the Queen was homely." Then, inwardly sorrowing for his harshness, arose and made a turn in the apartment to conceal an emotion at which he blushed. He stopped before the window, which overlooked the court.—The night was dark and the moon in her first quarter.

The palace where the kings of Sweden now reside was not yet finished, and Charles XI., who had commenced it, then inhabited the old palace, situated at the point of Ritterholm which overlooks lake Mælar. It is an immense building, in the form of a horseshoe. The cabinet of the king was at one extremity, and nearly opposite was the great hall in which the States assemble when

they receive some communication from the crown. The windows of this hall seemed at this moment illuminated by a vivid light. This appeared strange to the king. He supposed at first that this light was produced by the flambeau of some valet. But what could he be doing at this hour, in a hall which for a long time had not been opened? Besides, the light was so dazzling to proceed from a single flambeau. They might have attributed it to a conflagration; but they saw no smoke, the glass was not broken, no sound was to be heard: every thing indicated rather an illumination.—Charles contemplated the windows some time without speaking. Meanwhile Count Brahe, extending his hand toward the cord of a bell, was about to ring for a page to discover the cause of this singular light; but the king prevented him. "I will go myself into this hall," said he. As he pronounced these words, they saw him grow pale, and his physiognomy express a kind of mysterious terror. However he departed with a firm step; the chamberlain and the physician followed him, each holding a lighted taper. The keeper, who had charge of the keys, was already asleep.—Baumgarten went to awake him and ordered him, in the name of the king to open immediately the doors of the Government hall. The surprise of this man was great at this unexpected order; he dressed himself hastily and joined the king with his bundle of keys. At first, he opened the door of a gallery, which served as an anti-chamber or entrance to the hall of assembly. The king entered; but what was his astonishment at beholding the walls entirely hung with black! "Who gave you orders to hang this hall thus?" demanded the king in an angry tone. "Sir no one that I know," replied the keeper much troubled. And the last time I had the gallery swept it was wainscotted with oak as it has always been. Certainly these hangings came not from the wardrobe of your Majesty. And the king, marching with a rapid step had already passed more than two-thirds of the gallery. The count and the keeper followed him closely; the physician Baumgarten, was a little in the rear, divided between the fear of remaining alone and that of exposing himself to the consequence of an adventure which was announced in so singular a manner. "Go no farther, Sir," cried the keeper. On my soul there is a sorcery within. At this hour—and since the death of the queen, your gracious wife—they say that she walks in this gallery. My God protect us!

"Stop, sire, cried the Count on his side. Hear you not that sound which comes from the Hall of Assembly? Who knows to what danger your Majesty exposes yourself?"

"Sire!" said Baumgarten, whose taper a puff of wind had just extinguished, "at least allow me to call a score of your soldiers, let us enter, said the king in a firm voice, stopping before the door of the grand hall; and thou, keeper, open this door quickly." "He pushed it with his foot and the sound repeated by the echoing arches, resounded through the gallery like a peal of musketry. The keeper trembled so, that the key struck the lock without being able to enter it.—"And old soldier tremble?" said Charles, shrugging his shoulders. "Come Count, open this door." "Sire," replied the Count, recoiling a step, "let your Majesty command me to march to the mouth of a Danish or German cannon, I will obey without hesitation; but it is hell which you wish me to defy."

The king snatched the key from the hands of the keeper. "I see well, said he in a contemptuous tone, that this belongs to me alone;" and before his attendants could prevent him, he had opened the thick oaken door, and entered into the great hall pronouncing these words: "By the aid of God." His three acolytes, moved by a curiosity stronger than fear, and perhaps ashamed to abandon their king, entered with him.

The immense hall was illuminated by an infinite number of flambeaus. Black hanging had replaced the antique tapestry. Along the walls appeared, disposed in their accustomed order, the German, Danish, and Muscovite colors, the trophies of Gustavus Adolphus. They distinguished in the midst some Swedish banners, covered with funeral crape.

An immense assembly covered the benches. The four orders of the State sat each according to their rank. All were arrayed in black, and this multitude of human faces, which seemed to shine beneath a sombre cloud, so dazzled their eyes, that of the four witnesses of this extraordinary scene, none would discover amid the crowd a familiar face. Thus an actor before a public assembly sees only a confused mass, in which his eyes are not able to distinguish a single individual. On the high throne from which the king was accustomed to harangue the assembly, they beheld a bleeding corpse clothed with the insignia of royalty.

On his right, stood a child with a crown upon his head, holding a sceptre in his hand; on his left, an aged man, or rather

another phantom, leaned upon the throne. He was clothed in the ceremonial mantle which the ancient governors of Sweden wore, before Wasa had made it a kingdom. Opposite the throne, many personages of a grave and austere mien, clothed in long black robes, and who appeared to be judges, were seated before a table upon which lay several large folios and a few pamphlets. Between the throne and the benches of the assembly, was a block covered with black crape, and an axe lay near. No person in this superhuman assembly appeared to perceive the presence of Charles and his companions. At their entrance they heard only a confused murmur, in the midst of which the ear could not seize on any articulate words; and the most aged of the judges in black robes, he who appeared to perform the functions of President, arose and tapped three times with his hand on a folio open before him. Immediately there was profound silence. Some young men of noble countenance, richly dressed, and having their hands bound behind them, entered the hall by a door opposite that which Charles XI. had just opened. Behind them, a robust man, wearing a close jacket of brown leather, held the cords which bound their hands. He who marched at the head, and who seemed to be the most important of the prisoners, stepped into the midst of the hall, before the block, which he regarded with a proud disdain. At the same time the corpse appeared to tremble with a convulsive movement, and blood, fresh and crimson, flowed from its wound. The young man knelt down and extended his head; the axe gleamed in the air, and descended with a rushing noise. A stream of blood flowed from the scaffold and mingled with that of the corpse; and the head bounding many times on the red pavement rolled to the feet of Charles, which it dyed with blood. His tongue was now loosened; he stepped boldly to the platform, and addressing the figure clothed in the garb of administrator, he pronounced the well known formula, "If thou art of God, speak; if of the Other, leave us in peace." The phantom replied slowly, and with a solemn tone, "Charles Roi! this blood shall not flow under thy reign, (here the voice became less distinct) but five reigns after. Wo, wo, wo, to the blood of Wasa.

Then the numerous forms of this wonderful assembly began to grow less clear, and seemed no more than shades. Soon they disappeared altogether; the fantastic flambeaus were extinguished, and those of Charles and his suite shone only on the old tapestry, lightly shaken by the wind. Yet they heard, for some moments, a melodious sound, which one of the witnesses compared to the murmur of the wind among the leaves, and other, to the sound which the chords of a harp might render, breaking at the moment in which the instrument was tuned. All were agreed on the duration of the apparition, which they judged to have been about ten minutes. The black draperies, the decapitated head, the waves of blood which stained the floor, all had disappeared with the phantoms; only Charles's slipper preserved a red stain which alone would have sufficed to recall the scenes of that night, if they had not been more deeply engraven on his memory.

Returning into his cabinet, the king ordered a relation of what they had seen to be written, caused his companions to sign it, and signed it himself. Notwithstanding the precautions which they took to conceal the contents of this paper from the public, it was known even during the life of Charles XI; it exists still, and even to this day, no person has ventured to raise any doubts concerning its authenticity. The end of it is remarkable. "And if what I have related," says the king, "is not the exact truth, I renounce all hope of a better life, which I may perhaps have merited by some good actions, and especially by my zeal in laboring for the happiness of my people, and in sustaining the interests of the religion of my ancestor's."

Now, if one recalls the death of Gustavus III, and the condemnation of Ankarstrom, his assassin, they will find more than one relation between this event and the circumstances of this singular prophesy.

The young man decapitated in presence of the States would be called Ankarstrom. The crowned corpse would be Gustavus III.

The child, his son and successor, Gustavus Adolphus IV. The old man, the Duke of Sudermania, uncle of Gustavus IV, who was regent of the kingdom, afterwards king on the abdication of his nephew.

dren. Depend upon it, they cannot love you as well after you have berated them, as they did before. You may approach them with firmness and decision, you may punish them with severity adequate to the nature of their offences, and they will feel the justice of your conduct and love you notwithstanding all. But they hate scolding. It stirs up bad blood, while it discloses your weakness, and lowers you in their estimation. Especially at night, when they are about to retire, their hearts should be melted and moulded with voices of kindness, that they may go to their slumbers with thoughts of love stealing around their souls, and whispering peace.—N. Y. Evangelist.

SABBATH MUSINGS.—Sectarianism is a blight, and a mildew upon a christian's heart. Can we expect to pass an eternity of joy together, when we are wrangling here on earth about matters which do not profit.—No! then let each one of us be willing to throw over the sharp edges of our opinions the mantle of universal love; let us recognize every man as a brother; as a participant with us in God's love, mercy and free salvation. Let us throw aside our cloak of self-righteousness, and no longer say "I am of Paul," and "I am of Apollos," but let us like little children love one another.—If we recognize Christ's signet on our neighbor's heart; if his spirit is mirrored clear in his conduct; let us receive him as a member of the same household; an heir to the same glorious inheritance. Let us feel that we belong to the same army; that we serve under the same captain; strive for the same victory, although perchance we may be in different divisions, and called by different names. What if our earthly stamp be various; if we only wear Christian images in our hearts it is the one thing needful. Let us cheer the drooping; teach the ignorant, and do good to all as we find opportunity.—Nul's Saturday Gazette.

Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country, the woman of it decide the morals. Free or subjugated, they reign, because they hold possession of our minds. But their influence is more or less salutary, according to the degree of esteem which is granted them. Whether they are our idols or companions, our equals, slaves, beasts of burden, the reaction is complete, and they make us such as they are themselves.—It seems as if nature connected our intelligence with their dignity, as we connect happiness with their virtue.

This, therefore, is a law of eternal justice; man cannot degrade woman, without himself falling into degradation; he cannot raise them without becoming better. Let us cast our eyes over the globe, and observe those two great divisions of the human race, the east and west. One half of the ancient world remains without progress, without thought, and under the load of a barbarous civilization; women there are slaves.—The other half advances towards freedom and light; the women here are loved and honored.

THE DEAD.—How little do we think of the dead. Their bones lie entombed in all our towns, villages, and neighborhoods. The lands they cultivated, the houses they built, the works of their hands, are always before us. We travel the same same road, walk the same path, sit at the same fire-side sleep in the same rooms, and dine at the same table, yet seldom remember that those that once occupied these places are gone—alas! for ever! Strange that the living should soon forget the dead, when the world is full of the mementoes of their lives. Strange that the fleeting cares of life should so soon rush in and fill the breast to the exclusion of those so near. To-day man stands and weeps over the grave of his departed friends; to-morrow, he passes that grave with cold indifference. To-day his heart is wrung with all the bitterness of anguish for the loss of one he so much loved; to-morrow, the image of that friend is effaced from his heart and almost forgotten. What a commentary on man!

It seems the nature of sons to love their mothers—with a mixture of tenderness to the sex; gratitude for the innumerable cares paid to their infancy; fondness to the spring from whom all their little infant and boyish indulgences has flowed; and a pious reverence to the gray hairs and wrinkles of a closing life, the best years of which have been expended in their service. The love of the mother is the most universal and the most beautiful feature in the character of man, as to possess it is the crowning glory and supreme faculty of woman.

There are more lies told in the brief sentence, "I am glad to see you," than in any other single sentence in the English language.