

The Abbeville Banner.

"LIBERTY AND MY NATIVE SOIL."

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From our Volunteers.

CUSTOM HOUSE, (MEXICO),
Sept. 19, 1847.

My Dear Friend:—So brilliant and so rapid have been the achievements of our army within the last few weeks, that even now I am bewildered when I attempt to call them to mind. One month ago, our little army, jaded by a long and tiresome march, pitched their tents in the valley of Mexico. Our approach was heralded from the capital by a grandiloquent proclamation from Santa Anna, which declared we had come to find our last resting places under the walls of the city. Since that time five battles have been fought and won, and our flag has been hoisted on the palace of the far-famed city of Mexico. Napoleon, in his brightest days, could not point to five victories in such quick succession. You will have learned before this reaches you, the particulars of the battles of the 20th August, (Contreras and Churubusco.) You know after the enemy was driven from his strong holds and forced to seek shelter within the limits of the city; even then, pursued by an army flushed with victory, he proposed an armistice, with a view of settling our difficulties. Their white flag was respected—an armistice was agreed to. Our General, satisfied with the laurels he had won, was content to save, as far as he could, the honor of his enemy. He soon found, however, that he treated with a nation devoid of honor and honesty—he soon found that his wily foe had only sought delay to render his seemingly insurmountable breastworks still more strong. Whilst we, on our part, were respecting the armistice and remaining idle, Santa Anna, in direct violation of its terms, was busy fortifying the city. Our little army, reduced now to seven or eight thousand men, indignant at the treachery which had been practised on them, once more took the field. On the 9th of September the battle of Molino del Rey was fought. The enemy's lines were drawn up in rear of two strong batteries of 3 guns each, protected by the pieces of Chepultepec, and guarding the approach to this place, of which you will hear more anon. It had been reported to Gen. Scott that there was a large foundry guarded by these pieces, and that the enemy was busy casting more cannon. Gen. Worth was ordered with his division to attack the forts and destroy the place if it did exist. The undertaking was considered at the time an easy one; the enemy, however, supposing the attack to be made on Chepultepec, concentrated a force of 25,000 men to support his breastwork. This, in consequence, was one of the hardest battles we have had. For three hours there was a continued roar of arms; so quick and heavy was the fire, it appeared as if a continued sheet of flame was rolling out from the lines on either side. The contest was over the guns of the batteries; after repeated attempts, however, our infantry drove back the foe in confusion, made good their stand, and occupied the position. The foundry turned out to be an old corn mill. The guns were removed, and our troops retired to the first position, having accomplished all their purposes. As they retired, the battlements of Chepultepec were crowded with soldiers, and long and loud were the cheers as they saw our lines withdraw. That night Santa Anna

celebrated his victory in the halls of the Montazuma's. If he could have seen the stern countenances of those veterans as they retired in order from the field of carnage—if he could have seen the smile of contempt with which they regarded his vain show, he would have learned that they were not the faces of men who had been driven back, and perhaps, too, he might have been better prepared for the result. In this battle the loss on either side was very heavy. Gen. Worth's division lost over 600 men, killed and wounded; the enemy's loss is estimated at three or four times that number, besides some three or four hundred prisoners.

The affair had now commenced in good earnest, and we knew what we had to do; we were like men who fought with halts around their necks. From what we have seen of the mutilated bodies of those who have fallen (wounded) into the hands of our enemies, we know we have nothing to hope from Mexican humanity. If their ability could equal their will, not one of us would ever return to tell the fate of his comrades.

The 10th and 11th was spent in reconnoitering and taking position. We had the choice of two roads leading into the city—one called the San Antonio road, leading over the great Southern causway, the other passing under the guns of Chepultepec. The *garita*, or entrance into the city from the first road, was so strongly fortified that it was deemed prudent not to make the attack on that point. Hence the whole attention was directed to Chapultepec. It became a matter of necessity that this seemingly impregnable fort should be carried. It is built on a steep, rugged mountain, rising from the plain to some hundreds of feet; the approach to it is guarded by deep ditches filled with water, and a strong wall. The road leading to it was raked by a field battery. It was defended by some five or six pieces of heavy ordnance, with 20,000 men.

On the evening of the 11th, Capt. Steptoe's battery opened on a fortification near the San Antonio *garita*. The intention was to draw the enemy's attention to this point until our siege train could be placed in battery against the castle. On the morning of the 12th our guns opened in pretty style; the fire was warmly returned by the enemy, and continued without cessation during the day and most of the night. The intention was to silence the guns of the fort, which succeeded only in part. The order was given to storm the place at 16 o'clock on the 13th. I know not what to tell you of this gallant, dangerous and daring feat. Fearlessly our troops approached the enemy's line—bravely they drove him under the cover of his guns—amidst a blaze of musketry and artillery our lines moved steadily on, on, on, until they rose the battlements, and with a shout rushed on the foe. Col. Johnson, of the Voltageurs, planted his standard first; but hardly was it unfurled to the breeze before the sturdy Palmetto stood by its side. I never can forget the scene which followed; the Mexican colors were torn from the flag staff, and the stars and stripes raised in their stead; the different parts of the storming divisions had collected for a moment on the battlements of the castle as if to survey at a glance the scene of strife—the fire had ceased—the victory was won;—the pause, however, was only for a moment; the enemy had taken another position, and the victorious column again poured out to dislodge him. As they descended from the castle they met with the General-in-Chief—his fine face beaming with pleasure and his eye dimmed with a tear. As he passed the lines long and loud were the cheers they gave him; with a word of encouragement for each, he waived them on to the second field of victory. There was an expression of pride as well as of deep feeling in the face of the old General as he saw file by him the stern guardians of his own good name, as well as of his country's honor. Well may he be proud of such an army, for I question if the world has ever seen its equal.

Col. Butler was killed on the 20th at

Churubusco; Col. Dickinson has since died of a wound received in that fight. The Regiment was led in this last action by Maj. Gladden, and a more noble fellow I have never known.

Before the general attack was made, a *forlorn hope*, or storming party, was organized. There were seven volunteers from our Regiment, and three of them from our Company—Richard Watson, Norwood and Patrick; Patrick received a grape shot through the head as he mounted the enemy's breast work; Watson received three wounds, one of them very severe, but thought not dangerous; Norwood came out without a hurt. Amongst the slain in the other Companies were Tresvant, from Columbia, and Lieut. J. W. Cante, from Camden; in our Company, we lost Patrick and Mattison.

After the castle was taken, we had the choice of two roads: one of them commanded by two forts in front and as many on flank; the other protected by a chain of forts. Gen. Worth lead off on one of the roads, Gen. Quitman on the other, the Palmetto Regiment being in front. We were unable to turn any of the forts. The road is built across a lake, so we had to stand square up to it, with water on both sides and a fire in front. The first position was carried with out much trouble or loss. The *garita* was much more difficult to take; it was, however, carried during the evening. After this, our troops came under the fire of the citadel, a very strong position; the firing on both sides continued without cessation long after night. In the mean time, Gen. Worth had carried his positions on the other road, and commenced a bombardment of the city. Between the two days, Gen. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna "the brave commander of a brave and gallant people" deserted his capital, carrying with him a force more than twice as large as our army. In the morning a surrender was made and our troops entered the city. We were opposed by an unorganized mob who kept up a constant fire from the house tops and corners of the streets for the entire day and night. Frequent discharges of grape and cannister, with the unerring fire of our Rifles soon quelled all disturbances. We are now in quiet possession of the city.

In the battle of the *garita*, or Tacubaya gates, our loss was very heavy. From our Company we lost Lieutenant J. B. Moragne and Devlin. Lieutenant Moragne's loss is severely felt, he was a brave man and a good officer and as such he possessed the confidence of his company.

The loss in the Edgefield Company was more severe than that in ours. Sergeant Blocker who commanded the company, young Goode, and one other man were all killed by the same shot a cannon ball—Lieutenant Selleck of our company was wounded, not severely.

At present ours may be called the orphan Regiment. Our Colonel and Lieut. Colonel are dead, and our Major wounded the Adjutant wounded—the Adjutant acting in his place wounded, Quarter-Master and Commissary sick and hardly men enough fit for duty to protect the sick and wounded.

We are in good quarters—whatever may result from our late victories we know the present campaign is ended. We have done all we can do by fighting. I think there is at present a prospect of a long rest, and Heaven knows it is much needed.

OCTOBER 7, 1847.—P. S. Since writing the above we have lost another of our Lieutenants—Stewart. Selleck is recovering.

From the N. O. Pic., 11th inst.

LATER FROM VERA CRUZ.

The steamship James L. Day, Captain Wood, arrived last evening from Vera Cruz having left there the evening of the 5th inst. She stopped at the Brazos, but did not communicate with the shore.

Among the passengers on the Day—a list of whom will be found in the appropriate column—were Major Iturbide prisoner of war, and Lt. Sears, 2d Artillery, bearer of despatches to Washington.

The news brought by the Canton is entirely confirmed. Gen. Scott's despatches left Mexico between the 12th and 15th of October, escorted by a spy company of Mexican lancers, 100 strong, under command of

Col. Dominguez. The company left Puebla the evening of the 19th and were attacked the same night by a strong force under Gen. Torrejon. Shortly after they were attacked by Col. Vamos. In two engagements they lost fifteen of their number, but suppose they killed at least ten times that number. They returned to Puebla and Gen. Lane placed the despatches in the hands of his adjutant general, Lieut. Sears, who came down with his Mexican escort to Vera Cruz, but accompanied as far as Plan del Rio by the first Pennsylvania Regiment under Col. Wynkoop, Capt. Loyall's Georgia mounted men, and three companies of artillery. The American portion of the escort halted at Plan del Rio and were to remain with Gen. Patterson. Lt. Sears reached Vera Cruz in the night of the 4th inst., accompanied by Capt. Geo. Taylor, 2d Artillery, Lt. Lear, 1st Pennsylvania Regiment, on their way home on furlough. Lt. Henderson, Louisiana Volunteers, came down to join his company. About eighty discharged soldiers also came down.

The Mexican spy set is described as a rough looking set of men. They fight with ropes round their necks, as the saying is, and therefore fight gallantly. Col. Dominguez is thought to know the road intimately, from long experience upon the line in a different capacity. We understand that we have altogether about 450 of this description of force in our pay. Of the detachment which came down with Lieut. Sears, one of the officers lost an arm by the way, and two others were severely wounded. An American discharged soldier, who came down with them, told our correspondent that they fought most gallantly.

Gen. Lane remains at Puebla, retaining all the command he took up with him. A circular order from Gen. Scott directs a garrison of 750 men to be stationed at the National Bridge, 1200 at Jalapa and 2000 at Puebla—the two last points under the command of general officers. Gen. Cushing has been assigned by Gen. Patterson to the command at Jalapa. Gen. Patterson had reached the National Bridge on the morning of the 4th inst., with all his force, having been entirely unmolested upon the route.

Gen. Lane's command is quartered in the heart of Puebla, the General occupies the palace.

Santa Anna was at Tepaucan on the 26th ult. He had given up the idea of going to Orizaba as he had proposed.

We have the Genius of Liberty of the 5th inst., and regret to see by it that one of the editors, Doctor Quiun, is seriously indisposed.

The guerillas are quarrelling among themselves. The Rainbow says: "It appears that Jarnauta's band have declared Col. Cenobio to be a traitor to them and to his country; that he is leagued with the Americans, and even supplied by them with arms and ammunitions for the purpose of destroying his brother bandits. After much hard talking they have at length proceeded to blows; and in one engagement, 'tis said that Jarauta was victorious, and that thirty of Cenobio's men were killed."

Later accounts confirm the above, but say that only twenty were killed and that Jarauta was shot through the leg. Papers of Jalapa of a prior date had said that Jarauta had withdrawn from the field to attend to his religious duties.

The Arco Iris of the 5th inst. speaks of an expedition of 1500 men as about to start from the camp at Vergara against Orizaba. Our correspondent makes no mention of it.

The same paper says on the English side that the unburied body of the late lamented Capt. Walker remained on the field two days after his death.

By this arrival we have two numbers of a new American paper published at Puebla and called the Flag of Freedom. We learn from it that Col. Childs was entertained on the 21st ult. at a dinner given by a number of officers who served under him during the siege of Puebla. We have no room for the report.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.—Deprived of an equal voice, in the government and councils of nations, and of the chances to reveal heroism and physical power on the battle field, woman has exercised but a partial influence over the fate of mankind. In savage and semi-civilized epochs, she has been scarcely more than a creature to bring forth the progeny and bear the burthens of the world. Drudging and bowed down in the wigwam of the savage—following the trails of armies to kindle camp-fires and prepare the food of the warrior—tilling the fields of her little more civilized husband taskmaster, or ministering from slave marts to the passions of pandering man as all Asia reveals her—what has woman been but a trampled flower, still beautiful in its ruin—plucked and cast by the moment its odor had produced satiety. How unlike that glorious being who in the garden of Eden, was given to man to solace and be-

guile him—to fill the space of solitude with the beatitude of heaven. Her weakness, innocence and confiding nature, were then, what they should ever have remained, the elements of transcendent strength. In that fair and tremulous beauty, which was as heaven itself, lived the angels who forsook the earth when woman descended from her primitive being. Step by step the fall was accelerated, until, in ages but just gone, nothing but tears were left to assert the humanity of her race. Woman is only inferior to man in gross physical power—in all the fine and heroic sentiments, she is his equal, if not his superior and generations, in whatever age of darkness or light, take their hue and shape from the impress of her power. If she be trampled and debased, so will be her children—if she be pure and beautiful in heart and life, her progeny will be the same. In whatever condition, her original nature has never been fully obscured.—Gleams of the heroic and heavenly have shot out from darkness—Spartan and Roman mothers have answered for the sex—and even the wilderness has not wanted lofty specimens of the true woman among the savages of our race. Give woman the place of companionship which God gave her, let her be the councillor and friend of man, and the scale of our civilization will never droop on the side of humanity.

(WRITTEN FOR THE ABBEVILLE BANNER.)

Lines

Suggested by the Death of a beloved Son, (a member of the Palmetto Regiment,) who died in Mexico.

Hush'd is the voice of song—the silent hearth
Tells deeply of the grief for thee, my son;
For low thou liest beneath the clods of earth,
And now thy race, for time, is fully run.

I do not sorrow for thee as do those
Whose hope is dimm'd by doubting of the grace
Of Him, who sent his Son to seek and save
Poor, erring, mortals from dire Sin's embrace;

For I can look, by Faith, beyond the skies,
And see thee, basking 'midst the realms above;
Can realize thy dust shall yet arise,
Be re-united, by a God of Love.

What consolation to the weary soul—
The heavy laden—aro such thoughts as these;
What joys extatic through the mind doth roll,
And acquiesce in the Divine decrees.

The Judge of all the Earth! He doeth right—
Let man succumb, nor murmur at his ways;
But trusting to His Mercy, Justice, Might,
Adore, and magnify His name with praise.

FOREIGN NEWS.—The news by the last steamer is indeed of the most melancholy character, though perhaps, not more so than was generally anticipated. The distress in the English commercial world, after a temporary cessation about the 7th of October, seems to have increased to an almost unparalleled extent up to the departure of the Caledonia, on the 19th; no less than forty heavy failures having occurred between the 5th and 19th. Stocks of all descriptions were depressed to the lowest point, and money was almost unobtainable. The Government, though earnestly appealed to from various quarters, had manifested no intention to interpose; whether from the conviction that the failures were the result of overtrading and speculation, or the impossibility of furnishing any effectual relief without embarrassing its own operations—does not appear. In the manufacturing districts business is nearly paralyzed; in 175 mills in the borough of Manchester, but a little more than one half of the operatives were working full time, and nearly one quarter of them were entirely unemployed.

Ireland is raising again her famine-stricken cry for help; and mingled with it, are the wails of the victims of the lawless and murderous acts of her desperate population. France, too, is beginning to show unequivocal signs of suffering. The saving banks are almost stripped of the hoarded earnings of her prudent operatives and laborers; wages are being reduced in her manufactories and the effects of this are beginning to show themselves by unequivocal signs among the people.

In the mean time Louis Phillippe is accused of breaking the neutrality of the kingdom by furnishing arms and ammunition to one of the parties in the civil war, which is every day expected to break out in Switzerland. The affairs of Spain and Portugal, though somewhat changed since our previous intelligence, have not improved. Italy, indeed, is somewhat more quiet, the Austrians having yielded their ground to the Pope, but the end is not yet. In Russia we hear of devastation and death made by the progress of cholera; whole villages being depopulated by this terrible scourge. In China matter are assuming a more quiet and peaceful state; but in Africa war is still raging.—*Boston Traveller, 6th instant.*