

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, devoted to Southern Rights, News, Politics, General Intelligence, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, &c.

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

EDGEFIELD, S. C., OCTOBER 16, 1851.

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W. F. DURISOE, Proprietor.

THE EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER, PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

W. F. DURISOE, Proprietor, ARTHUR SIMKINS, Editor.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously inserted at 75 cents per Square (12 lines or less), for the first insertion, and 37 1/2 for each subsequent insertion. When only published Monthly or Quarterly, One Dollar per square will be charged. All Advertisements not having the desired number of insertions marked on the margin, will be continued until forbidden and charged accordingly. Those desiring to advertise by the year can do so on liberal terms—It being distinctly understood that contracts for yearly advertising are confined to the immediate, legitimate business of the firm or individual contracting. Transient Advertisements must be paid for in advance. For advertising a Candidate, Three Dollars, in advance. For Advertising Extraordinary, Two Dollars, to be paid by the Magistrate advertising.

Poetry.

KING DEATH.

There is a king, a stern old king,
Who hath ruled since the world began,
And all of the earth are doomed from their birth,
To undergo his ban;
And he cares not he, whose'er they may be,
Who bend before his frown;
With a scornful laugh, he bids them quaff,
And drain the death-draught down.
And when he comes near men, quake with fear,
Though they boast when he is not nigh,
That they will not shrink, but fearlessly drink,
And bid the world good bye;
Ah me! how they pray the living day,
Should he take them at their word,
And the frantic groan, and feeble moan,
Is mournful tones are heard!
He calls aloud for the beer and shroud,
And points to the gloomy pall,
And half in jest, he says, there is rest
And room enough for them all.
The beggar lies down with the king and his crown
Under the same self same sod;
The hands are pressed across their breast,
And both look up to their God!
He knocks at the door of the rich and the poor,
With the same loud thundering sound,
And with dauntless air he bids them prepare,
For their long last sleep under ground.
Men drop and die at the glance of his eye,
And wander away at his breath;
For the name of his King, this stern old king,
'Is the grim, fierce conquerer, Death!

THE RICH MAN.

BY J. W. WHITFIELD.
The Rich Man thinks his gold his own,
And all his gold can bring;
The Rich Man thinks, when thus he thinks,
A very foolish thing.
He builds a palace beautiful;
The graceful columns rise,
And while he thinks them all his own,
They glad a thousand eyes.
He spreads his floral garden round—
The roses bud and bloom;
But with himself we all enjoy
Their beauty and perfume.
His noble chargers paw and prance—
The Rich Man's heart is proud;
He sees them with one pair of eyes,
But partners have the crowd.
His parlor walls are loaded down
With gems of art—to please
Himself, he thinks—to please, in truth,
The poorest man that sees.
The stately hall, the cultur'd grove—
The park with pebbled way—
The lapping fount that sweetly sings
For these he has to pay.
And pay that other eyes may gaze
And feast without a care;
The joy is ours, the task his own
To please them and prepare.

Miscellaneous.

"Spelling a Fellow."

BY ARITHMETICAL PROGRESSION.
Last summer while engaged in the tobacco and cigar business, I used to have for a customer in cheap cigars, one of those knowing fellows whose knowledge serves better to bore his victims than to advance science. You couldn't make him believe that—oh, no! Tell him they were regalia cigars that cost \$40 per thousand—it might stuff down the throats of those who knew no better; he was none of them. And so it was with everything; he always knew best. It always appeared to be his delight to draw me into some controversy, no matter what the subject, in order to hear himself hold forth. I tried every way I could think of to circumvent him, and at length I did succeed in laying him out as flat as a flounder.

It was on a Saturday afternoon, he came in, made his purchase, and seated himself to deal me out his usual portion; but I was awake for him.
"Captain," said I, "I have made up my mind to go to California, and if you wish to go into a speculation, now is your time."
"As how?" said he.
"Why, you see them fifteen boxes of cigars? well, there are two hundred and fifty in each

box, and I will let you have the whole fifteen at a low rate, providing you take them all."
"Very well," said my friend, "let's hear the condition."

"You give me one cent for the first box, two cents for the second, four cents for the third, and so on, doubling upon every box."
"S'pose you think I haven't money enough—eh?"
"Not at all, so let's proceed; here's the first box."

He drew from his pocket a leather purse, and out of it a handful of coin.
"And here's the cent," said he, depositing a green discolored copper on the counter.

"Here's your second box."
"And here's your two cents."
"Very well; here's your third box."
"And here's your four cents," said he chuckling.

"Here's your fourth box."
"Exactly. And here's your eight cents!"
"Here's your fifth box."
"And here's your sixteen cents."
"Here's your sixth box."

"And—ha! ha! ha!—here's your thirty-two cents."
"Here's your seventh box."
"And here—ha! by Jove the joke is getting too rich—here's your sixty-four cents and nearly half your cigars are gone."

"Here's your eighth box," said I, assuming a cool indifference that perfectly astounded the fellow.
"And here's your dollar and twenty-eight cents."

"Here's your ninth box."
"And here's your—let me see—ah! two dollars and fifty-six cents."
"Here's your tenth box."

Here he drew his wallet thoughtfully, and on the slate made a small calculation.
"And here's your five dollars and twelve cents."

"Here's your eleventh box."
"And here's your—twice five is ten, twice twelve is twenty-four—ten dollars and twenty-four cents."

At this stage of the game he had got quite doctile, and I continued—
"Here's your twelfth box; hand over twenty dollars and forty-eight cents."
Here the globules of perspiration, large as marrowfat peas, stood out in bold relief on his face, but at length he doled out the sun.

"Here is your thirteenth box—fork over your forty dollars and ninety-six cents."
At this crisis he looked perfectly wild.—The sweat was pouring off him in streams, and the tobacco juice was running out of his mouth.

"Forty-nine-six—If I do; do, but if I do may I be hanged!"
And taking his pile into his hat, he crushed it in his hand, and made his exit at a rate of speed altogether unheard of; and I have never seen him near enough to speak to him from that day to this—Spirit of the Times.

DAKOTA HOUSES.—There are hours, dark hours, that mark the history of the brightest year. For not a whole month's in any of the millions of the past, perhaps, has the sun shone brilliantly all the time. And there have been cold and stormy days in every year. And yet the mists and shadows of the darkest hours were dissipated, and fitted heedlessly away. The crest of the ice-fetters have been broken and dissolved, and the most furious storm lose its power to harm. And what a parable is all this of human life—of our inside world, where the heart works at its destined labors. Here, too, we have the overshadowing of dark hours, and many a cold blast chills the heart to its core. But what matters it? Man is born a hero, and it is only by darkness and storms that heroism gains its greatest and best development and illustration; then it kindles the black cloud into a blaze of glory, and the storm bears it more rapidly to its destiny. Despair not then. Never give up; while one good power is yours, use it. Disappointment will be realized. Morifying failure may attend this effort, and that one; but only by honest, and struggle on, and it will work well.

WORK IF YOU WOULD RISE.—Richard Burke being found in a reverie shortly after an extraordinary display in Parliament by his brother Edmund Burke, and questioned by a friend as to the cause, replied: "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then again, I remember when we were at play he was always at work." The force of this anecdote is increased by the fact, that Richard Burke was considered not inferior in natural talents to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Don't trust to your genius, young man, if you would rise, but work! work!

A GOOD JOKE.—The Adrian (Michigan) Expositor is responsible for the following: A tall keen-eyed countryman stepped into the Court-room at Detroit, the other day, during the progress of the railroad trial. Stepping up to a spectator, he requested that the prisoners being pointed out to him. The man he accosted, being somewhat of a wag, pointed towards the jury. The fellow scanned the twelve with his interesting eye: when satisfied with the scrutiny, turned to his informer, and whispered, "Well, they are a hard looking set, ain't they. I know by their looks they ought to go to the State Prison, every one of them!"

EDUCATION.—Education must be made accessible to all—as accessible as the air of heaven. It is quite as necessary for the vigorous development and healthy operation of the intellectual man as the pure atmosphere is to the mere animal frame. Without education the rising generation can no more perform and discharge the duties of intelligent, moral, and responsible beings, than mere savages or skeletons can be expected to perform the functions or use of civilized and living men.

To know how bad you are, you must become poor; to know how bad other people are, you must become rich. Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning rascal, when it is only a full stomach. Be careful, and don't mistake principles for potatoes.

Political.

FOR THE ADVERTISER.

Col. John Cunningham's Letter, TO THE SECESSION BARBACUE, HELD AT MOUNTAIN CREEK, ON THE 5TH INST.

SALUDA RIVER, LAURENS, 3rd October, 1851.

GENTLEMEN.—It was my intention to have been with you to-morrow, but the sickness of a child now prevents. It would have afforded me unusual pleasure to have addressed a meeting, whose high motto, as you represent, is "Action," and "who have unfurled the flag of resistance, to stand or fall under its folds, until every right due to freedom is secured." I have in late discussions heard so much to dull and depress the sensibility of the spirit of free independence, that those sentiments seem gratefully to freshen the current of my life-blood; and my heart leaped within me to respond to them in person in clarion notes.

I can but regard the scheme, called co-operation, to be now as submission in its tendency, and as mischievous in its debilitating influence, as it always has been hopeless and futile in furnishing resistance to the effects of the monstrous wrongs of the past, and protection against the impending ruin and dangers of the future. As a contrivance to wheel South Carolina into the Southern line, now commanded by STEPHENS, CLEMENS and FOOTE, and under a blank flag of acquiescent submission, it should startle into execrating repudiation our indignant souls. But as a political policy, it is barely worthy of position even on the Georgia platform. Georgia accepted the measures of the last Congress as a *Compromise*—as a matter agreed upon and claimed to be a settlement between the North and the South, and furnishing a sort of binding guarantee against further wrongs and injuries. But while our Carolina submissionists, also would tamely sink into submission to those measures put upon us as the *doom* of Southern institutions and equality, they do not even give us a nominal guarantee that they will not be "kicked and ousted" again—yes, not even the *pretense* of its violation, which might make them (as self-respect and good faith might compel Georgia to do) rise in resistance, if we were.

The object of Congress and the North is to destroy our institutions and property, and yet preserve the Union too. To this end a great party organization, called by the syrene name of "Union party," was agreed upon and entered into at Washington over a year ago, to force the *Compromise*, and all such aggressive measures, down upon the country. The practical *creed* of this party is, that a State has not the right to secede, or at any rate shall not do so; that it is therefore not sovereign; and that the Union, right or wrong, despotic or weak, must and shall be preserved, cost what it will, if rivers of blood and mountains of treasure. This *creed* is now asserted and proclaimed, as that of the President and his Cabinet, of a controlling majority of Congress and of the two great national parties, Whig and Democrat, of all the Northern States (our majority oppressors), and, to all practicable purposes, of even the parties who have carried the elections of the South. Stephens, Toombs, Cobb, Clemens, King, Foote and such recreants, are the tools and representatives of this gigantic junta. Delay and submission *now*, upon our part, will be acquiescence, either of silence or weakness, in that end; and the history of this crisis will practically, for all purposes of despotic power, establish it as a *precedent and doctrine*. We must crush these principles, and shiver this combination *now*, or we will be allowed no basis to resist any of the pending aggressions verging into emancipation on the one hand, and national despotism on the other; and when the desolation, horrors of that final measure compel us in necessary desperation to fight that despotism on one side, and our slaves on the other, it will be counted a forlorn, scattered, treasonable resolution, over which the winds of heaven will sweep the means of a world's execution. State sovereignty and the incident right of secession are the only shield and sword for the defense and preservation of our political liberties and domestic institutions. They are more important than slavery, and all other interests and privileges, because they constitute both the foundation of them, and the structure which is the *home and castle* of their existence. The issue in reality is, OUR RIGHT AND PRACTICE OF SELF-GOVERNMENT—the only basis of popular liberty."

This issue being made and put upon us *now*, we must meet it and resist *now*. We can only do so by a practical and unsubdued assertion of these cardinal powers and rights of secession. That is the use of them; and "possession" or "possessors" use is more than "nine points" in politics.

If Congress and the North, alias the Federal Government, will in a definite and binding form acknowledge the sovereignty of the States severally, and the consequent right of secession (both of which are great historical political truths), we might probably have an inducement to await the movement of our sister States of the South, goaded into action by past and other wrongs, as then, we would hold our means of resistance in our hands, ever ready for use. But when the enemy is stealing into our very ranks and tents to disarm us, shall we consent to sink into and join the sleep of Southern submission and indifference! No, by showing them our "dragons teeth," those enemies will recoil in terror before the sovereignties of States and the long lines of their freemen, who will spring up under this great issue at the sound of our "cry to arms," and we can save ourselves and the South too. In conclusion, hear and ponder upon the words

of the gallant Howard, of Georgia, an untrifled and uncorrupted Actionist:

"If we (Georgia) choose to put up with oppression and marked degradation, it is no reason for her (South Carolina) following our inopportunities and unless some of the other sovereign States by their votes maintain the right of secession, it is most probable that she will put the Government to the test of reducing a sovereign State to subjection."

"Who will fight that battle against Carolina? When Georgia and Alabama, Florida, Tennessee and North Carolina shall be called on to furnish troops to fight this battle for abolition, Carolina will not be the only field drenched in blood." * * * "If the Southern States were to end to the right of secession, it would put an end to all the threatened collisions."

Thus speaks a true Southern. But more, my fellow-citizens. When we act, before Congress can get at us, it must decide against the sovereignty of the States and the right to secede. "Then Southern Representatives and States will there throttle that new hydra of war and power, or be compelled to rally as a rampart around us in defence of their own existence. This the Federal Government will never dare risk, and must "let us go in peace;" and then in peace others will go with us.

Your obliged fellow-citizen,

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.
Messrs. R. C. Griffin, James Sheppard, Z. W. Carville, James H. Mims, E. Andrews, R. G. Duvoivant, Committee of Invitation.

Letter from Col. A. P. Aldrich,

OF BARNWELL, IN REPLY TO A REQUEST FOR A COPY OF HIS SPEECH.

BARNWELL, S. C., Sept. 30, 1851.

Gentlemen.—It was my intention to comply with your earnest request and send you, for publication, a copy of the speech which I had the honor to make to a portion of the patriotic people of Edgefield District, at Dorn's, on the 20th September last. I find, however, that my engagements will put it entirely out of my power, and I must beg you to believe, that nothing but urgent necessity could make me disappoint you. If there is anything which I have more at heart now than all things else, it is to prevent the suicidal policy of immediate separate secession. States, like individuals, have no right to commit suicide. That immediate separate secession will inflict entire ruin upon South Carolina, I have not the least doubt. That calm endurance for a little while, will unite the other Southern States, certainly the Cotton States, in a solid phalanx against the powers of the North, I am firmly persuaded. How much better then, is it to exhibit the calm courage of a firm people waiting for the time to strike, than the feverish anxiety of a fanatical people, destroying themselves because they are unable immediately to redress their wrongs. I would not see my State dishonored, but I cannot consent to see my State destroyed for no good. If by destroying South Carolina we could secure for the other slave-holding States "indemnity for the past and security for the future," it might be that we could make the sacrifice. But to lose all for ourselves, and gain nothing for our friends and allies, is an extent of delirium. What are we asked to do? Remedy an evil? No! Restore our rights? No! Redress our wrongs? No! What then? Make an exhibition of guttural resistance which is neither demanded by our position or our pledges. South Carolina is in the very heart of the slave territory, and from her position will be the very last State to be affected by the abolition pressure. She has less at stake than almost any other State in the Confederacy. Her people are less likely to emigrate with their men servants and maid servants to the new territory, than any other people in the Union. She has made no single pledge on her statute book, but to co-operate with her Southern sisters. She has said much less than Virginia, Georgia and Mississippi. Why then this excitement? Is it because a heated body, hastily convened without authority, deaf to counsel, bent upon carrying out the policy of a few, disregarding the counsel of the wise and experienced, have determined upon a course of action conceived in passion and acted upon in excitement? Are the people to execute that policy calmly and deliberately against the convictions of their matured and better judgment? Can this be wisdom? Can South Carolina lose honor and character by refusing such a lead? I think not, and I feel satisfied, that the great body of the people will decide in like manner. To the hasty and passionate action of the self-constituted May Convention, must be traced the present excitement and division in the State, the people have now the opportunity to check this spirit, in the election of deputies to the Southern Congress, and I hope they will embrace the occasion to ally the party hate and strife which is fast growing in the State.

The simple proposition before the people now is, will separate secession by the State of South Carolina, put us in any better position than the one we now occupy? If it will, the State ought to secede. If it will not, the State ought not to secede. I repeat here, what I have said elsewhere, that the first impulse of every true, brave, Southern heart, is to throw off the government which oppresses us, and if we listened to impulse rather than reason, we would say, let us brave any danger rather than endure these wrongs. But when we come to reason the matter we see, that if we exercise the calm courage which endures until it is ready to strike, we run no risk of defeat and will gain all our demands. Aggression has progressed so far now, that the contest, on the question of slavery, is no longer a contest between the States as States and the Government, but between the people of the North and the people of the South, as two distinct races. This is the distinct issue. The Submissionists demand, that we isolate the people of South Carolina from this Southern race on this Southern issue. Those opposed to separate secession demand, that we make common cause with this Southern race, feeling confident that together we must share a common victory. I will not stop to show, that the inevitable tendency of

things is to bring on this common struggle at no distant day. If nine millions of people give up all that they are worth without a struggle, then will all history be contradicted and all experience falsified. I will not stop to show, that there is an organized Southern Rights party throughout the whole South, united on this single issue, and contending with zeal and wisdom for the very result which Submissionists and Co-operationists in this State desire to accomplish. I will draw no inference from the fact, that a new era has dawned in the history of our country by the organization of a Disunion party. The moment the Southern States unite on the single question of domestic slavery—shall it be the Union is either dissolved or the institution is perpetually secured. The former is what we must look to, for when the contest arises on the single question, the Southern and the Northern races will have become so distinct, that longer Union will be impossible. Why then this fiery impatience? Why attempt to hurry our allies faster than they are willing to go? We seem to forget, that the people of South Carolina have been over twenty years in learning to look upon this Union as any thing else than a very great blessing, and actually are so impatient with our sisters, that we upraid them with opprobrious epithets, because in the short time from the Address of the Southern Members of Congress to the present, they have not learned to look upon the Union with the same feelings that we regard it. And because they are unwilling to move as fast as we desire, it is gravely proposed to cut loose from them, making no distinction between the Northern enemy and the Southern friend. The condition of the slave power in the world is peculiar and critical, all nations on the face of the earth of any strength, are opposed to the institution of domestic slavery. Its strength is the Union of the States in which it is. And yet the Action party of South Carolina, as they call themselves, ask us to tear away from this slave Union and subject the institution in South Carolina to certain annihilation; for it is the extreme of fatuity to suppose, that we alone can maintain it against the opposition of the whole world. We are met here, however, with the assurance and hope, that if we do secede and the institution is attacked, the other Southern States will come to our aid. I suppose they would, if a direct and open attack be made, but does any man suppose that would be the case? We must give our enemies credit for some sagacity, inasmuch as they have been overreaching us for the last thirty years, and conclude that they will do nothing to excite the hostility of the other Southern States. A people can be ruined as effectually by the arts of peace as by the arts of war. A war of diplomacy and tariffs, can render our property in a very short time, perfectly valueless. Such a war costs neither blood or treasure—it excites neither pity or sympathy—it will waste us away until our people, sick and tired, and disheartened with the constant drain, will either come back to the place from whence they have been seduced, or beg to be incorporated among those from whom they have fled.

What a destiny is this for South Carolina, proud South Carolina! who can contemplate it and not feel his cheek burn? We produce nothing that those opposed to us cannot get in abundance elsewhere,—and as to our trade, South Carolina might be blotted out instantly, and it would not interrupt the commerce of the world a single hour. You are told, however,—secede, and you will be strong and powerful, rich and prosperous. How are you to be strong and powerful, with no army or navy? How are you to be rich and prosperous with neither trade or commerce? You are deceived with the notion of strength and riches—but no one condescends to tell you how. Secede! action! is not to waste us away until our people, sick and tired, and disheartened with the constant drain, will either come back to the place from whence they have been seduced, or beg to be incorporated among those from whom they have fled.

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you; and but yesterday, the old man who had retired to his mountain-home to compose himself for death, came forth and made yet one more effort for his beloved State. They all tell you with one voice, that this Secession policy is not the true policy. Are these men to be disregarded? What motive have they to deceive you? Their highest ambition has been gratified. All, except Butler, who wears the harness, not for himself, but for you, have voluntarily laid down the honors of life, and gone into close retirement—they can have nothing at heart but their country's good, and I tell you they speak the words of seriousness and truth. Age, you will be told, has cooled their fires. Who spoke with more fire and energy at Nashville, than Cheves? Who stood up more bravely in Washington, than Butler, when he battled all alone? Who burned defiance at Clay more fiercely than Barnwell? Not he who succeeded him. These men have that tried wisdom and assured courage which needs not the excitement of action to keep it alive—and I have heretofore believed, and still believe, that it requires no artificial stimulant to keep up the fire and courage of the South Carolina people. They are up to the mark now—they have been so for twenty years, and he who tells them that if they do not rush forward now, they will lose their courage and tamely submit to a wrong, calumniate and insults them.

I did not intend to review the gradual stages of decay which the State must fall into, after she has been erected into a nation, living altogether by sufferance, but this has been done so often, and it is so sickening to the patriotic heart to think how low South Carolina will fall under such a policy, that I forbear. Let us all determine to stand by our beloved State, in every fortune. The time is at hand when every man must do his duty; and if we be true to ourselves, we may, on the second Monday in October, yet show that reason still holds her sway and check now, before it goes too far, the fatal policy of separate secession.

I am, gentlemen, with much respect,
Very truly yours,
A. R. ALDRICH.

Col. John C. Allen, and others.

Letter of Hon. J. P. Richardson.

CLARENDON, Aug. 25, 1851.

Gentlemen.—I regret that circumstances beyond my control deprive me of the pleasure of accepting your kind invitation to attend the patriotic festival with which you propose to honor one of your fellow-citizens. Allow me to assure you, gentlemen, that the patriotic zeal which your District has manifested for the preservation of Southern Rights and Institutions, has awakened a most gratifying pride of recollection in those old party and political associations, by which I was in other times and earlier life, so interestingly connected with you. I cannot be insensible to the fact, that zealous and ready as I believe all her citizens are for her defence, yet there is no portion of the people of South Carolina, who have manifested a warmer or more active sympathy for her wrongs, than those imbued with the Union principles of 1832.

Nor could it consistently be otherwise. Who more hopeful of a returning sense of justice in this Union that they were? And whose confidence has been more signally and manifestly abused? Who, but a distinguished member of the Union party, in the very earliest stages of our then controversy, suggested secession as the true, the only and legitimate remedy of an aggrieved sovereign of this Confederacy? Who but ourselves, gentlemen, the "echo" being still upon my lips,—and the sanction of it coming then fresh and warm from the bosoms of my party associates—proffered our allegiance and our duty to obey behests of South Carolina in such a contingency, and asked only that she would forbear its exercise until our domestic institution became the subject of aggression; when the whole South (as we hoped) would rise up as one man, and in that man but one heart, and in that heart but one throbbing pulse! It has come; the contingency has happened; the pledge is demanded; and we at least, I am happy to perceive, are ready to redeem it.

It would certainly then be a strange destiny—a peculiar accident in party position—and an extreme and obstinate persistence in Federal conservatism, that would not only array us against our own remedies, but in every contest for her rights in perpetual opposition to the action and the measures of South Carolina; and as in the present instance in the very issue, in which we proposed that they should be applied.

Neither can I abandon the hope that in all the essential elements of resistance, there is really no discord or division among any class or portion of her citizens. If the question be one of ultimate secession, or ultimate submission to Federal interference with our institutions—who is there that will differ with us? If the expedient preferred be that of co-operation, who does not desire it? who does not seek it? who are more earnestly striving to obtain it, than those of our fellow-citizens who, while they deem it "not to be worth great and many sacrifices, yet cannot consent to purchase it with the sacrifice involved in submission?" On the other hand, if there be those amongst us who would by a rash and precipitate course of action, repel any reasonable prospects of a Southern Co-operation, I am sure that I would be doing no injustice to the patriotism of the distinguished gentleman, whose valuable public services the occasion itself is intended to honor, to assert that he would himself rebuke and come out from among them." But if after all other expedients have failed, secession should indeed prove the only ultimate mode of procuring co-operation or redress, who is there of any class or party among my fellow-citizens, that I dare accuse of a craven and treasonable determination to barter the rights and sovereignty of South Carolina, for peace or self, rather than resort to separate State action.

That secession may become a necessary precedent to co-operation, cannot reasonably be questioned. We know that it is often easier for men to move than to think together—and that States as well as individuals, may be induced to meet issues which they are reluctant to make. Our Southern Confederates

may refuse to co-operate with us in council, but irresistible circumstances can compel them to co-operate in action. They may be deaf to our warnings and our entreaties now—They may bid us save ourselves if we can, or seek our own destruction if it pleases us. But when we kindle our beacon fires, their light will illumine their own hill-tops. When the Government throws the firebrands of war in our midst, they must soon and speedily rush to extinguish a conflagration, which must otherwise inevitably consume their own dwellings.

No, gentlemen, I cannot be mistaken in my confidence, that the State will be united in any possible emergency, which could command either the blood, the sacrifice, or the treasure of her citizens. I cannot but believe that whatever apparent diversity may exist among us, is more imaginary than real, anticipated rather than realized. I have yet seen no road diverging from the broad and liberal course indicated in the proceedings of our late Southern Rights Convention, which the most cautious, or conservative patriotism could reasonably prefer. I know no party who would not postpone secession to any well-grounded assurance of co-operation. I know no sound Co-operationist who prefers submission even to the magnified horrors of a separate independence. We have listened in vain to the sages and the ablest of our counsellors of all parties, if there be aught in the consequences of secession, or the most fruitless and abortive experiment of it (that could be essayed) worse than the ill—past, present and future—they have depicted us as bearing or having borne, as at all comparable to the horrors of that doom which they have so solemnly pressed to impend over our institutions in this Union.

The honor and the rights of a State are inseparably connected. South Carolina having taken the position that she has; having asserted her rights, rehearsed her wrongs, announced her determination, and invoked the highest elements of sovereignty itself to affirm them, I would not fear to trust the question of her course, or her duty to the decision of any class of her citizens. Resistance or redress with her, is certainly a foregone conclusion. She has called her Convention; she has organized her resources; she has established her encampments; she has erected her armories; she has lavished her treasure to prepare for the issue; and when the unquestionable import of these things comes to be considered under the solemn and official responsibility of those to whom she has referred her destiny, who among them can be insensible to the obligations which they impose? He would perpetrate a bolder act than Caesar himself, when he passed the Rubicon, who could propose, in an assembly like that, to ratify the disclaimer or submission of the State. Nor would he be actuated by an ambition less insane than the Ephesian incendiary, who would rashly plunge South Carolina into a needless and perilous contest to reap an harvest of fame, of glory, or of political spoils.

If secession, including as it does all reasonable time, means and appliances, to procure co-operation be not the remedy—what then is? Let any one show a safer, a speedier, a stronger or a more practical expedient, and I for one will follow him. There may be those among us seemingly, too impatient of delay—too heedless of consequences.—Temper their zeal kindly if you will; but do not crush the principle—do not abjure the cause. The spirit of resistance is already well nigh extinguished in the South. It has long since pined under Federal triumph—Georgia; it even now flickers with doubtful light in Mississippi; and in Virginia, not a ray gleams through the darkness of her late councils. One more act of dishonor submitted to; one more aggression unresisted; another wrong endured, and the whole South will have become prepared to renounce its allegiance to its own sovereigns and institutions. As Carolinians, we will venerate our oppressors as our superiors; we will go abroad with shame upon our brow and carry our dejected heads with the blushing confusion on our cheeks, of a degraded and persecuted caste.

Let us then not despond of unanimity in the councils of the State. Let us not do the foul work for the Abolitionists of disarming the State of its energies. Let us conciliate every diversity of opinion which tends to the great point of resistance. And above all let us resolve, that whether it be by secession or co-operation, that our Southern institutions must and shall be preserved.

Very Respectfully,
Your Gentlemen,
JOHN P. RICHARDSON.
To Messrs. J. Galluchat, Daniel Brown, C. Cauthen, A. Gook, J. D. Mellwin.

you; and but yesterday, the old man who had retired to his mountain-home to compose himself for death, came forth and made yet one more effort for his beloved State. They all tell you with one voice, that this Secession policy is not the true policy. Are these men to be disregarded? What motive have they to deceive you? Their highest ambition has been gratified. All, except Butler, who wears the harness, not for himself, but for you, have voluntarily laid down the honors of life, and gone into close retirement—they can have nothing at heart but their country's good, and I tell you they speak the words of seriousness and truth. Age, you will be told, has cooled their fires. Who spoke with more fire and energy at Nashville, than Cheves? Who stood up more bravely in Washington, than Butler, when he battled all alone? Who burned defiance at Clay more fiercely than Barnwell? Not he who succeeded him. These men have that tried wisdom and assured courage which needs not the excitement of action to keep it alive—and I have heretofore believed, and still believe, that it requires no artificial stimulant to keep up the fire and courage of the South Carolina people. They are up to the mark now—they have been so for twenty years, and he who tells them that if they do