

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 30, 1851.

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

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

THOMAS P. MAGRATH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
And Solicitor in Equity.

OFFICE AT HAMBURG, S. C.
Sept. 18, tf 35

H. R. SPANN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE the same as heretofore used by
WARDLAW & SPANN.
February 5, 1851, tf 3

W. C. MORAGNE,
WILL Practice in the Courts of LAW and
EQUITY, in the Districts of Edgefield
and Abbeville.
Office at Edgefield, C. H.
Feb. 13, tf 2

JOSEPH ABNEY,
WILL be found at all times in his Office, at
Edgefield Court House, near the PLAN-
ter's Hotel.
He will attend promptly and strictly to business
in his profession.
Nov. 14, tf 31

W. W. LAND,
WILL Practice in
EQUITY
Districts.
Office in
Jan. 16, tf 31

A. CAUD,
DR. E. BLAND,
OFFERS his professional services to the citi-
zens of Edgefield Village and vicinity.
Office next door to Mr. BUTLER'S Store.
Oct. 2, tf 37

WM. M. HILL, M. D.,
OFFERS his professional services to the citi-
zens of our Village and District. Having
graduated at the University of New York, with
high honor, where he availed himself for the
last two years, of the advantages to be derived from
the Eye and Ear Infirmary, various Hospitals,
&c., &c., offers his services to his fellow-citizens
with the hope that he will prove worthy of a
share of their patronage.
Room at the SPANN HOTEL, No. 7.
Oct. 2, tf 37

JAMES M. DAY,
Surgeon Dentist,
OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.
Permanently located at Edgefield C. H.,
offers his professional services to
the citizens of the Village and
its vicinity; and will attend to any call he may
have either in the Village or Country.
All operations warranted.
March 13, 1850, tf 8

JAMES ADGER & CO.,
FACTORS & COMMISSION
MERCHANTS.
Office on Adger's North Wharf,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
JAMES ADGER, JR. JAN. ADGER, JR.
ROBT. ADGER. E. L. ADAMS.
Charleston, Sept. 15, 6m 35

Premium Daguerrean
GALLERY,
AUGUSTA, GA.
WHEN you visit Augusta, call at the PRE-
MIUM DAGUERREAN GALLERY,
and have a fine Daguerreotype of yourself,
for here you will find one of the most elegant
Daguerrean Saloons in America.
Daguerreotype stock of every description for
sale at a small advance on New York cost.
LEIGH, TUCKER & PERKINS.
June 12, 8m 21

Notice.
APPLICATION will be made to the next
Legislature, for a Public Road, com-
mencing at or near Elbert Devore's, on the Scott's
Ferry Road, via Mountain Creek Church—from
thence to Good Hope Church, or through that
neighborhood—from thence to Mt. Enon, and
thence by M. W. Clary's, and then intersect the
Virginia Ferry Road at Mrs. Martha Abney's,
about one and a half miles from said Ferry.
August 21, tf 31

Notice.
APPLICATION will be made to the Legisla-
ture of this State at its next Session, for
a new Road from Samuel Steen's on the Martin
Town Road in Edgefield District, to intersect the
new cut road at Capt. R. R. Tolbert's in Abbe-
ville District.
July 31, tf 28

Notice.
I HEREBY notify all whom it may concern,
that I have appointed Pickens B. Weaver, my
true and lawful Attorney to transact all business
for me and in my name during my absence from
the State.
LAFAYETTE B. WEVER.
Sept 29, 4t 37

Select Tales.

AMBITION AND REVENGE. A DOMESTIC STORY.

"My dear, what are we to do with our girls?" asked Mrs. Gayland of her husband, one fine evening in May.

"Our girls!" repeated the gentleman in apparent astonishment, "why, what's the matter with them?"

"How provoking you are, Mr. Gayland, you know very well what I mean!"

"How should I, my dear? Our girls were all well enough at dinner time, I hope nothing has happened to them since."

Mrs. Gayland bit her lips with vexation as she rose to leave the room, but before she had reached the door her maternal solicitude prevailed against her anger, she seated herself by her husband's side, and said, in her most winning accents:

"But don't you think, my dear, it is time some of our girls were married?"

"Ha, ha, ha," burst from the lips of the old gentleman; "is that all; how relieved I feel!"

"But, Mr. Gayland, Kate and Irene (they were twins) are now twenty-two years of age, and, after they are disposed of, there is Lucia and Florette, who are now even old enough to marry."

"Yes, and you forget my sweet Lillie, here," said Mr. Gayland, stooping to a pale, sober looking girl that sat by his side.

A look of contempt was cast on the offensive child by her mother, as she answered:

"Pshaw! I will keep Lillie to attend the kitchen; she is too homely ever to get a husband."

This was the most unfortunate remark Mrs. Gayland could have made, for Lillie was her father's pet. He loved her better than either of his grown up daughters, and for this reason—she best deserved his love.

Mr. Gayland was a

beautiful Florette—anticipated her slightest wishes, and breathed into her ear the soul stirring effusions of youthful genius.

Harvey Lester, despite his boyishness and awkwardness, was destined for a higher place among earth's nobles; destined to shine the brightest star of the galaxy of genius. Mr. Gayland loved Harvey as a son. He appreciated the noble qualities of his heart, and it was his earnest wish to see him united to Florette. But such was not the intention of Mrs. Gayland. Florette was her most beautiful child, and she was taught to believe herself at least destined for the wife of a lord—so while her mother and sisters were enjoying themselves at Saratoga, she was amusing herself by jesting with a most true and faithful heart.

Harvey was not thought rich, but he knew what no one else did—that he was heir to the immense possessions of a bachelor uncle.—He wished to be loved for himself alone, and so Florette and her family were kept ignorant of his wealth. Had Harvey told them all, he might have gained Florette, even though he could never be an English lord—but we think he acted wisely in keeping the secret.

Autumn returned; and with it came Mrs. Gayland and her daughters, rejoicing in their good fortune. Kate had married a French Count, who had accompanied them home, Irene was engaged to a rich Southerner, while Lucia had made rapid progress in the affections of a New York exquisite.

"Well, Florette," said Mrs. Gayland, about a week after her arrival, "how speeds the gallant, Mr. Lester in his wooing?"

"He is to ask papa's consent to-night," answered Florette, somewhat sadly. He will be very much disappointed, I fear; but I cannot think of marrying him after seeing Kate's husband."

"Yes," said Irene, "and Mr. Northfield is much handsomer than the Count."

"And Mr. Frederick Augustus Dash is handsomer than either," drawled Miss

Summer came round again; and again was Mrs. Gayland, Irene, and Lucia at Saratoga; but Florette was not allowed to go. In vain her mother coaxed—Mr. Gayland was inexorable. Florette thought it was on account of her youth, but as summer after summer rolled away and found her still at home, she knew it was a punishment, and felt it to be just.

Five years had passed away. Mr. Gayland had been from home a week, and his wife and daughters wondered that he stopped so long.

"Mamma," said Florette, "I should think you would know where he was gone; did he not tell you?"

"No, I asked him, and he refused to tell me," said Mrs. Gayland, looking very sour.

"Oh, I can guess," exclaimed Florette, who seemed to be in high spirits, "he has gone to bring his darling Lillie home."

Strange! the mother had almost forgotten that she had a child, and they had a sister.

"Well," said Mrs. Gayland, coldly, "I hope he has, for the chambermaid is going to leave me, and Lillie can take her place."

"La, mamma," lisped Lucia, "do you think after keeping her five years at Seminary, papa will allow her to come home and make beds for us?"

Lucia's New York exquisite had deserted her, and she was now twenty-five.

"We shall see," answered Mrs. Gayland, with a decided air, "but hark, I hear a carriage—it must be your father."

"Yes," said Lucia, looking out of the window, "and there is a lady with him, but it cannot be Lillie, for she looks very handsome."

The door opened—Mr. Gayland entered leading a young and beautiful girl. Advancing towards his wife and daughters, he presented her:

"Maria, your daughter, Lillie; Lucia, Florette, your sister."

Lillie, with a sweet smile, extended her hand, and notwithstanding an evident

The First Duel in Arkansas.

The following tragic events occurred many years ago, but are interesting now: During the canvass of an election district, Gen. Conway and Mr. Crittenden were opposing candidates. They were both to speak at a certain place, and Crittenden, who was a perfect gentleman, and wished, if possible, to avoid a fight or any hostile feelings, spoke first. He had heard that General Conway was going to insult him so as to provoke a fight. He made a splendid speech, and entirely abstained from the use of language personally offensive to his antagonist. He wound up by saying, and his eyes shot lightning as he said it, "that he trusted no gentleman would utter words, in the heat of debate, towards him, such as could not be tolerated by the code of honor."

Conway took fire like powder at a torch. He bounded to his feet, and poured forth on the head of his opponent a torrent of the most bitter and burning denunciation.

Crittenden rejoined with but a single sentence, "Your language, Gen. Conway, admits of only one answer, and that, you may be sure, I will make right speedily." He then descended from the platform and, attended by a few selected friends, hurried away to his hotel. His second waited on Conway the same evening, and a hostile meeting was arranged for the following morning.

A vast throng collected at the place and time appointed, to witness the duel. The seconds were Colonel Wharton Rector for Conway, and Ben Desha for Crittenden. As the seconds in all such combats are often more important, as respects the final result, than even the principals themselves, we may be pardoned for briefly sketching the two who acted in the present case.

Wharton Rector was a professed duelist, notorious alike for the number and fatality of his murderous conflicts. He

waited till the last echo of the word "two" and then his pistol exploded. With the roar, Gen. Conway dropped to the earth like lead. The ball had pierced through his heart?

Thus ended the first great duel party in Arkansas. It was followed in swift succession by nearly a dozen more of the same character, and, without a single exception, mortal, till the people themselves grew sick and weary of the murderous exhibition. Crittenden survived Conway only a few years, and died of a torturing fever. His rival had the easiest death.

Political.

From the Charleston Mercury. "Direct Trade"—The Policy of the Planters of S. Carolina.

There is no subject more profoundly interesting to the South as the movement of direct trade. It embraces every interest, every feeling, every sympathy by which the planter of the South is to be approached. Our shipping interest, our monied affairs, our manufactures, the value of land and increased value of the staples of cotton, rice and tobacco and slave labor, arise prominently in looking upon this subject. It has been discussed for the last twenty years, and is at this time the subject of a general movement on the part of the planters. For twenty years every effort has proved unavailing, and assuredly will prove so now, unless the planters arouse themselves from their slumbers and diligently inquire into the cause of their evils, the manner to correct the abuse, and the obstacle heretofore to that correction. That there is an increasing demand for cotton in the world none can deny; that this demand is equal to the increase of the staple—and if properly fostered, would be a source of the increase—there is an anxiety on the part of the planters to

cial enterprise, this movement for "Direct Trade." There is only one point to which we would call the attention of the planter. We do it with reluctance, but we do it from a stern conviction of duty, from a full sense of the evil and its dangers, and a knowledge, derived from high authority of its active operation even now to prevent "Direct Trade." We do not say that the motive is to prevent "Direct Trade," although it is the result; but we will say the promotion of their own interest, and that of their speculating allies, to the injury of the cotton planter. That this is the great evil and the only obstacle, we sincerely believe, and will, therefore, illustrate it, and then make some suggestions for the consideration of our friends.

We hold that the interest of the Cotton planters is secondary to other and foreign interests, under the present regulation of trade. We hold that New York and Liverpool, by their complete and wise commercial policy, have obtained an influence over the Cotton interest, which is used solely for their own advantage. As an illustration of this, we will say, that a disinterested agent, a Southerner in birth and feeling, with full authority, has tried to promote the planting interest through the medium of the present commercial system, and that he has been unable to do so from the fact that houses in our own seaports acknowledge their superior duty to other and conflicting interests, allying that they are not disposed (though acknowledging the advantage to the planter) to "take," as they express it, "business from their old friends and give it to new houses." This is well enough, and does great credit to their feelings of friendship. The question we have to put to the planter, is: "Are they your friends?" In other instances, they reply even that they advise the planters not to change the present state of things. In some cases, we have known of planters desiring this change, and they have been told: "Oh,

some? I tell you," he continued raising his voice, "her heart and mind are priceless gems in comparison with the vain beauty of Kate, Irene, and Lucia. And Florette, were it not for the strong love she bears towards Harvey Lester, would be as heartless as your ambition has made her sisters."

Mrs. Gayland smiled disdainfully at the conclusion of this speech, but only answered:

"Florette has more sense than you imagine."

Again she turned to leave the room, and again did the thoughts of her daughters bring her to her husband's side.

"Morton, my errand here was to procure money to take our beautiful girls to Saratoga."

"Yes, to dispose of them, I presume."

"Certainly, if I can find suitable matches for them."

"Success attend you," said the husband, literally, as he rose and took from his desk, notes to the amount of a thousand dollars; "but stop, Florette is not to go with you."

"No—her superior beauty would attract all attention from the other sisters. I shall leave her for your protegee, Harvey Lester."

Mr. Gayland muttered a few angry words as his ambitious wife left the room, then taking his darling Lillie, he caressed her long and lovingly, while the poor, despised child uttered words so wise, so deep, even the fond father himself was astonished.

"Well, mamma," exclaimed the three oldest girls in a breath, "did you succeed?"

"Yes, after preaching me a long sermon about that stupid Lillie, he gave me one thousand dollars."

"Oh, well," said Irene, "that is better than I expected, you know he always vowed we should never go."

"Yes, and I suspect the reason why he consents is, that he wishes to be rid of us awhile."

"Am I to go, mamma?" asked Florette

"No, my child, you must wait till next summer, but you can amuse yourself with Harvey Lester, while we are absent. The girls all burst into a hearty laugh.

"Yes, it is so amusing to listen to him sometimes; what a simpleton he is, to think that Florette, with all her beauty, will ever marry him."

"Oh, well," said the beauty, tossing her head, "I shall let him think so, till Harry Berwick gets home, then to finish the sport I shall refer him to papa, and end it all by saying, I was only in jest."

Poor Florette! She was indeed as heartless as her sisters. Harvey Lester, poor fellow, never suspected the plot laid against him; so while mamma and the Misses Gayland coquetted at the springs, papa and Lillie studied in the library; he became the constant companion of the

"What do you want with me, papa?"

"I want to congratulate you, my dear child, in your happy choice of a husband. A husband, papa, what do you mean?"

The good old gentleman looked first at Harvey, then at his daughter, Florette.

"Did you not send Harvey to me?"

"La, pa, was he so foolish as to ask you? I really was in jest."

"In jest!" said the young man rising from his seat, and turning deadly pale; "and perhaps it was in jest that you have so many times promised to be mine.—Speak, Florette, is it so?"

The young girl trembled as she gazed upon his pallid face, yet with a smile she answered:

"Certainly, dear Harvey, I was in jest all the time, and I thought you were also. Mr. Gayland had listened in stupefied amazement to Florette's heartless confession. He had never imagined that one of his eldest daughters could be guilty of so base an act, much less her whom he believed so pure and guileless. He spoke not, but pointed to the door, as Florette closed it, Harvey fell upon his knees, and the large tear drops rolled rapidly down his cheeks.

Lillie wept bitterly. She loved Harvey, and throwing her arms around his neck she whispered:

"Don't cry, Harvey, I'll be your wife. These childish words instantly dried up his tears. He pressed her to his heart and answered:

"You will be my own wife, Lillie; you will not leave nor laugh at me, as Florette has done."

"No, no, dear Harvey," sobbed the child, "I will always be your own Lillie."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the old gentleman, who had recovered the use of his tongue, you shall yet be my son. Harvey, Florette has cruelly wronged you, but don't mind it, we will have our revenge, harmless, though sweet. Harvey, do you really wish me to give you my own Lillie?"

"Yes, sir, she is not beautiful, but she has a heart."

"Right, my boy, but she will be handsome when she is as old as Florette. At seventeen, Harvey, she is youths; that allows me five years to educate her, and during that time you must travel. Our plan must be kept a profound secret between us three. Remember, Harvey, when you return, it must be kept incog, and then comes our revenge."

It was even so. In one week, Harvey Lester had left the village, and Lillie, much to the astonishment of her mother and sisters, was sent to an excellent female seminary.

Mr. Gayland seldom spoke of Harvey Lester—but when his name was mentioned jeeringly, there would be a smile of deep and quiet meaning play over his benevolent features.

that spoke of heaven born thought; an expression of lofty purity sat enthroned on her placid brow, while the soft cadence of her voice was sweeter music than the zephyr's harp.

Lillie was divesting herself of her traveling dress, and Florette, instead of assisting her was gazing out upon the lawn. Suddenly she exclaimed, while a slight blush tinged her cheek:

"Papa, look, do you know this gentleman who is approaching? He was introduced here by Mr. Berwick, on the day after you left, and is the most agreeable man I ever met with. He must have traveled over the world, for his knowledge is boundless, and his manners are so distinguished, I am sure he has lived in the best society. At times when he is speaking very earnestly, his voice resembles Harvey Lester's, and sometimes he fixes his eyes upon me just as Harvey used to do."

"Indeed, Florette," answered her father somewhat sadly; "I hope you have not lost your heart. I know the gentleman well, and he is engaged to a young lady of this village."

"Engaged! impossible, papa, he only visits here, and his eyes are always on Florette; but hark he rings," said Lucia.

Mr. Gayland himself opened the door and welcomed the gentleman by a hearty shake of the hand; then leading his youngest daughter forward, he said:

"Harvey Lester, this is my daughter Lillie, and your affianced bride."

The young man gazed upon her face a moment in admiring wonder, then kneeling, he said, as in days gone past:

"You will be my own wife, Lillie—you will never leave nor laugh at me as Florette has done?"

And again Lillie threw her arms around his neck, and answered with a face of smiles and tears:

"Oh, no, never, dear Harvey, I will always be your own Lillie."

The rage of the mother, the chagrin of Florette, can be better imagined than described. Mr. Gayland noticed them not, but taking the hand of his future son-in-law, he said:

"Arise, your revenge is complete. Maria, your despised and neglected child is now superior in wealth and beauty to either of your daughters. Florette, there is not a lady in New England that would not be proud to call Harvey Lester her husband. May the lesson you have learned be profitable."

Florette, without visiting Saratoga, gave her hand to Mr. Berwick, who had long sought it, but she never looked upon the beloved and honored Harvey Lester, without regretting that she had ever played the dangerous game of sporting with hearts.

Lot not thy heart be upon the world, when thy hands are raised in prayer.

pale, slender man, whose thin lips were an everlasting smile, or sneer—one could hardly tell which, so ambiguous was its expression—and his eyes were small as an infant's, fierce, reddish, and unutterably piercing. Such danger-like eyes, causing every gazer to quail, could never belong to a coward. This at least was the general belief of all who saw him.

As soon as the parties appeared on the ground and began to make their arrangements, serious difficulties arose between their seconds on various points of order. While the dispute as to these were pending almost for an hour, Conway became restless, agitated and angry, while Crittenden, trusting all to his friend, lay quiet on a blanket, with his eyes shut, as if enjoying a comfortable slumber.

Finally, everything was settled, and the principals took their positions, with their pistols cocked, and their fingers on the triggers. All was ready, when, to the astonishment of the spectators, Ben Desha hastily advanced, and seizing Gen. Conway rudely by the shoulder, exclaimed:—"D—n you, why don't you stand fair? Are you a coward?"

"If you do that again, I will shoot you, by heaven!" shouted Wharton Rector, enraged at the unfair conduct of Crittenden's second.

"Your idle menaces cannot deter me from the performance of my duty," replied Desha, as with a smile he walked back to the place. He had gained his object. Conway was excited by the insult to the verge of frenzy. His face flushed, and his nerves shook with passion. He was not physically in the best state to drive the centre of a target. Desha had the word, and he waited several minutes before pronouncing it. This was contrary to all rule, and served to madden Conway more and more.

While the two antagonists were thus standing in position, the spectators at a glance contrasted their aspect and bearing. Crittenden inherited the noblest of human forms, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a lofty countenance, frank and open in expression, and wearing the seal of death-defying bravery. He stood calm and collected, and unconcerned, like a rifleman about to fire at a mark. But Conway had a stern face, eyes dark as night, and his look of indubitable courage was perceptibly tinged with revenge. Owing to the insult of Ben Desha, all his limbs were tremulous with rage.

At length Desha gave the word, in a voice that rung afar over the hills like the peal of a trumpet—"Fire! One! Two! Three!"

At the sound "Fire," Conway, still under the effects of the previous agitation, instantly raised his weapon and pulled the trigger. His bullet grazed the other's breast, and cut a button off his coat, without more injury. But Crittenden

high and fixed value, is the mere medium of exchange for New York and Liverpool, and by a most singular infatuation of the Planter, is completely under the control of those who should be controlled by it. The surplus usually found in Liverpool is admitted to be a great evil, yet no step has been taken to prevent the accumulation of this surplus. What does surplus mean? An over-abundance. What is the "cotton surplus in Liverpool?" That amount of cotton which England can not or does not manufacture. "What effect has this surplus upon the price of cotton?" "It lowers it." "What effect has this surplus upon the extension of the consumption of cotton?" "It checks it." "What influence has it upon the enterprise and manufacturing interest of the Continent?" "It depresses the first and ruins the other, and stands as a barrier between the planter of America and the consumers on the Continent, between whom there should be direct alliances." This is but one of the many evils originating in the present state of things. How are these evils to be done away with?—"There's the rub." Men can talk of remedies—get up conventions—pass resolutions, and even plunge into a desperate and devastating war to correct an abuse; but, when the thing is to be done quietly and in an every day way—to be effected by the individual active of those interested, with a singularly strange contradiction of their avowed feelings, they fold their arms and decline any action participation. In explaining this phenomenon among Southerners, especially the planters of South Carolina, it has been given as a reason that the cause of "direct trade,"—that commerce does not appeal to their sympathies. And if this cause of "direct trade" does not appeal to the sympathies of the planter, what does? His interest, present and future, his feelings of State and personal independence, his social and political position, are involved in this last struggle for commercial equality; for if this thing fails, aid from the Continent will be lost. And has the planter (assuming that he has his price, as the New York and Liverpool agents say,) no other motives, no higher aspirations, than merely to wear a broad brimmed hat, mount a stout pony, and ride down to his gin? There is no class of people on the face of the earth who have so much responsibility to bear, so much power to wield. Unhappily they have to carry the responsibility, while they give the power to their enemies. They should take an interest in commerce, an interest in manufactures, in shipping, in internal improvements, in every thing calculated to dignify the South; and, taking an interest in these things, they should wisely and with enterprise and perseverance promote through the medium of their great staple, which is the foundation of any commer-

continental depot to compete with her; let the Cotton spinners of England be apprehensive about getting their supplies, and a struggle for the crop will take place that will demonstrate to the world the truth of the assertion, that Cotton has an intrinsic value, and will at once and forever put an end to these deplorable fluctuations. For, (will any one answer?) why should the excess of 60,000 bales in our enormous Cotton production, make a decline of 40, or even 30, or 20, 10, 5, 2 1-2 or 1-4 per cent? The thing is ridiculous. The evil is in the fact that New York and Liverpool monopolize the Cotton. The remedy is a new and competing market on the Continent of Europe, founded on a monied interest large enough to compete with Liverpool, and protect the planting interest; and this market is to be rested upon the present consumption on the continent, and by the planters (upon liberal advances and sufficient guaranties and assurances) shipping each his share for this purpose. It is the only way, and the sooner it is done the better. There must be enterprise and determination among the planters. They must act for once independently, if it is even against "The Trade Direction of New York and Liverpool." A firm, decided, manly and intelligent course should be had. Correspondence should be opened, assurances given, guaranties obtained, credits opened and a step to act. If this shall be done by the planters, a line of vessels will at once be put in this trade.

The United States Consul at Amsterdam, Mr. Baylor, has placed in the hands of Messrs. Gadsden & Co. the necessary authority for the purpose. Messrs. Gadsden and Co. will issue their circular, and will obtain the houses abroad, all the necessary facilities. The issue is now fairly made. "The fox is up;" you have here, in Charleston a house, you have abroad a market, and the alliance of a city of enormous wealth. Let us see now if there is any thing in all this talk about commercial independence. Be careful, and satisfy yourselves of the reliable character of the foreign houses. But, when you do, and the information is satisfactory, we call upon you by every consideration, to put your shoulders to the wheel.

EVERY man ought to aim at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by rising himself; and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity.

GENTLENESS.—Deal gently with those who stray. Draw them back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, ye who would chase to the grave an erring brother.