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"LIBERTY AND MY NATIVE SOIL."

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The Sacred Mountains. MOUNT CALVARY.

BY J. T. HEADLY.

Mount Calvary comes last in the list of "Sacred mountains," and by its baptism of blood and agony, its moral grandeur and the intense glory that beams from its summit is worthy to complete the immortal group—Its moral height no man can measure, for though its base is on the earth, its top is lost in the heavens. The angels hover around the dazzling summit, struggling in vain to scale its highest point, which has never yet been fanned by even immortal wing. The divine eye alone embraces its length and breadth, and depth and height.

What associations cluster around Mount Calvary, what mysteries hover there, what revelations it makes to the awe struck beholder! Mount Calvary! At the mention of that name, the universe thrills with a new anthem in which pity and exultation mingle in strange yet sweet accord. Glory and righteousness are on that hill top, and shall be to the end of time but there was a morning when gloom and terror crowned it, and heaven itself, all but God the Father, gazed on it in wonder if not in consternation.

The strange and painful scene in the garden had passed by, and the shameful examination in the lighted chamber of the high priest was over. Insult and contempt had marked every step of the villainous proceedings, till at length one wretch more impious than the rest, advanced and struck Christ in the face. The cheek reddened to the blow, but not with anger or shame; yet methinks, as the sound of that buffet was borne on high, there was a rustling of myriad wings, as angels started from their listening attitude, waiting the thunderbolt that should follow.

This too had passed by, and also the second mockery of a trial in Pilate's hall; and the uprisen sun was flushing down on the towers and domes of Jerusalem, and the vast population was again abroad,—thronging every street. But a few took any interest in the fate of Jesus of Nazareth, yet these few were filled with the bitterest hate. The victim was now in their power—given up to their will—and they commenced the bloody scene they were to enact, by spitting in his face and striking his unresisting cheek with blow after blow. To give greater force to their insults, they put a crown on his head made of thorns, and mocked him with sarcastic words, and strove with fiendish skill to irritate him into some sign of anger or complaint. After having exhausted their ingenuity, and failing in every endeavor, they led him away to be crucified.

It was a bright and beautiful day, when a train passed out of the gates of Jerusalem, and began to ascend the slope of Mount Calvary. The people paused a moment as the procession moved boisterously along the streets, then making some careless remarks about the fate of fanatics, passed on. The low and base of both sexes turned and joined the company, and with jokes and laughter, hurried on to the scene of excitement. The hissing did nature see shed their fraeze whispered nonquility, while the above seemed deity and verdure the spread earth presented.

The birds were singing in the gardens all reckless of the roar and jar of the great city near, as Jesus passed by in the midst of the throng. His face was colorless as marble where the blood trickled down his forehead from the thorns that pierced his temples, his knees trembled beneath him, and he staggered on, not with fear, and he staggered on, not with heavy timber that weighed him down, but with the weight of the cross, which had carried was given to him, and the procession again took up its march. But suddenly over the

confused noise of the throng and rude shouts of the mob, there came a wild lament.— Friends were following after, whose sick Christ had healed, whose wounded hearts he had bound up, and on whose pathway of darkness he had shed the light of Heaven, and now they lifted up their voices in one mournful cry. He turned at the sound and listened a moment, then murmured, in mournful accents: "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, your wives and your children." Jerusalem on fire suddenly rose to his vision, together with its famine-struck and bloated population staggering and dying around the empty market places—the heaps of the dead that loaded the air with pestilence, and all the horror and woe and carnage of that last dreadful siege; and forgetful of his own suffering, he exclaimed: "Weep not for me, but for yourselves, your wives and children."

At length the procession reached the hill-top and Christ was laid upon the ground, and his arms stretched along the timber he had carried, with the palms upturned, and through them spikes driven, fastening them to the wood. Methinks I hear the strokes of the hammer as it sends the iron, with blow after blow, through the quivering tendons and behold the painful working of that agony-wrung brow, and the convulsive heaving and swelling of that blessed bosom, which seemed striving to read above the imprisoned heart.

At length he is lifted from the ground—his weight dragging on the spikes through his hands, and the cross-piece inserted into the mortice of the upright timber, and a heavy iron through his feet, fastening them to the main post, and he is left to die.— Why speak of his agony—of his words of comfort to the dying thief—or of the disgrace of that death. Not even to look on that pallid face and flowing blood could one get any conception of the suffering victim.

The gloom and terror that began to gather round the soul, as every aid human and divine, withdrew itself, and it stood alone in the deserted darkened universe, and shuddered, was all unseen by mortal eye. Yet even in this dreadful hour his heart did not forget its friends. Looking down from the cross, he saw the mother that bore him gazing in tears upon his face, and with a feeble and tremulous voice, he turned to John, who had so often lain on his bosom, and said, "Son, behold thy mother." Then turning to his mother, he said, "Behold thy son." His business with earthly things was now over, and he summoned his energies to meet the last most terrible blow, before which nature itself was to give way. He had hitherto endured all without a complaint; the mocking—the spitting upon the cross, the nails and the agony—but now came a woe that broke his heart. His father's—his own father's frown began to darken upon him.— Oh, who can tell the anguish of that loving, trusting, abandoned heart at the sight. It was too much, and there arose a cry so piercing, so shrill and so wild that the universe shivered before it! and as the cry: "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" fell on the ears of astonished mortals, and filled heaven with alarm; the earth gave a groan as if she too was about to expire; the sun died in the heavens, an earthquake thundered on to complete the dismay; and the dead could no longer sleep, but burst their ghastly cerements, and came forth to look upon the scene. That was the gloomiest wave that ever broke over the soul of the Saviour, and he fell before it. Christ was dead!—and to all human appearance the world was an orphan.

How Heaven regarded this disaster, and the universe felt at the sight, I cannot tell I know not but tears fell like rain-drops from angelic eyes, when they saw Christ spit upon and struck. I know not but there was silence on high for more than "half an hour" when the scene of crucifixion was transpiring—a silence unbroken save the solitary note of some harp string on which unconsciously fell the agitated trembling fingers of some seraph. I know not but all the raidant ranks on high and even Gabriel himself, turned with the deepest solicitude to the Father's face, to see if he was calm and untroubled amid it all. I know not but his composed brow and serene majesty were all that restrained heaven from one universal shriek of horror, when they heard groans on Calvary—dying groans. I know not but they thought that God had "given his glory to another," but one thing I do know—that when they saw through the vast design—comprehended the stupendous scheme, the hills of God shook to a shout never before rung over their bright tops, and a crystal sea trembled to a song that had never before stirred its bright depths, and the "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST" was a sevenfold-chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.

Yet none of the cadences reached the earth, and all was sad, dark and despairing around Mount Calvary. The excitement which the slow murder had created vanished. With none to resist, and none to be slain, a change came over the feelings of the multitude and they began one by one, to return

to the city. The sudden darkness, also that wrapped the heavens, and the throb of the earthquake which made these three crosses reel to and fro like cedars in the tempests, had sobered their feelings, and all but the soldiery were glad to be away from a scene that had ended with such supernatural exhibitions. Gradually the noise and confusion around the hill top receded down the slopes—the shades of even began to creep over the landscape, throwing into still more ghastly relief those three white corpses stretched on high and streaked with blood and all was over. Not now, for the sepulchre was yet to be open, and the slain Christ was to mount the heaven of heavens in his glorious ascension.

I will not speak of the moral grandeur of the atonement—of the redemption purchased by the agony and death on Calvary for they are familiar to all. Still they constitute the greatness and value of the whole. It is the atonement that makes Mount Calvary chief among the "Sacred Mountains"—gives it such altitude that no mortal eye can scan its top, or bear the full effulgence of its glory. Paul called on his young disciples to summon their strongest energies and bend their highest efforts to comprehend the "length and breadth and depth and height" of his stupendous theme—"a length which reaches from everlasting to everlasting; a breadth that encompasses every intelligence and every interest; a depth which reaches the lowest of human degradation and misery; and a height that throws floods of glory on the throne and crown of Jehovah."

From the N. O. Picayune 20th ult.

Later from General Scott's Army.

It was not until yesterday morning that we were placed in possession of the following letters received here on Tuesday by the Mary Kingsland. It will be seen that Mr. Kendall's letter is later than any thing hitherto received from Jalapa, while the letter from Vera Cruz gives a more definite account of the occurrences near that city reported in our last upon verbal authority.

The most interesting passage in Mr. Kendall's letter is that announcing that Majors Borland and Gaines, Captain Clay and the other officers taken in the North, together with Passed Midshipman Rodgers, are at liberty in the city of Mexico. The next step is to insist upon the immediate release of the men who were taken with Major Gaines.

Mr. Kendall's remarks upon a peace party in Mexico will attract attention. He has facilities for forming an opinion on the subject which newspapers do not afford us. Were we to rely upon the latter alone we should form a judgment very different from our associate, but we do not doubt that he has access to sources of information far better than our own.

VERA CRUZ, May 13, 1847.

Gentlemen—A band of about 200 Mexicans has been prowling about the mounted rifleman's camp, four miles from this place, two nights in succession, and last night the men were aroused twice by the approach of Mexicans.

Early this morning our gallant Captain Walker started out to give them battle and had a nice little skirmish, killing four of the enemy by the time my informant, an officer of the Rifles, left, and he represents Walker a long ways ahead of the scene of the first brush, following them up. I guess the enemy will find that they have got hold of the wrong chap before Captain W. has done with them.

This morning early a dragoon came in from Santa Fe, where he had been left with seven others to guard some stores belonging to Government, and he states that a body of about 200 Mexicans attacked them last night, killing all his companions and taking possession of the stores, and he only saved himself by running. There is another company of Riflemen following up Captain W., but I regret that I do not know by whom it is commanded. I am assured by an eye-witness that he saw four dead Mexicans on the ground when Capt. W. met the enemy. It is generally supposed that this party of the enemy are near here more for the purpose of plundering small parties and stealing horses than any thing else.

JALAPA, May 11, 1847—6, p. m.

Since the diligencia went out at noon to-day for Vera Cruz, another diligencia has come in from the city of Mexico full of passengers, and bringing news of not a little importance. Among the passengers was Mr. Kennedy, who, after being badly treated here about the 1st of April, was driven to the city of Mexico.

All the passengers confirm what I wrote you this morning. They say that at the capital there was no government, no order, no responsibility—all was anarchy. Anaya was still President *pro tem*, but had neither influence nor authority. A new President is to be elected on the 15th of the present month—the tenth Chief Magistrate this

distracted country has had within the last eighteen months. I cannot stop to count them all up, but such is the fact.

The ladrones—guerrillas I suppose they should be called now—are busy at work upon the roads, especially between Puebla and the city of Mexico. The same passengers were robbed the other day no less than seven times in one stage, and the inference is that the last robbers must have had rather poor picking if the first were very searching in their operations. The diligencia in which Mr. Kennedy came down was robbed twice on the road.

It is stated that the propositions made by England some months since, to offer her intervention in settling the difficulties between Mexico and the United States, have recently been taken up by the Mexican Congress, and after a warm discussion, in which one of the members said that the whole affair was but another attempt of the monarchies upon the sacred liberties of the Mexican Republic, the motion even to consider them was lost by a vote of 44 to 33. From this it would seem that the present Congress is determined to shut every door against all proposals of an honorable peace.

Santa Anna has sent a letter to Congress from Orizaba. He gives his own account of the battle of Cerro Gordo, and claims a great victory on the first day of the fight. On the second day Providence, according to his story, gave the advantage to the Yankees. He says nothing about the exertions of the latter. Santa Anna states that he now has seven thousand men, and that his force is rapidly increasing; and moreover, that all are burning to encounter the Americans again. He wants money to carry on his operations, but Congress has not seen fit to vote him a copper—one reason probably being that it has not a copper to give. Santa Anna, so far as I can learn, is the only man who has been spoken of in Mexico as a candidate for the Presidency, and he is in very bad odor with the mass.

The States north of Mexico—Guadalajara, Guanajuato, Zacatecas, Durango, San Luis and others—talk openly of separating from Mexico, and letting her take care of herself. Not a dollar in the way of supplies are they sending on for the relief of the General Government in its emergency.

They were still doing a little in the way of fortifying the city of Mexico, but a Spaniard informs me that all the obstructions they have erected so far could be kicked over with the foot. The city had been placed under martial law, and the direst excesses anticipated. The citizens had all been called upon to take up arms in the common defence, but unfortunately for them nine-tenths of them had no arms to take up. Nor were there any cannon at the capitol other than a few small and indifferent pieces.

There is certainly a party, and an influential one in Mexico, which begins to talk of peace; and where four weeks since they did not dare breathe their sentiments, they now come out openly and avow themselves. Still the measure is far from popular. The peace party is composed of the more honest and intelligent property holders, the merchants, and perhaps the clergy—to these are opposed the military who have all disgraced themselves, and all the demagogues among the lawyers. If the priests could be made certain that they would continue to hold their rich benefices secure, they would probably be in favour of peace.

On the approach of the Americans it is said that congress, with all the archives of the Republic, will move to the city of Morelia. Of course all my news is verbal, not a paper having come through. I have despatched a man to the capital for full files of the public Journals, and if he gets back safe they shall be immediately forward to you.

Majors Borland and Gaines, Capt. C. M. Clay, and all the officers taken in the North, were at liberty in the city of Mexico, as was also Midshipman Rodgers. They are all said to be well and respectfully treated now, though the latter was infamously abused on the way up to Mexico from Perote.

Gen. Canalizo was at San Andres, a place north of Orizaba, at last accounts.— The force with him is not stated, but is undoubtedly small. He is an old friend of Santa Anna, and is probably working at present for his master.

I write this in great haste, and have no time to comment. One thing I must say, and that is that there undoubtedly would be a very large peace party in Mexico were it not for the overweening pride of the majority of the inhabitants. It is hard to be thrashed into a peace, that's certain.

I send this by a Mexican to Vera Cruz, who promises to ride through at his fastest speed. If it reaches you, well and good.

Yours, &c G. W. K.

City of Puebla.

The city is walled and fortified. It is built of stone, and the streets are well paved. Here water is abundant, but from the National Bridge to this place no water can be obtained—the natives substitute pulque as a beverage. From Jalapa to Puebla, there

are occasional heights near the road, which, if fortified, might annoy the invaders. In fact from Vera Cruz to Puebla this is the case, the traveler being alternately over broad, unobstructed roads and narrow passes, commanded by heights. The road passes through Puebla. The Pueblanos have a particular character; they are cunning and courageous, and the most expert robbers and assassins throughout Mexico, where there is no lack of such. Yet, Mr. Thompson calls Puebla "the Lowell of Mexico." If an offender is brought before the alcade, any where else, and is known or ascertained to be a Pueblano, his condemnation is sure. Puebla is situated at the extremity of a large plain, on the Vera Cruz side; its population is estimated at 50,000 souls; the streets are parallel, and very wide and well paved—the houses, built with stone and covered with terraces, and two or three stories high, are remarkably fine. The public place would be admired in almost any part of the world; it forms a perfect square; facing it stands the cathedral; on three sides are magnificent palaces. There are many other edifices strongly admired for their beauty.

There are few churches in the world more magnificently ornamented than the cathedral of this city. All the chandeliers and lamps, which are in great numbers, are of massive gold and silver; the dome is in marble of the country, of great beauty and of fine workmanship. There are ten chapels richly decorated, and closed each of them with an iron gate door of very great height and of the finest finish. This church was finished in 1803, and it is said to have cost \$6,000,000. There are also many other fine churches. The Alameda or public walk, is very well kept. It is composed of three alleys (of 500 to 600 feet each) of poplars and other fine trees and is surrounded by a wall at the foot of which runs a little stream of water. There are a good many fountains in different parts of the city, and a few jets d'eau or water spouts. Few cities in Europe are finer than Puebla; but much cannot be said for the population, which since the late expulsion of the European Spaniards, who were by far the most intelligent and industrious portion of it, leaves a curious contrast between the present occupants of public civilization. The same may be said of the whole population bordering the road from Vera Cruz to the city. Time will no doubt correct this. Puebla is distant from the capital about seventy eight miles.

THE ROUTE FROM PUEBLA TO THE CAPITAL.—The only town of any note between Puebla and the city of Mexico is Cholula, the ancient capital of a great independent Republic, which contained during the time of Cortez and according to his own account, forty thousand houses. It has declined into a town of six thousand inhabitants. The noted pyramid here is a work of art which, next to the pyramids of Egypt, approaches nearer to those of nature in magnitude and vastness. Its base covers upwards of forty-eight acres of ground, or about four and a half times more than the largest Egyptian pyramid. Cholula is seventy miles from Mexico. The capital is a walled city, but is not supposed to be susceptible of a stubborn defence. It is a very wealthy city, and contains a population of one hundred and forty thousand, abounding in fine buildings, costly churches, public squares and broad and regular streets.

Captain P. S. Brooks, of the "Old '96 Boys," passed through this place on Tuesday morning last, on his way to his way to his home at Edgefield Court House. As we, however, had not the pleasure of greeting the Captain in person, we are able only to give our readers the gist of the intelligence brought by him. We learn from him that General Scott was preparing to go into summer quarters at Jalapa and Puebla, and to act upon the defensive until summer. We did not learn, however, whether this policy of "masterly inactivity" was dictated by an indisposition on the part Gen. Scott to proceed further without reinforcements, or whether he has been so instructed from Washington City. We learn further, that all the 12 months volunteers were discharged at Jalapa, and on their way home.

Captain Brooks brought with him a great many Mexican curiosities, among them a kind of fire arm called an "Escopeta," as a present from the late sutler of our Regiment (Major Smith) to a gentleman in this place. It is about half the length, and carries a ball about twice the size, of the ordinary musket.

Captain Brooks was accompanied from Jalapa by Captain Secret, of the Lancaster Volunteers, who also passed on to his home in Lancaster. They are both on leave of absence from their duties, on account of ill health. We regret to learn that Capt. Brooks looks very feeble.

Hamburg Journal.

Young physicians find it hard to get into business, but they will succeed, after all, if they can only have patients.