

# The Abbeville Banner.

"LIBERTY AND MY NATIVE SOIL."

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(FOR THE BANNER.)

Alcohol, Temperance, &c.

Now, Mr. Editor, let us dispassionately ask every user of alcohol, or every advocate for moderate dram drinking, what is it that induces his course on this subject? Does he drink alcohol for the good that it does him when he has hard or difficult labor to perform? No; for we have said that the human constitution can stand more fatigue when free from its influence than otherwise. Is it for the good that it does him when he has to endure the cold? No; for we have affirmed (and it is the settled opinion of every candid physiologist of the present day) that alcohol is decidedly a disadvantage (even when taken "as a medicine") in cold and inclement weather, by unduly changing and exciting the functions of the vital organs of the system, thereby rendering the constitution more susceptible to the consequent vicissitudes. Does moderate dram drinking give a man firmness, stability, moral worth and character? Does it calm his passions, refine his feelings, and obliterate revenge, and thus make him a better citizen—neighbor—father—husband, and christian? Does it make him a better man in any respect whatever? To the negative of these propositions all will assent.

Now let us for one moment view the other side of the question. Who are the moderate dram-drinkers? They are they who "take their dram," but who rarely or never get drunk: such, for instance, as those who constitute a large proportion of the moral and religious community—in other words, many who compose the "bone and sinew" of the country; for one very often, during public days here, have to visit "Washington street" in order to see some of the best men in the District. But let us stick to the "pint." Do not the moderate drinkers, then, encourage the traffic in the deadly evil? Do they not support the vendors of the ruthless poison? Is it not they who countenance the sale, and in ten thousand instances, the inordinate use of alcohol? Do they not support the the grog-shops? Would any man of common sense engage in the traffic if he knew he would not receive the support and patronage of the moderate drinkers? Who would keep a grocery for the drunkards? Who would stake his reputation in a "doggerly" for the accommodation of the inebriates of the land? Hence, are not the moderate dram drinkers directly accessory to the production of the ten thousand evils consequent on the use of alcohol? Will they deny and reflect?

road in the necessary? useful responsibility, as to this

men—brave men—CHRISTIAN MEN—"bone and sinew" of the land—come one—come all, and place your vetoes upon the destructive reign of king alcohol, and the hydra which has produced degradation, poverty, misery, discord and death, in its merciless reign, will loose its strong hold, and give up the contest. Enslaved intellect, all over the earth, will burst asunder the rusty fetters of sin and despair, by which it has been bound, and irradiate the mental horizon of every country and of every nation. Religion, the greatest gift of God, will penetrate the dark and benighted recesses of the earth, and all men, every where, will re-

joice at the new birth of a world's prosperity. Is it not a glorious reflection, then, for you to think that you have it in your power (and that without the least sacrifice) to effect such a mighty, such a desirable, and such a glorious reformation throughout the earth? Will you not now throw down your grounds of opposition, and rush to the conflict, like brave and noble patriots, philanthropists and christians? Drop a tear of sympathy for the sot, the innocent wife, widow and child, and let down the uplifted gates of intemperance. Wait not for the drunkard. He is blinded by the evil we wish to remove; and we assert, without fear of contradiction, that if you will lead the way, he (the drunkard) will follow of necessity. He would be compelled to do it. He would receive countenance from no quarters. The gates of intemperance would be forever closed against him; and so soon as he recovered from his languor, imbecility, soulless apathy, and sordid indifference to the claims of earth and heaven, and his soul is lighted up with the kindest sympathies of his nature, he will hail you as his kindest and best earthly benefactor, and the response from the bleeding hearts of ten thousand fathers, mothers, wives and children, would be heard to reverberate an amen, from earth's remotest bounds.

(To be continued.)

Address of the Clergy of San Luis Potosi to the People.

The following Address was issued by the Clergy, at San Luis, addressed to their "faithful hearers," on the 28th of April, and published in *El Republicano* of the 4th of May. The Clergy are doing all in their power to excite the people of San Luis to defend themselves against the "hated Yankees," and resist any treaty of peace which Mexico might be disposed to enter into with the United States. The Address abounds with vindictive epithets of slander and abuse, and shows the exasperated state of feeling existing among the Clergy, and their determination to offer resistance to the last.—*Palmetto State Banner.*

## ADDRESS.

The Clergy of this State would not be a fit depository of the high and sublime power which has been placed in its hands, nor worthy of the glorious name of Mexicans, if it should behold the last sign of our holy religion and our beloved country, and remain in cold indifference, without raising its voice to arouse its compatriots from that indolent apathy in which for more than a year they have been submerged; and if it would not cause them to comprehend our present lamentable and disastrous situation, and to know and secure the means of our salvation. To do this, is our sole object.

The Cabinet of Washington have determined to perpetrate, in the present age, a horrible crime—rare, indeed, in the annals of the whole world. Ambitious to extend their prosperity and temporal power, and to perpetuate their race to the last of coming generations, they have not hesitated to violate toward the gentle society of Mexico the most sacred of human rights. In their wild delirium they behold with raving thirst, the opulence of our temples, the riches of our church, the magnificence of our homesteads, the angelic beauty of our weaker sex, the immense and inexhaustible treasures of our mountains, the fertility of our fields, and the beautiful variety of our climate, and ever the implacable enemies of our race and origin, they have taken rapid steps to extinguish our name and possess themselves of all the precious gifts.

You have already seen them, compatriots. In vain is the memory of the thousand and thousand assassinations committed at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Angostura, Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo—in vain we have seen multitudes of Mexicans wandering in the woods, and pursued like wild beasts, in their own country, robbed of their property and driven from their families—in vain we do recall the multitude of peaceable and honorable men, who have been insulted, seized and beaten, in presence even of a beloved daughter or idolized wife—in vain do we recollect the proud barbarity, the shameless cruelty required to burn the village, to slay the simple rustic, the feeble women, and the innocent children, as we beheld at Agua Nueva, Hidalgo, and other towns at the North. But what can we hope from a horde of robbers, destitute of humanity—monsters, who bid defiance to the laws of nature, when they even insult, rob and condemn God in his holy temple? When a man enters on a career of vice, and throws aside the reins of religion, the insensibility and obduracy of which he is capable can hardly be believed. What can we expect from these Vandals, vomited

from hell to scourge the nation, when we know that they worship no God but gold and aspire to no happiness but the gratification of their brutal passions? A wise writer of the last century has said that "man without any religion is a terrible animal, who appears only to enjoy his liberty in destroying and devouring." Such, in effect, appears to be the picture which Providence, with a high design, has designed to present to us. Yes, compatriots! you have seen it: our religion, our country, our liberty, our lives, our families, our property—nothing—noting is respected: and if they spare even our existence, it is merely for the purpose of turning it to profit in the unhappy condition of slavery. And finally, they will endeavor, as we have already said, to blot our names from the catalogue of nations.

Fellow-citizens of Potosi! Can you behold, with waking eyes, and without the blood freezing in your veins, a condition so humiliating, a fate so disastrous and frightful! Can your bold and valiant character behold without rage that the foot of a heretic adventurer should defile your magnificent temples, destroy your venerated images, and trample even upon your God, overthrowing your holy sacraments, and depriving the Christian soul of the sublime virtues and exalted enjoyments of the angels? Will you permit that a covetous and barbarous stranger should outrage that God who has visited and consoled your infirmities—who accompanies you in the horrible transition from life to the enjoyment of eternal beatitude? Will you consent, brave Potosinos! to have the holy rites of your church abolished, and the sign of your redemption and extermination? Finally, fellow-citizens, will you be insensible to the loss of your religion, your temples, and even to the sweet name of Christians? Yet all this will happen to you. Your families will hunger after the bread of the Word, and the eternal consolations which the adorable religion of Jesus can alone dispense, and there will be none who can furnish them. Your daughters and your wives will be seized in your sight, and made victims to lascivious passions, even in the streets and public places. Your tender sons will expire on the points of the swords and bayonets of the barbarous conquerors, directing towards you their last looks of fear and agony; and you, yourselves, will be seized and bound like brutish beasts for the dungeons of slavery and savage men, filthy prostitutes and wild beasts, will come and enjoy the comforts and delicacies of your homes. Yes fellow-citizens of Potosi, hear it! one hundred thousand times we tell you—hear it!—this fearful calamity comes upon you—it arrives at your threshold; and in compliance with our high duty—attend, listen—we announce to you, you shall suffer all this misfortune, in all its weight, if you do not awaken from the profound sleep in which we hold you prostrated, and assist us in raising a force worthy of the sacred cause in which we are engaged, and the glory of your name.

The invader does not retrograde. He has surrounded, in a manner, our territory—he has left us hardly a retreat. We ought not, in so perilous a situation, to abandon a cause, truly important and common, wholly to our armed force, weak by its numbers, impotent by its smallness—weak, through its poverty, its sufferings and its past labors, though worthy by its never-sufficiently-estimated valor. No! it concerns our common interests—all that man holds most dear on earth.

Let us fly then, all of us, to the combat—placing ourselves under the direction of our authorities—let us fully and sincerely place in their hands, our fortunes and our persons—let us enlist with promptitude, and with whatever arms we may be able to obtain—let us throw aside the senseless desire of living longer—let us encourage solely an insatiable desire to die for our religion! our country and the honor of our families—make effective that compassion, hitherto sterile, which you should show for tender children. Let us die before we see ourselves degraded to slaves, in a strange land deserted, or followed, perhaps, by some ancient father, some son or mother whose lineaments are already changed, every where abhorred, our powers prostrated with the weight of indigence, sending forth cries and lamentations without finding a single being to extend to us a hand of piety!—Potosians! for the slave there is no consolation; his respect and his glory are eclipsed forever.

These are the sole means of salvation. Let us all unite. Let us forget our domestic disagreements; and authorities, army, people and priesthood—all—all form a compact mass and resign ourselves to death rather than turn our backs to the enemy, or survive our misfortunes and disgrace. Let us swear to God to die for his religion, and to the country for its independence. Let us swear to the tender child, the delicate maiden, and decrepid age, that our blood shall run in torrents—that we shall have sunk into the grave before one of these

proud Vandals shall place a hand upon them.

Potosinos! these are the words of your Clergy, and we shall not fail to inculcate, in the villages and towns, and from the pulpits of the capital, these grand sentiments. In your humble hands is the religion which your fathers have left you, the country which Heaven has awarded you, the honor of your daughters and your wives, the lives of your tender infants, and your whole future fate. It depends on a heroic sacrifice. Make it!

Two fates are left open for you: To be vile slaves, or independent Catholics. Choose. If the former, bend the knee to the invader: if the latter, prepare for the combat!

Comprehend it—these are the last moments. If by indolence you incur an unhappy fate, if your religion must fly to a more hardy soil, disgrace and ignominy will fall upon you. To your Priesthood will remain the satisfaction of having exposed to you the danger, and indicated the means most effectual and best adapted to our circumstances. And we conjure you not to listen to our words without emotion, assured that you meet in us a tender parent who consoles and succors your families, a humane friend who annoints your wounds, a Christian Priest who dispenses to you the last consolations of religion, who guards and remembers your ashes, a companion that does not abandon you in the day of battle, and who now even is willing to bear his breast in defence of the religion of Jesus Christ and of the most beloved Republic of Mexico.

(Signed) MANUEL DIEZ.  
FR. MANUEL NAVARRETE.  
PRIMO FELICIANO CASTRO.  
FR. IGNACIO SAMPAYO.  
FR. BLAS ENCISO.  
PR. JOSE DE SAN ALBERTO.  
DR. FR. FELIX ROSA ANGEL.  
San Luis Potosi, April 28th, 1847.

REMINISCENCES OF THE RESUSCITATED.—It has been asserted by several very honest, but probably incompetent persons, that they have experienced a consciousness of being out of the body. The case of Cardan and Von Helmont have been already mentioned; but perhaps the clearest and most positive testimony to the fact is that given by Dr. Adam Clarke, the learned Wesleyan, who when relating his recovery from drowning, stated to Dr. Letisom that during the period of his apparent unconsciousness, he felt a new kind of life. These are his words. "All my views and ideas seemed instantly and entirely changed, and I had sensations of the most perfect felicity that is possible, independently of rapture, for the human mind to feel. I had no pain from the time I was submerged; a kind of great color became visible to me; a multitude of objects were seen, and not one of which however, bore the least analogy to any thing I had ever beheld before." When preaching in aid of the Human Society at the City Road Chapel, in London, he said, "I was submerged a sufficiently long time, according to my apprehension and the knowledge now have of physiology, for me to have been so completely dead as never more to exist in this world, had it not been for that Providence which as it were, once more breathed into me the breath of life." Mr. Green, in his diary, mentions a person who had been hung, and cut down on a reprieve, who being asked what was his sensations, stated that the preparations were dreadful beyond expression, but that, on being dropped, he instantly found himself amidst fields and rivers of blood, which gradually acquired a greenish tinge. Imagining that, if he could reach a certain spot, he should be easy, he seemed to himself to struggle forcibly to attain it, and then he felt no more. Here we find a green color again mentioned as the last expression on the mind that perhaps may be explained on the principle mentioned in the chapter on light. The first effect of strangulation is a retardation of blood, which causes a red color to appear before the eye: but green always succeeds the red, unless the eye be directed to some other color. It is interesting to observe how, in the midst of the most violent struggle to which a human being can be subjected, the soul dissociates itself from the past and the present, and interprets impression in keeping with its desire, which seems ever to be capable of conferring a new world of thought according to its kind.—*The use of the Body in relation to the Mind, by Dr. Moore.*

TO MAKE YOUR HAIR GROW THICK.—Take rose-mary, maiden-hair, southern-wood, myrtle-berries, hazel-bark, of each 2 ounces; burn these to ashes on a clean hearth, or in an oven; put these ashes in white wine, to make a strong ley, and wash the hair daily at the roots; keep it cut pretty short. It kills the worms which is at the root.

POLITE.—Abby Folsom once said to one of the Judges of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, while on the bench. "Cold water never gave you that cold nose."

## Robert Emmet and his Love.

"'Twas the evening of a lovely day—the last day of the noble and ill-fated Emmet. A young lady stood at the castle gate and desired admittance into the dungeon. She was closely veiled and the keeper could not imagine who she was, nor why one of such proud bearing should be suppliant at the prison door. However, he granted the boon, led her to the dungeon opened the massive iron door, then closed it again; and the lovers were alone. He leaned against the prison with down cast head, and his arms were folded upon his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face, and Emmet turned to gaze upon all that earth contained for him—the girl whose sunny brow in the days of boyhood had been his polar star—the maiden who had sometimes made him think this "world was all sunshine." The thinking of heavy chains sounded like a death knell to her ears, and she wept like a child. Emmet said but little, yet he pressed her warmly to his bosom, and their feelings held a silent meeting—such a meeting perchance as is held in heaven, only there we part no more. In a low voice he besought her not to forget him when the cold grave received his inanimate body. He spoke of by-gone days—the happy hours of childhood when his hopes were bright and glorious—and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the places and scenes that were hallowed to his memory from the days of his infancy; and should the world pronounce against his name with scorn and contempt he prayed that she would cling to him with affection, and remember him when all others should forget. Hark! the church bell sounded and he remembered the hour of execution. The turn-key entered and separated them from their long embrace and led the lady from the dungeon. At the entrance she turned and their eyes met—they could not say farewell, the door swung on its hinges, and they parted forever. No! not forever! Is there no Heaven?"

At sunrise next morning he suffered gloriously—a martyr to his country and to liberty.

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"And one—o'er her the myrtle showers,  
It's leaves by soft winds fanned;  
She faded midst Italian flowers—  
The last of that fair band."

'Twas in the land of Italy—what a magnificent scene. A pale emaciated girl lay upon her bed of death. Oh! it was hard for her to die, far from home in this beautiful land, where flowers perennial, and the balmy air comes freely to the pining soul. Oh! no—her star was set!—The brightness of her dream had faded—her heart was broken. When ties have been found on earth—close burning ties—what is more heart-rending and agonizing to the spirit than to find at last the beloved one snatched away, and all our love is given to a "passive flower." Enough! she died the betrothed of Robert Emmet, the lovely Sarah Cochran. Italy contains her last remains—its flowers breathe their fragrance over her grave, and the hulling tones of the shepherd's lute sounds a requiem to her memory.

In France a change has taken place in the Ministry, which is now composed of M. Jayr, Public Works; Duke de Montebello, Marine; Dumon, Minister of France; Gen. Trezel, War; Guizot, ad interim Marine. It is said that Abd-el-Kader has tendered his submission to the French.

The government of M. Guizot is, according to the general opinion, trotting to its fall. His ill success at Madrid and at Athens, and his failure to bring about an *entente cordiale* with Russia, have shaken the confidence which the majority of the Chambers have hitherto reposed in him, and the discovery of the wholesale system of corruption which he has used as his great instrument of home government has tended so to damage his character that he may now be considered almost as a Minister on sufferance merely. An article which appears in the *Journal des Debats* of Sunbay, in which certain officials are vehemently attacked, as a proof that M. Guizot himself considers his ministerial position insecure.

M. Guizot is evidently preparing to organize an opposition party, on which to fall back when he quits office. Free Trade will no doubt be his *cheval de bataille*.

An officer who sailed up a river on the coast of Guinea, furnished the following attractive picture of the face of the country; "We are thirty miles distant from the sea, in a country although uncultivated, overflowed with water—surrounded with thick impenetrated woods, and overrun with slime.—The air was so vitiated, noisome, and thick, that our torches and candles burnt dim, and seemed ready to be extinguished; and even the human voice lost its natural tone."

BRIMSTONE.—The fumes of Brimstone will remove fruit stains and ironmould from linen and cotton. Moisten the part stained with water; then hold it over a bit of burning brimstone till the stain disappears.