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ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

The National Intelligencer, in reviewing the "Memoirs of John M. Mason, D. D., S. T. P., with portions of his correspondence, by Jacob Van Vechten," leaves the memoirs themselves to give prominence to the following reminiscences of Alexander Hamilton and the closing scenes of his life. The whole paper is one of exceeding interest, and we have no doubt will be read with much satisfaction by our readers:

Leaving, therefore, his clerical reputation to depend on his published works, (though these, we are told, afford a very inadequate conception of his real powers,) we have availed ourselves of this interesting biography of an eminent man for the purpose of reviving a few of those reminiscences which connect his name with that of Alexander Hamilton. With the single exception of Washington, perhaps no man knew Hamilton more intimately than Dr. Mason, and no man certainly estimated his abilities more highly. Both of these facts—his intimacy with Hamilton and his exalted appreciation of the unrivalled genius which distinguished that "wonderful man"—will abundantly appear from the following historical recollections.

Associated with Gen. Hamilton by ties of intimate friendship, and almost transported with admiration for his talents and his character, Dr. Mason, says the editor of these memoirs, lamented his loss, by an untimely death, as an irreparable calamity. To a correspondent in Scotland, under date of August 11, 1804, he writes:

"News I have none but what the papers will have announced before this reaches you. Melancholy, most melancholy news for America, the premature death of her greatest man, Major General Hamilton! I say nothing too strong when I assure you that all things considered, the loss of Washington was light in comparison with this. His most splendid talents, which set him above rivalry, and his integrity, which with intrigue had not the hardihood to tamper, held him up as the nation's hope and as the terror of the unprincipled; but it marked him out, at the same time, as a victim to the disappointed and prodigious ambition of Vice President Burr. By the most insidious and cruel artifice he was entrapped, against his judgment, his conscience, and his efforts, into a duel with that desperate man, and mortally wounded. The catastrophe happened on the morning of the 11th, and he expired at 2 o'clock on the 12th ultimo. The shock and agony of the public mind have never been equalled. * * * The cry of lamentation and indignation assails Burr from every point of the compass; nor can he turn his eye any where without reading his own infamy in the honors heaped upon the illustrious dead. The pamphlet which accompanies this will show what dart has fallen to myself."

The reader should perhaps do Dr. Mason the justice to believe that in pronouncing "the loss of Washington light in comparison" with that of Hamilton he was chiefly influenced by a consideration of the "finished life" which, in the case of the one, was "rounded off" by the sleep of an euthanasia, while the other fell in the very mid career of his activity and usefulness. In point of mere intellectual greatness, it is true, however, that Dr. Mason gave Hamilton the pre-eminence over Washington. The pamphlet to which he alludes in the above extract was an eulogy which he pronounced on Hamilton before the Society of the Cincinnati in the State of New York—in an address which rivaled by its eloquence and popularity the celebrated sermon of President Dwight on the same illustrious subject.

Writing to a European correspondent who had taken some exceptions to portions of this Oration in honor of Hamilton, Dr. Mason remarks as follows in defence of the high positions which he had ascribed to the soldier-statesman of the Revolution:

"It is very natural that readers on your side of the water should suspect the eulogium to be overcharged. So do some among ourselves; but not one who knew him. I knew him well, and I assure you that what I have said is sober, literal truth. Such a human being I never saw, and probably never shall see in this world."

In another letter, soon after the calamity of Hamilton's death, he writes:

"The greatest statesman in the Western world, perhaps the greatest man of the age, has been cut off in the 48th year of his age by the murderous arm of Vice President Burr. The death of Major General Alexander Hamilton has created a waste in the sphere of intellect and probity which a century will hardly fill up. He has left none like him; no second, no third, nobody to put us in mind of him. You can have no conception of such a man unless you knew him."

That the Eulogy of Hamilton as pronounced by Dr. Mason was not exaggerated in its admiring portrait is the testimony of a judicial mind like that of John Marshall. In acknowledging the receipt of a copy of Dr. M.'s oration, that pure minded jurist wrote as follows. We extract from a letter found in these memoirs;

"I lament sincerely the loss of the great man whose character you have drawn so well. While I truly deplore his fate, I may be permitted to indulge a hope that it may have some tendency to cast odium on a practice which deserves every censure you have bestowed upon it. You have mentioned two facts of which I had never heard. The one is the part he took in producing the commercial meeting at Baltimore which preceded the convention at Philadelphia; the other, which is indeed characteristic of Gen. Hamilton, is his resignation of the emoluments his military services gave him a right to claim."

It may be known to some of our readers that Dr. Mason was originally selected as the most competent person to prepare a suitable biography of Gen. Hamilton. He accepted the task, and in his hands it would have been a labor of love to do justice to the pre-eminent abilities and virtues of his illustrious friend. In pursuance of this object he spent much time throughout a series of years in collecting materials and verifying historical memoranda relative to the subject of his proposed memoir. His idea of what such a work should be may be gathered from the following extracts from a letter to Dr. Stevens, under date of February 27, 1808:

"By the desire of his widow, and with the approbation of his most intimate friends, I have ventured upon the arduous task of writing the life of Gen. Hamilton. I feel what boldness there is in such an attempt, and am not insensible to the immense disparity between the powers of that transcendent man and his biographer. That the work shall be what every one who had the happiness of his acquaintance would wish it to be, a perfect portrait of himself, I am far from the vanity of supposing. Nor can it be rationally expected, as it would require a second Hamilton. * * * Desirous of discharging the duties of my engagement in a manner satisfactory and honorable as possible, I have resolved and stipulated that no restriction shall be laid upon me with respect to time. The *nonna promittitur in annum* is a precept not to be dispensed with by works which are to have either great utility or permanent reputation."

It was not until about ten years after having undertaken the task that Dr. Mason found himself compelled to relinquish it from impaired health. And Dr. Van Vechten, in making this statement, expresses the assurance that "it would have soothed his grief if he could have anticipated what ample justice would at length be done to the character of his friend as well as his friend's assailants." It has been eloquently said that distinguished merit will ever rise superior to oppression and draw lustre from reproach, just as the vapors which gather around the rising sun and follow it in its course seldom fall at the close of that course to form a magnificent theatre for its reception, and to invest with variegated tints and with a softened effulgence the luminary which they cannot not hide. The sun of Hamilton went down while it was yet noon, and amid scenes of tragic aspect; but the dense clouds of political detraction which for a time obscured its rays have melted into thin and serene air, now that an admiring posterity has assigned him his appropriate rank as a star of the first magnitude in the galaxy of American worthies. So ancient patriotism transferred to the heavens the name and place of those who by their valor or their genius had illustrated the age in which they lived. *Sic iter ad astra.*

A few months ago we published by request an account of the last hours of Aaron Burr, as recently given by a venerable clergyman of New York, who ministered to him the consolations of religion, and who still survives. We have thought it would not be unacceptable to many readers if we now reproduce the following letter of Dr. Mason, in which he recites the particulars of his interview with Gen. Hamilton on the day previous to his decease, as every memorial of that great man possesses historical value.

NEW YORK, July 18, 1804.
To the Editor of the Commercial Advertiser:

Having read in your paper of the 16th a very imperfect account of my conversation with Gen. Hamilton the day previous to his decease, I judge it my duty to follow the following narrative before the public:

"On the morning of Wednesday, the 11th instant, shortly after the rumor of the General's injury had created an alarm in the city, a note from Dr. Post informed me that 'he was extremely ill at Mr. William Bayard's,' and expressed a particular desire to see me as soon as possible. I went immediately. The exchange of melancholy salutations on entering the General's apartment was succeeded by a silence which he broke by saying that he had been anxious to see me and have the sacrament administered to him, and that this was still his wish. I replied that 'it gave me unutterable pain to receive from him any request to which I could not accede; that in the present instance a compliance was incompatible with all my obligations, as it is a principle in our churches never to administer the Lord's supper privately to any person under any circumstances. He urged me no further. I then remarked to him that 'the holy communion is an exhibition and pledge of the mercies which the Son of God has purchased; that the absence of the sign does not exclude from the mercies signified, which were accessible to him by faith in their gracious author.' 'I am aware,' said he, 'of that; it is only as a sign that I wanted it.'"

A short pause ensued. I resumed the discourse by observing that 'I had nothing to address to him in his affliction but that my *Gospel of the grace of God* which it is my office to preach to the most obscure and illiterate; that in the sight of God all men are on a level, as 'all have sinned and come short of His glory; and that they must apply to Him for pardon and life, as sinners, whose only refuge is in His grace, reigning by righteousness through

our Lord Jesus Christ.' 'I perceive it to be so,' said he; 'I am a sinner; I look to His mercy.' I then adverted to 'the infinite merit of the Redeemer as the propitiation for sin, the sole ground of our acceptance with God, the sole channel of His favor to us,' and cited the following passages of Scripture: 'There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved but the name of Jesus.' 'He is able to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.' 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' This last passage introduced the affair of the duel, on which I reminded the General that he was not to be instructed as to its moral aspect; that 'the precious blood of Christ' was as effectual and as necessary to wash away the transgression which had involved him in suffering as any other transgression; and that he must there, and there alone, seek peace for his conscience and a hope that should 'not make him ashamed.' He assented with strong emotion to these representations, and declared his abhorrence of the whole transaction. 'It was always,' added he, 'against my principles. I used every expedient to avoid the interview; but I have found, for some time past, that my life must be exposed to that man. I went to the field determined not to take his life.' He repeated his disavowal of all intention to hurt Mr. Burr, the anguish of his mind in recollecting what had passed, and his humble hope of forgiveness from his God.

I recurred to the topic of the divine compassion, the freedom of pardon in the Redeemer Jesus to perishing sinners. 'That grace, my dear General, which brings salvation to the rich, rich,' 'Yes,' interrupted he, 'it is rich grace.' 'And on that grace,' continued I, 'the sinner has the highest encouragement to repose his confidence, because it is tendered to him upon the sure foundation; the Scripture testifying that we have redemption through the blood of Jesus, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.' Here the General, letting go my hand, which he had held from the moment I sat down at his bedside, clasped his hands together, and looking up towards heaven, said, with emphasis, 'I have a tender reliance on the mercy of the Almighty, through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ.' A little after he fastened his eyes on me, and I proceeded, 'The simple truths of the gospel, my dear sir, which require no abstruse investigations, but faith in the veracity of God, who cannot lie, are best suited to your present condition, and they are full of consolation. 'I feel them to be so,' replied he. I then repeated these texts of Scripture: 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and of sinners the chief.' 'I, even I, am He that blot out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.' 'Come, now, and let us reason together, said the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' 'This,' said he, 'is my sup- port. Pray for me.' 'Shall I pray with you?' 'Yes,' I prayed with him, and heard him whisper as I went along, which I supposed to be his concurrence with the petitions. At the conclusion he said, 'Amen; God grant it.'"

Being about to part with him, I told him 'I had one request to make.' He asked 'what it was?' I answered, 'That whatever might be the issue of his affliction, he would give his testimony against the practice of duelling.' 'I will,' said he. 'I have done it. If that,' evidently anticipating the event, 'if that be the issue you will find it in writing. If it please God that I recover, I shall do it in a manner which will effectually put me out of its reach in future.' I mentioned once more the importance of renouncing every other dependence for the eternal world but the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, with a particular reference to the catastrophe of the morning. The General was affected, and said: 'Let us not pursue the subject any further; it agitates me.' He laid his hands upon his breast with symptoms of uneasiness, which indicated an increased difficulty in speaking. I then took my leave. He pressed my hand affectionately, and desired to see me again at a proper interval. As I was retiring he lifted up his hands in the attitude of prayer, and said feebly, 'God be merciful to me.' His voice sunk so that I heard not the rest distinctly, but understood him to quote the words of the psalmist in the gospel, and to end the sentence with 'me a sinner.'"

I saw him a second time in the morning of Thursday; but from his appearance and what I had heard, supposing that he could not speak without severe effort, I had no conversation with him. I prayed for a moment at his bedside, in company with his overwhelmed family and friends; and for the rest was one of the mourning spectators of his composure and dignity in suffering. His mind remained in its former state, and he viewed with calmness his approaching dissolution. I left him between twelve and one, and at two and a half he breathed his last.

I am, sir, with much respect, your obedient servant,
J. M. Mason.

To KEEP EGGS.—During a long voyage to South America, it was noticed how fresh the eggs continued to be. The steward was called on for his secret. He said that as he purchased his stock, packed it down in small boxes—raisin boxes—and afterwards about once a week, turned over every box but the one out of which he was using. This was all. The reason of his success is, that by turning the eggs over, he keeps the yolk about the middle of the albumen. If you lay the yolk after a while find its way through the white to the shell, and when it does so, the eggs will spoil. Hence understand this fact, as it is well known, turn over their eggs on which they set at least daily.—Country Gentlemen.

LETTER FROM EGYPT.

The following letter from Egypt we find in the Baltimore Sun, and we copy it as well from the interest investing that antique region as for the high terms of praise bestowed upon our friend and fellow-citizen Edwin DeLeon, esq., United States Consul General to Egypt:

Mehemet Ali found Alexandria a nest of fishermen and pirates, and raised it to its present prosperous condition. Under the oppressive weight of Turkish rule, from the high estate of magnificence and splendor which she attained under the Ptolomies and Caesars, she had gradually sunk to one of misery and wretchedness. Being the only harbor upon this coast, her unrivalled position must ever cause her to be the great commercial emporium of Egypt and one of the principal depots of the trade of the East. The modern city lies upon the narrow strip of land between the old and new harbors formed by the Isle of Pharos, and presents but an uninteresting appearance upon approaching it from the sea.

The entire coast is exceedingly level and the most prominent objects are a row of wind mills and the lofty light house built upon the foundations of the ancient Pharos situated on the extremity of the island. Upon entering the harbor to the left are the palace and harem of the Viceroy, the dock yards and arsenal; whilst stretching along the right are the white houses of the city. Passing through the narrow and dirty streets of the Arab portion, we arrive at the Frank Square, occupying the site of the ancient docks. This is a large oblong place surrounded by fine houses belonging to the foreign consuls and the principal merchants, and is decidedly the handsomest quarter of the city. The streets are unpaved, and during rainy weather become exceedingly muddy. The city, surrounded by a high wall and deep ditch, all of modern construction, occupies but a small portion of the ground covered by the ancient one. Scattered over the unbuild surface and for miles beyond the walls are heaps of ruins and mounds of broken pottery, presenting a most desolate appearance. At every excavation broken columns and shattered capitals are constantly being dug up; the very ground seems hollow as you drive over it, clearly indicating the vast ruins that lie buried beneath.

The two most prominent monuments of antiquity still preserved are Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle. The former stands on a considerable eminence beyond the city walls, and is composed of a single shaft of porphyry, surmounted by a capital of the Corinthian order, the whole resting upon a base of masonry which has anything but a solid appearance. The pillar is some seventy five feet in height. Supposed to have been erected by Caesar to commemorate his successes over his great rival, it has erroneously been called Pompey's Pillar; but from an inscription discovered upon it by modern antiquarians, it has been ascertained to have been erected by a prefect of Egypt in honor of the Emperor Diocletian.

Standing near the sea and facing the new harbor is Cleopatra's Needle, an obelisk of red granite covered with hieroglyphics, resting upon a base of white marble brought to light by recent excavations. Near it lies another half buried in the sand. This was presented to the English government by Mehmet Ali, but the difficulty and expense attending its removal have deterred them from making the attempt. They originally stood before the temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, and were brought to Alexandria to beautify the entrance to the Temple of Caesar.

Near the Frank square some recent excavations have disclosed the ruined foundations of an immense building, which many suppose from their size and solidity to be those of the ancient library. They are of brick, so sely cemented that it is found easier to break than to sever them; whilst the columns of granite and marble, being constantly dug up, from the beauty of their style and elegance of their finish, seem worthy to have adorned a building so justly celebrated as the Library of Alexandria. 'It is impossible to wander over these heaps of ruins, these broken shafts and mutilated capitals, without recalling the days of her ancient prosperity and splendor, when she was the centre of commerce and civilization, her academies the seats of science, her libraries the wonders of the world.'

Shortly after my second arrival at Alexandria I had the pleasure of being presented by our consul general, Mr. DeLeon, to the Viceroy of Egypt. The palace in which he usually resides during his stay in Alexandria, and where he receives the foreign representatives, is situated upon the island of Pharos. Leaving the narrow streets of the Arab settlements, a spacious avenue, shaded by luxuriant trees, leads to the principal gateway of the palace grounds, consisting of a massive arch ornamented by a portico sustained by six immense Corinthian columns of red granite, no doubt taken from some ancient building. Immediately on entering the gateway, to the right are the offices of the governor and other public functionaries, presenting decidedly a most shabby appearance; whilst to the left, and towards the sea, are to be seen the long low white barracks of the troops. Passing a large fine square bordered by trees and used as a parade ground, we reached the principal entrance of the palace. In front a regiment of soldiers were drawn up to receive us, and in their white Egyptian uniform presented a neat and martial appearance.

The present Viceroy is decidedly a monarchist upon the subject of standing armies; his whole time and attention are devoted to his troops. Fresh levies are constantly being made, new barracks erected, and the entire resources of the country squandered upon the army. Egypt, at present, has scarcely a population of two millions, has a standing army of fifty thousand men, said Pasha, with not a tithe of the talent of his father, Mehmet Ali, and without his plan of necessity, is pursuing the same cruel and destructive policy in regard to his system of recruiting. The country is being fast depopulated and vast tracts of land annually ruined for want of husbandmen, and all to gratify the martial whims of the present Viceroy. Two things constitute the constant dread of the Fellahs—the sight of the tax-gatherer and the recruiting sergeant. From the cradle to the grave these are the loghairs of their existence, and every artifice which low cunning can devise is resorted to to escape their clutches. Mothers would even destroy an eye or cut off the fingers of their children to prevent them from being enlisted. But the Pasha was inexorable, and his army was soon filled with maimed and one-eyed soldiers.

The method of obtaining recruits is certainly a novel one. In the stillness of night soldiers surround the Fellah villages, seize upon and carry off in chains all the young men, and it not unfrequently occurs that whole districts are ruined by being thus deprived of agricultural laborers. Before the accession of the present Viceroy, the Egyptian, like the Turkish soldier, wore the European uniform, at least a queer imitation of it. Said Pasha has wisely divested them of that nondescript dress, and clothed them in the ancient Egyptian costume. This consists of a short jacket, full Turkish pantaloons and gaiters all made of white cotton, a sash of the same material, and a fez for the head completes the uniform. The palace is a large white building, distinguishable neither for the style of its architecture nor the beauty of its finish, and was built during the reign of Mehmet Ali. Ascending a broad marble stairway and passing the ante-room, in which, as is usual in the East, was a large collection of lily-dressed and lay looking attendants, we entered the reception room of Zoefika Bey, the minister of foreign affairs. Here we waited a quarter of an hour in sipping coffee and receiving and returning Oriental compliments. After passing through a large hall, we entered a spacious saloon in which we found the Viceroy. A broad low divan covered with crimson damask satin ran around the entire apartment, the floor of polished ebony was decorated with a basket of flowers held by two cupids all made of colored wood inlaid into the centre. The furniture was chiefly European, and by no means remarkable for its elegance. When we entered the Viceroy was seated a la Turque upon the farthest corner of the divan, from which he smiled as we approached, to greet us with a shake of the hand when presented.

In order that your readers may not labor under the mistake in picturing to themselves a "turbaned and malignant Turk," with solemn face and bowing beard, as the great dignitaries of the East are usually represented by poetic tourists and imaginative painters, I will give them a brief and faithful description of Said Pasha, the youngest son of Mehmet Ali, and the present Viceroy of Egypt. Apparently about forty years of age, I am confident were his weight accurately ascertained it would fall below three hundred and fifty pounds. His quantity of flesh, together with his low stature and the loose style of his dress, gives him, as may naturally be supposed, instead of a commanding figure, rather a squatty one; whilst his head, placed immediately upon his shoulders without the intervention of a neck, by no means tends to enhance the dignity of his appearance. His face, which is as devoid of expression and as unmeaning as a mass of copper colored flesh can possibly render it, is covered with short wiry red beard, and if Lord Chesterfield's caution to his son to "beware of a man who constantly shuts one eye" be correct, one would ever be on his guard against the Viceroy, for he never opens one eye and always keeps the other half closed. Instead of wearing upon his head the ample folds of the expressive turban, it was covered with a small red turban, scarcely concealing his bushy hair, veiling with it in the brightness of its color. His costume was Egyptian, a small embroidered jacket, full trousers made of light blue cloth, a beautiful casement shawl wound about his waist, and a pair of red morocco slippers upon his feet. Such was the appearance of the Viceroy as he stood revealed before us after sliding from the divan upon which we found him seated.

He received us most kindly, seated us by him on the divan, and commenced asking many questions concerning America and her institutions. I was surprised to find, that one whose education had been neglected, and especially concerning the affairs of the western continent, should know as much as he did. He was anxious to know if the government of the United States was about purchasing, as he had been informed, an island from the King of Greece. After spending nearly an hour in pleasant conversation, and sipping Mocha coffee handed to us in small china figurines, beautifully encrusted with brilliants, we took our leave. Though his mental capacity by no means corresponds with his physical developments, I was altogether much gratified with the reception he gave us. During our interview he was exceedingly profuse in his thanks to Mr. DeLeon for two Minie rifles which he had recently presented him.

A few days previous to my visit to the Viceroy, I called upon the Governor of Alexandria. During my interview with him he informed me that in making some excavations behind the palace a few days before, several ancient Egyptian tombs had been discovered, and kindly offered me the services of his Dragoman to point them out. I wish to examine them. Passing the palace and proceeding towards the sea, in the midst of sand banks, we came upon the tombs. They were three in number, and about twenty feet below the surface of the ground. Upon descending, I entered a low vaulted chamber about twelve feet in length, and eight in width, the whole covered with a fine and highly polished stone. The sides were embellished with Egyptian paintings, the colors in the highest state of preservation, and representing funeral scenes, resembling those in the mammy pits near Memphis. This chamber lay separated from another and smaller one by an arched partition. In this, upon a stone altar about three feet in height, were the bones of the person for whom the sepulchral chamber was built. From their appearance I should judge them to have been those of a female, though I was informed they had not been disturbed, but were lying in the same position as when the tomb was opened, and were in excellent preservation. The skull was entire, and I could not resist the temptation of extracting a tooth.

The other tombs, though not so large or not so well preserved, were built upon the same model and no doubt about the same period. Judging from the figures upon the wall, the style of the architecture, and their whole appearance, they are doubtless of great antiquity, dating far beyond the time of the Ptolomies. What adds weight to this supposition is the fact that since the foundation of ancient Alexandria, three hundred and twenty three years before Christ, the Island of Pharos has never been used for the purpose of sepulture, and consequently those newly discovered tombs were those of the ancient Egyptians, and are no doubt Pharaonic. The Viceroy, I understand, intends continuing these excavations for the purpose of discovering, if possible, some token by which the date of their construction may be ascertained. Though the island is surrounded by salt water, that which covers the floor of the tombs is perfectly fresh. I have been thus minute in my description, as it is I believe the first that has yet been given of them, but few having seen them.

A few days since I had the gratification of witnessing an impromptu demonstration upon the part of the principal Greek merchants of Alexandria at the residence of Consul General Mr. DeLeon. Perhaps your readers may recollect, that shortly after the declaration of war between the Eastern powers and Russia, owing to certain difficulties arising from the Philo-Russian sympathies of the subjects of King Otto, all diplomatic intercourse was suddenly broken off between that Court and the Sublime Porte, and the Greeks were compelled, upon the short notice of fourteen days, to leave the Ottoman Empire. Constituting, as they did, the principal merchants and the chief mechanics of the towns of the Levant, this cruel and uncalculated for order was the cause of much misery and distress, as it was impossible at so short a notice to wind up their affairs without bringing ruin upon themselves and their families.

Abbas Pasha, the predecessor of the present Viceroy, a man of cruel disposition, was only too glad at finding an opportunity to display it upon the inoffensive and unprotected Greeks in Egypt. Orders were immediately given to his brutal and fanatical soldiery not only to obey the spirit but the letter of the commands of the Porte, and the most cruel and revolting scenes were daily witnessed in the streets of Alexandria. To put a stop, if possible, to these barbarities Mr. DeLeon at first mildly protested to the Viceroy, and invited his colleagues to join with him in the protest, to which the Viceroy turned a deaf ear. Our Consul-General indignantly at the continued cruelties perpetrated upon the Greeks, which should ever prompt an American representative, and by the right belonging to consuls in the Levant, placed them under the protection of the United States flag. This at once put a stop to the persecutions, and the other consuls, who had at first stood aloof, openly approved of his course and desired to divide these *protectors* with him. Thus matters stood until the arrival here of some weeks since of the Consul General of Greece, when Mr. DeLeon handed over to his protection the Greeks of Alexandria. To show their gratitude and to express their thanks for these signal services rendered their countrymen, the principal merchants of the city proceeded in a body to the consulate. The meeting was a most affecting one, and it was evident from the deep and heart-felt emotion evinced by them, how painful it was to sever the kind relations that had existed between them and our Consul-General, and how highly they appreciated his services in their behalf. I have been informed that in addition to the marked attentions paid Mr. DeLeon during a short visit some months since to Athens, both by King Otto and his Queen, the former tendered to him the Order of the Saviour, the highest in Greece, as a mark of his esteem, which of course was declined. During the whole affair of the Greeks the course pursued by our Consul-General was certainly marked by that firmness and humanity which should ever characterize the conduct of American representatives. It has rendered him exceedingly popular here, whilst his kindness and hospitality have endeared him to American travellers in Egypt.

THE SKIRTS A LA MODE.—Of all other things beware how you touch them—some possess magnetism within their folds and some contain something else—such as springing hoops and stripes of curious hues. They are however all extensive—extragant, and so voluminous that we could pen volumes on them—but sufficient for the skirt is the burden thereof.

Skirts are almost universally flounced, and the flounces trimmed with ribbons, velvet or moss trimming. We have seen some most exquisite pattern flounces of the most artistic designs; others with plain graduated stripes of a contrasting color from the ground color, and others of a different shade, of the same color. The most popular number of flounces is three, though some prefer two deep ones. The double skirt is a very pretty and becoming style, and we are pleased to see its growing popularity; the triple skirt is almost too hardy; we cannot recommend it, except to tall, slight, elegant figures. The skirts are worn very full—that anomaly, the hoop, renders it imperative.

The Tyranny of the Opposition.

The "Press of the Oligarchy" in South Carolina clings to its ancient land-marks with the same obstinate and indomitable spirit that has ever characterized the "time-honored conservatism" of its stupendous master; and in the present conflict of opinion about State representation in the Cincinnati Convention, it exhibits all the characteristics of egotism that have, for half a century, suppressed discussion and strangled popular movements, on all occasions where great questions of State policy and State reform have been presented for popular deliberation. In its opposition to the Convention movement, true to its teachings and instincts, it indulges in paradoxical absurdities, and revels in fulsome denunciations of those who dare oppose "the powers that be;" nor is it scrupulously averse to following the erratic path of perversion and misrepresentation—clothed with the torn and tattered habiliments of a long line of *old fogy opinions*, it disposes the untarnished scales of the honored dead by priestly invocations to observe and respect the sanctity of its "time honored" tiara.

The rights of minorities have ever been respected and defended by statesmen of South Carolina, and whether in Federal or State affairs, the protection of minorities against the aggressive spirit of majorities should constitute a cardinal principle of political ethics: And while we admit and approve the doctrine that in domestic legislation, with a people homogeneous in interest—commerce, agriculture and education—majorities, with the appliances of proper safeguards and restrictions, shall rule; yet it would be monstrous, to hold that party action, in a system like ours, having its foundation and perpetuity in the existence, elements and operation of parties, should be subservient to the will of local majorities. A party to control this vast Republic, and to preserve its power at home and its pre-eminence abroad, must ramify throughout the length and breadth of the commonwealth and establish its banners upon every hill-top; and while in some States, or particular localities, it may divide into small minorities, the right of such local minorities to act with their party and aggregate majority is none the less a right, nor rendered less sacred by overlooking local speaking majorities. The right to "think, speak and act," and even to be represented in Convention, is still a right, even though the party should number but half a score of individuals; nor would their bold, manly and independent action—if they saw proper to exercise the right—be susceptible of the vile interpretation that they were acting in derogation of what is "right and just towards the opinions of their fellow men." There is something noble in the spirit of the party which, when borne down by ruthless and unprincipled majorities, still holds out its banner and struggles on amid the sneers, vituperation and clamors of indented loud-mouthed victors. And such is the course pursued by parties and individuals who really love the good of their country, or the cause of truth at heart; because principles are eternal and immutable, and are unaffected by the defeats and reverses of political revolutions. Nor are they less worthy the stern and unflinching advocacy of devotees because repudiated by the majority.

These reflections have been induced by an observance of the course pursued by the journals opposed to state representation in the Democratic Convention. They not only abuse the advocates of the measure, and heap calumny and villainous reproach upon the party who espouse the cause, but have gone so far as absolutely to deny them the right of doing as they please in the matter, and denounce them as political gamblers, and presumptuous disturbers of the "time honored" policy of the State. From the seaboard to the mountains they have been vilified, slandered and crucified at the old conservatism Stake of the Oligarchy, and still the storms of vituperation, insult and oblongation progresses with unabated ferocity.

There may be two parties in every district in the State—a Convention party, and an Anti Convention party. If so, the former, however few their numbers, have the inalienable right to send delegates to the May Convention in Columbia, and to be represented at Cincinnati though the world should oppose it. It is the Democratic party in the State, who desire the nomination of Mr. Pierce or some other sound Democrat, that is sought to be represented, and not the State as a unit. A party in a State is not the State, and when assembled in Convention can only represent the strength and views of such party, not the strength and views of the whole State. Yet the right to be thus represented in South Carolina is denied, and hence the bitter strife that now agitates the political waters.

[Edgfield Informer.]

THE DISPUTE WITH ENGLAND.—If the discussion of our difficulties with England is suspended for a moment by the press, and there seems to be a more pacific disposition in the public mind, it is not the less likely that Mr. Marcy and Lord Clarendon are engaged in an energetic interchange of notes, and that the contending governments contemplate each other in no amiable mood. It is rash to infer from no difficulties to our Minister that the controversy with Great Britain wears a less menacing aspect. In fact we have positive information that the difficulty, so far from seeming to approach a friendly adjustment, was never more embarrassed than at this very moment of apparent cordiality and good understanding.

The President may consent to arbitrate the dispute touching the construction of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. For the insult to the country, in recruiting the British army on our soil, he will accept no other atonement that the recall or dismissal of the British Minister. This is the alternative which Mr. Marcy submits to the British Ministry; and there will be no compromise of the demand.—Richmond Enquirer.

tion paintings, the colors in the highest state of preservation, and representing funeral scenes, resembling those in the mammy pits near Memphis. This chamber lay separated from another and smaller one by an arched partition. In this, upon a stone altar about three feet in height, were the bones of the person for whom the sepulchral chamber was built. From their appearance I should judge them to have been those of a female, though I was informed they had not been disturbed, but were lying in the same position as when the tomb was opened, and were in excellent preservation. The skull was entire, and I could not resist the temptation of extracting a tooth.

The other tombs, though not so large or not so well preserved, were built upon the same model and no doubt about the same period. Judging from the figures upon the wall, the style of the architecture, and their whole appearance, they are doubtless of great antiquity, dating far beyond the time of the Ptolomies. What adds weight to this supposition is the fact that since the foundation of ancient Alexandria, three hundred and twenty three years before Christ, the Island of Pharos has never been used for the purpose of sepulture, and consequently those newly discovered tombs were those of the ancient Egyptians, and are no doubt Pharaonic. The Viceroy, I understand, intends continuing these excavations for the purpose of discovering, if possible, some token by which the date of their construction may be ascertained. Though the island is surrounded by salt water, that which covers the floor of the tombs is perfectly fresh. I have been thus minute in my description, as it is I believe the first that has yet been given of them, but few having seen them.

A few days since I had the gratification of witnessing an impromptu demonstration upon the part of the principal Greek merchants of Alexandria at the residence of Consul General Mr. DeLeon. Perhaps your readers may recollect, that shortly after the declaration of war between the Eastern powers and Russia, owing to certain difficulties arising from the Philo-Russian sympathies of the subjects of King Otto, all diplomatic intercourse was suddenly broken off between that Court and the Sublime Porte, and the Greeks were compelled, upon the short notice of fourteen days, to leave the Ottoman Empire. Constituting, as they did, the principal merchants and the chief mechanics of the towns of the Levant, this cruel and uncalculated for order was the cause of much misery and distress, as it was impossible at so short a notice to wind up their affairs without bringing ruin upon themselves and their families.

Abbas Pasha, the predecessor of the present Viceroy, a man of cruel disposition, was only too glad at finding an opportunity to display it upon the inoffensive and unprotected Greeks in Egypt. Orders were immediately given to his brutal and fanatical soldiery not only to obey the spirit but the letter of the commands of the Porte, and the most cruel and revolting scenes were daily witnessed in the streets of Alexandria. To put a stop, if possible, to these barbarities Mr. DeLeon at first mildly protested to the Viceroy, and invited his colleagues to join with him in the protest, to which the Viceroy turned a deaf ear. Our Consul-General indignantly at the continued cruelties perpetrated upon the Greeks, which should ever prompt an American representative, and by the right belonging to consuls in the Levant, placed them under the protection of the United States flag. This at once put a stop to the persecutions, and the other consuls, who had at first stood aloof, openly approved of his course and desired to divide these *protectors* with him. Thus matters stood until the arrival here of some weeks since of the Consul General of Greece, when Mr. DeLeon handed over to his protection the Greeks of Alexandria. To show their gratitude and to express their thanks for these signal services rendered their countrymen, the principal merchants of the city proceeded in a body to the consulate. The meeting was a most affecting one, and it was evident from the deep and heart-felt emotion evinced by them, how painful it was to sever the kind relations that had existed between them and our Consul-General, and how highly they appreciated his services in their behalf. I have been informed that in addition to the marked attentions paid Mr. DeLeon during a short visit some months since to Athens, both by King Otto and his Queen, the former tendered to him the Order of the Saviour, the highest in Greece, as a mark of his esteem, which of course was declined. During the whole affair of the Greeks the course pursued by our Consul-General was certainly marked by that firmness and humanity which should ever characterize the conduct of American representatives. It has rendered him exceedingly popular here, whilst his kindness and hospitality have endeared him to American travellers in Egypt.

THE SKIRTS A LA MODE.—Of all other things beware how you touch them—some possess magnetism within their folds and some contain something else—such as springing hoops and stripes of curious hues. They are however all extensive—extragant, and so voluminous that we could pen volumes on them—but sufficient for the skirt is the burden thereof.

Skirts are almost universally flounced, and the flounces trimmed with ribbons, velvet or moss trimming. We have seen some most exquisite pattern flounces of the most artistic designs; others with plain graduated stripes of a contrasting color from the ground color, and others of a different shade, of the same color. The most popular number of flounces is three, though some prefer two deep ones. The double skirt is a very pretty and becoming style, and we are pleased to see its growing popularity; the triple skirt is almost too hardy; we cannot recommend it, except to tall, slight, elegant figures. The skirts are worn very full—that anomaly, the hoop, renders it imperative.

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