

The Abbeville Banner.

"LIBERTY AND MY NATIVE SOIL."

VOL. 4.

ABBEVILLE C. H., S. C., MAY 12, 1847.

NO. 11.

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.

EXTRA, 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 Constitutionals, Extra.

Glorious Victory.

6000 Mexicans taken prisoners.

500 Americans killed and wounded.

General La Vega again Prisoner.

By this evening's mail we have the following glorious news which we hasten to lay before our readers. It appears that the Palmetto Regiment was not in the battle, being detained at Vera Cruz.

By the New Orleans boat this morning, we have news of another battle, and of course another brilliant victory. We are indebted to our friends of the Picayune for the following brief account furnished at the moment of the departure of the mail boat:

We have only time to say before the mail leaves that Gen. Scott encountered Santa Anna on the 18th of April at Cerro Gordo, and entirely defeated him. We have taken five Mexican generals prisoners (and among others La Vega,) and six thousand soldiers. Santa Anna made his escape on a mule.

His army is completely routed, and would all have been taken or destroyed, if we had had a sufficient force of cavalry.

The loss on both sides has been heavy. Gen. Shields was severely, and it is feared mortally wounded. Gen. Pillow was also wounded, but slightly.

Col. Haskell's volunteers, the 1st Artillery the 6th Infantry, and Captain Williams' company of Kentucky volunteers have suffered most.

Mr. Kendall thinks that 500 will cover the entire loss, but he had not been able to obtain even a list of the officers killed when he sent off his express.

Santa Anna and Canalizo fled in the most shameful manner before the battle was lost.

Gen. Scott advances at once upon the city of Mexico.

CAMP NEAR PLAN DEL RIO, }
April 18—4 o'clock, P. M. }

The American arms have achieved another glorious and most brilliant victory. Outnumbering General Scott's force materially, and occupying positions which looked impregnable as Gibraltar, one after another of their works have been taken to-day, five Generals, Colonels enough to command ten such armies as ours, and other officers innumerable, have been taken prisoners, together with 6000 men, and the rest of the army driven and routed with the loss of every thing, ammunition, cannon, baggage train, all. Nothing but the impossibility of finding a road for the dragoons to the rear of the enemy's works saved any part of Santa Anna's grand army, including his own illustrious person.

Among the prisoners is our old friend La Vega, who fought with his accustomed gallantry. The other Generals are Jose Maria Jareno, Luis Pinson, Manuel Uriga, and Jose Obando. The names of the Colonels have not been able to gather. Nothing of Santa Anna but the want of dragoons on the other side of their lines. As it is, travelling coach, together with all his papers, valuables, and even his wooden leg, have fallen into our hands, together with all the money of his army. No one anticipated, when they arose from their hard bivouack this morning, such a complete victory.

The loss on both sides has been heavy—how could it have been otherwise? The rough rocky road, cut through rugged defiles and dense chapparal by our troops, is now lined with our wounded. The Rifles, Col. Haskell's Tennessee volunteers, the 1st Artillery, the 7th Infantry, and Captain Williams' company of Kentucky volunteers, have perhaps suffered most. Gen. Shields was severely, and I am fearful, mortally wounded, while gallantly leading his brigade to storm one of the enemy's farthest works. Gen. Pillow was also wounded, although slightly, while storming a fortification on this side commanded by La Vega. All the field officers of Col. Haskell's Regi-

ment were wounded at the same time, save himself. Of the Rifles, Capt. Mason has lost a leg, Lieutenant Ewall has been badly wounded, Lieut. McLane slightly. I have already mentioned the gallant Major Sumner and other officers wounded yesterday.

I have specified some regiments above which signalized themselves; it happened to be their fortune in the disposition of the battle, to fall upon what all good soldiers may term pleasant places—the most difficult works to storm—and bravely and without faltering did they execute the perilous duty assigned them. At one o'clock this afternoon, Gen. Twiggs, whose division has been in the hardest of it, was pursuing the flying enemy towards Jalapa. Pierson, who commanded the forts nearest Plan del Rio, asked leave of Gen. Worth time to consider before he capitulated. Desirous to come to terms, Gen. Worth gave him fifty minutes, and he surrendered unconditionally! Had he not done so, the slaughter would have been terrible.

I write in great haste, and have no time for particulars. The names of the killed and wounded I will ascertain as soon as possible. I think that five hundred will cover our entire loss. Had it not been for the positive cowardice of Santa Anna and Canalizo, who ran, before the battle—at least in brave men's hands—was lost, it would have been far greater. No one, at present, can estimate the loss of the Mexicans—they are scattered on the hills, in the roads, everywhere.

What disposition Gen. Scott is to make of the prisoners is yet unknown. He may set them all at liberty on their paroles, from the difficulty of feeding them, and to accelerate his own advance movements. We shall hear by to-morrow. I wish he could send the officers at least to the United States, for there is a fine string of them. It is now impossible to name officers who have distinguished themselves. I cannot however omit to mention Cols. Harney, Riley and Childs of the regulars; Cols. Baker, Forman and Haskell, of the volunteers, as every one is talking of them.

I write this in great haste, and with noise, confusion and every thing else around me. You cannot appreciate the victory. To describe the ground and fortifications of the enemy, the difficulty of turning their outer works, and the toil and peril undergone by the troops were impossible.

No time to say another word. I send this off by an express. It is Gen. Scott's intention, I know, to push on towards the city of Mexico with all haste. To-morrow I will write more fully, and send by Gen. Scott's express. Yours, G. W. K.

The list of killed and wounded officers in Colonel Haskell's command yesterday I have been able to obtain. It should there be stated that Captain William's company of Kentucky, and Capt. Chas. Naylor's company of Pennsylvania volunteers were attached temporarily to this regiment.—Here is the list:—

KILLED.—1st Lieut. Fred. B. Nelson, commanding company; 2d Lieut. C. G. Gill company E. Both these officers were from Memphis

WOUNDED.—Lieut. Col. D. H. Cumming, slightly; Major Robert Farquharson, (of the 1st Texas volunteers, assigned to this regiment for the day) severely; 1st Lieut. Wiley P. Hoile adjutants, severely; 1st Lieut. Wm. Yearwood, mortally; 2d Lieut. James Forrest, slightly; Captain A. H. Murrely severely; 2d Lieut. George T. Southerland, Kentucky volunteers, severely. The regiment, which in action, numbered less than 500 men, and its loss was 79 killed and wounded.

La Vega was in command of the Cerro Gordo on the first day of the fight, but a deserter from our dragoons, a German, going into their camp at night, and informing them that the main attack was to be on the right of their line—the works so fiercely attacked by Gen. Pillow. He changed places with Gen. Vasquez. The latter as I have already stated was killed—La Vega defended his post until the lines of the enemy were completely turned. Several Mexican colonels have been killed, but their names I have been unable to learn. A brother of Gen. La Vega, is colonel of artillery was severely, and as is supposed, mortally wounded.

Hundreds of cases of individual gallantry, in storming the different heights, are mentioned on the first day until he had only some forty or fifty men with him. It is also said that Captain Magruder followed up a charge until he had but nine soldiers left. I cannot now recollect one-tenth part of the instances of almost reckless daring displayed, but shall endeavor to pick them up. I shall also send you one full return of the killed and wounded if I can obtain it, but at present it is almost impossible to get hold of anything. The wounded are still along the roads for miles, although they are bringing them in as fast as possible.

The army is to advance towards Mexico immediately. Gen. Worth's division marched this morning.—Gen. Scott is to march

at noon. Santa Anna's coach is to be harnessed up for purpose of carrying on Major Sumner—better use than it was ever put to before.

The officers and men of the Mexican army—I mean such as are prisoners—are to be turned loose on their parole not again to take up arms during the war. Perhaps it is the best disposition that could be made of them, as any other course would delay Gen. Scott's forward movement. Fifteen of their officers have refused to sign, but have given their parole of honor to report themselves without delay to Gen. Wilson at Vera Cruz, as prisoners of war. Among these are Gens. La Vega and Jarero, the latter Governor of Perote during the time the Texan prisoners were there, and I believe distinguished for his good treatment of them. These officers will either be kept in the Castle of San Juan de Ullua, or else proceed to the United States.

Gen. Shields is still alive, but it is considered impossible for him to survive. The ball went through his lungs as he was leading his men to storm the farthest work of the enemy.

I shall start on for Jalapa this afternoon and will write by the way every opportunity. I send some Mexican papers, as also Santa Anna's last proclamation. It is rich.

G. W. K.

P. S. I have just learned that there is some hope for Gen. Shields. God grant he may live.

Col. Baker, who charged on the last fort, lost forty-five men in killed and wounded out of only a portion of his regiment. Lieut. Cowardin, killed, Lieut. Murphy supposed to be mortally wounded; Lieut. Johnson wounded in three places, and thigh amputated; Lieuts. Scott, Fremantle and Malby, wounded.

G. W. K.

Montezuma's Treasure.

The following thrilling legend by the late M. C. Field, we publish, hoping it may assist the reader in "murdering time" and contribute to his or her amusement:—Like the abode or like the spirit itself of some fabled genii enchanted among the rocky hills, appears that enormous black pile known as the mountain of Toas. A perpetual gloom hangs round it through day and night, and even when the sun is brightest it assumes no livelier appearance, but seems ever to be enveloped in shadows. When a storm gathers, the lofty peak of this mountain is soon hidden, and the heavy-laden clouds roll down its summit. The voice of the storm seems to rumble within its breast, the inhabitants of the valley peep from their dwellings at the black mountain, with fear, curiosity and wonder. From the valley the snow upon this mountain is not only visible in the Winter time; in the middle of August, when crossing a few miles distant, amongst its most Northern cliffs and crags we saw the snow, glittering like molten silver beneath the beams of the mid-day sun. The appearance of this truly gigantic black pile is eminently calculated to rivet attention and excite wonder, and therefore it is not surprising that the superstition concerning it should exist among the simple-minded people of the valley.—Many, very many years ago, it is said the lofty summit was accessible, but all who achieved the ascent became lunatics, and could never tell what they had seen. This fact spread great alarm among the people, and the opinion was soon prevalent that the black mountain was the place chosen by Montezuma, for his re-appearance. After this no more attempts were made to scale the summit, which was now held to be a sacred spot, until a wealthy young Spaniard in the city of Mexico laughed at the popular superstition, and declared that he dared to make the ascent of the sacred mountain. He was carousing when the boast was made, and one of his companions proposed him a princely wager upon the adventure, which was accepted, and a few days after, in spite of the warnings of priest, the prayers of his relative, the entreaties of his friends, and the earnest persuasions of the young men with whom he had laid the wager, and who now offered to relinquish it, the resolute adventurer bade good-bye to all and started for Santa Fe. He travelled to Chihuahua, crossed the prairies and sand-plains that lay between it and Santa Fe, and arrived at the base of the black mountain in Toas. He told the inhabitants what he meant to do; and here, again he was entreated and warned, but in vain. After resting a few days he commenced the ascent followed by a crowd of the most daring spirits of the valley. The extreme summit of the mountain was reached by climbing a splintered crag, and proceeded for some distance along the edge of a dangerous cleft, which was always filled with snow, and known to be very deep, as a man once fell into it, and his body never was seen again.—Here the people paused, and the young Spaniard laughingly proceeded to climb the fearful and difficult ascent. With undaunted resolution and iron nerves he toiled up the splintered pin-

nacle, reached the narrow ledge, and with his small axe, working holes in the ice to cling to, he disappeared, slowly, on his hands and knees, over the high summit of the mountain. He had been gone but a few minutes, when he returned to the sight of the people, and called to them to ascend, for he had discovered a wonder to the astonished world—a magnificent cavern through which ran inexhaustible veins of gold, and light as the blaze of day with the precious stones; the whole interior of the mountain, he declared, was one immense cavern; down from the entrances ran winding galleries of easy descent, leading to various apartments. He entreated some one to follow him up, and confirm his story; for, when he returned, no one would believe his words. He had hardly finished his announcement, when a whirl-wind came shrieking around the mountain peak, and the young man was seen to fall upon his face, and cling to the edge of the rock, to preserve himself from being blown over the precipice. The terrified people called upon him to descend instantly: but the sky darkened, and a thunder-bolt suddenly struck the pinnacle by which he had ascended, which fell with a frightful roar into the deep cleft and his retreat was cut off forever! Filled with consternation and terror, the people fled down the mountain-side, abandoning the wretched victim to his fate, and shutting their ears against his screams for assistance. From rock to rock, and down the deep ravines—along brinks beneath which headlong torrents roared—over chasms crossed by fallen trees—struggling through thickets of brush and shrubbery, and sometimes treading the water courses of the mountain, awe-stricken the people hurried, until, when night had closed over peak and plain, they reached the valley. The reckless young Spaniard was never heard of more; and this is the legend told and believed by the simple people of the valley of the black mountain of Toas, and the far-famed, mysterious and appalling cavern of Montezuma's treasure.

HINDOO FABLE.—There is a fable, among the Hindoos, that a thief, having been detected and condemned to die, thought upon an expedient by which he might be rescued from death. He sent for the jailer, and told him he had a secret to disclose to the king, and when he had done so he would be ready to die. The king sent for him to know what the secret was. He told him he knew the art of producing trees that should bear gold. The king, accompanied by his prime minister, courtiers, and priests, with the thief, came to a certain spot, where they began their incantations. The thief then produced a piece of gold, declaring that if sown it would produce a tree, every branch of which should bear gold: "but," added he, "this must be put into the ground by a person perfectly honest. I am not so, and therefore pass it to your majesty."—The king replied, "when I was a boy, I remember taking something from my father, which, although a trifle, prevents my being the proper person. I pass it, therefore, to my prime minister." The latter said, "I receive the taxes of the people, and, as I am exposed to many temptations, how is it possible for me to be perfectly honest? Therefore I pass it to the priest." The priest pleaded the same as to his conduct in receiving the sacrifices. At length the thief exclaimed "I know not why you should not all four of you be hanged, since not one of us is honest." The king was so pleased with the thief's ingenuity, that he pardoned him.

"LO! THE POOR INDIAN!"—The Delta says:—A family of Choctaw Indians, whose ancestors have lived immemorably in our vicinity, says a Baton Rouge paper, 3rd ult. and who, from a more powerful body, have now dwindled down to some half-a-dozen degraded beings, engaged themselves last week in the solemn office of capital punishment. It had been long known that one of the family, in a drunken brawl, killed another, and that punishment must follow, but the murderer and the friends of the murdered, have for months visited and encamped together upon equal terms, apparently enjoying the most perfect social intercourse. On Saturday last, the poor wretches, covered with rags, and scarcely provided with food to keep their souls and bodies together, camped in a beautiful piece of woods near our town, and commenced the solemn ceremonies for a funeral, the victim taking part in them. Towards nightfall the preparations were finished, and the poor Indian exposed his naked breast—a load of buck-shot fired by his nearest relative, pierced his heart, and he fell a corpse. Nearly three days were consumed in weeping over his grave, and then the retributors of justice wended their way off to the swamps.

From Napoleon and his Marshals.

Death of Duroc.

But his greatest misfortune, that which wounded him deepest, was the death of his friend Duroc. As he made a last effort to

break the enemy's ranks, and rode again to the advanced posts to direct the movements of his army, one of his escort was struck dead by his side. Turning to Duroc, he said, "Duroc, fate is determined to have one of us this day." Soon after as he was riding with his suit in a rapid trot along the road, a cannon ball smote a tree beside him, and glancing, struck General Kirgener dead, and tore out the entrails of Duroc. Napoleon was ahead at the time, and his suite, four abreast, behind him. The cloud of dust rapid movement raised around them, hid him from knowing at first who was struck. But when it was told him that Kirgener was killed and Duroc wounded, he dismounted, and gazed long and sternly on the battery from which the shot had been fired; then turned towards the cottage into which the wounded Marshal had been carried.

Duroc was Grand Marshal of the Palace, and a bosom friend of the Emperor. Of a noble and generous character, of unshaken integrity and patriotism, and firm as steel in the hour of danger, he was beloved by all who knew him. There was a gentleness about him and a purity of feeling, the life of a camp could never destroy. Napoleon loved him—for through all the changes of his tumultuous life he had ever found his affection and the same—and it was with anxious heart and sad countenance he entered the lowly cottage where he lay. His eyes were filled with tears, as he asked if there was hope. When told there was none, he advanced to the bedside without saying a word. The dying marshal seized him by the hand and said, "my whole life has been consecrated to your service, and now my only regret is, that I can no longer be useful to you." "Duroc!" replied Napoleon, with a voice choked with grief, "there is another life—there you will await me, and we shall meet again." "Yes, sir," replied the fainting sufferer, "but thirty years shall first pass away, when you will have triumphed over your enemies, and realized all the hopes of our country. I have endeavored to be an honest man; I have nothing with which to reproach myself." He then added, with faltering voice, "I have a daughter;—your Majesty will be a father to her." Napoleon grasped his right hand, and sitting down beside, and leaning his head on his left hand, remained with closed eyes, a quarter of an hour, in profound silence. Duroc first spoke. Seeing how deeply Bonaparte was moved, he exclaimed, "Ah! sire, leave me; this spectacle pains you!" The stricken Emperor rose, and leaning on the arms of his equeerry and Marshal Soult, left the apartment, saying in heart-breaking tones, as he went, "Farewell, then, my friend!"

The hot pursuit he had directed a moment before was forgotten—victory, trophies, prisoners and all, sunk into worthlessness, and, as at the battle of Aspern, when Lannes was brought to him mortally wounded, he forgot even his army, and the great interest at stake. He ordered his tent to be pitched near the cottage in which his friend was dying, and, entering it, passed the night all alone in inconsolable grief. The imperial Guard formed their protecting squares, as usual, around him, and the fire tumult of battle gave way to one of the most touching scenes in history. Twilight was deepening over the field, and the heavy tread of the ranks going on to their bivouacs, the low rumbling of artillery wagons in the distance, and all the subdued, yet confused sounds of a mighty host about sinking to repose, rose on the evening air, imparting still greater solemnity to the hour. Napoleon, with his grey great coat wrapped about him, his elbows on his knees, and his forehead resting on his hands, sat apart from all, buried in the profoundest melancholy. His most intimate friends dare not approach him, and his favorite officers stood in groups at a distance, gazing anxiously and sadly on that silent tent. But immense consequences were hanging on the movements of the next morning—a powerful enemy was near, with their array yet unbroken—and they at length ventured to approach and ask for orders. But the brokenhearted chieftain only shook his head, exclaiming, "Every thing to-morrow!" and still kept his

grief to himself. The morning had passed, and the sun was rising. No sobs escaped him, but silent and motionless he sat, his pallid face buried in his hands and his noble heart wrung with agony. Darkness drew her curtain over the scene, and the stars came out one after another upon the sky, and, at length, the moon rose above the hills, bathing in her soft beams the tented host, while the flames from burning bivouacs in the distance shed a lurid light through the gloom—and was as mournful, yet sublime. There was the dark cottage, with sentinel sentries posted in which Duroc lay dying, and the Emperor, with his solitary tent of Napoleon, and with the bowed form of the Emperor, and the