

# Edgefield Advertiser.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

VOLUME XIV.

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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY  
BY  
WM. F. DURISOE,  
PROPRIETOR.

**NEW TERMS.**  
Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, per annum if paid in advance—\$3 if not paid within six months from the date of subscription, and \$4 if not paid before the expiration of the year. All subscriptions will be continued, unless otherwise ordered before the expiration of the year; but no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Publisher.  
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## Look Always on the Sunny Side

What little things may sweeten life  
If we but view them rightly!  
Our darkest moments oft are rife  
With pleasures beaming brightly.

The mind that wraps itself in grief  
And vents its woes in groaning,  
Would never gain one hour's relief,  
For ages pass'd in mourning.

Look always on the sunny side—  
The sun is ever shining;  
The shadow may be dark and wide,  
But 'tis no use repining.

Nay, tho' the sun seem vanish'd quite,  
We are not unenlighten'd;  
The glittering stars show best at night,  
As though by darkness brighten'd.

Your path may be thro' deserts drear,  
But springs 'ere there are flowing;  
Keep up your spirits, never fear,  
Heaven still is joy bestowing.

As a bright flower that may be found  
Where all besides is dreary,  
Seems to shed sweeter fragrance around,  
In comfort to the weary.

Just so, a joy the mourner sees  
Amid the gloom of sorrow;  
Possesses double power to please,  
And strengthens for the morrow.

Then let us always look for joy,  
E'en in our griefs invite her;  
And what would otherwise annoy,  
Will help to make life brighter.

## A GOOD ONE.

The Hartford (Conn.) Gazette tells the following good one, which well hits off the practice of running ourselves down that others be induced to compliment. Very few, as in the case of the pious Mr. H. that would like to be taken at their word:

In a village not a dozen miles from Hartford the members of a religious society were in the habit of holding prayer meetings in the church in which they made a kind of confession commonly called "telling one's experience." A very pious member of the flock, Mr. H. sometimes invited Mr. P. who was not a member, to attend the "experience meetings." At one of these, Mr. H. in relating his experience, stated that he was a great sinner—that he had sinned daily, with his eyes open—wildly and knowingly sinned—that goodness dwelt not in his heart—that he was absolutely depraved, and that nothing but the boundless mercy and infinite goodness of Jehovah, manifested through the atoning blood of the Redeemer, could save him from eternal perdition. Mr. P. who had accidentally been placed upon the "sinners' seat," was called upon after his neighbor H. had ended, to relate his "experience."

He arose, and with great gravity said, he had very little to say of himself, but the brethren would remember that he had lived for twenty-five years the next door neighbor to Mr. B. that he knew him well and it gave him great pleasure, (because he could do it with entire sincerity) to confirm the truth of all brother H. had confessed of himself! When Mr. P. sat down under the smile of the whole congregation (the worthy parson not excepted,) Mr. H. went up to him and said, "You are a rascal and a liar, and I'll lick you when out of church."

"Dennis, darlin', och Dennis, what is it you're doing!"  
"I'm trying an experiment!"  
"Murder! what is it!"  
"What is it, did you say? Why it's given hot water to the chickens I am, so that'll be after laying baited eggs!"

"Men are made in the image of God? Gentlemen are manufactured by tailors, barbers, and boot blackers."

Woman is the last and most perfect work of God. Ladies are the productions of silks worms, milliners and dressing maids.

A darkey set to work to cut down a very tough tree, but his axe flew back for some time, with but little effect. A storm occurred mean time, and a crashing shaft of lightning shattered a huge oak to splinters near him.

"Bress de Lord!" exclaimed Sambo, "dat well done. 'Spose you try dis one next—guess you get your match."

Words may pass, but blows fall heavy.

## Mr. Calhoun at Fort Hill.

We find in the New York Herald an interesting letter from a correspondent who had lately paid a visit to Mr. Calhoun at Fort Hill, his residence, in Pendleton. The extent of his plantation and the admirable management everywhere observable have perfectly enraptured the writer, and we regret our space limits as to extracts while our desire is to give the whole, as it presents our distinguished citizen in a character entirely new to most persons beyond the bounds of the State.—South Carolinian.

"We reached Fort Hill about two o'clock p. m. It was nearly the dinner hour. I was introduced to his family, which at that time consisted of Mrs. Calhoun, his youngest daughter, and three youngest sons.—Mr. Calhoun has seven children; the eldest, Andrew, is a planter in Alabama; the next, Patrick, is a captain in the army, and stationed near New Orleans, the eldest daughter is in Europe, the wife of our charge at Belgium. Mrs. Calhoun is just such a wife as a man like Mr. Calhoun should have—sensible, domestic, and industrious. She governs her household in a style that the Roman matron in the olden times ever surpassed. Cornelia, the daughter at home, is a most affectionate companion for the mother. John is a physician, and was married, shortly after I left to the daughter of a near neighbor. He will make a leading physician wherever his destiny leads him to settle. James, the next, is a calm, quiet, thinking young man of 20, and, in many respects, strongly resembles his father. Willie is the youngest of all Mr. Calhoun's children, about 18 years of age, and the pet of all. The two last are students in the South Carolina College, and at home during the vacation."

"Towards sunset Mr. Calhoun gave me an invitation to walk over his farm. I gladly accepted."

"Had I not known with whom I was conversing I should have set him down in my mind as the most thorough going practical farmer I had ever met with.—There is no detail connected with it, with which he is not perfectly familiar; and as he carries you along with him, he points out to you, and explains every thing in the most simple manner possible. You wonder, knowing the man, where he got his information from, and when he had time to get it, and still more when he had time to carry it into operation. But people cannot understand Mr. Calhoun, he is a perfect adept in the system and power of combinations. He has a time and place for every thing; in a word, to give a vulgar quotation, 'what Mr. Calhoun don't know about any and every thing, ain't worth a man's while to look after.' Say what you please about Mr. Calhoun's other qualifications, dispute about them as much as you please, whether he is this, that or the other, I care not—but this assertion I will make, John C. Calhoun is the best practical farmer in the United States, and if any man doubts this assertion, let him make a pilgrimage to Fort Hill, and his doubts will be left there."

"By the way, while walking in the large corn field, I asked Mr. Calhoun what gave the name of Fort Hill to this place. He answered my query by pointing out to me a long hill about the Seneca, and remarked:—

"There was a fort stood there, built, I believe, during the war of the revolution; it was used during that time by the Americans, and called Fort Hill. It was dismantled with peace, but its name has been given to my farm, on which the old fort stood." By this time we had passed through the tall corn and had reached the bank of the river, a narrow but a rapid and very deep stream, whose head waters were found not forty miles from him, in fact in sight of his house in the mountains. There was a long scow tied to a tree on the bank swung out into the stream. We both entered it, and I took a seat.

Not a word was spoken for some moments, and an impression was made on my mind which I shall not soon forget.—Mr. Calhoun's clear voice for a moment broke the spell. "The Seneca must be about two-thirds of the size of the Jordan." I looked up, and he described the resemblance, probably, with as much accuracy as if he has seen both. Again, I thought with what is he not familiar. The history of an empire or republic, or the history of the cotton plant or Indian corn; these rivers and brooks, or Jordan and Euphrates, and Texas rivers. While he was gazing up that placid stream, I gazed at him, and I have felt an irresistible love come over me, and a consciousness of irresistible power in him, which I never have felt before in the presence of any created being. I have stood in sight of emperors and kings in the old world at reviews, amid the rolling of artillery, the peals of music from hundreds of bands and the marching of thousands, and yet I never was so impressed with a feeling of the one man power, as in the presence alone of John C. Calhoun, in a boat on the Seneca river, and during that brief period a hundred things flashed across my mind, which I will recall again. One conviction was this: that but for ignorance, downright stupid ignorance, on the part of the people of the United States, made so and kept so by still more stupid, back party papers, contented with the interest of selfish, aspiring party leaders, whose interest it is to keep the mass of the people ignorant of the real character of John C. Calhoun, of his glorious and god-like intellect, his lofty patriotism, and love for country, which is only bounded by that country, and not by any one State or section—he wishes but justice to all—of his unswerving devotion to the constitution,

his supreme contempt for dishonest, time serving politicians, tricksters, and lickspittles; and his love for all that is good, useful, and patriotic; above all, his honesty and incorruptibility or his sagacity—his long experience of forty years in the highest seats in the councils of the Union—and his deep thought and foresight, which all make him what he is, the greatest man in the federal Union—but for this, the people, as one man, would have arisen and placed him at the head of affairs at Washington long ago, and he would have stamped the impress of his mighty mind, for years to come, for good. With so pure, so lofty and patriotic a President, how would our government now stand before the struggling European nations? He would mark his administration by acts and policy that would cause it to be blessed for a century to come. As it is, what has he not done, for the last twenty years only? He has originated and carried more measures, which have become law, and defeated more which he believed to be bad, than all the Presidents during that period. Is it not true, and are not the people of the United States fully conversant with these facts?—He has no press to trumpet forth and blazon his great actions, as every other little great man has, and who consequently become quite honored and caressed. These men, and that class of men, every one of them, know what John C. Calhoun is, and what he has done, and feel that to him they are the pigmy to the giant. Mr. Calhoun stands alone. He is like the mighty chain of the Alleghanies, which loom up into the clouds, 40 or 60 miles from his mansion. When time has passed with him, when 40 or 60 years intervene, then, and not till then, will the people of our country look back, and then in that distance—above all, will tower the memory of the acts of Calhoun. He is like the mountain—the grandeur of his mind and his conceptions cannot be seen by those in his time. Distance will mark his outlines with distinctness and do him justice—better for him—too late for us.

"What experience has been his—how long and how varied! Six years, a member of the lower House of Congress, eight years Secretary of War, seven years Vice President, one year Secretary of State, eighteen years Senator in Congress! For forty years, without intermission, in the public service; and during periods fraught with the greatest excitement and interest to the Union. I thought with a burning shame that party subserviency should be able to obscure in our own land an intellect which would shine brilliantly in any other; and the sage of experience never occupy his true position in our estimation until after he leaves us; and what does he think of this or of the Presidency? I asked him, and as near as I can recollect I will give his reply:

"What could I gain to be President? Care and anxiety, that I am free from now. I am not ambitious. The only reward I seek is the approbation of my own conscience. I neither ask nor desire any other reward than that. I would not accept the office of President on any other terms than the most entire freedom to reform abuses, abolish this system of removals, and break up the spoils and plunder system, and restore the government to a healthy and vigorous action, and this without any trammel or pledges, except those which the constitution imposes upon the President."

**A PRAYER BY KOSSUTH.**—The following prayer offered by Kossuth will be interesting to our readers. It was offered by him kneeling amid the multitude, at the grave of the Magyar heroes who fell in the battle of Rappolyn, and was originally published in the *Opposition* a journal of Pesth. We translate from the German:

Almighty Lord! God of the warriors of Arpad! Look down from thy starry throne upon thy imploring servant, from whose lips the prayer of millions ascends to thy Heaven, praising the unsearchable power of thine Omnipotence. O God, over me shines thy sun and beneath me repose the relics of my fallen heroic brethren, above my head the sky is blue and under my feet the earth is dyed red with the holy blood of the children of our ancestors. Let the animating beams of thy sun fall here that flowers may spring up from the blood so that these hells of departed beings may not rot under ungodly. God of our fathers and God of the nations! hear and bless the voice of our warriors in which the arm and the soul of brave nations thunder to break the iron hand of tyranny as it forges its chains. As a free man I kneel on these fresh graves, by the remains of my brothers. By such a sacrifice as theirs Thy Earth would be consecrated were it all stained with sin. O God! on this holy soil above these graves no race of slaves can live. O Father! Father of our Fathers! Mighty over myriads, Almighty God of the Heaven, the Earth and the Seas! From the bones springs a glory whose radiance is on the brow of my people. Hallow their dust with Thy grace that the ashes of my fallen heroic brethren may rest in peace!—Leave us not, Great God of battles! In the holy name of the nations, praised be Thy Omnipotence. Amen.

**THE REMEDY.**—"Oh, Doctor," said an elderly lady recently to Dr. H.—the celebrated bone-setter, in describing the effects of a deceased spine, "I can neither lay nor set."

"I should recommend, then, replied he, 'the propriety of roosting.'"

From the Marshall (Texas) Republican.

MARSHALL, July 3, 1849.  
MR. EDITOR.—I have drawn entirely from my memory the few paragraphs of Col. Wigfall's speech, which are given for publication. I shall, at some convenient time, give you other paragraphs, until the entire speech shall have been published.  
BAPTUS.

## Mr. Wigfall's Speech.

The Address of the southern members, said Mr. Wigfall, was objected to by our Senators because the original draft contained the declaration that "the present crisis was as important as that which led to the Declaration of Independence." But Mr. Berrien's Address, for which both Senators voted, and would have signed, declares that the question is of all subjects the most important. Can language be stronger? It is objected again, that the original draft declares that "if our rights are not protected under the constitution, it (the constitution) will become 'a sword for attack and not a shield for defence.'" Is the proposition self-evident? But, strange to say, neither of the Senators were ever asked to vote for the original draft—the objectionable passages having been struck out by the consent of Mr. Calhoun, before the motion was made for recommitment. It was the Address of the Southern members against which they voted, and as an excuse for it they point out sentences which they were never asked to endorse.

But the Southern Address, they say, declares that the aggressions of the North upon South would be the cause of war between foreign nations. Is this language which they could not tolerate—it is such as should not be used towards our brethren. But when Mr. Berrien says, "such interference would not be tolerated between independent sovereignties"—it would be met by remonstrance, and, if necessary, by force. They see nothing objectionable, but vote for, endorse, and are willing to sign it. The same sentiments in other passages, which were objected to by them in the Southern Address, were shown by Mr. Wigfall to be contained in Mr. Berrien's, and to have received their entire sanction. What confidence, then, he asked, can be placed in their sincerity, when they urge the existence of these passages in the Southern Address as their reason for not signing it?

General Houston said (Mr. Wigfall continued) that he had been denounced by Mr. Calhoun on account of his Oregon vote. When grave charges are made, it is important to determine the character of the accuser. He (General Houston) would rest his defence upon the issue of showing that Mr. Calhoun was, and ever had been upon all the great questions which had agitated the country, faithless to the South, and particularly to Texas. Mr. Calhoun, said Mr. W., needed no defender, and he (Mr. W.) could be neither provoked nor betrayed into the discussion of a false issue. General Houston's conduct, and not Mr. Calhoun's was the matter under consideration. But as Gen. H. had rested his defence upon the establishing of his charges against Mr. C., they became important, and for that purpose he would consider them, and for that only. It was impossible, within the time allowed him, to explain and consider in detail the positions which that great statesman had occupied upon all the great questions upon which the country had been divided during the last quarter of a century. He would restrict himself to one—Mr. C.'s position as to Texas. He selected this because his audience were familiar with it, and because Gen. H. had laid great stress upon it. If upon this he could show that General H.'s position was unsustained, the facts upon which he relied false, and his charges unfounded, then he would call upon the people to reject his (Gen. H.'s) testimony upon all other points as unworthy of belief. *Falsus in uno falsus in omnibus.* (When a witness wilfully misrepresented as to one matter he could be believed as to none.) Gen. Houston, charged that Mr. C., by dispatching the Joint Resolutions, put it out of the power of Mr. Polk to tender the alternative as he (Mr. P.) had pledged himself to do. Mr. W. here asked General H. if Mr. Polk could not, at any time before the Joint Resolutions had been acted upon by the Republic of Texas, have withdrawn them and substituted the alternative. General H. was understood to say "he could not." Then, said Mr. W., out of your own mouth I will condemn you. I hold in my hand a letter signed Sam. Houston, written six weeks after the Joint Resolutions had been dispatched, and addressed, to Major J. Donelson. "I said," exclaimed General H., "that Mr. Polk said he could not." If, said Mr. W., there are any other modifications of your answer to be made, I will patiently await them. There seem to be none. Then I will read what Gen. H. thought of Mr. Polk's position and control over the Joint Resolutions on the 9th April, 1845, six weeks after they had passed from Mr. C.'s hands. "Now, my dear friend, I conjure you to use your influence in having presented to this government, the alternative suggested by the amendment to Mr. Brown's Bill before it is too late, and while there is a remedy."

It was not even then "too late" for Mr. Polk to undo Mr. C.'s work. He might (according to Gen. H.) still substitute the alternative for the Joint Resolutions, and, by withdrawing from the people the privilege of deciding for themselves, redeem his pledge, and thus place Texas in the hands of Mr. Benton and his friend Gen. H. But whatever may be the

fact as to the power of the President over the Joint Resolutions after they had been dispatched, that Gen. Houston did not believe that Mr. Polk's conduct was controlled by Mr. Calhoun's action is manifest.—Yet he openly and boldly charges it.—Could he have forgotten the letter, or did he presume upon our ignorance?

But, again, Gen. H. says that by the Joint Resolutions slavery is now abolished over one-third of Texas—that the "legal capacity there existing to employ slave labor" has been "destroyed by Mr. Calhoun," and that vast region cut off from the occupation of Southern planters and farmers—that "Mr. C. has mutilated a Southern state, and suppressed, in a large portion of it, the domestic institution sanctioned by its laws." It has been already seen that, according to his own showing, it has been Mr. Polk, and not Mr. C., who is responsible for this, if it be so. But is the statement true, that slavery is now abolished in Texas? Mr. W. would not insult the understanding by arguing the question. Slavery existed there, and still exists all over Texas. The Federal Government had no right to abolish it. Our own Legislature had none. Yet Gen. H. had just stated, in the most solemn manner, that it was now abolished over one-third of the State.

Mr. W. then read the Joint Resolutions. It was plain that the Missouri restriction was a mere nullity. If a state is formed above 36 deg. 30 min. slavery is to be prohibited; but no such state can be formed except "by the consent" of Texas. Slavery, then, cannot be abolished over any of Texas, except by our consent. It could have been abolished by our consent whether the Missouri restriction had been ingrafted in the Joint Resolutions or not. But without the insertion of the Missouri Compromise the Resolutions could never have been passed. It afforded northern democrats an excuse for voting for them, and at the same time interfered with none of our rights. "Is the only compromise we have ever made with the North, by which we have lost nothing. And for this Mr. Calhoun has been denounced, and held up to 'reprobation.' It is at the faithful sentinel the deserter always fires as he is passing from the camp of his countrymen into the lines of the enemy."

But, said Mr. W., Gen. H. says that the line of 36 deg. 30 min. cuts off one-third of the state. He here exhibited a map which showed that more than a twelfth, or a tenth at most, lay above the line. If, said Mr. W., he has attempted to impose upon our credulity as to those matters of which every Texian must be informed, what confidence can we place in his statements as to those matters of which we know nothing—Mr. Calhoun's position upon the Bank, Tariff, and Internal Improvement, questions more than thirty years ago?

In Gen. H.'s reply, he said that in stating that one-third of the state lay above 36 deg. 30 min. he meant degrees of latitude, and not square miles. The other two charges he left untouched, the reply being almost entirely taken up with anecdotes, and compliments to the ladies.

When he took his seat, Mr. W. rose and said that "Nero had laughed while Rome was burning." The matter under consideration was a serious one. The charges he had made were grave. They involved the character of the Senator.—And he had attempted to laugh them off and divert attention by his anecdotes.—He would now ask him, and he begged a reply—could a Texian carry his negroes above 36 deg. 30 min. in our own state? Gen. H. answered, he could carry them to New York if he saw fit. That is an evasion said Mr. W. I will have a fair answer. Is there any "legal incapacity"? I do not know, said Gen. H. I have not considered the question.—"You should have done so," said Mr. W., before hazarding your reputation and veracity by making the statement.

**A NEW COTTON PRESS.**—We find the following description of a new Cotton press in the Mobile Tribune. We would call the attention of our planters to it.

"Mr. D. McComb, the inventor and patentee has left at this office a model of a new press for compressing cotton hay or hemp. It will remain only for a few days, and we invite planters and others interested to examine it. Its construction, remarks the patentee, is such as to secure the utmost possible durability; and its location in the gin-house secures hands and horses from inclement weather. The bale being made in the operation, or on the same floor, makes the latter very convenient. The press being suspended, is secured from decay, and the horse operating round its centre, is enabled to do his work with unprecedented ease and speed, as he only makes from four to eight revolutions to the bale. It requires less than one horse power to reduce five hundred pounds of cotton to shipping size, and less than one hour's work of the horse in making fifty bales, or less than one minute to the bale.

This press has been fully tested in Mississippi and Louisiana, and is considered unequalled in its advantages for the pressing purposes. It is remarkably simple in its construction and after inspecting it we could not doubt that it is a great improvement on the ordinary screw press.

Mr. McComb is arranging to establish a workshop in this city, in order to fill promptly the order of planters in South Alabama, Mississippi, &c.

The body of Marshal Eugene was embalmed and dressed in full uniform, with his sword by his side.

## From the Abbeville Banner. REPORT OF THE HODGES AND FULLER INSTITUTES.

Greenwood, June 27th—28th 1849.  
The Committee gave their undivided attention to the exercises of the pupils in the several departments of these Schools, and express their entire satisfaction and approval of the performances.

In our report, we will notice the order of examination, beginning with the Female School. After an appropriate hymn had been sung by the music teachers, accompanied with the piano, and prayer offered by the Rev. J. M. Chiles, the exercises commenced with spelling, primary geography, and proceeded to the higher classes in geography, history of South Carolina, history of England, English Grammar, rhetoric, arithmetic, algebra, astronomy, philosophy, and at intervals exercises on the piano—all of which were heard with no small degree of pleasure. The questions propounded to the young ladies were unusually full, and the answers were so promptly and correctly given, as to satisfy us that as far as they had advanced, they were thoroughly acquainted with the various branches upon which they were examined. The performances of the young ladies on the piano were highly satisfactory, showing rapid improvement, as several of them had but recently commenced. Specimens of drawing and painting were also exhibited, which had been executed in very neat style.

The evening exercises were taken up with the reading of compositions, which evinced much original thought, and were particularly marked for their moral cast. During these exercises, the instructors and pupils performed some admirable pieces on the piano, which were carefully culled. The second day was directed to the examination of the students in the classical department of the Hodges Institutes. The branches of study upon which they were examined, were numerous: Sallust, Homer, Natural Philosophy, Botany, Latin Lessons, Mental Philosophy, Geometry, Greek Reader, Book-keeping, Ancient Geography, Surveying, Mental Science, Algebra, &c. The examination was ably and faithfully conducted by the Principal of the Institute, and the classes acquitted themselves with much credit, and to the entire satisfaction of the Committee.

The exercises of the evening were deeply interesting, consisting of addresses by the several students of each department of the Institutes, a large proportion of which were original, commanding the approbation of all present.

On third day, the Committee attended with interest to the examination of the students of the English department of the Hodges Institute, conducted by the Instructor in that department. In this examination, the pupils evinced a familiarity with the branches of study to which they had been attending, which satisfied the Committee that they were thoroughly taught.

In conclusion, the Committee take pleasure in expressing their opinion, that the exercises of the pupils in the several departments of the above schools, were highly creditable to themselves, and reflect honor upon their instructors, and could not fail to satisfy the expectations of their parents and guardians.

J. S. ANTLEY, Chairman.

## MR. CLAY ON FREE SOIL.

The Hon. Henry Clay being invited to attend the Convention at Cleveland, Ohio, to celebrate the anniversary of the passage of the Ordinance of 1787, sent the following letter, in excuse for nonattendance:—

"ASHLAND, June 16, 1849.

Gentlemen,—I received your official letter, in behalf of the Freeemen of the Reserve, inviting me to unite with them, at Cleveland, in celebrating the anniversary of the passage of the Ordinance of 1787, on the 13th of July next. I concur entirely in opinion as to the wisdom of that great measure, and I am glad that it has secured to the State, on which it operates, an exemption from the evils of Slavery. But the event of the passage of the Ordinance has never, within my knowledge, been celebrated in any one of the sixty-one years which has since intervened. It is proposed for the first time to commemorate it. It is impossible to disguise the conviction, that this purpose originates out of the question now unfortunately agitating the whole Union, of the introduction of slavery into New Mexico and California. Whilst no one can be more opposed than I am to the extension of slavery into those new territories, either by the authority of Congress or by individual enterprise, I should be unwilling to do anything to increase the prevailing excitement. I hope that the question will be met in a spirit of calmness and candor, and finally settled in a manner to add strength and stability, instead of bringing any danger to the existence of our Union. In all our differences of opinion, we should never cease to remember that we are fellow citizens of one common and glorious country, nor to exercise mutual and friendly forbearance.

But, gentlemen, waiving all other considerations, indispensable engagements will prevent my attendance on the occasion, which you have done me the honor to invite me.

With great respect, I am your friend and obedient servant.  
H. CLAY.

Messrs. John C. Vaughan, Thomas Brown Committee.

Crows are never the whiter for washing themselves.