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"LIBERTY AND MY NATIVE SOIL."

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(WRITTEN FOR THE BANNER.)

ALCOHOL,—TEMPERANCE, &c.

We promised in our last, Mr. Editor, to offer a few reflections in relation to what we conceive to be the best mode of successfully advancing the cause of temperance; and to do this understandingly, it is important that we should first consider that the origin of the temperance reformation was not in temperance societies, nor in temperance lectures—so far from it, indeed, that we are satisfied, in our own mind, that they have, at many places, and at many times, been a great stumbling block in the way of the free and liberal exercise of the public sentiment on the subject. Before there ever was a temperance society, public opinion began to be aroused to the importance of the subject; and hence societies and temperance lectures began to be known and heard among us merely as means or agents to carry on, and to awaken, the latent desires of the public mind on the subject, in such a way as to concentrate the strength and energies of the whole into one channel. Hence we see the utility of associations in promoting any laudable enterprise whatever. The joining of a temperance society, therefore, is not temperance itself, as many imagine, any more than a refusal to attach oneself to the society is drunkenness itself. Societies and lectures are not, from the very nature of things, calculated to advance any good cause if they are not chiefly characterized by love, moral persuasion, and a free, liberal and unfettered respect for the opinions, sentiments, and moral character of others who may be disposed to dissent. If a cause be worth advocating, its true character and bearing upon the community can not be so fully known and felt as when it is set forth in its true colors, and can not and will not succeed so well in its object, as when it is stripped of every thing that is calculated to obscure the mind and infringe upon the rights of opinion.

All men differ, more or less, upon almost every subject that engages the human mind. Philosophers, divines, politicians and doctors, often disagree in the means to be used to effect certain ends; but the object of them all should be truth, the general good, and universal happiness, which cannot be effected without a proper self-command, fortitude, forbearance, and a free, liberal and forgiving spirit. These should *highly* mark the conduct and actions of all who engage in the moral reformation of society, as without them, no lasting or permanent good can be the result. For it is a fact well known and felt in all ages of the world that, whoever undertakes to correct the follies of

rality will be cherished, and his death deplored.

Selfishness, pecuniary interest, party purposes, worldly aggrandizement, abuse, self-esteem, hypocrisy, narrow, contracted, and partial views, as to the opinions of others, are the certain harbingers of error, strife, opposition, contention, wild fanaticism, and consequent defeat and utter disappointment.

The desire of the philanthropist is that temperance, morality, peace and religion, should be the watchword of all mankind; and, therefore, his maxim should be to do all the good he can in producing this state of moral reform, and as little harm; and in all things he should keep in view the opinions of the mass of mankind, as it is upon them that his means of reform are designed to have effect. His whole object should be to convince the understanding, and not to excite the passions, and the human mind is so constituted, when thus operated upon, as always to acquiesce.

We would not give a straw for the man who can be driven by the tide of popular favor, when his reason, judgment, and moral responsibility dictate a different course: place him where you will, and such a character is a nuisance to society, and should not be trusted even in the ordinary affairs of life. And here, we are sorry to say, that many better persons are often actuated from no higher motives than those of popular approbation, even in matters of vital importance to the general good; but the reason is that their mainsprings of noble and independent action have not been aroused—their judgment has not been convinced—the pure and heaven-born motive power of moral action has not been awakened, and they have all their life, been time serving men.

Every reasonable man in the world will agree that intemperance is a *great* evil—no difficulty here—this is taken for granted, and since we see such opposition to temperance societies as now, and ever has existed, we must seek the cause of this opposition in something else. What is it? (In our next, Mr. Editor, we will endeavor to show.)

THE ASCENT FROM BETHANY.

It was nigh to eventide—the mellow light of the rapidly sinking sun fell, noiselessly, upon the vales and hills of Palestine, bathing in brilliance the gold-fretted roof of the Temple, and tinging with its mild lustre Jerusalem's battlements and walls. It was a quiet evening,—calm, serene, and beautiful,—such an one as wooed to rest the happy birds of Paradise, when night first gathered her curtains round the sinless earth.

An hour or two before, a little band might have been seen issuing from the city, by the "beautiful gate" which leads eastward towards Cedron. Amid the gaiety and the business of thronged streets, that little band passed quietly along unnoticed. Out through the gate and across Cedron's narrow plain, which lies between the Holy City and the Eastern mount, they went their way, if not unobserved, at least, unremarked, and begin to thread the winding road which encompasses the ascent of Olivet. Who are they, who thus, as day's last hours are rushing to a close, retire from the city's din, to tread the mountain height? Is this some religious festival procession? No: for there are no Levites blowing upon their silver trumpets—there are no mitred priests with robes flaunting in the evening breeze—no swinging censors mingling the incense with the mountain air—no trained choristers filling the evening's ear with their rejoicing anthems. Nor is this a military band—for they are heralded by no strains of martial music—they have no banners playing in the air—no armour glittering in the sunset—nor is their step the measured movement of the soldier.

Nor yet is this a *regal* procession—for there is no jeweled crown reflecting the

pause,—gathering closely, they press around their leader, as if they were soldiers receiving from their captain his commands, now, they all fall upon their knees before him as though he were a king, and they were subjects offering homage at his feet—and now—he stretches out his hands above them, and looks up, as though he were a priest pronouncing benison upon an assembled host. But see—they start to their feet together, all at once, as though they were impelled by some sympathetic power. A strange light gathers round them—they look upward—the Heavens are hung with a drapery more gorgeous and magnificent than ever to a poet's fancies seem the golden-tinted hues of an autumnal sunset. The clouds are rolled into a throne, which shines like burnished silver, set with sapphires, and around it stand hosts of shining ones, clad in the livery of Heaven, "in every hand a golden harp, on every head a crown," while upon that throne clothed in glory, of which their minds had only faint conceptions, sits that one who had led them hither and blessed them there. With intense interest, yet with silent awe, they gaze upon the wondrous scene—their eyes are riveted upon that glorious spectacle, and their souls absorbed by a new-born joy. Wrapt in contemplation of the manifestation of their master's glory, they feel not that he is leaving them they think not of the keen sorrow which to-morrow will be theirs, when the morn comes but their leader comes not—joy now so fills their souls that they have no time for sorrowing or for selfish thought amid this blaze of glory. But meanwhile the throne stands not still—slowly—slowly—but steadily, it moves upward and upward,—the rejoicing Heavens gladly unfold to afford a pathway for their triumphant king, and the throne, with its monarch and its glittering throng, passes on, and on, and on, amid the triumphal shouts and acclamations loud of Heaven's hierarchies, and then—as if jealous that the earth so long should see the glories of the upper realm—the clouds reunite, and shut in the ascending throng from mortal vision.

That King was Jesus, and that little band the faithful few who had been with him in His sorrows; who had witnessed His sufferings, and to them He appeared after His resurrection.

Their King has left them, yet they stand there still gazing up towards Heaven—looking, but looking vainly for the clouds to disperse again, and allow their souls to feast upon that glorious scene. But now they gaze only upon the shifting clouds.—The bright unnatural grandeur of the sky, has given place to the more usual appearance which it wears as the hand of summer twilight begins to draw the curtains of the night. Sorrow intently steals over them; they begin to realize that Jesus had left them. They recall his repeated predictions of His final departure from them, and as they stand there all silent, into the heart of each there creeps the first sad feeling of spiritual orphanage. They feel that they are alone—that he will come to them in person no more; but still they cannot, will not go, but stand there gazing still, for *there they saw him last*, and that to them is a holy spot.

In the meanwhile, Jesus has not forgotten them. As he rides upon his triumphal throne up to his father's mansions, amid the congratulations of attendant myriads, and the anthems sweet of cherubim and seraph.—He detaches from the attendant throng two of the angelic host, and bids them bear to His wandering friends His parting message of consolation—and lo; while the disciples still are gazing steadfastly toward Heaven, the messengers from the Heavenly court stand by them, and the silence is broken by the Angels voice saying, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here gazing up into Heaven? This same Jesus, who is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven." This message brought comfort and joy to their troubled souls, and they turned their faces homeward, and retraced their steps.—*Orion*

NAZARINE WOMEN.

Miss Plumely, in her journals of travels in Palestine, give this description of the women of Nazareth. There had

the daughters of Israel; their figures, the united delicacy and voluptuousness of form which the finest statues possess.—The costumes of those we saw this evening, was well suited to their wearers. Their long hair, which was plaited, fell over their shoulders, and was in many instances ornamented with great numbers of gold sequins, and some pearls; in others, flowers of brilliant hues replaced the "pearl and gold," but all wore the full, loose trowsers, drawn tight at the ankle, (which not unfrequently, was encircled with silver bracelets,) the petticoat reaching only to the knees, and the under vest open at the breast.—It is neither bodice, tunic, or jacket, but something between each.

The Charleston Mercury contains a report of an important case recently decided in that city, from which we gather the following fact:—The Charleston Bank, it appears, loaned a customer \$20,000, and received in pledge Stock of the Rail Road and Bank Company to the amount of 544 shares, as collateral security. The note was not paid at maturity; and at the request of the debtor time was given from 8th December, 1838, to January 4, 1842; when, after full notice, the Stock was sold in open market by a Broker, and bid off at the full market price the President of the Bank, who caused the amount of sales to be carried to the credit of the debt. The Stock was bid off at about \$15 per share; some months after it appreciated, and was sold at a considerable profit. In November, 1845, a bill was filed to compel the Bank to give credit for their re-sale, on the ground that, being Trustees to sell, they could not buy themselves, and, as Trustees, must account for all their profits to their "cestui que trust," and so Chancellor Job Johnson, in an elaborate decree, decided. An appeal was taken by the Bank to the Appeal Court of Equity, and was argued at its late sitting, by B. F. Hunt and C. G. Memminger, Esq's, for appellant, and Mr. Baily, Attorney General, and Mr. Hayne, for the appellee. The appeal Court reversed the decree, and dismissed the bill, thus affirming the validity of the sale.—Many large cases were awaiting this decision, and thousands would have been put into litigation if the decree had been sustained. The position maintained by the Bank, and sustained by the Appeal Court, were these:

Grounds of appeal.—1st. Because, after the default, there was in fact no fiduciary relations between the Bank, and its borrower, in the just sense of the terms. There was no obligation to serve, and no compensation for service. The stock was actually sold to the Bank and transferred at the inception of the debt, and after the default was the property of the Bank, who were only bound to give credit for it at the time payment was peremptorily demanded, which they did.

2. Because the usage of Banks is obligatory on its customers, authorizing, in case a redemption is not effected, a sale by a public broker, as a common agent; and the creditors, having an interest, is authorized to protect his interest, by bidding; otherwise, in case of insolvency of the debtor, they could not secure themselves by giving the highest bid at auction.

PAIXHAN GUNS.—This formidable war engine, of which so much has been lately said, and which have been considered the invention of the French General whose name it bears, is in reality the invention of Colonel Bomford, the head of the United States Ordnance Department. The following note in relation to this subject is contained in the valuable work on Military Arts and Science by Lieutenant Halleck, United States Engineers, under the head of "Siege Artillery."

"PAIXHAN GUNS OR COLUMBIAN.—These pieces were first invented by Col. Bomford, of the U. S. Army, and used in the war of 1812. The dimensions of these guns were first taken to Europe by a young French officer, and thus fell into the hands of Gen. Paixhan, who immediately introduced them into the French service. They were by this means made known to the rest of Europe, and received the name of the person that introduced them into the European services rather than that of the original inven-

AN AMAZON.—The young Queen of Spain is a perfect Amazon, as the following account of her daily employments will show:—

At 3 o'clock, not of the morning, but of the afternoon, she rises. Hardly dressed, for the toilet is the least of her cares, she has a very light and elegant equipage harnessed, a present from the Queen of England, in which she seats herself alone, though sometimes with her noble lord, to the great terror of the latter, who looks upon his safe return to the place as a miracle, for his royal half drives the mettlesome animals at a furious rate. At 5 o'clock dinner is served, and as soon as the repast is over, Isabel II. exercises at fencing, which she varies by changing the pistol for the sword, according to her fancy; after which she mounts a saddle horse. The exercises ended, she plays, dances, sings, and the like, till morning, when the council of ministers, at which she always presides, takes place. When the functionaries communicate their wish to sleep, she dismisses them, and remains alone till seven, the hour at which the prince, her spouse, who retires at eleven of the evening, rises, which is precisely the moment she retires.

O'CONNELL'S WILL.—The London Times of the 3d instant, thus speaks of the late Mr. O'Connell's will:—

"It is said that the whole of the landed property in Kerry, including Darrynane Abby, and the town residence in Merrion square, have been bequeathed to Mr. Maurice O'Connell, who is already handsomely provided for in the Prerogative Court, is not, it is added, mentioned in the will. These are the only items that have transpired; but as it is generally believed that there will be a tolerably heavy draw upon the funds of the insurance offices, consequent upon the death of Mr. O'Connell, it may be inferred that provisions has been made for the other members of his numerous family."

HOW TO GET AN ENEMY.—Loan a man a small sum of money for a day. Call upon him in a week for it. Wait two months. In three months insist upon his paying you. He will get angry—denounce you, and ever after speak of you in abusive terms. We have seen this experiment tried repeatedly, and never knew it to fail. There is no more effectual way to get an enemy than to loan money to a brassy and impudent rascal.

WALTER SCOTT'S SON.—The funeral of Sir Walter Scott, heir to the title of the great novelist who built Abbotsford, took place from that elegant mansion in the early part of May, and was accompanied by every expression of popular sympathy. The trades people of Melrose in deep mourning, met the procession, which consisted of twenty carriages and proceeded with the hearse to Melrose Cross, where they drew up in two lines, and uncovered while the mourners passed on. All the shops and public houses were closed, not in Melrose alone but in Darnie. Mr. Walter Scott Lockhart of the 16th Lancers—heir to the landed estates but not to the title which becomes extinct—was the chief mourners.

Archdeacon Williams performed the funeral obsequies as he had done in the case of the illustrious author of Waverley, amid the ruins of Melrose Abbey—ruins rendered immortal in his prose and verse.

Thus ends the honors which Sir Walter, in succeeding to invest himself with hope would descend upon his family whilst he sacrificed to a towering ambition after a princely residence, and a title, his own personal comfort his health and his life. He was made a baronet, he built a castle but he died insolvent, whilst the heir to his title a soldier in India, has died childless.

LET CHILDREN SING.—We extract the following beautiful and judicious remarks from 'Phrenology for Children.' It abounds in passages remarkable for their simplicity and eloquence.

"All children can learn to sing if they commence in season. I do not say that all will have the same sweet voice of the night-ingale; for some have naturally sweet, mild and soft voices, when they talk, while others speak in loud, strong and masculine tones.