

the Treasury of the United States, and arranged the financial branch of the government upon so perfect a plan, that no great improvement has ever been made upon it by his successors.

Thomas Haywood, of South Carolina, was but 30 years of age, when he signed the glorious record of a nation's birth, the Declaration of Independence; Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, Benjamin Rush and James Wilson of Pennsylvania, were but 31 years of age; Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire, 31; Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, Arthur Middleton, of South Carolina, and Thomas Stone, of Maryland 33; and William Hooper, of North Carolina, but 34.

John Jay, at 20 years old, was a member of the Revolutionary Congress, and being associated with Lee and Livingston, on the committee for drafting an address to the people of Great Britain, drew up that paper himself, which was considered one of the most eloquent productions of the time.—At 32 he penned the constitution of New York, and in the same year was appointed chief justice of the State. At 34; he was appointed minister to Spain.

At the age of 26, Thomas Jefferson was a leading member of the Colonial Legislature in Virginia. At 30 he was a member of the Virginia Convention, at 32 a member of Congress; at 33 he drafted the Declaration of Independence.

Milton, at the age of 23, had written his finest Miscellaneous Poems, including his *L'Allegro*, *Penseroso*, *Comus*, and the most beautiful of *Monodies*.

Lord Byron, at the age of 20, published his celebrated satire upon the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers; at 23, the first two Cantos of *Child Harold's Pilgrimage*.—Indeed all the poetic treasures of his genius were poured forth in their richest profusion, before he was 34 years old; and he died at 37.

Mozart, the great German musician, completed all his noble compositions before he was 34 years old; and died at 36.

Pope wrote his published poems by the time he was 19 years old, at 20 his *Essay on Criticism*; at 21 the *Rape of the Lock*, and at 25 his great work, the *Translation of the Iliad*.

Dr. Dwight's *Conquest of Canaan* was commenced at the age of 16 and finished at 22. At the latter age, he composed his celebrated dissertation on the history, eloquence and poetry of the Bible, which was immediately published, and re-published in Europe.

From the *N. O. Picayune*, May 7, 1847.

#### War Items—Mexican Incidents.

We cull from our correspondence such items and incidents as have not altogether been anticipated, and which may be interesting to the public.

#### The Storming of Cerro Gordo.

Mr. Kendall in one of his letters gives the following account of the storming of Cerro Gordo. But for the illness of Gen. Smith the assault would have been led by that gallant officer. In his stead Colonel Harney has reaped the laurels of this glorious achievement, and long may he wear them. The mischance of one chivalrous spirit made way for the valor of another, who approved himself, upon this as upon other occasions, capable of the most daring feats of gallantry.

The storming and capture of the strong works on Cerro Gordo, by the brigade under Col. Harney, may be looked upon as one of the most brilliant achievements of the Mexican war—the fate of the battle turned upon it, and here the enemy had placed an overwhelming force of his best troops.—The hill was steep and naturally difficult of ascent; but independent of this the ground was covered with loose, craggy rocks, and undergrowth of tangled chaparral, besides many small trees, the tops of which were cut of some four or five feet from the ground, and turned down the hill to impede the progress of the stormers. To climb the height at all, even without arms of any kind, would be an undertaking that few would care about essaying; what then must it have been with men encumbered with muskets and cartridge boxes, and obliged to dispute every step of the precipitous and rugged ascent? Murderous showers of grape and canister greeted our men at the onset, and as they toiled unflinching through a tempest of iron hail a heavy fire of musketry open upon them. Not a man quailed—with loud shouts they still pressed upward and onward. At every step our ranks were thinned; but forward went the survivors. When within good musket range, but not until then, was the fire of the enemy returned, and then commenced the dreadful carnage of the strife. The Mexican held to their guns with more than their usual bravery, but nothing could resist the fierce onset of the stormers. Over the breastwork with which the Mexicans had surrounded the crest of the hill they charged, and shouting attack the enemy in his very stronghold. The latter now fled panic stricken; but still they were pursued; and it was not until the affrighted fugitives had reached a point without the extreme range of their own cannon, which had been turned upon them at the onset, that they ceased in their flight. The national colors of our country now supplanted the banner of the enemy, the different regimental flags were also planted on the crest, and shouts louder than ever from the victors rose upon the air; a ruck terror into the very hearts of the enemy in the works still untaken, for they knew that their strong positions had been turned and that they were at the mercy of the men they had scoffed at in the morning. Never was victory so complete, although pur-

chased with the blood of some of our best men. Lieut. Ewell, of the rifles, was among the first within the enemy's breastworks, and it was here that he received his death wound. The interior of the work was covered with the dead of the enemy, among them Gen. Vasquez, Col. Palacio, and many of their officers, while the hill side down which they fled was strewn as well. Near 200 men were left dead, while the wounded would swell the number to at least 500—some even put it down as high as 700.

The regiment composing Col. Harney's command, and which successfully stormed the noted Cerro Gordo, where the 1st Artillery under Col. Childs, the 3rd infantry under Captain E. B. Alexander, the 7th Infantry under Col. Plympton, and a portion of the rifles under Major Loring. Many cases of individual bravery, performed by subaltern officers, have been mentioned; but as I cannot particularly notice such as I have heard of without perhaps doing injustice to others equally meritorious, I shall forbear writing until I have more full information. I had almost forgotten to state that four companies of the 2nd Infantry, under Colonel Riley, took an active part in the assault.

#### Jalapa.

JALAPA, MEXICO, April 20, 1847.

Here we are at last, in one of the most delightful places in all Mexico. As we came in this morning, along a road fringed on either side with the richest vegetation, the white crest of Orizaba, piercing the very vault of heaven, was plainly visible, and a busy hum of admiration ran along the line as the snow-clad mountain first broke upon the view. A spectacle of greater magnificence or grandeur is not to be seen the wide world over. Here were we, in a soft bland air, and with verdure and flowers of the rarest beauty and fragrance all around—above us, as it were, towering in the very skies, yet in plain view, was old Orizaba, clad in his eternal raiment of snow. But this place has been so often spoken of and written about that I shall not dwell upon it.

#### Santa Anna.

Santa Anna entirely disapproved of the surrender of Vera Cruz of course, in proof of which he sent Morales and Landero to Perote for trial. They stand a most excellent chance of being liberated in a few days by General Worth. What is to be done with Santa Anna himself? how is he to answer, after swearing that he would shed the last drop of his blood at Cerro Gordo, for running off without shedding the first drop? There is a question for some body to answer.

I send you files of *El Republicano*.—I also forward you several copies of papers published at this place, (Jalapa,) previous to the great battle of Cerro Gordo. The exulting tone of the editors, and the perfect confidence they express in the ability of Santa Anna to arrest the progress of the "vandal," read funny enough, now that the sequel is known. I cannot recollect anything more amusing than Santa Anna's flowing proclamation announcing his victory over General Scott on the 17th of April unless it was his disgraceful flight on a mule on the 18th.

In the number published on the day of the great battle at Cerro Gordo, and under the head of "*Long Live the Mexican Nation!*" the following account of the skirmishing on the 17th is given. It reads as follows, and is most decidedly fat:

Yesterday between 11 and 12 o'clock, a column of the enemy, composed of from 5 to 6,000 men, attacked our position at Cerro Gordo. They came commanded by General Scott, who, inflated or puffed up [*engreido*] with the assassinations he committed with impunity at Vera Cruz, hoped with the same impunity to penetrate our camp here. At the commencement of the firing, Gen. Santa Anna ordered our troops to retire, in order to attract the enemy to a point nearer our batteries. It had the effect. Scott advanced, and then our columns displayed in such a manner as to facilitate the action of our cannon. Then commenced a vivid fire of both artillery and infantry, encircling the enemy, who was obliged to retire; and having twice afterwards attempted to force our positions, he was twice compelled to retire. These three charges have cost the enemy 1,000 men in killed and wounded; we have lost 160, of whom we count 30 as killed and the rest wounded.

From the *Vera Cruz Flag*, of 28th ult.

#### Capture of Tuspan.

The expedition consisted of the steamer Mississippi, (flag-ship,) frigate *Raritan*, sloop of war *Albany*, ships *John Adams*, *Germantown*, *Decatur*, *Spitfire*, *Vixen*, *Scourge*, *Vesuvius*, *Hecla*, *Etna*, *Bonita*, *Petrel* and *Reefer*. Among the vessels were distributed 150 men belonging to the *Potomac*, and 340 belonging to the *Ohio*, both of which remained at this place.—After some delay at the Island of Lobos, awaiting the arrival of the sailing vessels, and subsequently at sea, owing to a dispersion of the vessels by a Norther, everything was ready for landing on the morning of the 18th inst., at which time the Mississippi was anchored off the bar of Tuspan river, while the other steamers, having had their masts taken out, and otherwise lightened in every possible way, took in tow the gun-boats and barges of the expedition, carrying in all, about 1200 men, and two pieces of field artillery. The other vessels of the squadron remained at anchor under Tuspan shoals, which lies six or eight miles to the eastward of the bar.

In crossing the bar, the *Spitfire* led the way, and was followed by the *Vixen* and the *Scourge*, each having a gun-boat in tow. Two of the steamers struck on the bar but were not suffered to be stopped for a moment.

They liberally ploughed their way over it. By 12 o'clock, the whole expedition succeeded in gaining an entrance of the river, notwithstanding the serious difficulties presented by the breakers of the bar. Shortly afterwards, everything being in readiness for an attack, Commodore Perry hoisted his broad pennant on board the *Spitfire*, and at once led the rest of the vessels up the river.

After ascending it about five miles, two forts were discovered on the right bank, both of which opened upon the squadron.—Immediately all the boat were manned with storming parties, and while the steamers and gunboats were gallantly returning the fire of the forts they (the boats) dashed on and quickly took possession of the forts, the Mexicans retreating down one side of the hill as the sailors ascended the other.

The whole expedition now moved on steadily towards the town of Tuspan, but in a little while another fort, situated on a high hill, commanding the whole city, opened upon the vessels and barges. At the same time volleys of musketry were fired by the enemy from the chaparral, his latter fort was also promptly attacked, and like the other two, was carried without the enemy waiting to cross bayonets, our noble tars proving themselves first rate fellows for this species of boarding work. Simultaneously with the occupation of this fort, a division of the expedition landed in the town, and at once took possession of it. The greater part of the inhabitants had fled and left but a few scattering soldiers within reach of our balls.

In the course of the contest seventeen men and officers were killed and wounded. Captain Tatnall received a ball in the right elbow joint; Lieutenant James L. Parker, Aid to the Commodore, a severe wound in the upper part of the breast; Lieut. Whittle, a flesh wound in the right leg, and Lieut. Hartstein, a flesh wound in the right wrist and thigh. All the wounded, however, are doing well.

Several guns of the Truxton were found mounted upon the fort, all of which were recovered and brought on board the squadron. Other articles belonging to the Truxton were likewise recovered. After retaining possession of the town from the 18th to the 22nd inst., the force was withdrawn and embarked, leaving, however, the *Albany* and gunboat *Reefer*, under Captain Breeze to guard and command the place.

It may be proper to state, that all the forts of the place were destroyed by our forces. There being no further work on the coast for the squadron, Commodore Perry contemplated, we learn a movement towards the interior, with a fine body of 2,500 tars, thoroughly organized, should such a step be deemed advisable.

From the *Mobile Herald & Tribune*.

#### Later from Mexico.

Plan of Campaign—Guerrilla war—State of Mexico—Santa Anna—Important rumors from the City of Mexico—Probable cessation of hostilities—Return of Volunteers—Military orders—Probable recovery of Gen. Shields—Arrival of Gen. Pillow, Lieutenant Colonel Anderson &c.

The steamship *James L. Day* arrived at the Levee early this morning from Vera Cruz, whence she sailed on the 5th instant. By this vessel we have received our regular correspondence and files of Vera Cruz and Jalapa papers. Apart from the intelligence contained in our letters, we learn verbally that an express reached Vera Cruz a moment before the sailing of the *James L. Day*, with information that a deputation had come down from the city of Mexico to request Gen. Scott to take the capital under his protection. This news is almost incredible; but when it is remembered that the system of guerrilla warfare has been adopted by Mexico, and that the banditti who engage in this service are as dangerous to their own countrymen as to the enemy, the report gains some probability.

The impression was gaining ground in the army that there would be no more fighting. It was not expected that there would be any opposition this side or at Puebla; and it was even doubted if the Mexicans would defend their capital. Expectations of this nature have proved deceitful so often that we indulge them with much misgiving.

The Mexican papers continue their declamatory strictures upon the mission of Atocha. It would appear that the sending of this miserable fellow on any important mission to Mexico has given greater umbrage than all else that has been done by the United States. They regard him in the light of an official pimp, a treasonable pander, a perfidious miscreant and indeed the concentration of baseness. They think he was sent here by the American cabinet in mock and scorn. We have already copied the article of *El Republicano* upon Atocha. That paper, the very best in all Mexico; the highest in tone and the sturdiest defender of republican institutions when the monarchical party was in the ascendant, after noticing the arrival of Atocha on a mission from this country and recounting his past history in Mexico, remarks:

"Oh God! this is the greatest sign that thou has forgotten us. Send upon us bombs, rifles, grape shot and every class of projectile and misfortune; burn us, reduce us to ashes, destroy us—annihilate but do not dishonor us. Send the entire North to subjugate and rule over us, but let not Atocha be the broker of a contract for peace, because that, devolving upon us as the greatest scorn and the greatest humiliation, would be [O God!] the greatest punishment."

This we are assured is a true reflex of the feelings of the better order of Mexicans in regard to this unfortunate appointment. The whereabouts of Santa Anna is some-

what problematical. The last authentic intelligence located him at Orizaba with a miscellaneous command of 3000. Subsequent rumors report him as having gone South to recruit his ranks at Oajaca. It is certain that he has not shown himself at the capitol since his defeat. There is a report that he desires to leave the country; but Mr. Kendall thinks he may make a dash upon detached parties in the rear of the army, or upon wagon trains, with a view to reinstating himself in a good opinion of the nation.

Maj. Gen. Pillow came passenger in the *James L. Day*. His wound is doing well.

Lieut. Col. Anderson, of the 1st Tennessee regiment, came over in the *Day* also. He has seen much service, both under Gen. Taylor and Gen. Scott, at Monterey and Cerro Gordo, and now returns on account of ill health.—*Picayune*.

It was the intention of Gen. Scott, upon the arrival of the wagon train that was to start from Vera Cruz, about the 6th inst. to cut off all connection with the sea coast, rely upon the country for sustenance, and push forward for the city. This general order, dated at Jalapa, 30th April, intimates as much. But Mr. Kendall's letter of the 4th—the very latest news—throws some doubt upon the speedy adoption of this plan, in consequence of the determination of the twelve months, in a body, not to enlist. This may retard the advance of the army, unless indeed the reported readiness of the city to surrender be confirmed. If the rumor prove true, the guerilla troops are mere marauders—a band of pirates; and should be treated accordingly.

Gen. Worth was gathering up all the grain he could, and has all his bakeries at work, as if in anticipation of breaking off communication with Vera Cruz.

It will be gratifying to all to learn that Gen. Shields was thought to be in a fair way to recover. We have always regarded him as the best appointment from civil life yet made by the President.

## THE BANNER.



ABBEVILLE C. H., S. C.

Wednesday, May 19, 1847.

#### Cotton Market.

Charleston, May 15th from 10 1-2 to 12 1-2  
Hamburg, May 15th, 10 to 12 1-4 cts.

#### The Crops and the Weather.

We have had some most uncommon weather for this season of the year lately, and even now fire is quite comfortable. The crops of small grain in this district are very indifferent, and is thought by many farmers will not average a half crop. The cotton is suffering much from the frequent cold spells we have, and the corn also from a small bug.

Dr. AGNEW, of the Company that left this district for Mexico, arrived here on Thursday evening last, and Lieutenant J. J. MARTIN on Saturday, we have seen neither of the gentlemen and consequently know nothing of the news they bring from the company; Lieut. ROBERTS is still at Lagrange Ga., with his sick friend W. WATSON.

#### Palmetto Regiment.

According to the latest information from the Army, our Regiment was at Jalapa, its health improved. It seems to be the understanding of those who write, that the Regiment will march on with the army to the city of Mexico, and not be left to garrison any of the posts upon the road; we trust this may be so. By a slip from the *Daily Picayune*, we learn, that among the prisoners liberated by General Worth at the Castle of Perote, there were two South Carolina Volunteers. These we are happy to learn by a letter from one of the Volunteers, are the unfortunate young men WATSON and RILEY, who were blown off and supposed to be lost. They were wrecked near Alvarada, taken by the Mexicans, carried to Perote, and confined in its gloomy walls until liberated by their own men. What must have been their feelings when unconscious of the approach of friends, and supposing themselves to be completely in the hands of enemies and reserved perhaps for some cruel death, they were summoned to come forth to mingle once more with friends? These young men have been mourned for as dead and these tidings cannot be otherwise than gratifying to their friends.

#### Latest from Mexico.

In another portion of this week's paper we have given all the news from Mexico that would be of interest to our readers. There is but little prospect still of peace. SANTA ANNA, according to the latest accounts was said to be at Orizaba, with some 3,000

troops. He has not yet visited the capital since his defeat at Cerro Gordo. Gen. SALAS, who was President *ad interim* before the arrival of SANTA ANNA from exile, has issued a proclamation announcing that he is empowered to raise a guerilla corps, and calls upon all good Mexicans to join his standard. In his concluding sentence he says that "war to death, without pity, shall be the device of the guerilla warfare of vengeance!"

President ANAYA has also issued a proclamation calling upon one and all to rally to the standard and rescue their common country from the hand of the invader—he points them to the glorious deeds of their fathers, and urges them to imitate their example. From all these movements we are led to the belief that there is but little prospect of the war being terminated soon. Should the guerilla warfare be adopted, our troops may be much annoyed by bands of these dastardly wretches, who have not courage enough to face in open field a noble foe. It was by this system of warfare they exhausted and wore out the Spanish, and finally compelled them to abandon the re-conquest of the country; but we take it, that in the Americans they have material of a sterner nature to contend with; men patient of toil, who will conquer or die. And though hundreds of our gallant soldiers may perish by the diseases incident to that climate, there are thousands yet amongst us who will buckle on their armour and follow their country's standard to the field. Mexico must yield, their stubbornness is of no avail—her walled cities and impregnable castles—her rugged roads and towering mountains are but feeble barriers to our victorious troops—the genius of America fights with our TAYLOR, and SCOTT, and glory and fame, invites our soldiers onward to conquest.

#### Santa Anna.

Kendall, of the *Picayune*, writes from Jalapa, April 25:—

"I informed you the other day I had a story to tell of Santa Anna and his travelling carriage. In his great haste to leave it he went off without taking any of his effects—a small writing case only was found broken open, for he had no time to unlock it, from which he had evidently taken a few papers of great importance; but the majority of his effects—his silver plate, his papers, his money—all were there in good condition. Two of our officers entered the coach, and what did they find, after rummaging about, but a most excellent dinner, together with delicious wine and some highly flavoured cigars. To say they did not sit themselves comfortably down on his richly cushioned seats, and partake of his sumptuous dinner, wash it down with his delicious wine, finish it off with his highly flavoured cigars, would be departing farther from the truth than I care about just now. The names of the officers were Capt. Williams and McKinstry, and the dinner was a perfect windfall after a hard morning's work without eating, and with slim prospects a head for food. A party of dragon officers, some two or three weeks since, also had their own fun near Santa Anna's estate at Mango de Clave. While hunting about the premises, they stumbled upon the building where he kept his fighting chickens. Those well informed upon the subject tell me there was a great deal of cock-fighting in that immediate section for a day or two, and that one particular fight created great excitement. A fierce looking rooster which they dubbed Gen. Taylor—not so large as some but with game sticking out all over him—was pitted against a long, gangling chicken that they gave his owners name to—a heavy but clumsy bird, with but little fight in him.

Taylor and Santa Anna, as reported the chickens of the latter, were set another, and after a few heavy blows the former the latter "bamboozled" the fight as fast as his two legs would carry him, leaving Gen. Taylor's reputation upon the ground crowing right. Such are some of the accidents that have fallen the "hero of Tampico."

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The May number of this excellent periodical has just come to hand, and the character we have hitherto attributed

We have always thought that the progress of the South was not sufficiently interested in the periodical literature of the day. We are glad that this work seems to constitute an exception to this remark, as we notice a