

The Abbeville Banner.

"LIBERTY AND MY NATIVE SOIL."

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(WRITTEN FOR THE BANNER.)

Modern Civilization.

No. 1.

Mr. Editor:—Man, the last, the favorite, the most exalted work of the divine energy; he who alone, of all the works of God's hands, was formed in his image; man, we say, was emphatically made for civilization. Indeed, the only natural element of man is civilization: it is his destiny. The grand characteristic of man, that which more than every thing distinguishes him from the brute creation, is the faculty of collecting experience and transmitting it from generation to generation, conscious of its being experience, and thus improving on every addition to the common stock *ad infinitum*. That mute architect, the beaver, for instance, builds its dam or its hut to-day, in modern times, the same as it did, for aught we know, thousands of years ago. Animals are not progressive; on the contrary, according to their whole nature and destiny, they are essentially stationary. Man, with his unlimited capacity, may aid and improve nature to an astonishing degree; he may, by ennobling the stock, enlarge the size, develop their physical powers, and render them more muscular, more active, and better able to endure fatigue; but unaided nature never would advance them any higher in the scale of being. Animals we said were stationary, not so say we of man; his destiny, like the "Wandering Jew" of modern fiction, is march! march! onward! onward! Man's natural state is progressive civilization. The experience of all time goes to prove the Author of Nature never designed man to remain stationary. Then, if not stationary, he must progress and fain would we hope, at least, that the direction would be towards amelioration.

The past history of the world, on the whole, presents to the mind a scene to the last degree gloomy and dark. Throughout the annals of ancient history, the mind is continually presented with the most revolting scenes of war, devastation, cruelty and oppression. The human species, with but few exceptions, seem ever to have been doomed to support an existence surcharged with misery. The intellect of all antiquity, appears to have been compressed in the iron embrace of tyranny. Hence we always behold the great mass slaves to despotism—a despotism both mental and physical—political and ecclesiastical despotism. To what are we to attribute these evils but the neglect of mental cultivation alone—the reign of ignorance over the human mind. The world has always possessed the same elements of prosperity, "and there is nothing new under the sun." The progress of knowledge marks, with unerring truth, the progress of nations. That intelligence is the life of liberty, is not more a truism, than that ignorance is the nurse of slavery.

What inscription shall be written by the historian on the sepulchre of the nineteenth century? Shall we be able to see the inhabitants of Mar's; shall we converse with them, through magic wires? Has any one the temerity to deny it? If we had said such things were impossible, then indeed it might be negated. Will our earth still continue to be the abode of many kingdoms and principalities and powers, or shall we have but one vast and mighty world-republic—a huge commonwealth, bounded North by the North star, South by the South pole, East and West alternately

by the Sun? We make no predictions of the success of science or politics, the truth of which would be as impossible to know as to contradict. It would indeed require a prophet to pronounce the reality. As we do not arrogate to ourself prophetic inspiration, we shall not attempt to lift up the veil which conceals futurity, but will be content to transcribe, for the special benefit of the "forty thousand readers" of the *Banner*, a few of the characters which appear already written in letters of living light, on the former half of the aforementioned tombstone.

In the first place we remark, that a very shining characteristic of modern civilization is, the general diffusion of knowledge amongst all ranks of the people. In ancient times the benefits of education were confined to a few, and those few the favored ones of the State. The State, in those times, claimed the individual service of all her citizens, science, philosophy and history, were encouraged, and only so far encouraged as the Statesman derived benefit from their study. Indeed the gates of the temple of knowledge appear to have been shut against the great body of the people; and philosophers and statesmen never once surmised that they had any right to explore its treasures. History corroborates this singular fact, in the following most singular correspondence:

ALEXANDER wishing all happiness to ARISTOTLE—"You have not done right in publishing your select lectures. Wherein shall we be distinguished above others if the important things we have been taught, be communicated to the public? I would rather surpass other men in the best kind of knowledge than in power.

Farewell."

ARISTOTLE'S reply:—"You wrote to me concerning my select Lectures—that they ought not to have been published. Know that, in one sense, they are still unpublished, as their meaning will be fully apprehended by those only who heard them."

We perceive in this selfish correspondence that ARISTOTLE—the great philosopher of Stagira, who was sent into the world to improve the condition of men; to instruct and enlighten them—that he admits that the people have nothing to do with education, and that he never contemplated dispelling any portion of their ignorance by his publications. How broadly contrasted with this picture of ancient tyranny, is the condition of the human family in this glorious nineteenth century. How cheering to the true philosopher and the enlightened philanthropist! Since the invention of the art of printing, a flood of light has poured in upon the world; but more particularly since that most extraordinary of all national catastrophes, the French Revolution, "many have run to and fro, and knowledge has been increased." The sparks of liberty were struck from the collision of hostile armies and opposing interests; and thus a spirit of inquiry was set on foot, which has resulted in the general diffusion of popular intelligence. The streams of knowledge now flow in every direction; they pass by the humble dwelling of the poor, as well as the splendid mansion of the rich. Like the cooling water-brook, which is indiscriminately free for all, all may partake of the refreshing beverage—all may drink at the common fountain of knowledge.

Having touched a little upon one feature of our subject only, we will now do the reader the kindness to pause, though not for want of matter; and if, as Lord BYRON has it, "this meets with your due applause," we may treat the subject in *future et in extenso*.

THE COLONEL.

A Milliner's Card.

When lovely women long to marry,
And snatch the victim from the beaux,
What charm the soft design will carry?
What art will make the man propose?
The only art her schemes to cover,
To give her wishes sure success;
To gain, to fix a captive lover,
An "wring his bosom,"—is to dress!

The late anniversary of Burns' birth-day was celebrated by laying the foundation stone of a large public hall, close to the cottage in which he was born.

The Knell of the Sea.

In the wreck of the steamer Atlantic on the dreadful night of November 26th, it is said that "as soon as the boat struck, its bell commenced tolling, and continued to toll slowly and mournfully as long as any portion of the wreck was to be seen.

Toll! Toll! Toll!

Across the moaning sea;

Toll! Toll! Toll!

Slowly and dimly;

Amidst the tempest's roar,

This howling winter's night,

I hear still from the rock-ribbed shore,

That sound of wild affright.

Toll! Toll! Toll!

Across the moaning sea;

Toll! Toll! Toll!

O, say what it may be?

A sullen shore of rock:

A sea snow-white with foam:

A ship to meet the dreadful shock:

Its crew to bide their doom.

Toll! Toll! Toll!

Across the moaning sea;

Toll! Toll! Toll!

More and more mournfully;

For cold and voiceless there,

With glazed and unclosed eyes

Still turned to heaven, as if in prayer,—

The prince and Prophet lies,

Meekly through life he trod

In Christ his Master's ways,

And—joy to thee, thou man of God!

Thy work, henceforth, is praise.

Toll! Toll! Toll!

Across the moaning sea;

Toll! Toll! Toll!

More corpses here there be!

The bridegroom and the bride

Who scarce had pledged their vow,

Embarked upon that roiling tide,

And who shall part them now?

Pillowed upon the wave,

Here sleeps the maiden fair;

And the frozen wrecks of the true and Brave

In conflict mad, by wind and wave,

Are dashed together there.

Toll! Toll! Toll!

Across the moaning sea;

Toll! Toll! Toll!

Slowly and drearily,

Comes ever anon,

Amidst the tempest's roar,

That deep and melancholy tone

To the wild wreck-strewn shore.

No human hand could bring

That strange unearthly knell;—

Where the storm-fiend flapped his icy wing,

Above the waves as they rose and fell

And fiercely shrieked, like a fiend from hell

Alone with death—and yet the bell

With measured beat, like a living thing

That pitted the dead, did slowly swing.—

Toll! Toll! Toll!

As sad as sad could be;

Toll! Toll! Toll!

Across the moaning sea.

In holy writ, men say, 'tis found

That angels tread on earthly ground,

And God to them this charge hath given;

When the storms of earth

Bring shipwreck and death,

To save the bright Jewels for Heaven.

O'er the pure and fair they loved well,

Perchance they pealed that passing knell:

Ere the child and the saint were borne to that shore,

Where night never comes, and where storms beat

no more.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

FROM NEW MEXICO.

THE NEWS FROM NEW MEXICO.

Full particulars of the Insurrection.

The Western mail last night brought the St. Louis Republican of the 8th and 9th inst., in which we find full particulars of the interesting and painful events, of which we published yesterday, a condensed account received by telegraph from Pittsburgh. We copy the letter below.

The St. Louis Republican makes these editorial remarks upon the subject:—

The difficulties, resulting in the murder of the Governor of the territory, makes it still more incumbent on the Administration to throw additional numbers of men into New Mexico. There were not troops enough to protect the Americans at our last advices, if the insurrection was as general as the rebels intended it should be. Col. Doniphan, with the most effective of his force, was far off on his way to Chihuahua. Death had cut off more than one hundred of Price's Regiment, and many others were on the sick list. Detached parties were scattered in different parts of the country, wherever grazing could be had for their horses and animals, and the information of the traders, last from there, is to the effect that there were only about four hundred efficient men in Santa Fe. This is a small force for the occupation of such a town as Santa Fe, and to secure the quiet of the inhabitants of the territory who may be peacefully disposed, but who, it is now evident, are now outnumbered by rebellious and treacherous spirits. Nothing but a numerous body of military, stationed at proper points, can guarantee peace and security for property in that country; and the Government should at once send an additional force there. We ought to be spared, by proper precautions, the occurrence of such disasters as those to which we have alluded, and which have brought deep anguish to many families in this city.

From the St. Louis Republican, March 9.

INDIVIDUALS, March 1, 1847.

I have news to communicate to you again, from Santa Fe, but it is of a different character to any heretofore given. Mr.

Miller, of Saline county, and Mr. Huffman, of Baltimore, and some others, are just in, having left Santa Fe on the 13th of January. The twenty arrested on suspicion were released, and all apprehensions seemed to be quieted, when our informant left. After they had progressed some few days on their route, they were over-taken by some men, who told them of an insurrection about to take place, or just then going on, at Taos. They placed a little reliance on the report, until over-taken by Mr. Lucien Maxwell and a Spaniard, who had been in the employ of E. Leitensdorffer. Maxwell, who had a farm, was fortunately apprised of their movements, and escaped by fleeing to the mountains. All his stock had been taken. Through the Spaniards, upon whom reliance can be placed, and who had also to flee for his life, we learn that Gov. Charles Bent, who went up to Taos a few days before, to look after his farm, near town, was killed, as well as Stephen Lee, then acting Sheriff, (who had a day or so before imprisoned some supposed insurrectionists) Gen. Elliot Lee, Henry Leal, and all the Americans in the place, stripping them and their families of all they had on earth, and killing also all Spaniards at all favorable to the Americans, the chief alcalde of Taos being one of them. This occurred on Tuesday, the 17th. On Wednesday it was their determination to attack Mr. Miller's party and wagons; but in this they foiled them, by travelling fifty miles a day. On that day they attacked Turley's distillery, in the valley of Taos. Turley, with eight men, defended himself for two days, having a kind of breastwork thrown up around his establishment.

At the commencement of the insurrection, the alcalde of Taos sent word down to the alcalde of Vagus of their movements, and wished him to join them. He would not; but sent an express immediately to Santa Fe, advising them to on their guard, as the mobs, who were composed of the lowest rabble, and whose desire was plunder, (about 600 in number,) were hurrying on to the Pueblo Indian villages and settlements to arouse them, and march directly to Santa Fe, and take possession of that place and all that was in it. What can be done there no one knows. Messrs Miller and Hoffman say that there are only about four hundred effective men in Santa Fe—the rest all on the sick list, or have gone down to Doniphan: and of course they cannot send any help the neighboring points, and in all probability will not be able to defend themselves there. The fort is not completed, as the block houses are not finished, which renders it impossible for the troops or citizens of Santa Fe to retreat to it with their sick in case of an extremity.—The cannons are all in the square in town, and are in a bad situation to be of great service.

After the mob had attacked Taos and Turley it was their intention to take some Government wagons going into Santa Fe with supplies. When news was received at Bent's Fort by some men who had fled there with Mr. Miller's company, they immediately sent out a few men to pick up the remaining stock and other property which they could find.

Col. Doniphan had representations made to him that Chihuahua would be an easy conquest, and after a few easily obtained victories he was to march down sufficiently far into the interior as to be surrounded and all his men cut off. No word had been received by him of Gen. Wool.

Mr. Brown, one of the lessees of the penitentiary, left Santa Fe a few days before Messrs. Miller and Hoffman, with the express mail, and is now a short distance from here in distress. Help has been sent him. It is the opinion of all at Santa Fe, that, if Wool had gone on direct to Chihuahua, there would have been no trouble anywhere in New Mexico. J. M.

How to Speak to Children.

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporal punishment, or by rewards addressed to the senses, and by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which are seldom regarded—I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied with words so uttered, as to counteract entirely its intended effect; or the parent use language, in the correction of the child, not objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence. Let any one endeavor to recall the image of a fond mother long since at rest in heaven. Her sweet smile and ever clear countenance are brought vividly to recollection, so also is her voice; and blessed is that parent who is endowed with a pleasing utterance.—What is it which lulls the infant to repose? It is not an array of mere words. There is no charm, to the untaught one, in letters, syllables, and sentences. It is the sound which strikes its little ear that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few notes, however, unskillfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a more influence.

Think we that this influence is confined to the cradle? No; it is diffused over every age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parental roof. Is the boy growing rude in manner, and boisterous in speech? I know of no instrument so sure to control these tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly does but give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the pressure of duty, we are liable to utter ourselves hastily to children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone; instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit which produced it. So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whatever disposition, therefore, we would encourage, in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone in which we address it.

Christian Register.

SUPPOSED POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—Nine hundred and sixty millions of human being are supposed to be upon the earth; of which Europe is said to contain one hundred and fifty-three millions; Africa, one hundred and fifty-six millions; Asia, five hundred millions; American, one hundred and fifty millions; and the islands in the Pacific, seven millions. If divided into thirty equal parts, five of them will be Christians, six Mahometans, one part Jews, and eighteen Pagans. Christians are numerous in Europe and America, some in the south of Asia, Africa, and the southeast of Europe. Pagans abound in Africa, and in the interior of America, some in Asia, and a small number in the north of Europe.

Louis Philippe is said to be a great observer of all rules which may be calculated to benefit the health, and the doctors, in consequence, do not give him much trouble. He rises at five o'clock in the morning, at all seasons, works in his cabinet while fresh and clear, and therefore with ease—breakfasts simply—then takes a long walk, which promotes a mild and salutary reaction towards the skin; at dinner, has constantly half a fowl dressed with rice and for his drink takes only pure water, about which his Majesty is very particular. At the end of his meal he takes half a glass of old Bordeaux wine. He sleep on a single mattress, laid on a camp-bedstead, and for never more than six hours. When he takes medicine at all, he adopts invariably the most simple remedies.

There is no limitation to the ingenuity of man, if we may form an opinion by the discoveries which have been elicited since the completion of the immense telescope of Lord Rosse. In the course of an examination of the moon by the aid of this wonderful instrument, the following facts were ascertained:—"It appeared like a globe of molten silver, and every object of the extent of one hundred yards was quite visible.—Edifices, therefore, of the size of York Minster, or even of the ruins of Whitby Abbey, might be easily perceived if they had existed—but there was no appearance of that nature; neither was there any indication of the existence of water, or of an atmosphere. There was a vast number of extinct volcanoes, several miles in breadth; through one of them there was a line, in continuance of one about one hundred and fifty miles in length, which ran in a straight direction like a railway. The general appearance, however, was like one vast ruin of nature; and many of the pieces of rock driven out of the volcanoes, appeared to be laid at various distances."

TOO MUCH ANXIETY.—Of the causes of disease, anxiety of mind is one of the most frequent and important. When we walk the streets of large commercial towns, we can scarcely fail to remark the hurried gait and careworn features of the well-dressed passengers. Some young men, indeed, we may see with countenances possessing natural cheerfulness and colour; but these appearances rarely survive the age of early manhood. Cuvier closes an eloquent description of animal existence and change with the conclusion that "life is a state of force." What he would urge in a physical view, we may more strongly urge in a moral. Civilization has changed our character of mind as well as of body. We live in a state of unnatural excitement; because it is partial, irregular, and excessive. Our muscles waste for want of action; our nervous system is worn out by excess of action. Vital energy is drawn from the operations for which nature designed it, and devoted to operations which it never contemplated.

Thackeray.

A gentleman writing from Arcanton, Persia, states that the cholera, which it was feared would eventually reach this country, has nearly ceased its ravages in that part of Persia.