The Abbeville Banner.

"LIBERTY AND MY NATIVE SOIL."

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(FOR THE BANNER.)

Alcohol, Temperance &c.

Mr. Editor:—As the cause of Temperance seems to be "low down," at this time, I have concluded that a few thoughts, facts, and reflections, on the subject, might not be altogether uninteresting, (at least,) to some of the readers of the 'Banner.' That the cause is onward will be readily admitted. when we reflect that alcohol is now engageing the zealous attention of many of the ablest chemists, and physioligists in Europe and this country; and we can not doubt for one moment, that much may, and will be done, in that quarter, in placing this mighty engine of destruction in its true character before the civilized world. It is now classed in the catalogue of medicines as a *narcotico-acrid-poison*, that is to say, it is not only poisonous, but acrid and stupifying in its effets upon the human constitution, and is *medicinal* or *poisonous* according to the *discretion, moderation, skill* and *judgment* which directs its employment.

Experience has abundantly proven it to be more or less injurious to *all* constitutions when used as a beverage; therefore it must be always out of place when used otherwise than as a medicine. It is further established beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the human constitution can endure more fatigue and labor, will stand more cold weather and resist the pestilential causes of disease more effectually, when entirely from under its influence than otherwise. And the question is, at this moment, engaging the attention of many of the boards of health, especially of England and Austria, and is producing a strong sensation in France, whether it is not the cause of *more* moral, mental and physical defilement, than all other evils in those countries combined; and we expect ere long, to learn that the affirmative of the question has been made out. Hence we must as patriots, philanthropists and christians, feel it our greatest duty—a duty which we owe to God as well as to man to do all we can consistently, against its further encroachments upon our moral, mental, physical, political, and religious priviliges. It is no exageration when we say that it is now estimated by men well calculated to know, that at least half of the disease of this highly favored and intellectual country, is owing in a good degree to the use of spiritous liquors. Added to this, it is conclusively shown that two thirds of the crime committed in the civilized world, is attributable more or less directly to the same source; and should we not be astonished when we behold the evidences of the extraordinary delusion which blinds, or the infatuation which enchains to a very lamentable extent the public mind on this subject?—that there are persons of high moral standing and influence, even at this day, who pretend to affirm that the evils and corruptions of society. By this we often find that all municipal law and domestic obligations are abrogated or set at defiance. It has always to a lamentable degree subverted national prosperity and stability; and is the invincible extinguisher of all true morality and genuine religion in the human heart.

Now Mr. Editor, if the above as to alcohol be true—*if it be beyond the power of refutition*, (and we maintain that it is) and if it be shown that the moderate drinker is *directly* accessary to the production of these evils, is it not obvious, we ask in the name of all we hold dear and sacred to ourselves as a people, that there are circumstances connected with the Temperance reformation, which should induce every patriot, philanthropist and christian throughout the land to *voluntarily* forego *all little minor considerations* in respect to moderate dram drinking for the good of society generally? We repeat it, if it be shown that there is no good to be derived from the use of alcohol, as a beverage, and that it has and is, annually destroying its thousands, mentally, morally and physically, is it not a matter of superlative importance that all who wish well the prosperity of their country, should rush to the rescue and do all in their power consistantly, to supress its further ravages? This, it is obvious, is as much the case as it is the duty of the physician to endeavour to ward off, and to cure disease. In fact it is the preventing of effects and consequences that have been *far* more destructive to the well being of society than all the disease that has ever visited the earth.

(*to be continued.*) S.

"Washington and his Generals."

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Notwithstanding all these brilliant achievements of Arnold, says the Review, with which the country rung, Congress, creating five new major-generals, left him out; and all those appointed were his juniors in rank! Arnold was justly indignant and ready to throw up his commission, but Washington wrote him, "begging him to do nothing hasty, assuring him it was a mistake and should be rectified." Arnold magnanimously refrained from doing what, we think Washington himself would have done instantly; and while waiting for justice, attacked, with five hundred militia, two thousand British regulars who had just burned Danbury. Two horses were shot under him, and for three days he assailed them at every turn, till they fled on board their ships. Forced, by this gallant behavior, Congress made him major-general, but withheld his rank. Still by the persuasions of Washington, he postponed his resignation and joined Gen. Schuyler. While there he learned that "Congress had voted on the question of his rank, and decided against him." The fact is, that Arnold had some bitter enemies in Congress, who misrepresented things and carried votes against him. That Congress, as a body, though often wavering and inefficient, was certainly not disposed to act unjustly. Stung to the quick, Arnold was yet persuaded to remain, Schuyler urging the *need* his country had of him, when the strong army of Burgoyne was sweeping down upon them from the North. He consented to stay and help him face the immediate danger; and, on the 29th of September, fought skilfully with his division alone, the first sanguinary engagement with a part of Burgoyne's army. Gen. Gates, an envious, pompous and ambitious man, now began to treat him with great injustice and meanness, making no mention of him in his official report, and finally taking away his division and giving it to another, "so that when the second battle, of the 7th of October, was fought, he, the best, bravest, and most successful general in the army, was without a command."

"He was in the camp when the connonnading of the 7th of October commenced, and listened, one may guess with what feeling to the roar of battle, which was ever music to his stormy nature. As the thunder of artillery shook the ground on which he stood, followed by the sharp rattle of musketry, his impatience and excitement could be no longer restrained. He [illegible] resolves and overwhelming emotions kept up such a tumult in his bosom, that his excitement amounted almost to madness.

FLIES TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

"Unable longer to restrain his impulses, he called like the helpless Augereau for his horse. Vaulting to the saddle, he rode for a while around the camp in a tempest of passion. At length a heavy explosion of artillery, making the earth tremble beneath him, burst on his ear. He paused a moment, and leaned over his saddle-bow, then plunging his rowels up to the gaffs in his horse, launched like a thunderbolt away. He was mounted on a beautiful dark Spanish mare, named Warren, after the hero of Bunker Hill, worthy such a rider, and which bore him like the wind into the battle.

"It was told to Gates that Arnold had gone to the field, and he immediately sent Col. Armstrong after him. But Arnold expecting this and determined not to be called back as he had been before, spurred furiously amid the ranks, and as the former approached him galloped into the volleys, and thus the chase was kept up for half an hour, until at length Armstrong gave it up, and the fierce chieftain had it all his own way. Goaded by rage and disappointment almost into insanity, he evidently was resolved to throw away his life, and end at once his troubles and his career. Where the shot fell thickest, there that black steed was seen plunging through the smoke, and where death reaped down the brave fastest, there his shout was heard ringing over the din and tumult. He was no longer the cool and skilful officer, but the headlong warrior reckless of life. His splendid horse was flecked with foam, and it seemed impossible that his rider could long survive amid the fire through which he so wildly galloped. Some of the officers thought him intoxtcated, so furious and vehement were his movements, and so thrilling his shout, as with his sword sweeping in fiery circles about his head he summoned his followers to the charge. Once, wishing to go from one extremity of the line to the other, instead of passing behind his troops, he wheeled in front and galloped the whole distance through the cross-fire of the combatants, while a long huzza followed him. Holding the highest rank on the field, his orders were obeyed—except when too desperate for the bravest to fulfil—and receiving no orders himself, he conducted the whole battle. His frenzied manner, exciting appeals, and fearful daring, infused new spirit into the troops, and they charged after him, shouting like madmen. So perfectly beside himself was he with excitement, that he dashed up to an officer who did not lead on his men as he wished, and opened his head with his sword. He was every-where present, and pushed the first line of the enemy so vigorously that it at length gave way. Burgoyne moving up his right wing to cover its retreat, he hurled three regiments with terrible impetuosity upon it, that it also broke and fled. While the British officers were making desperate effort in other parts of the field to stay the the reversed tide of battle, he pressed on after Burgoyne—storming over the batteries, and clearing every obstacle, till at length he forced him and the whole army back into their camp. Not satisfied with this he prepared to storm the camp also. But once behind their entrenchments, the British rallied and fought with the fury of men struggling for life.—The grape shot and balls swept every inch of the ground, and it rained an iron tempest on the American ranks, but nothing could resist their valor. On, on they swept in the track of their leader, carrying everything before them. The sun had now sunk in the west, and night was drawing its mantle over the scene. Arnold, enraged at the obstinacy of the enemy, and resolved to make one more desperate effort for a complete victory, rallied a few of his bravest troops about him, and rousing them by his enthusiastic appeals, led them to a last charge on the camp itself. "*You*," said he to one, "was with me at Quebec, *you* in the Wilderness, and *you* on Champlain—Follow me!" His sword was seen glancing like a beam of light along their serried array—the next moment he galloped in front, and riding right gallantly at their head through the devouring fire, broke with a clatter and a crash into the [illegible] sally port of the enemy, where horse and rider sunk together to the earth—the good steed dead, and Arnold beneath him [illegible] with his leg shattered to pieces, the same [illegible] the storming of [illegible]

[illegible] to the field, h[illegible] to burry his sorr[illegible] in a bloody gra[illegible] succeeded, and sa[illegible] of his countryme[illegible] world.

Arnold never fought again[illegible] ress, at last, after all these [illegible] him his rank; but he had become, at Philadelphia, involved deeply in debt, and in difficulties with the Council; a court-martial declared him, with justice no doubt, to have acted "imprudently and unwisely;" and, like Coriolanus, he remembered his services and his wrongs. At one time he thought of quitting the army and, like a Roman General, establishing a settlement in the wilderness of Western New York, with his old officers and soldiers; would he had so ended his career. Pressed by immediate difficulties, and actuated by revenge, he obtained the key of the Hudson river, then gave it up to the enemy and blackened his name forever. Mr. Headley, we think, has drawn his character with much justice.

"He was a man of decided genius—sudden and daring in his plans, and brilliant in their execution. As an officer he possessed great merit, and Washington knew it, and hence constantly interposed the shield of his person between him and his enemies.—Like Bonaparte he wanted *power and skill* at the head of his armies. Impelled by broader and nobler views than Congress. and governed by a juster spirit, he would, if left to himself have bound Arnold to the cause of freedom with cords of iron. He would not have visited too severely on him his extravagances, or held him too closely accountable for the use of his power.—Knowing him to be impetuous and headlong, nay, arrogant and overbearing, and often unscrupulous, and he would have curbed him by remonstance rather than by disgrace, and directed all those vast energies so eager for action on the foes of his country.

"But with Aarnold's impetuosity, he was prudent and skilful. He laid his plans with judgment, then pressed them with a vigor and energy that astonished every one. He could be safely trusted with an army, for although he could scarcely resist the temptation to fight when battle was afforded, he managed it prudently, and extricated himself from difficulties with wonderful skill. He would struggle with the most stubborn obstinacy to maintain his ground against an overwhelming force, and when compelled to retreat, do it with consummate address. One great cause of his success was his celerity of movement. His mind worked with singular rapidity, and what he resolved to do he urged on with all the power of which he was possessed. His blow was no sooner planned than it fell, and in the heat of a close fight he was prompt and deadly as a bolt from heaven. "Shattering that he might reach, and shattering what he reached," he was one of those few fearless men in the world that make us tremble at ourselves. His power over his troops, and even over militia, was so great that they became veterans at once under his eye, and closed like walls of iron around him. A *braver* man never led an army. He not only seemed unconcious of fear, but loved the excitement of danger, and was never more at home than when in the smoke of the conflict. Place a column of twenty thousand veteran troops under him, and not a marshal of Bonaparte's could carry it farther, or hurl it with greater strength and terror on an enemy than he. Caught by no surprise—patient and steady under trials, energetic and determed amid obstacles, equal to any emergency, and daring even to rashness—he was a terrible man in a battle. But his pride and passions were too strong for his principles, and he fell like a Lucifer from heaven. Placing his personal feelings above every thing else, he sacrificed even his country to them.—*Revenge was stronger than patriotism.*"

"Arnold's treason has sunk in oblivion all his noble deeds—covered his career with infamy, and fixed a deep and damning curse on his name. Men turned abhorrent from his grave—friends and foes speak of him alike with scorn, and children learn to shudder at the name of Benedict Arnold. This is all right and just, but there is another lesson besides the guilt of treason to be learned from his history—that it is no less dangerous than criminal to let party spirit or personal friendship promote the less deserving over their superiors in rank. The enemies of Arnold have a heavy account to render for their injustice, and our Congress would do well to take warning from their example.'

"Arnold." says Mr. Headley, "was one of those rash, reckless persons, like Murat and Junot, who in time of peace became bold speculators, roving adventurers, or dis[illegible] where the school children passed barefooted, and tempt them round the druggist shop in which he was employed, with broken phials, only to scourge them away with a horse-whip." He was bold as he was cruel and delighted in those perilous feats which none of his companions dared imitate. It was a favorite amusement with him at a grist-mill, to which he sometimes carried grain, to seize the large water-wheel by the arms, and go round and round with it in its huge evolutions—now hurried under the foaming water, and now hanging above, in fierce delight, while his companions looked on in silent terror."

Insect Slavery.

The most remarkable fact connected with the history of ants is the propensity possessed by certain species to kidnap the workers of other species and compel them to labor for the benefit of the community, thus using them completely as slaves; and as far as we yet know, the kidnapers are red, or pale-colored ants, and the slaves like the ill-treated natives of Africa, are of a jet black. The time for capturing slaves extends over a period of about ten weeks, and never commences until the male and female are about emerging from the pupa state; and thus the ruthless marauders never intefere with the continuation of the species. This instinct seems specially provided; for were the slave ants created for no other end than to fill the station of slavery to which they appear to be doomed, still, even that office must fail were the attacks to be made upon their nests before the winged myriads have departed or are departing, charged with the duty of continuing their kind. When the red ants are about to sally forth on a marauding expedition they send scouts to ascertain the exact position in which a colony of negroes may be found. These scouts having discovered the object of their search, return to the nest and report their success.

Shortly afterwards the army of red ants marches forth, headed by a vanguard, which is perpetually changing, the individuals that constitute it, when they have advanced a little before the main body, halting, falling into the rear, and being replaced by others. This vanguard consists of eight ar ten ants only. When they have arrived near the negro colony they disperse, wandering through the herbage and hunting about, as aware of the propinquity of the object of their search, yet ignorant of its exact position. At last they discover the settlements; the foremost of the invaders, rushing impetuously to the attack, are met, grappled with and frequently killed by the negroes on guard. The alarm is quickly communicated to the interior of the nest: the negroes sally forth by thousands; and the red ants rushing to the rescue, a desperate conflict ensues, which however always terminates in the defeat of the negroes who retire to the inmost recesses of their habitation. Now follows the scene of pillage.

The red ants with their powerful mandibles tear open the sides of the negro ant-hills and rush into the heart of the citadel. In a few minutes each invader emerges, carrying in its mouth the pupa of a worker negro, which it has obtained in spite of the vigilance and valor of it natural guardians. The red ants return in perfect order to their nests, bearing with them their living burdens. On reaching the nest the pupa appears to be treated precisely as their own; and the workers, when they engage perform the various duties of the community with the greatest energy and apparent good-will. They repair the nest, excavate passages, collect food, feed the larvæ, take the pupa into the sunshine, and perform every office which the welfare of the colony seems to require. [*Newman's History of Insects.*

THE WIDOW OF BISHOP HEBER.—At Corfu resides during much of the time, Lady Valsamachi once the wife of the celebrated Bishop Heber. She had gone a few weeks before our arrival, to Cephalonia, where her husband owns several landed estates. I did not, therefore see her; but I was greatly gratified to hear her so highly spoken of by the missionaries, who knew her well.—When she married Sir Demetrius Valsamachi not very long after the death of the excellent Heber, it was well known by friends, and the friends of the former husband, ware distressed. The more so, because they considered the marriage a quite unsuitable one. It is quite impossible that [illegible] it was such, in many [illegible] difference of nationality [illegible]

[illegible] nobles. They are the Princess [illegible] Sagan Talleyrand, formerly Duchess of Dino, and the Countess Kielmansegge; these ladies have only availed themselves of their rights by proxies.