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"LIBERTY AND MY NATIVE SOIL."

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THE BLIND PREACHER.

BY WILLIAM WRIGHT.

It was Sunday as I passed through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road side. Having often seen such objects before through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join the duties of the congregation, but I must confess, the curiosity to hear what the preacher of such a wilderness could say, was not the least of my motives.

On entering, I was struck with his fraternal appearance. He was a tall and spare old man, his head which was covered with a light linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice were all shaken under the influence of a palsy, and in a few moments I ascertained he was blind.

The first emotions which touched the breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But oh! sacred God! how soon were my feelings changed! the lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than the lips of this man. It was the day of the sacrament, and his subject of course the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject a thousand times, I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence, would give his topic a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the suffering of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate, his ascent up calvary, his crucifixion and death.

I knew the whole history, but never until then had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! it was all new and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in life. His voice trembled in every syllable, and every heart trembled in unison. His peculiar phrase had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be at that moment before our eyes. We saw the faces of the Jews, the staring frightful distortions of their malice and rage. We saw the buffet, my soul muddled with a flame of indignation, and my hands involuntarily clenched. But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour, which he drew to the life, his blessed eyes were streaming to heaven; his voice breathing to God, and soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies—"Father forgive them, for they know not what they do"—the voice of the preacher which had all along faltered, grew fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans and sobs and shrieks of the whole congregation.

It was a long time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed judging by the usual but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher; for I could not conceive how he would be able to let the audience down from the height he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of the subject, or perhaps shocking them with the abruptness of the fall. But, no, the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God!"

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you would perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar

crisis in the discourse. Never before did I understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such a stress on delivery.

You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher, his blindness constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian and Midon, associating with his slow, solemn, well accented enunciation and his voice affecting melody, you are to remember the pith of the passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised, and then the few minutes of portentous death-like silence which reigned through the whole house; the preacher removed his handkerchief from his aged face, (even wet from the recent torrent of tears,) slowly stretched out his palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence: "Socrates died like a philosopher,"—then pausing raising the other hand, pressing them both together with warmth and energy to his breast lifting his sightless balls to heaven, and pouring his whole soul in his tumultuous voice: "but Jesus Christ like a God!" If he had indeed and in truth been an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, it had fallen far short of the power which I felt at the delivery of the simple sentence. The blood which just before rushed in a hurricane to my brain, and in the violence and agony of my feelings had held my whole system in suspense, now run back to my heart with a kind of sensation which I cannot describe, a kind of shuddering horror!

The paroxysm of the blended pity and indignation to which I had been transported, subsided into the deepest abasement, humility and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy, for a Saviour as a fellow creature, but now, with fear and trembling, I adore him as—a God!

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

THE CATHEDRAL AT MEXICO.

A gentleman who resided for a long time in the city of Mexico, has favored us with the following account of the magnificent gold and silver ornaments contained in the cathedral of the city of Mexico. The facts are obtained from the most unquestionable source:

Golden Altar Service.
6 large golden candlesticks, 60 inches high.

6 large golden branches with a small size vase.

1 golden cross, set with very precious stones, with pedestal and front pieces, set with precious stone.

4 smaller candlesticks of gold, 16 inches high.

2 golden censers.

2 golden utensils to sprinkle holy water, (navetas.)

1 cross of gold, filagree work.

2 golden ditto, Atriles.

2 golden ditto, Palebros.

2 Portapares of gold.

The weight of this altar service is not less than 460 pounds, and its value not less than \$125,000.

The image of the Ascension, the title of this church, is of solid gold, adorned with very rich jewels—the weight of the image is 6984 gold castellanos; 18,700. Its value including jewels, is no less than \$40,000.

The image of Conception is of solid silver and weighs 30 pounds—value \$625.

The silver lamp which adorns the front of the Presbytery, weighs 2136 1-2 pounds of silver, 855 of which is gilded with pure gold. Its appearance is magnificent. It has fifty-four burners; its height is 22 feet; circumference 30 feet; and is suspended by an iron chain and bolt weighing 1650 lbs.

The cost of the lamp was \$71,353.37 1-2, and its value of gold and silver alone is over \$45,000.

The principal "tabernacle," or case in which the sacred pieces are preserved, is 37 1-2 inches high, and weighs 44 pounds of pure gold. Its cost was upwards of \$150,000, which it is now richly worth.

The large cibrium is of pure gold, of 9 pounds weight, and has 1676 diamonds set in it. It is worth \$10,580.

The Chalice, of pure gold, weighs 6 1-4 pounds and has set in it 122 diamonds, 1,400 emeralds, 50 pearls, and is worth about \$4,000.

The jewels of these cups were the gift of the Emperor Charles V.

In addition to these cups, there are 20 chalices of gold, mostly richly adorned with diamonds and precious stones—6 large golden plates with their incense boxes and bells of gold. The united value of these cups and plates is not less than \$20,000.

The silver service of the cathedral is very beautiful, and extremely valuable. Among the pieces are 12 chandeliers, 12 incense boxes, 12 large branches, 7 feet each, 71 silver cups and incense burners, 96 silver candlesticks and a multitude of branches; 3 silver statues; 1 very large silver casket, beautifully engraved, for the deposit of holy

things; 2 lamp standards with each four clusters of branches; 2 large standard candlesticks, very large, in the aisles of the cathedral. Value of silver utensils, in silver, 30 to 40,000 dollars.

The robes and garments of the priesthood are of the richest and most costly description. The more expensive were gifts of the Emperor Charles.

A GLORIOUS DEATH.—In one of our foreign journals we have read an account of the late execution of two of the Polish patriots. Their way to the scaffold was like the march of conquerors. The sympathies of the people of all ranks were enlisted in their favor, and as they proceeded along, the balconies and windows were filled with ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and showing chaplets of flowers upon them. What a glorious triumph of enthusiasm over despotism! The imposing array of the armed myrmidons who surrounded them, could not check these ebullitions of popular feeling; but occasionally shouts rent the air, while tears of sympathy rained from many a cheek, and fervent blessings attended the prisoners. On the scaffold the first of those who suffered told the people not to despair, but to still live and hope for the redemption of Poland. How the heart beats at such examples of heroic fortitude, such instances of holy martyrdom for liberty. In this happy country we have no fears of ever being called on to play such parts, but we can still exult at the bravery of others when thus laying down life for liberty and land! We know nothing in history as striking as this scene, except the march of the Girondins—those true republicans of France—to the guillotine. They went singing the Marseilles, like bridegrooms to a marriage. Truly "it is great and glorious to die for one's country."—*Philada. Bulletin.*

MOUNT VERNON.—An effort will be made during the next session of Congress to secure an appropriation of \$100,000 for the purchase of Mount Vernon. Mrs. Jane C. Washington is willing to dispose of the property on the following terms. The remains of General Washington, and of every other member of the family now in the family vault at Mount Vernon, shall never be removed from their present resting place. Every member of the Washington family now living, (and no one else,) who may desire it, may be buried there, and shall not be removed afterwards. The Government shall never sell, rent, nor give the whole nor any portion of the property that may be conveyed, to any third person. In the event of a dissolution of the existing Federal Government, the property shall revert to the heirs of John A. Washington, the oldest son of the present proprietor; and lastly, that the sum of \$100,000 in money, or United States six per cent stock, running not less than ten, nor more than twenty years, with interest, semi-annually, shall be paid to Mrs. Jane C. Washington, or to her duly authorized agent, upon the conveyance of the property to the United States.

AN ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—"Generation after generation have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active as our own.—They passed away like a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when the Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they are now around our paths. The world shall have the same attraction for our offsprings yet unborn, that she had once for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. Yet a little while and all of this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest.—Our funeral will wind on its way, and the prayers will be said and our friends will return, and we shall be left to darkness. And it may be for a short time that we shall be spoken of, but the things of life creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the place in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried and glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our names.

BREAD BAKING.—Persons who are so unfortunate as to be poorly provided with those agents of mastication, good teeth, will be glad to know that there is a method of baking bread which obviates the necessity of a hard crust. The crust commonly attached to the loaf is not only troublesome to such persons, but is often the cause of much waste. The way to be rid of it is as follows:—When the loaves are moulded, and before they are set down to "rise," take a small quantity of clean lard, warm it, and rub it lightly over the loaves. The result will be a crust beautifully soft and tender throughout. This is not guess work.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Origin of the Marseilles Hymn.

M. de Lamartine, in his *Historic des Girondins*, just published in Paris, gives the following account of the origin of the French, national air "The Marseilles."

In the garrison of Strasburg was quartered a young artillery officer, Rouget de Lisle, a native of Louis le Saulnier, in the Jura. He had a great taste for music and poetry, and often entertained his comrades during their long and tedious hours in garrison. Sought after for his musical and poetical talents, he was a frequent and familiar guest at the house of one Dietrich, an Alsatian patriot, Mayor of Strasburg. The winter of 1792 was a period of great scarcity at Strasburg. The house of Dietrich was poor, his table was frugal, but a seat was always open to Rouget de Lisle. One day when there was nothing but bread on the table, Dietrich, regarding the young officer, said to him, with a sad serenity, "Abundance fail at our boards; but what matters that if enthusiasm fail not at our civil fetes nor courage in the hearts of our soldiers? I have still a last bottle of wine in my cellar.—Bring it," said he to one of his daughters, "and let us drink for France and liberty. Strasburg should soon have its patriotic solemnity. De Lisle must draw from these last drops one of those hymns which raise the soul of the people." The wine was brought and drunk, after which the officer departed. The night was cold. De Lisle was thoughtful. His heart was moved, his head was heated. He returned staggering to his room and slowly sought inspiration, sometimes in the fervor of his citizen soul, and anon on the keys of his instrument; composing now the air before the words and then the words before the air.—He sang all and wrote nothing, and at last exhausted, fell asleep with his head resting on his instrument, and awoke not until day-break. The music of the night returned to his mind like the impression of a dream. He wrote it, and ran to Dietrich, whom he found in the garden, digging winter lettuces. The wife and daughters of the old man were not yet up. Dietrich awoke them and called in some friends, all as passionate as himself for music and able to execute the composition of De Lisle. At the first verse cheeks grow pale; at the second tears flowed; and at the last delirium burst forth. The wife of Dietrich, his daughters, himself and the young officer threw themselves into each other arms and crying. The hymn of the country was found. Executed some few days afterwards in Strasburg, the new song flew from city to city and was played by all the popular orchestras. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the commencement of sittings of its clubs; and the Marseillaises spread it through France, singing it along the public roads. From this came the name of "Marseillaise."

THE CHOLERA.—We regret to announce that this dreadful scourge is making its appearance in different parts of Europe and Asia. Its course is creating alarm with those who have watched its progress from the plains of Scinde toward Western Europe. About eighteen months since it ravaged the banks of the Indus with frightful severity, inflicting serious loss upon the British troops at Kurrachee and Hyderabad. About the same time it raged in Afghanistan; spread thence into Persia, which it traversed from east to west, spreading to the northward into Tartary and southwardly into Turkish Kurdistan and the Pachalic of Bagdad. Early in the present year it made its appearance to the west of the Caucasian mountains, and committed great ravages in the Russian army acting against the Circassians; and we just now learn of its re-appearance in Europe, having broken out at Taganrog, Marianopolis, and other ports on the western shores of the Sea of Azof, Kiev, Smolensk, Riga, Tiflis, Kars, Kontias, and Trebizond.—Great alarm is felt at Warsaw, where the authorities were preparing hospitals. On board the Peninsula and Oriental Company's steamer Sultan, Captain Brooks, on her late voyage from Constantinople, several cases had broken out, in consequence of which she had been ordered by the health authorities at the latter port to Prince's Island to ride out her quarantine of ten days. The Tiger will therefore be despatched to Malta in her stead, to carry home the India (bulky) mails and passengers. As in its former progress towards Europe, in the years 1830 and 1831, the general course of the pestilence has been nearly due North-west; and it seems, so far, to have travelled at about the same rate as on that occasion. In 1831 it made its appearance on the shores of the Baltic (at Riga, Dantzic and Memel) in the month of May, at Vienna and Berlin in August, at Hamburg in October, and reached England in the beginning of November. We regret to state that the accounts from Berlin and Frankfort announce the rapid approach of Cholera to Poland.—*Wilmer & Smith's Times.*

GEN. TAYLOR AND THE ARMY ORDERS.—When Gen. Taylor's famous letter to Gen. Gaines was published in the New York Express, the Secretary of War revived the old army order, forbidding officers in camp from writing letters on the subject of military operations. We, however, daily see, in the government organ at Washington, letters from the highest officers in the army, in direct violation of the above order; and recently, in a New Hampshire paper, we saw the official report from Colonel Ransom to Gen. Pierce, detailing the proceedings of his regiment near the capital of Mexico, before it had been published officially in the Union. We have nothing to say to all this, unless it would be to ask the Union and Mr. Marcy what their opinions are of such disobedience of orders, or if the army order above alluded to was intended only to prohibit Gen. Taylor from writing letters?

New Orleans Bulletin.

BEAUTIES OF THE WAR.—The bark Agnes, Captain Cutter, cleared at Baltimore on the 1st of May last, for Vera Cruz, with a cargo of 220 tons of Cumberland coal. She arrived in safety at her port of destination, where it was found that the coal was not wanted. The vessel was, however, suffered to remain sixty days in the harbor of Vera Cruz, on demurrage, at the end of which time she was ordered to Baltimore with her cargo. On reaching Baltimore, she was ordered to this port, where she arrived on Thursday last, with her entire cargo, not having broken bulk since she left Baltimore in May last. Here the cargo was sold for the most it would bring, probably not over \$9 per ton. This coal cost the government \$32 per ton, landed at this port—thus making a loss through the gross mismanagement and ignorance of its officials, not far from \$18,000. This is but one among numerous instances of a squandering of the money of the people in a manner that is truly shocking.—*Hopston Journal.*

CORN MEAL CAKES.—Excellent breakfast cakes can be made in the following manner:—Mix two quarts of corn meal—at night—with water, and a little yeast and salt, just thin enough to stir easy. In the morning stir in three or four eggs, a little salaratus and a cup of sour milk, so as to leave it thin enough to pour out of a pan; bake three quarters of an hour, and you will have large, rich, honey comb cakes; and with a good cup of coffee and sweet butter at breakfast, one finds with Hamlets, "increase of appetite to grow with what it feeds on."

THE USE OF ACORNS.—Farmers in various parts of Germany, particularly in some districts in Saxony, successfully employ acorns for the winter fattening of sheep.—English farmers, however, either totally neglect them, or use them almost solely for the fattening and feeding of hogs. In Hertfordshire and in the New Forest district of Hampshire, hogs, in many instances, receive very little other food than acorns, and commonly attain great firmness and weight, and yield a decidedly good and well-flavored pork. Yet such are, for a short time withdrawn from the acorn diet, and have their fattening complete by four or five bushels of barley flour or peasmeal to each, are judged by some persons to yield pork of still better substance and superior flavor. The farmers of Gloucestershire bestow nearly as much care on the fruit of the oak trees as upon the produce of their orchards. They seldom sell acorns, or can find in the market, yet usually estimate their value from 1s. 6d. to 2s. per bushel, according to the price of beans; and they regard them as decidedly superior to beans at once for fattening hogs, for increasing their weight, and rendering their bacon firm.

Rural Cyclopaedia.

We should like to see the newspaper that would suit everybody; it would be a curiosity. Such a thing never did nor never can have a place among the things of the earth, yet thousands are astonished that the paper to which they are subscribers does not contain just such articles as they like to read best. One expects moral essays; another love tales and miscellany; another mirth and anecdotes; another looks for a sermon; while all wonder that their particular taste is not suited—never for a moment supposing that an editor caters for the mental appetites of thousands.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.—A recent visiter at the home of the Siamese Twins, at their plantation in North-Carolina, says that each of them has several children, and they are quite prosperous as cultivators of the soil, owning two plantations and numerous servants, living plainly and economically, and apparently very happy. They have adopted the name of Banker, in honor of a banker of that name in New-York.