

The Abbeville Banner.

"LIBERTY AND MY NATIVE SOIL."

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From the N. O. Picayune, March 3.

Very Late from Mexico.

Return of Atocha—His reception in Mexico; Passed Midshipman Rogers sent to Perote; Arrival of Volunteers at Anton Lizardo; More of Santa Anna and his plans—later from Chihuahua—further of the battle of Brazito, &c. &c.

By the arrival of the U. S. revenue cutter Forward, Capt. Nones, a large mail was yesterday received from Anton Lizardo. Our own letters come down to the 28th of February, on which day a norther prevailed which prevented the Forward leaving before the 2d of March inst. The information which follows, we derive exclusively from our letters and papers.

It appears that Senor Atocha, whose arrival at Vera Cruz, with despatches, was announced yesterday, went over there on the Forward from this city direct. He reached there on the 9th ult., and proceeded immediately to Mexico. He returned from the capital on the 26th ult., and repaired again immediately on board the Forward, and is now, we presume, on his way to Washington. It is not supposed he has accomplished much by his mission. The Mexicans had personal objections to him, and his reception by the authorities of Vera Cruz, and the people, and Government of Mexico, was anything but cordial. Some speculations in regard to his mission will be found in the copious and very interesting correspondence hereafter subjoined.

Our readers will learn with infinite pain that Passed Midshipman Rogers has been ordered to Perote, and that he is now confined in that gloomy prison.

We learn that the blockade of Vera Cruz continues to be violated with almost impunity. This is attributed not more to the want of vessels of the proper description, than to the instructions by which the Commodore enforces the law of blockade.

Two barkers have arrived off Vera Cruz with volunteers from the North, and gone into Anton Lizardo. One of them is the St. Cloud. We cannot at this moment recollect from what port the St. Cloud sailed.

At the latest accounts from Santa Anna he was at Matchuala, where he arrived on the 7th of February. Matchuala is a town nearly north of San Luis and about one-third of the way thence to Saltillo, according to the maps before us. His army was in the utmost distress—*rodado de miserias*—the Government having provided no means for undertaking such a march. We have a frightful picture of the state of the troops before leaving San Luis. One of Santa Anna's last acts before marching was to distribute twelve days' pay for the month of January. This could not sustain them for more than a week, and the question was asked, "What shall we do when in front of the enemy?" The troops are represented as patient and loyal, but in pitiable state of distress. In derision, they speak of going forth to solve the problem of "fighting without eating."

The same paper which announces Santa Anna's arrival at Matchuala, mentions that Gen. Taylor is fortifying Saltillo, and has with him 6000 troops and sixteen pieces of artillery. This shows again the accuracy of the information possessed by the Mexicans of our movements.

In the papers before us, the latest accounts we see from Vera Cruz are to the 19th of February, two days later than the advices via Havana. Not a word is said of the evacuation of that city, nor indeed, of its defence. We have not seen an allusion to the movements of Gen. Scott, nor is a word said of any threatened march upon the capital. *El Republicano* is very much engrossed with the discussion of the political affairs of the country, and truly they appear in the most deplorable state. The nation would seem to have reached a crisis which must result in absolute political disorganization or revolution.

The Administration of Gomez Farias is changed by the press with industry so often, that the name of a possible Ministry cannot be any exertion made to

of money, although it has a Congress so subversive as to pass laws placing the revenues of the church at his command—and the press is boldly preaching sedition and revolution, and the church threatening excommunication. In such circumstances as these *El Republicano* calls upon Gomez Farias at once to resign. The article is written with great force and eloquence, and his duty is urged home upon the Vice President, with a powerful appeal to his patriotism and magnanimity, to yield at once, and thus ward off the imminent danger of civil war.

We have the proceedings of the Mexican Congress for several days, but it would be wearisome indeed to follow them. Scheme after scheme is suggested for raising a revenue. Some contemplate paper money to be issued on the security of church property; and others call for a reduction of salaries of civil officers. But no measure appears to serve the turn of Senor Farias. The capitalist are alarmed and will not part with a penny; the church is enraged and is stirring up the people to opposition; and the Legislatures of the different States openly protest against any law touching ecclesiastical property.

A bill has been introduced for removing the seat of Government from the city of Mexico to Celaya by the 15th March. This is urged with the obvious view of withdrawing the Legislature from the control of the city, and securing its perfect independence.

Senor Iriarte is still acting as Minister of Finance, and Senor Jauregui has recently been nominated Minister of Justice. We see no official acts of Rejon or Canalizo, but no announcement of their resignation of the State or War Departments.

The proclaiming of Santa Anna as Dictator at Mazatlan by Gen. Mora, has not called forth from the Government any active measures to repress such a movement, and the press censures it for its indifference.

Although Santa Anna announces the capture of Capt. Heady and his small company of Kentuckians, we find no mention of the murder of Lieut. Ritchie and the seizure of his despatches. The despatches have not formally been made public by him. The papers speculate upon our plans, stating confidently that we are to advance upon Vera Cruz by land with 10,000 troops, while a fleet of sixteen ships carrying 300 guns attacks San Juan de Ulua. This, they say, is the plan at Washington, where they could not anticipate Santa Anna's march upon Saltillo at the head of 30,000 men. This march they think may disconcert all our schemes, and they already discover evidence of this in Gen. Taylor's movements.

Military critics condemn Santa Anna's plan of campaign. They say he was driven from his original designs by the outcry of "apathy" made against him. They anticipate that he will now drive every thing before him, and defeat Gen. Taylor, but complain that he leaves the coast of Vera Cruz unprotected, and can obtain no advantages that will be decisive. He must necessarily subsist his troops upon the poor inhabitants of the country he traverses with his hordes, by which they will become exasperated. But the great point insisted upon is that Santa Anna has left the country open for the march of the American troops upon the capital, where they may dictate peace before he can return from his distant expedition.

El Soldado de la Patria defends General Santa Anna from the charge of gambling and passing his time in like unseemly sports. It declares that the stories to this effect are pure inventions of his enemies at the capital.

The latest advices we see from Chihuahua are to the 16th of January, a fortnight later than our former accounts. The city had not then been taken by our troops, nor do we see any thing said of their advance upon it. Four Mexican soldiers who were in the action of December 26th had arrived at Chihuahua and given their account of the fight. It differs but little from the one we before published. They say the loss of the Mexicans were less than twenty killed, and that of the Americans fifty-two killed, of which number was a captain. They protest that great cowardice was shown by a portion of their troops, and demand an official and full account of the action, that the brave may be rewarded, and cowards stigmatized as they deserve. The citizens of El Paso are charged with capitulating in a shameful manner, and the Americans are said to have abused their power as shamefully. They pursued some of the Mexicans to San Elcario, a small fort on the Rio del Norte, a few miles below El Paso, and there committed depredations, carrying off the archives to El Paso.

New Territory.—In giving Indian names to new territories, it may be well to ascertain their meaning. The translation of the name of the territory of Minnesota is said to mean "the land of the Lutescent" and consequently her population will all be called Lutescents!

From the New Orleans Delta.

Taylor's Address

To the American troops at the storming of Monterey.

BY CAPTAIN G. W. PATTON, U. S. A.

Come along, come! with your eagles forever!
Loose them and lift them aloft in the sky;
Our sweethearts and wives though we meet again never!

'Tis sweet, oh, 'tis sweet, for one's country to die!
The column advances,
The war-charger prances,
See how he chafes at the roll of the drum!
The foe is before us,
The star flag streams o'er us,
Ho! onward, boys, forward, boys—come along, come!

Come along, come! once again to the battle!
Though fierce is the strife, yet unwon is the day;
Our bravest and best, mid the war-tempest's rattle,
Lie pale in the pass of the rough Monterey;
With bosoms all bleeding,
The trumpet unheeding, [dumb];
They slumber—they hear not—their voices are
By the stiff form unshrugged,
By the bright eye now clouded, [come!
Cry, onward, boys, forward, boys—come along,

Come along, come! yet once more to the rally!
Dazzle the Don with the eagle and shield;
He may gather his thousands from mountain and valley;

But we'll die to a man ere we ever will yield.
By the tongues that approve us,
By the bosoms that love us,
By the heart's that ne'er quail mid the death bullets' hum,
By our cause ever glorious,
Our flag twice victorious—
On! onward, boys, forward, boys—come along, come!
Camp, near Tampico, Feb'y, 1847.

Escape of Captain Henrie from the Mexicans.

In our last we published an account of the capture of Major Gaines, and Borland with about seventy men under their command, by Gen. Minon, the Mexican General, with a large force. The capture was made at the hacienda Encarnacion, sixty miles from Saltillo, on the San Luis road. Among the officers captured was Capt. Daniel Drake Henrie, a Texan, formerly a Mier prisoner. The hatred borne him by the Mexicans and their frequent consultations with their eyes upon him after his capture induced him to suspect that they intended to use foul play with him. He accordingly determined to make his escape. The following thrilling narrative of the achievement we find in the N. Orleans Picayune.—*South. Chronicle.*

By some accident, during the evening he found himself on Major Gaines' Mare, one of the best blooded nags in Kentucky, and the Major's pistols still remaining in the holsters. The prisoners had become considerably scattered near sunset, and Capt. Henrie set himself busily to work to make them keep close together. To do this he rode back, within ten files of the rear of the line, when, discovering a small interval in the line of the Mexican guard, he suddenly put spurs to the mare and darted through the lines. The guard immediately wheeled in pursuit, but their ponies were no match for a Kentucky blood horse, and before a gun could be fairly levelled at him he had darted out of reach. He had three ranchos to pass. As he passed these he found that the Mexicans in pursuit gave notice to the rancheros, who followed him with fresh horses; still he outstripped them all. After passing the last rancho he had pulled up his mare, to rest her, when a single Mexican came up, supposing him to be unarmed. He waited until he came within thirty steps, when, cocking the Major's pistol, he fired, and the Mexican rolled off. In a short time another came near; he likewise permitted him to approach still nearer, when he wheeled and shot him down. He loaded his pistol, and after going some distance another started up from behind some bushes near the road, and rode at him; he shot at him, with what success he could not tell, but he was not pursued by that Mexican any further. When he came near Encarnacion he found the camp had been alarmed, as he supposed by some one who had passed him when he had left the road. Diverging from this straight course, he crossed several roads and evaded a number of parties who were in pursuit of him. At last he came to a plain where there was no place to hide. The moon was shining, and he could see a large number of men in pursuit. Putting spurs to his now jaded mare, he made for a mountain valley, and following it to the east, he at length eluded his pursuers. He travelled up the valley forty miles, as he supposed, hoping to find an outlet, towards Palomos; but in this he was disappointed. He was unable to find water for himself or his famished mare, and the next morning after his escape the noble animal expired, more from the want of water than from fatigue.

Capt. Henrie now had to take it on foot. He wandered about all day, trying to find a path across the mountain. In the evening he found some water, to quench his thirst. He then determined to retrace his steps down the valley, and did so, marching without water or food. During the 26th, 27th and 28th, he walked along through the chaparral and prickly pears, without food or water, frequently finding parties of Mexicans,

whom he had to avoid. On the 28th he killed a rat with a club, part of which he ate, and put the balance in his pocket for another meal.

On the night of the 28th he reached the road, and followed it until an hour after sunrise, when he discovered a party of horsemen approaching. Not knowing whether they were friends or enemies, he concealed himself until they came near, when he discovered they were a picket guard of Arkansas troops. He gave one shout and gave up—nature was exhausted. His nerves, which had been strung up to the highest degree of tension, became unstrung, and he was almost hopeless. They put him on a horse, and took him to Agua Neuva, where Capt. Pike commanded an outpost.

Capt. Pike informed me that when Henrie came in he was the most miserable-looking being he ever saw. His shoes were worn out, his pantaloons cut in rags, his head was bare, and his hair and beard were matted; his hands, feet and legs were filled with thorns from the prickly pear, and his skin was parched and withered with privation, exposure and exertion. He had tasted no water for four days, and seemed almost famished for want of it. The soldiers gathered round him, and all that was in their wallets was at his service, and as they had recently had a new outfit of clothing, Capt. H. was soon newly fitted out. After resting a while and getting some food, he was able to ride to this place. He says that during the pursuit there were more than one hundred shots fired at him, one of which passed through his hair.

The Pope's Sermon.

The present Pope, by his liberality of sentiment, and the great reforms he has introduced, has greatly endeared himself to his subjects, and by this affable deportment, has made himself extremely popular with tourists, in their visits to the "Eternal City." The Correspondent of the Boston Atlas, has furnished that paper with a translation of a sermon recently preached by the Pontiff, which is curious from its rarity, as being the first sermon preached in public by the Pope, for three hundred years. The Correspondent says:—

The most important news which I have to communicate is that the Pope has preached to the people—the first time that a Pontiff has addressed an assembly for three hundred years. It was on the 13th, at the Church of St. Andre Della Valle, where a numerous congregation had assembled to hear Father Ventura. Just as he concluded his first station, the Pope entered. Father Ventura stopped, as is the custom, and asked him if he should proceed. "No," replied the Pope; "give me the insignia, and I will finish the discourse." So, putting on the proper vestment, he mounted the platform, and spoke thus:—

"I cannot, without a lively emotion, my well-beloved children, reflect on the testimonies of love which you came to offer me on the first day of the year. My heart thanks you for your good wishes, and referring, as I ought, to the honor of God all that you have done for me, his unworthy vicar, I have to invite you to bless the name of Christ in these words—*Sit nomen domini benedictum*. You have all answered me with the accent of faith, from now and until eternity—*ex hoc nunc et usque in seculum!* I come to remind you of these solemn engagements, for I know that there are in this city, the centre of Catholicism, men who profane the holy name of God by blasphemy. All you who are here receive from me this mission; publish aloud in all places that of these men I can have no hope. They throw stones in the face of heaven, only to fall back upon and crush their own heads. It is the deepest measure of ingratitude to blaspheme the name of our common Father, who gives us life and with it all the good things which we enjoy. Tell such of my children as offend Him by such outrages, to be no longer guilty of such scandal in this holy city.

"I wish also to speak of the precepts for youth. A great many mothers have expressed to me the pains they have suffered from seeing the demon of impurity exercising his ravages among our youths. The Lord tells us himself, in his holy gospel, that it is by prayer and fasting, in oration *et jejuniis*, that we chain this desolating demon, who goeth about ravaging the earth, not only poisoning the sources of life, in individuals, in families, and in society at large, but, above all, consummating the ruin of immortal souls. Having given you these two warnings, it remains for me to pray God to bless you all. Lord, *respice de celo*, turn towards us thy animating countenance. Visit this vineyard which thou hast planted with thy right—*visita vineam istam quam plantavi dextera tua*. It is thine, O Lord. Thou hast watered it with thy blood—thou hast presented in it, Visit it, not to punish the wicked, but to make them feel the mild effects of thy mercy. Visit it to cure the sore of incredulity which is eating away the earth. Visit it, and in thy visitation put away

that arm of iron which weighs so heavily upon it. Visit it and purify the hearts of its children. Pour into the bosoms of the rising generation those dearest attributes of youth, modesty and docility. Extinguish those destructive animosities which divide mankind and arm them one against another. Visit it, O Lord; and in thy visitation warn the watchmen of Israel to set good examples, and, arming themselves with divine prudence and strength, to be vigilant in guarding the interest of the people entrusted to their care. Deign, O my God! to hear my prayer, and shed over the whole world thy most desirable benedictions."

This discourse has produced a great effect here, and well-wishers to Italy see, in the Pope's liberal views, better things for this long oppressed land. The bigoted influence of Jesuit-ruled Austria, enforced with an iron hand, has been paramount for more than thirty years, throughout the peninsula, without tolerating the least reform. We have now hopes that England will send a minister here, (she has had none since the days of bluff Harry,) to uphold the Pontiff in his measures of reform, as the French minister. Prince Metternich grumbles, but dares not find fault.

GAMING.—Of all the evils that make desolate the social hearth-stone, perhaps there is not one more deadly, if we except intemperance, than that of gaming. Young man! whose "life's young dreams," tell of happy days yet to come—you, who, gazing upon the ocean of future life, "see pleasure glittering in the sunbeam of hope, and dancing upon the waves of expectation," whose glowing imagination points out to you golden shores of bliss, which are already yours by anticipation—beware! beware, I do beseech ye, of that tremendous whirlpool! Beware! lest in the voyage of human life, reason should quit the helm, and you should be lost, irrecoverably lost, among the quicksands of iniquity.

Look at the pale victim of this insatiable destroyer of human happiness—his haggard cheek and beamless eye—what language do they speak! With mute and awful eloquence they tell of blighted fame and fortune—of hopes withered and crushed—that fame, fortune, and honor, is! a fearful wreck! Hear his hollow laugh, which tells you that he is ruined—ruined, and undone! His brain is all on fire—his glaring eye-balls seem ready to burst their sockets, as the awful reality rushes upon his affrighted soul. The deep pangs of mental agony gives a fearful lustre to his rolling eye—his desperate mirth—his wild convulsive joy—tells of black despair wrung from a withered heart.

Look we back for a moment upon his early youth. The morning of his days was bright and glorious. The gayest of all the gay, and the happiest of the happy, he set out upon the pathway of rejoicing in purity and hope, love and being loved. But alas! although his morning sun rose without clouds, yet, ere it reaches its meridian, it is eclipsed. In an evil hour, a pander, a non-must drag him into a lazy labyrinth, from whence there is no escape. He must drown his love of virtue in the intoxicating bowl. Soon the wreaths of vice, which had been treacherously thrown around him, is hardened to adamant.

Now what is his situation! Cain-like, upon his brow is stamped the burning mark of shame—and the cold hand of scorn is pointing a withered finger at his blighted reputation. "Could he speak, he would tell you that he has reached the lowest point of living degradation and woe. And could he anticipate his end, he would tell you that self-murder would shortly crown his work of guilt, and despair's last work be done. That the father who hung over his cradle, weaving bright visions of the future greatness of his boy, would shortly feel a dreadful satisfaction as he gazes upon his coffin—that the mother, immutable and everlasting as is her love for her backsliding children—she who has so often lulled him to repose, and joyed to watch his waking—even she will not murmur that a sleep has come upon him, out of which he will wake no more on earth—even the mother will not repine, that the grave is made ready to receive him; for "there the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Young man! again we say, beware—touch not the unlawful thing, lest ye perish!

SICKNESS IN THE ARMY.—The report of the U. S. Surgeon General, which is made up to November last, discloses the sad fact, that out of an army of 9,000 men there were 2,600 cases of sickness, and making the average every year was nine times in twelve months.

The defect of the Oregon bill, as a result of the season of 1846, is a