

When territory is purchased with our money and our blood, you are for monopolizing it. I may be somewhat unjust in the foregoing remarks, but such is my recollection of history. If I am wrong, you can correct me. The sin of slavery, if a sin, is ours, not yours. Your fathers sold their slaves, and ours bought them. If you consider slavery in Missouri or Arkansas a grievance to you, say at once that we must free them or you will separate from us. Be this, and you will act like honest men, and we will meet you half way. We cannot ever maintain this state of *quasi* peace and *quasi* war.

I have been informed that you have an income of \$100,000. Let me suggest that you purchase \$80,000 worth of negroes; come out to Kansas; feed and clothe your slaves well; give them employment; build for them and yourself good houses; improve their condition; build for yourself fine barns and stables; cover the prairies with wheat, hump and corn; feed your cattle on a thousand hills; assist your poor neighbor; and my word for it, you will do more good for your race, both white and black, than you are doing or can do in Boston. I should be happy to have you for a neighbor; and you will find as much good among slaveholders as you have found among non-slaveholders. At least you will have tried an experiment.

Your obedient servant,
DAVID R. ATCHISON.

[From the New York Day Book] THE POSITION OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

We hold negro slavery to be right *per se*, right in itself, in the nature and necessity of things; that while there are defects or imperfections of detail, as in everything else, and in all human institutions, there are, perhaps, no more evils connected with Southern society than that at the north; that negroes are negroes and not white men, and, therefore, the peculiar, domestic institutions of the South is no slavery at all, but, on the contrary, the natural relation of the races, and the normal condition of society, whenever or wherever whites and negroes are in juxtaposition. And we further hold that slavery extension, so called, or the free, full and unembarrassed movement of southern populations, or its perfect freedom of expansion—of migration—of development southward and westward, is absolutely essential to the peace, progress, and safety of American civilization, and, indeed, to the very existence of the American Republic. And in our frequent articles on this particular phase of the mighty question now upon us, and before the people for their action, we have said, that the northern democracy, when the question should be presented to them, would be in favor of the free expansion of southern population, or as the dupes of impostors would term it, the extension of "slavery."

There is no question of this kind now presented before the country; but when it is, or is later, when the right Republic is established, then we will say more.

plainly defined by the Cincinnati Convention that a man may run and read it, and though a fool, understand it. It simply says, "hands off," the federal government has no right to meddle with this question; that religion, law, currency, manufactures, commerce, banking and agriculture, which includes so called slavery, shall be left to themselves; in short, that government, especially the federal government, shall not interfere with social relations or business interests of the people. It has repealed the odious Missouri restriction, which assumed to discriminate against half the States of the Republic and to confiscate the property of nearly half of the American people, if they ventured with this property within a certain portion of the federal territory. And it says, when the people of the territories take upon them the rights and responsibilities of sovereignty, they may have negro slavery, if they choose or they may exclude slavery, if their own interests require it.

This is the democratic position, not only now, but always. As a political party, it can neither be for or against so called "slavery"—except in the two special instances provided for and plainly defined in the federal constitution, it cannot touch the subject. The provision for restoring runaway or coaxed-away negroes, and that defining the ratio of representation, covers the whole ground of northern connection with southern negroes, and beyond these, or beside these, the northern people are as absolutely disconnected with the negroes of the South as they are with those of Brazil or of Africa.

But the opposition claim the right, and hold it to be a duty to oppose this *laissez faire* policy of the democracy. Their false ideas of government, peculiar to the old federal school from which most of the leaders spring, leads to this interference with "slavery," just as they desire to do in respect to the currency and other interests of the people. But beyond this unsoundness of political ideas, the opposition to the democracy are laboring night and day, and with a zeal absolutely devilish, to array the North against the South, and by the mere power of numbers, to carry the Presidential election. And yet they have the unblushing audacity to charge the South with aggression, and the democratic party as the instrument of southern slaveholders!

Now, then, in conclusion, is the issue and the exact position of parties. The democratic party says "hands off" on this question, as on all other interests of the people, while the opposition, or self-styled republican party, propose to interfere with "slavery," to place the government in direct and deadly conflict with half the States of the federal Union—to pen up the population of the South, and force the abolition of the natural relations of white men and negroes; in short, it asks the northern masses to aid in destroying southern society, and degrading white men, their own brethren, to a level with negroes. Will the people be so blind, so deplorably blind, as to permit this party to succeed; as deluded, utterly deluded, as to permit Seward and Giddings, &c., to cheat and humbug them with nigger freedom? *Vall, nous repondra.*

THE SOUTHERN RIGHTS AND NON CONGRESS.

name and title of a new society, in Washington, but to have its New York; the object of keep in existence a sentiment, feeling them and southern rage and disconnection of the northern States.—composed principally of men doing business and one of its chief objects got and circulate information of those who are seeking the overthrow and destruction of southern society. The officers and members of the society, feeling that the South has an interest in the continuance of the Union, and rights as citizens of it in the city of New York, will make it part of their business to guard the South against the evils that are planned and carried out here, and also against contributing by their commerce with and patronage of those merchants and business men who use the profits of this commerce to rob the South of their property.

They will learn, for instance, and inform the southern people as to the truth or falsity of the charge, that the proprietors of the Astor House are active, working abolitionists, who spend the money received from southern people to aid such men as Greeley, Seward and Beecher in their raid on Kansas; whether merchants from whom they purchase goods, by whose vessels they ship money, &c., are large contributors of money to buy Sharps' rifles; and in short, to guard the South against, turning the grounds to sharpen the axe to cut their own throats with.

We wish the undertaking every success, and hope its effects will be promotive of such good to southern and northern merchants, the life and soul of whose trade and success is bound up in this Union.—*New York Day Book.*

THE Free Press Herald

CHERAW, S. C.,
TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1860.

EMIGRANT AID SOCIETIES.

There is a feature connected with these associations at the North that is perhaps not generally known. Under the specious pretence that they are only affording to the necessitous the means of emigrating to, and settling in, the common Territories of the Union, they conceal the darkest designs against our peace and safety. The report of the Senate Committee on Territories, for a copy of which we are indebted to our Senator, Judge Evans, fully exposes their mischievous intention. To people Kansas with hordes of crazy fanatics who scruple at nothing to accomplish the most diabolical purposes; to obtain by fraud, corruption, and every imaginable species of villainy, such an ascendancy as will enable them to subvert the laws, and control the destiny of that Territory; to trample upon the rights, destroy the property, and put in jeopardy the lives of their fellow-citizens there, is not enough for them. 'Tis but a small and comparatively insignificant part of the great game at which Massachusetts agitators care to play; and scarcely "worth attention."

But bound together by secret obligations of mutual support at every hazard, they have framed for themselves a grand scheme of universal propaganda by fire and sword, through blood and ashes, if necessary for its accomplishment. Kansas secured, the victorious army will march forward to other conquests, and cease from their warfare only when they have overturned every vestige of liberty in the South. And, "why stand we here idle?" Why wait until the danger becomes more and more formidable?

Do we mean always to defend our institutions with the brittle weapons of threatening words, and empty boasts? Organization on the part of our enemies, demands preparation on our part. We can trust no longer to friends, but must rely upon ourselves and our own resources.

THE MAILS—AGAIN.

We had something to say on this subject two weeks ago, but since that time many of the citizens of this District have called our attention to other features of the case with which we were not before acquainted.

Yet we feel that it is almost useless to waste time in presenting facts which prove the gross neglect with which we are treated by this important department of the government! We will continue to speak of it, nevertheless, and ask the influence of our Representative in Congress in the premises.

It really seems that the Department has a peculiar fancy for circuitous routes, slow teams and "one horse concerns;" as the mode of transporting the great "U. S. Mail" from this place to Chesterfield C. H., Mr. Croghan, &c., abundantly proves. From Cheraw it starts out, as though it was ashamed of itself, or else intended to steal a march upon our friends at the Court House, and take them by surprise; for it takes passage in a regular built stage coach of the old style, and any one would suppose that it was about to travel in that manner all the way to Chesterfield. But not so! As it gets fairly out of "the clearings," and there is no one on the roadside to run and report its coming to the villagers, it quits the coach and gets a straddle of a man's shoulders, and in this way toddles along to its destination. At the point where it thus "changes horses," it has already travelled—we are told—fourteen miles from its starting point, only two miles further than it was from the Court House before it set out, and is still just within fourteen miles of its *terminus*. Well, if the man upon whose shoulders it now rides, "whips up," it may reach the Court House in time for the Lancaster mail via Mt. Croghan, &c., but should he "cast a shoe," or stop to "feed" on the way, the Lancaster mail will have gone, and the people about Mt. Croghan, who are only promised a weekly mail, must wait yet another week for the news.

We have often heard this was a "fast age," but never had a better illustration of it than that of making horses out of men, and travelling twenty-eight miles to go twelve.

We thought, too, that weekly mails were among "the things that were." Our neighbors in North Carolina seem also to have retained among them these old fashion arrangements; for we learn that from Centre to several of the neighboring post offices, the names of which we do not now remember, there is but a weekly trip, so that the mail which leaves Centre Wednesday morning, reaches Centre on the next morning, finds these other mails gone the night before, and must lie over just one week.

Now if the Department at Washington is at all anxious to afford us its facilities, it has a fine field for its operations here. Let it provide a route or routes just within the limits of this District and around the entire District, abolish these two-legged horses, and estimate time as cheaply as it does dollars, and we think it will accomplish something.

We are under great obligations to Senators Evans of our own State, and Jones of Tennessee, as well as to our immediate representative in the house, Hon. John McQueen, for a number of interesting and valuable public documents. They will please accept our thanks.

The letter of Hon. J. C. Jones to his constituents "on political parties, his past course, and future intentions," is an honest exposition of the present state of the country, and a patriotic appeal to his political friends, to lay aside party prejudices and come to the rescue of the violated Constitution. If all our Southern statesmen were actuated by the same noble impulses, we would have nothing to fear in meeting the issues before us.

YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

As we have already paid our respects to the "Old Maids," and do not wish to be charged with partiality, we will venture a word to the "young Ladies" and "young Gentlemen."

First, we must define the creatures to whom we allude. Females may be arranged in the following classes: "old women," "old maids," "ladies," and "young ladies;" and males classified thus: "old men," "old bachelors," "gentlemen," and "young gentlemen." Thus it is obvious that we are not such "old fogies" as to adopt, in this enlightened age, the ancient classification which embraced those outlandish things—"infants," and "little boys," and "little girls." We have no such relics of barbarity among us; they belonged, we suppose—as every thing that is now old and "out of fashion," did—to the *Feudal System*. "Babies" even yet, there sometimes may be, but as they seldom get to be more than a year or two old; it is scarcely proper to take any account of them: As soon as they can manage to toddle along without the help of a nurse, these little creatures strip off the "pantalets" which fond mammas had spent wearisome hours in making, bounce into the parlor with flowing robes, join in the giddy mazes of the dance, and innocently prattle away about "cupid" and the "musas;" or else envelop themselves in boots and standing collars, hang themselves about massive watch chains, shuffle and cut the deck of cards, force real American Segars into their distended mouths, leaving just space enough on either side for the *smelly* oath to slip out, and are forthwith christened—"young ladies," and "young gentlemen." These are the creatures we mean. They are of the real "young American" order, and may, for ought we know, be genuine *Know Nothings* all their lives.

Though sometimes almost imperceptible to the naked eye, it never requires an *ear-trumpet* to assure us of their presence.—When you see an immense leghorn "hat," "like a thing of life," moving about the streets, as if borne along by some huge beetle that has been entrapped underneath it, you have only to raise it, apply your microscope, and see a young American "young lady" arrayed in the very "tip of fashion" for an evening party. When you are bewildered at the sight of two slender striped things like barbers poles with a human head upon them, and a Shanghai coat tail streaming behind in close pursuit, as they stretch along the pavement; you have only to wait until this singular object approaches near enough to give you the benefit of the perfume of "cologne," "otter of Roses" and "balm of ten thousand flowers," with which the creature is saturated, to know that you stand in the august presence of a young American "young gentleman."

They are useful beings. From them the good old maids and queer old bachelors draw every drop of comfort they ever can enjoy.—Without them Milliners, Perfumers, Tobacconists, Novelists and Florists would inevitably perish. Left to provide for themselves they scarcely ever live beyond the ages of twelve in females, and "sweet sixteen" in males, for at this period, if they do not marry, they go into the next grade belonging to their sex.—But, like other animals, they may be easily exterminated by withholding from them their accustomed food or changing their diet. Feed them on kisses—without mottoes, poetry—without love songs; books—without fictitious heroes; and flowers—without a language, and they sicken, pine away, and die.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Last Friday ushered in the Eightieth Anniversary of our National Independence. We were glad to see the good old times coming back. In former years the Fourth was looked forward to with as much interest by the farmer, the children, and in fact by all, not excepting our "down trodden slaves," as they do to the arrival of old red faced Christmas, with its joys and fire crackers. The procession formed at the Planters Hotel, and from thence marched under the command of W. Allen Bepton, Esq., to the Male Academy. After a very appropriate prayer by the Rev. Alex. Gregg, and a suitable tune sung by the choir, the Declaration of Independence was read by Mr. L. Charles Inglis, in a very forcible and able style. The choir then struck up that grand old National air "America," after which the Oration was delivered by J. Randolph Malloy to a very attentive and intelligent audience. At night there was a large and pleasant party at the same place, given by the young men of the place, at which party the oration, declaration, and music were all forgotten, and in their stead there was another kind of *Oratory*; another kind of *Declaration*—though not of Independence by a great deal—and another kind of *Musical*. The assembly adjourned on the fifth, pleased with themselves and every body else.

JUDGE EVANS.

We regret our inability to publish the admirable speech of Senator Evans, but cannot forbear to express our high appreciation of his merits. It is a calm and dignified defence of his State, an able and interesting discussion of the questions of the day, and a bold and searching exposure of Sumner and his friends.

The speech is worth its tax in arraying facts and reasoning in their truest and most forcible light, and as for the *free* and *persecution* of the press.

We thank the Editor of the "Knowe Corner" for his very kind notice of our paper, we would correct a mistake into which he has strangely fallen. If he will look again, he will see that both the proprietors of "The Herald" are also its Editors.

We call the attention of the public to the advertisement of the Annex Institute in another column. This is another of those fine schools, which are beginning to adorn our section of the country.

ALEXANDER McLEAN, ESQ.

This pious and beloved man died on the 23d June, at the dwelling of his brother, in Hobeons county, North Carolina. There is no one whose death it gave us more pain to record than that of the above; he was beloved and admired by all who knew him, and all mourn his loss with unfeigned regret. We respected and loved him when our preceptor, and honored and admired him as a man. His short sojourn in our midst endowed many to him, and in my, though small when at his knee, least the first elements, and there were pointed out the pathway to eminence; yet they have not forgotten him, for his loss has cast the veil of sorrow over the joyful faces of that little band. Though the waving grass may hide his grave, and the russet leaves of many years cover his resting place, yet his urbanity and piety will remain indelibly fixed in the memory of all who knew and loved him.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

For the past week we have had comparatively pleasant weather with frequent showers. It rained during the whole of last night, and this morning has more the appearance of a September day than one in July. On the 4th inst. we had the opportunity of seeing and conversing with a number of planters from the surrounding country, all of whom give cheering accounts of the crops. The crops in Chesterfield and Marlborough districts are remarkably fine, especially those about the vicinity of Bennettsville in the latter district. Our Marlborough neighbors are among the best planters in the State, and are prospering in their industry.

METEORIC VISITANT.

On Friday evening, 27th ultimo, about 7 1/2, a large and brilliant meteor appeared in the North east, at an elevation of about 30°, and passed rather slowly to the east, traversing a distance of perhaps 20°, exploding without audible report, and leaving a white trail, marking the course of its passage, which remained some time, and assuming a waving form gradually disappeared. It is seldom that we see such a large and brilliant specimen of celestial pyrotechnics.

We regret the necessity of having delayed the publication of the communication of "Echo" for so long a time, but hope our correspondent appreciates the motive which impelled us to this course. As we are just setting out in the editorial life it is important that we adhere strictly to long established rules. We would be pleased to hear from "Echo" again and often. We differ with our correspondent however, in one thing, for we do think that there is a great deal in some names.

We are authorized to say that persons going on the Excursion can go as far as Fair Bluff, on the Wilmington and Manchester road and return in time for the return train, for one fare.

See the Card of Maj. Zulaaki, Daguerriotypist. An opportunity is now offered to procure likenesses at a reasonable price.

Mr. A. P. Leach was elected town Marshall, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of J. C. Modlin.

SELECTED FOR THE FREE PRESS.

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS.

The idea which runs through these lines, and which is so beautifully and naturally carried out, it is said was expressed by a little boy five years old. The whole piece is true to a child's fancy to:

O, I long to lie, dear mother,
On the cold and fragrant grass,
With naught but the sky above my head,
And the shadowing clouds that pass,
And I want the bright, bright sunshine,
All round about my bed,
I close my eyes, and God will think
Your little boy is dead!

Then Christ will send an angel
To take him up to him;
He will bear me, slow and steadily,
Far through the ether dim.

He will gently, gently lay me
Close to the Saviour's side,
And when I'm sure that we're in heaven,
My eyes I'll open wide.

And I'll look among the angels
That stand about the throne,
'Till I find my sister Mary,
For I know she must be one.

And when I find her, mother,
I will go away alone,
And I will tell her how we've mourned;
All the while she has been gone!

O! I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again—
Though I know she'll never return to us—
To ask her would be vain!

So I'll put my arms around her,
And look into her eyes,
And remember all I said to her,
And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the angel
To take me back to you—
He'll bear me, slow and steadily,
Down through the ether blue.

And you'll only think, dear mother,
I have been out to play,
As I have gone to sleep beneath a tree
This sultry summer day.

PROPHECY.

The political aspect of the times has reminded me of an old prophecy, which appeared in a magazine towards the close of the last century.—In relation to the good old times, then just united under a Constitution. Of course it was, as it indicates, from a source hostile to the "Spirit of '76." "When figures (1) and (3) are changed from (2) to (4)."

The wicked rebels will their race have run, For at that number it is doomed by Fate, They'll split in twain, and separate. It was prophetic vision that could see in those dark days, that the Thirteen States would become *Twenty-one*. The seer who saw so much, may have seen more.

Cor. Journal of Commerce.

COMMUNICATION.

For "The Free Press Herald."
THE PICNIC.

We had been bidden some days ago—"expectation had on tiptoe at various consultations had been in to the becoming and appropriate, by who had already been "attired, and mented in beauty" by the hand which decked the lilies, and the roses.—It was the "leafy month of June," when the days, though not "cool, should be bright," as for "the bridal of the earth and sky"—

Alas, the morn arose not in cloudless splendor.—Dark, "gloomy, and peculiar," (for the season) "its rising was not sweet," and the "song of earliest birds" did not wake us with its melody.—*Once*, was the side of the world, the "sun was not upon,"—and few were now the hopes we cherished—"Would the 'Pa's and the Ma's' consent?—The 'old folk' whose plenitude of wisdom, is usually on such occasions, so generously offered to piece out the short comings of the "young folk," whom "they know" so be, what they should not be called by tongues polite. There were happily, too many ladies to be foiled, for "when a woman will she will; you may depend on't, and when she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't"—except in courtship.

"They were not the sweets which exhaled by exposure," and their "complexions, could stand both wind and weather." If they could not be Dryads; they could be as well Naiades, or mermaids, and some knew that if they found a watery grave, as sweet a song would lure the traveller here, as the—"Coralie, Coralie," that floats over the Rhine, and another Undine might charm the western world. Be this as it may; the hour for leaving; found all the "pow'rs that be," propitious; and the "skies influences" were not dampers, but promised to rain down only pleasures on our heads. We united our numbers with those which came from above, and passing down received the tributary rills from Darlington and Florence; then returned to the chosen scene of the day's festivities. Never was a car better filled; and though they say "Cupid is at home on a carpet," he looked mightily at his case in a "low backed car"—I heard a universal buzz—"Bless me, this is pleasant; a riding on a rail."—A modern improvement this, in view of which none should "sigh for the good old days." "Sweet merry as a marriage bell," and as for those other belles who come first; there were enough to put a man in the poet's "dilemma."

"The Bright black eye, the melting Blue, He could not choose between the two"

If "those he loved were away," he must have "made love to those that were there."—*There*; is one, whose "eye itself would make a soul."—Another; "like a young envoy sent from health with rosy gifts upon her cheek."—*Here*, the "violet by the mossy stone," just startled from "the untrodden ways of Love," and yonder; one who "walks in beauty; and all that's best of dark and bright meet in her aspect and her eyes."—*This*; with laughter loving orbs all dimpled o'er with "joves ambuscades," surely no coated mail withstands her shafts—"Square qui penit," must be their cry.—In that shadowed nook, gleams a jewel in so small a casket, that many a man remembers, her "wants but little here below, nor wants that little, long."—And see beside her, a little witch with so demure a look one instinctively cries—"Beware! with her brown eyes, she is fooling thee."

My eye wanders in search of one who might have lit on such a scene—"airy, fairy Lillian"—but she is invisible to the naked eye, and *my*, the soul has absorbed within itself, the slight veil with which mortality had shrouded it. Here, glides one in matron sweetness; and "elegance floats around her" like a dress, melting the airy motion of her form into one swaying grace.—Every thing is pleasant; even the little, only child, recalls the fabulous ones of old who were "seen, not heard."

A *Ma'am* would now say, enough of the *Dramatis personae*; (that is with a mental reservation, private; to himself) but I, being one of the weaker sort, may be mistaken, and think, a Picnic with only women, or—female divinities, if you will—would be worse than "Mamlet," minus the Prince. To give learned professions their acknowledged priority, I will mention first, more than a brace of young Esculapians—"Doctors of men," who for that day will decline their feet in the rhubarb and *peppermint*—as also, the bills of mortality for the week will betray. Then comes the