

MOUNTAIN BANNER.

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MOUNTAIN BANNER.

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FOR THE MOUNTAIN BANNER.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

The following sketch may appear too uncon-

disagree with me, oh! do not tell me so—do not try to make me disbelieve it, for I would not be convinced of its fallaciousness for worlds. It fills me, while even here on earth, with Heavenly joys. And then when they are released, one by one, from their mortality, what a sweet office will be mine to fly forth on angels' wings to conduct them to Paradise and welcome them to its endless bliss. How enrapturing will be the meeting and the fond greeting! I cannot comprehend the extent of the bliss—I should not be mortal if I could. Nothing but spirits, disembodied by any thing of earth, can grasp it.

To-morrow—how I wish it was past; but I have a duty to perform, a sacred duty, and I must not shrink from it. I read it even as a final trial; but I am to meet her to-morrow, and will nerve myself for the occasion. I will tell her all, for as yet she knows nothing of the gentle hand that is leading me from this world. I know it will wring my heart, and—ah! far worse—hers too. I would gladly spare myself the pain of telling and her of hearing if I dared. I know she will suffer—it will be to her like the dark cloud usurping the place of sunshine; but it is best that she know it now. I shudder when I think of her hopes all dashed to earth, the sun-

even for necessary use. She is ever near, anticipates my wishes, as all she can to alleviate my sufferings, and indeed, my good angel. Her soft hand has been upon my brow, and her words of encouragement have sunk into my soul. She seems even cheerful and happy in my presence; but the bloom of health is beginning to fade from her cheek, and I know her close attendance on me, and the great cancer at her heart, are doing their work. I beg her to take more exercise and more sleep; but my solicitations seem to wound her feelings. It grieves me immeasurably to see her thus declining; but I am convinced it would grieve her still more to be away from me, and therefore I will not importune her. O woman's heart! how deep, how holy, and how mysterious when once it loves!—How different from the heart of the coy maiden when she would be wooed and won by flatteries and attentions, is that same heart when its love is fixed and the object of its affection! Why wonder that Adam preferred to sin and keep his love to remaining pure and parting with it!

It is now the middle of winter, but the weather is mild and pleasant. I am stronger than I have been for some time, but my strength is a *Ulysses*. I do not know this, I might now enter some hope of recovering, for I feel much better. But I know it is only a momentary respite from suffering, and that I shall soon be laid again upon my bed. I know I must die soon; but I believe Heaven will grant my prayer that I may live to see the beauty of the early spring.

She droops and I fear for her health. My sister, too, looks wan. Both are ever with me and both watch over me with the tenderest solicitude. My father, too, is kind; and truly may I say my passage to eternity is smooth. I am sorry to cause them so much trouble, but I cannot help it. I fear that Consumption has also taken hold on her vitals. I have seen the crimson spot upon her cheek; and at my earnest entreaty she has left me for a little while this morning in order to take exercise and inhale the pure fresh air. She only went to gratify me, and will soon return. I have taken advantage of her absence to continue my narrative; and I feel a presentiment that this is the last time I shall ever hold a pen, and therefore, for the first time in this narrative, I will write her name—IDA CARLETON.

In accordance with the presentiment above expressed the writer of the preceding portion of this narrative, was never again able to resume his pen, and I feel it a duty I owe to his memory to attempt its completion; a step to which I am influenced by many considerations, which I hope the reader will be able to gather from the context. I will only add that his example in his last moments is not the least of them.

Of the time intervening between the period at which he last wrote and his death I have but little to say. I might, indeed, say much, but it would seem too presumptuous in me—besides, being topics rather for private conversation among friends and acquaintances than suited for the public mind, which would have no sympathy with their relation rather than curiosity would prompt. He bore his sufferings with almost unequalled patience, and endeavored to be as little troublesome as possible to those who loved him and watched over him. His part in this narrative shows, had been for many months fully convinced of his approaching end, which he met with true christian fortitude and an unshaken reliance in the mercy of God through the death of his only Son. My tears blind me as I write, but my duty to my departed friend—no! no! that is too cold a word, and why should I refuse to write the truth?—to my *lover* urges me on and gives me strength to proceed.

His prayer was heard and answered. He lived to see the buds burst and the young leaves tremble in the breeze, and the early flowers of spring come forth. He died on the first of May. He had been very weak for many days, but was full of gratitude that he had been spared to see the time for which he prayed, and even longer than he expected. He was no doubt conscious that his time was very near at hand, but he seldom alluded to it; for he knew it pained us to hear him speak of it. He was always cheerful, and appeared more like our comforter than we did like his. On the morning of his death he was propped up on his bed, and a window was raised in front of him in order to let in the sweet spring fragrance of the air and give him an opportunity of looking out upon the earth. He beckoned to me, and I went and laid my ear close to his mouth, for it was with much difficulty that he could speak even faintly.

"This is the time to die," said he with a calm smile. "Summon my father and sister to me that I may bid them farewell."

I turned away with a swelling heart to do his bidding. His sister seldom left him, but she had watched with him the whole of the previous night, and I had that morning prevailed upon her to go to her chamber and take a little sleep.

His father and sister came and took him by the hand and he faintly whispered "Farewell!" His father's bosom heaved, and the big tears rolled down his cheek. His sister sobbed convulsively, but he made no effort to restrain her. After holding their hands for a short time he motioned for them to kiss him, which when they had done he desired them to be taken from the room. His eyes were fixed upon me as long as he could see them, and then with some emotion he said, "Thank God! that is past!" and turned his eyes and gazed out upon the world. I was standing beside him with my hand upon his brow. After a few moments he looked at me and said, "It is a beautiful world, but there is one more beautiful. I must leave you now—Give me your hand and lean my head upon your bosom." I did as he directed, and he looked up gratefully into my face and repeated my name—"Ida Carleton," were the last words he spoke, as they had also been the last he had written.

His eyes gradually closed as though he was sinking into a sweet slumber, his lips slightly quivered, and his soul departed.

Hitherto some secret power had sustained me, and though my heart swelled almost to bursting, I had been enabled to appear calm and to restrain my rising emotions. But when I saw that his breath was gone, and realized my irreparable misfortune in his loss, a thousand thoughts rushed at once upon me. Memory carried me back to the time when we first met—the happy prospect that I had contemplated—the happy prospect that the future promised. The looks and tones of former days came thronging through my soul. I saw him as in youth and health—the clear blue eye, the manly brow, the curling masses of dark hair clustering so gracefully about his temples and contrasting so beautifully with his fair complexion. I thought of the joy that once thrilled through my veins when I reflected on him and rejoiced to think that my destiny was committed into his hands. All these, and many other thoughts, came flashing through my mind in quick succession; and then arose the contrast with the present. Oh! was it not enough to overpower me? My heart rose into my throat, and

a dark mist began to cloud my sight; but tears came to my relief and I wept—wept long and bitterly; but they were sweet tears and I shed them freely. I prayed for strength and resignation, and then my mind turned from the contemplation of the past and present to that of the future, and I felt a Heaven sent balm diffuse itself through my soul, and again I was calm.

I had but just resumed my self-command when his father and sister—my father and sister too—entered, and I was enabled to speak to them words of consolation; though it was long before they could appear calm and resigned.

But why linger over this scene? It makes my heart bleed, and yet it is sweet to me, and I have perhaps dwelt on it too long. I will pass on—We laid him to rest in a peaceful and lovely place. A month has since passed, and the flowers are blooming above him; for his sister's hands and mine have planted them there, and our constant care has caused them to flourish—A little weeping willow also, which I planted at his head, has budded forth and begun to grow—We daily visit his grave. His father, too, frequently accompanies us. My home is now where once his was. His father is my father, and we share his joys and sorrows.

And now in conclusion permit me to say a word of myself and of the change which has come over me. I once shuddered at the thought of death. I could not bear to think of the cheerless silence of the tomb. I was full of health and vigor, and my youthful imagination painted a long and happy life. I had dreamed of earthly bliss and vainly thought they would be realized. Therefore I loved the world and trembled at the thought of death. But now the strongest tie of life is broken—the sweetest cord is severed. It is true I yet have ties, but they are comparatively weak and easily rent asunder. My early hopes are dead, my dreams of happiness have flown, my fondest anticipations are crushed and withered. All are buried with him, and I look forward with a patient longing to the time when I shall rest by his side. I now look on death as a friend, a sweet friend who will take me to him. And death is not idle. The same "sweet disease" that led him to his mother is leading me to him. Like him, I only pray to see the "early spring" once more.

But I am lingering too long. Kind reader, sympathize with me. Drop one tear to his memory and one for my blighted love, and may you profit by the example he has left you.

As he ended with my name I will end with his—EDWIN LORAIN.

From the St. Louis New Era.

Reminiscences of a Mexican Campaign.

NUMBER TWO.

Description of the great Cathedral in the City of Mexico, translated from the papers on file in the State Department of the Republic.

The entire chancel, (the access to which is by four flights of stairs,) is surrounded by a balustrade composed of a mixture of metals, commonly called pinchebrás, ornamented with statues bearing the candlesticks for torches. This balustrade extends along both sides of the gallery until it reaches the choir, which occupies the opposite part, with its steps, railing, and gates all made of the same material—as is also the balustrade which extends all around the choir, and contributes to the formation of the Tribunes, within which, on the side of the choir, rest two beautiful and powerful organs. The interior of the choir is ornamented with handsome stone carvings. The gallery and frontispiece of the choir, were constructed in Macao, or city of China, and first exhibited to the public in 1730.—The total weight of the pieces which enter into the structure, is 534 quintals, or 53,400 pounds.

Towards the North, in the two extreme ends of the edifice, are situated, on the Western side, the saloon of the chapel, the *claveria*, the office, and public library of the church; the latter, though contiguous to the temple, constitutes a distinct and separate building. This library was presented to the cathedral by the illustrious members of the Chapter, Don Luis and Don Cayetano de Torres; on the Eastern side is to be found the sacristy, the anti-sacristy, the chocolate room, and college of infants.

Finally, on the main front, towards the Eastern angle, there exists another temple, occupying a surface of 165 square feet, the platform of which, designates a cross of equal dimensions.—Its structure and external distribution is excellent, serving as a parochial church, and is connected by an interior communication with the cathedral itself. It contains three naves, and embraces within its angles, an office for the dispatch of business, a sacristy, and a small chapel used as a place of deposit for the corpses of the parish.

The Cathedral of Mexico possesses jewelry of great value, and vastly rich ecclesiastical ornaments of every description. Among the former are to be enumerated as most remarkable, the altar service, all composed of solid gold, such as six large candlesticks, six floral pyramids, four chandeliers, two incensories, two fumigatory vases of a smaller description, a cross inlaid with precious stones, with its pedestal and front ornaments of the same, another cross of flagree, two reading desks, and two peace plates.

In addition to these, is the image of Assumption, likewise of solid gold, ornamented with rich jewels, and weighing 6,984 castellanos, (a Spanish coin.) The image of Conception is of pure silver, and weighs 98 marks. The silver lamp that embellishes the front of the *epitaph*, weighs 4,373 marks, of which 1,170 are gilt, and the remainder white. The cost of this lamp alone was \$71,343 37. The whole piece consists of fifty-four chandeliers; its height is twenty-five feet, its greatest diameter ten feet, and its circumference thirty-two feet. It is sustained by a chain and spikes of iron, weighing 1,650 pounds.

The Tabernacle was purchased from Mr. Jose Borda; it is about three feet high, and weighs 88 marks of gold. Its front is studded with five thousand eight hundred and seventy-two diamonds, and its opposite side with two thousand six hundred and fifty emeralds, five hundred and sixty-four rubies, one hundred and six amethysts, and eight sapphires. It was purchased by the Cathedral for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, although its intrinsic value far exceeds that amount. This, it will be borne in mind, is the cost of the Tabernacle alone.

The great sacramental vase contains thirteen marks of gold, and one thousand six hundred and seventy-six diamonds. The chalice contains ten and a half marks of gold, and one hundred and twenty-two diamonds.

The Tabernacle used on Sundays, designated in Spanish, "*Domingos de Minería*," is also garnished with diamonds. Most, if not all of the jewels, were presented by Charles V. There are, moreover, twenty golden chalices, many of which are set with diamonds, and six small plates of silver with their respective wine vessels for the celebration of the mass.

The silver service is most abundant and rich, consisting in part of two sets of torch stand-

composed of four pieces each, a great number of floral urns, incensories, candlesticks, chalices, and wine cruets, three statues, eleven large chandeliers, and four perfume vases, all of which are of pure solid silver.

The sacerdotal vestments are superior to any in the Republic, and among the finest and most costly in the world.

Charles V. made a donation of many of the most magnificent ones, and subsequently others were presented by his successors, as also by private individuals; while others of great splendor have been purchased from the funds of the church.

The wealth of the cathedral may be regarded as almost incalculable; millions of value in precious stones, jewels, &c. &c. being concealed, and their place of deposit only known to a few of the principal priests of their order.

Such is a hasty and imperfect sketch of the great cathedral in the city of Mexico.

[To be continued.]

General Taylor's Humanity.

One of the most striking characteristics of Gen. Taylor is his universal kind-heartedness. Col. Haskell, of Tennessee, who was with Gen. Taylor at the Battle of Buena Vista, tells the following anecdote of him:

On one occasion, Gen. Taylor was descending the Rio Grande, on a small steambot, with a large number of discharged sick soldiers on board. The boat being very crowded, these poor fellows had been very uncomfortably stowed away on the deck, as the lowest part of the western steambot is termed. As soon as Gen. Taylor ascertained their condition, he ordered the officers, &c., out of the cabin, and had the sick men all transferred to their places. He himself took a blanket and gave up his berth.—The night passed, and in the morning there was a good deal of inquiry for Gen. Taylor; but nobody could tell where he was. At length one of the servants in the boat mentioned that a man was lying wrapped up in a blanket, on the *fore-castle*. The officers repaired thither, and found the old man truly there, and still locked in his honest sleep, with his blanket wetted and soiled by the slop water which the servant, supposing him to be some common soldier, had carelessly swept against him. Was not this a study for the admirers of benevolence and self-denial?—The conquering General of the American Army, sleeping in his blanket, in the open air, on the fore-castle of a steambot, whilst his berth was occupied by a poor soldier, without rank, but receiving his generous consideration because disabled by disease, contracted in the service of his country.

To show that courage and humanity are kindred virtues, the Albany Evening Journal, on the authority of a venerable Chaplain who was attached to the army in Mexico, states that "after the battle of Buena Vista, Gen. Taylor made his dispositions for the renewal of the conflict on the following morning. But at the dawn of the next day, Santa Anna was in full retreat. The American Cavalry were despatched in pursuit.—Soon, messengers returned, informing the General that the Mexicans, broken and scattered, were in rapid flight, but that the roads and the waysides were strewn with exhausted, famished and wounded soldiers, all of whom, in the precipitation of Santa Anna's flight, were left to die without either food, water, or medical attendants. Upon receiving this information, Gen. Taylor immediately ordered twenty wagons to be furnished with all that was required for the relief of those whom the Mexican General had left to suffer and die. These wagons were promptly despatched, accompanied by surgeons who were directed to find and administer to all the sufferers. And to the Quarter Master who executed this order, Gen. Taylor said: "Keep an exact account of every article sent, so that if any doubt should arise of the propriety of thus relieving the enemy's wounded, I can pay for them myself."

Cass aping Royalty.

A correspondent of the Washington Union says that he called upon Gen. Cass to congratulate him upon his nomination, when, "greatly to my gratification and that of the friend who accompanied me," says he, "I found his reception room gracefully festooned with wreathes of flowers, and surrounded with bouquets of great beauty and fragrance."

This custom of decorating reception-rooms with flowers, says the Louisville Journal, is prevalent among the kings and nobles of Europe. Cass copies it from them. He has a great passion for every thing aristocratic. When he was minister to France he not only idolized Louis Philippe and wrote a sycophantic book in his praise, but established a regulation that none of the citizens of the United States, his own countrymen, should be admitted to the King's court except in full court dress—thus excluding every American who should be either unwilling or unable to pay a few hundred dollars for the privilege of looking upon royalty.—Himself receiving a salary of \$9,000 a year and figuring regularly at the court of St. Cloud in gold and lace, he did not chide that his own inflated vanity should be mortified by the entrance of a fellow-countryman not glittering in extravagant and tawdry costume like his own. He could not bear the thought that a fellow-countryman in the plain dress of an American gentleman should venture into the awful presence of Louis Philippe and himself and the French nobles. And this man is called a Democrat! and a convention, calling itself Democratic, has nominated him as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency!

HARD TO CHOOSE.—The Locos have now the choice between Cass and VAN BUREN, and it makes very little difference which they vote for. They are in the situation of the traveller at the cross-roads;—

"Stranger, which is the way to—village?" "There's two roads," responded the fellow. "Well which is the best?" "Aint much difference; both on 'em very bad. Take which you will, afore you've gone half way you'll wish you'd tuck 'other."

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