

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., NOVEMBER 13, 1851.

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W. F. DURISOE, Proprietor.

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

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Poetry.

THE WINE CUP.

By MARY L. GARDNER.

Stay—stay thy hand, lift not the cup
Of rosy glittering wine:
Though clear its depths, there lurks beneath
A curse for thee and thine.
Ye say it gives a merry heart,
And drives away dull care;
It brings, what else thou wouldst not know,
Unmixed and dark despair.
Ye say it has a power to drown
Thoughts of life's sternest ill—
To bring forgetfulness of woes—
And conscience void to still;
Believe it not!—never seek
Oblivion in the bowl—
A draught will only deeper fix
The agony of soul.
Ye say it stirs the sluggish blood,
And bids it quicker flow;
Ye say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
And bright its ruby glow.
Have ye not seen the floating light
From the wine cup game,
Lead on the tempted, trusting one,
To misery and shame?
Then 'taste not, touch not,—dare ye thus
Your glorious birth-right stain?
Would ye—descendants of the free—
Clank the infernal chain?
No! by the memory of the brave
Who sleep beneath the sod—
Shake off the curse, and give your pledge
To virtue and to God.

THE FARMER.

Drive on, thou sturdy farmer,
Drive cheerily o'er the field;
The pleasures of a farmer's life
No other life can yield.
Thou risest with the morning sun,
To till the fruitful earth;
And when thy daily task is done,
Thou seek'st thy peaceful hearth.
Thou lovest not the gaudy town,
With its tumultuous roar;
Plenty and peace thy fireside crown,
And thou dost ask no more.
Monarchs with robes in crimson dyed,
Are low, compared with thee;
They are the pampered sons of pride,
Thou art God's nobility.
Go on, thou sturdy farmer,
Tread proudly on the sod,
Thy proud and goodly heritage,
Thou chosen man of God.

Select Tale.

The Three Brides.

"Do you see," said the sexton, "those three hillocks yonder, side by side? There sleeps three brides whose history I am about to relate. Look there, sir, on yonder hill you may observe a little desolate house, with a little straggling fence in front, and a few stunted apple trees on the ascent behind it. It is sadly out of repair now, and the garden is now overgrown with weeds and brambles, and the whole place has a desolate appearance. If the winds were high now you might hear their crazy shindles flapping against the sides, and the wind tearing the grey shingles off the roof. Many years ago there lived in that house an old man, who cultivated the few acres of ground that belonged to it.
"The father was a self-taught man, deeply versed in the mysteries of science, and as he could tell the name of every flower that blossomed in the wood or grew in the garden and used to sit up late at night at his books, or reading the mystic story of the starry heavens, men thought he was crazed or bewitched, and avoided him as the ignorant ever shun the gifted and the enlightened. A few there were, and among others, the minister, the lawyer, and the physician of the place, who showed a willingness to afford him countenance, but they soon dropped his acquaintance, for they found the old man somewhat reserved and morose, and moreover their vanity was wounded on discovering the extent of his knowledge.
"To the minister he would quote the fathers and the scriptures in the original tongue, and showed himself well armed with the weapons of polemic controversy. He astonished the lawyer with his profound ac-

quaintance with jurisprudence; and the physician was surprised at the extent of his medical knowledge. So all of them deserted him, and the minister, from whom he differed in some trifling point of doctrine, spoke very lightly of him; and looked on the self-educated farmer with eyes of aversion.

"He instructed his son in all his lore; the languages, literature, history, philosophy and science, were unfolded one by one to the enthusiastic son of the solitary.

Years rolled away and the old man died. He died when a storm convulsed the face of nature; when the wind howled around the sheltered dwelling, and the lightning played above the roof, and though he went to heaven in faith and purity, the vulgar thought and said that the Evil One had claimed his own in the elements. I cannot paint to you the grief of the son at this bereavement. He was for a moment once distracted. The minister came and muttered a few hollow phrases in his ear, and a few neighbors, impelled by curiosity to see the interior of his dwelling, came to the funeral. With a proud and lofty look, the son stood above the dust and the dead, in the midst of the band of hypocritical mourners, with a pang at his heart but serenely upon his brow. He thanked his friends for their kindness, acknowledged their curiosity, and then strode away from the grave to bury his grief in the privacy of the described dwelling.

"He found at last the solitude of the mansion almost insupportable, and he paced the ebony floor from morning till night, in all the agony of woe and desolation, vainly importuning heaven for relief. It came to him in the guise of poetic inspiration. He wrote with wonderful ease and power. Page after page came from his prolific pen, almost without an effort; and there was a time when he dreamed (vain fool of immortality). Some of his productions came before the world. They were praised and circulated, and inquired set on foot in the hope of discovering the author. He, wrapped in the veil of impenetrable obscurity, listened to the voice of applause, more delicious because it was obtained by stealth. From the obscurity of yonder lone mansion, and from this region to send rays which astonished the world, was indeed a triumph to the visionary bard.

"His thirst for fame had been gratified, and he now began to yearn for the companionship of some sweet being of the softer sex, to share with him the laurels he had won, and to whisper consolations in his ear, in the moments of despondency, and to supply the void which the death of a father had occasioned. He would picture to himself a highly intelligent and beautiful woman, and as he had chosen for his motto, 'whatever has been done may be done,' he did not despair of success.

"In this village lived three sisters, all beautiful and accomplished. Their names were Mary, Adelaide and Madeline. I am far enough past the age of enthusiasm, but never can I forget the beauty of those young girls. Mary was the youngest, and a fairer haired, more laughing damsel never danced upon the green. Adelaide, who was a few years older, was dark haired and possessed the most fire, spirit, cultivation and intelligence. Their father, a man of taste and education, and being somewhat above the vulgar prejudices, permitted the visits of the hero of my story. Still he did not encourage the affection he found springing up between Mary and the poet. When, however, he found that her affections were engaged, he did not withhold his consent from their marriage, and the recluse bore to his mansion the young bride of his affections. Oh, sir, the house assumed a new appearance within and without.

"Roses bloomed in the garden, jessamines peeped through the lattices, and the fields about it smiled at the effects of careful cultivation. Lights were seen in the little parlor in the evening; and many a time would the passenger pause by the garden gate to listen to strains of the sweetest music breathed by choral voices from the cottage. If the mysterious student and his wife had been neglected by the neighbors, what cared they? Their enduring mutual affection made their home a little paradise. But death came to Eden. Mary suddenly fell sick, and after a few hours' illness, died in the arms of her husband and her sister Madeline. This was the student's second heavy affliction.

"Days, months rolled on, and the solace of the bereaved was to sit with the sisters of the deceased and talk of the lost one. To Adelaide he offered his widowed heart. The bridal was not one of revelry and mirth. Yet they lived happily, and the rose again blossomed in the garden. But it seemed as if fatality pursued this singular man. When the rose withered and the leaf fell, in the mellow autumn of the year, Adelaide too sickened and died like her sister in the arms of her husband and Madeline.

"Perhaps you will think it strange young man, that after all, the wretched survivor stood again at the altar. Madeline! I well remember her. She was a beauty in the true sense of the word—she might have set upon a throne, and the most loyal subject, the proudest peer, would have sworn the blood in her veins descended from a hundred kings. She loved the widowed for his power, and his fame, and she wedded him.

"They were married in that church—it was on a summer afternoon—recollect it well. During the ceremony the blackest cloud I ever saw overcast the heavens, and the moment the bride pronounced her vow a clap of thunder shook the building to its centre. All the females shrieked, but the bride herself made the response, with a steady voice, and her eye glistened with a wild fire as she gazed upon her bridegroom. When arrived at this house, she sunk upon the threshold; but this was the timidity of the maiden.

"When they were a lone he clasped her hand and it was cold as ice. He looked into her face. 'Maiden,' said he, 'what means this?' 'Your check is as pale as your wedding gown.' The bride uttered a frantic shriek. 'My wedding gown!' exclaimed she, 'no, no—this is my sister's shroud! The hour of confession has arrived. It is God that

impels me to speak. To win you I lost my own soul. Yes, yes—I am a murderer! She smiled on me in the joyous affection of her young heart—but I gave her the fatal drug. Adelaide twined her whole arms around my neck, but I administered the poison. Take me to your arms, I have lost my soul for you, and mine you must be!

"And then," continued he, in a hollow voice, "at that moment came the thunder, and the guilty woman fell dead on the floor!" The countenance of the narrator expressed all he felt.

"And the bridegroom!" asked I, "the husband of the destroyer and the victims—what became of him?"

"He stands before you!" was the thrilling answer.

Miscellaneous.

Kossuth's Address to the People of the United States.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 28.

The Union of this morning publishes Kossuth's Address to the People of the United States. It makes five columns in that paper. He tells us, if the United States had been a neighboring nation at the time of the Hungarian Revolution, all Europe would have been revolutionized.

I extract the following paragraph from the close of the address: "Free citizens of America! You inspired my countrymen to noble deeds. Your approval imparted confidence. Your sympathy consoled us in adversity, lent a ray of hope to the future, and enabled us to bear manfully the weight of our heavy burdens. Your generous fellow-feeling will still sustain us, until we realize our hopes and faith that Hungary is not lost forever.

"Accept, in the name of my countrymen, the acknowledgments of our warmest gratitude and our highest respect. I, who know Hungary so well, firmly believe she is not lost; and intelligent citizens of America have decided, not only with impulsive kindness, but with reason and policy, to aid us, and to not subjugated Hungary. The sound of that encouraging voice is not like a funeral dirge, but a shrill trumpet that will one day call the world to judgment.

"Citizens of America! to you I declare honestly, that my aim in the federation of Hungary with smaller nations was to secure the nationality and independence of each, and the freedom of all; and had any thing been wanting, which could have been granted to any or all of the races in Hungary, the Magyars had only to know it; and it would have been performed with readiness; for freedom, and not power, was their desire.

"May God bless your country forever! May it have the glorious destiny to share with other nations the blessings of that liberty which constitutes its own happiness and enduring fame. May your power be the terror of all tyrants, and the protector of the unfortunate, and your free country ever continue to be the asylum for the oppressed of all nations."

LIFE IN THE WEST.—A Western correspondent relates the following amusing incident which lately occurred near the Hot Springs of Arkansas:

"My friend had been staying several days at the Springs confined to narrow quarters by the incessant rains. It may naturally be supposed that he gladly took advantage of the first intermission of the elemental strife, to walk out and see something of the country. Having walked about a mile from the tavern where he lodged, he saw a small house, so thickly surrounded by trees as not to be distinctly observable from the road. Advancing from the opposite direction, he perceived a rough looking six footer, clad in a buckskin hunting shirt, with a large Buford Arctick in his hand. Evidently not knowing his proximity to a house, or any human being, this individual suddenly drew himself up to his full height and with the whole force of his lungs, produced a sound which my friend declares to have been the best imitation of the braying of a Jack that he ever heard. Apparently pleased with his performance, he was in the act of drawing himself up for another effort, when a stout fellow rushed out of the house with his rifle in his hand, and in no very measured or polished terms upbraided him for making such a horrible noise, which he said had almost frightened his little daughter into fits. The other apologized, on the ground that he was not aware of his being so near a house. 'It makes no difference,' said the owner of the soil, 'you shan't make such a noise here, and if you do it again I'll break every bone in your body.' 'Look here, stranger,' was the reply, 'if you come to talk of whipping, that's a game that two can play at, I reckon you hadn't got much of the advantage of me there. I've been wanting to bang all day, and came clear out here where I thought I shouldn't interfere with nobody. A pretty free country, to be sure, that a man can't brag where he pleases.'"

RESEMBLANCES.—Some philosopher has remarked, that every animal, when dressed in human apparel, resembles mankind very strikingly in features. Put a frock, bonnet and spectacles on a pig, and it looks like an old woman of eighty. A bull dressed in an evercoat would resemble a lawyer. Tie a few ribbons round a cat, put a fan in its paw, and a boarding school miss is represented. A cockerel in uniform is a general to the life. A hedgehog looks like a miser. Dress a monkey in a frock coat, cut off his tail, trim his whiskers, and you have a city dandy. Donkeys resemble a good many persons.

SOUTH CAROLINA PRESBYTERY.—At an extra session of the Presbytery of South Carolina, held in the Presbyterian Church at Laurensville, on Saturday, Oct. 25, Rev. David Willis was ordained and installed into the Pastoral charge of the above Church. Rev. E. T. Buist preached the sermon on the occasion, from Jeremiah, 3, 15, in which he presented, in a very clear and comprehensive manner, the nature and responsibilities of the Pastoral office. Rev. John McLees delivered a faithful and affectionate charge to the Pastor, elect, and Rev. C. B. Stewart closed with an appropriate and impressive address to the congregation.—Laurensville Herald.

COTTON.—Some of the Southern papers are discussing and recommending a scheme for enhancing the value of cotton. The plan is to form a company with a capital of \$20,000,000, to receive all the cotton produced in the United States and sell it, guaranteeing to the owner eleven cents a pound; and withholding it from the market whenever it will not bring that price. The Southern Press comments thus upon the scheme:

"The project is utterly visionary and impracticable. The attempt would break any such company, if it could be formed, and would ultimately injure the price of cotton instead of advancing it. The production of cotton is like that of everything else. It is or will be limited by the compensational price for the capital and skill invested. And no device has ever yet been found to secure a definite profit to any business. It would be as wise to attempt to regulate the seasons, and to insure against the Army worm, rainy weather, and early frosts.

"There is a prevalent but mistaken notion that the price of cotton is regulated in England by the bank or manufacturers, or speculators. The thing is impossible. The price is regulated by the demand for the manufactured fabric all over the world; and such is the extent of that demand, and of the fluctuations which result from the vicissitudes of nations, that the price of cotton is the very thing that no power can regulate.

Such is the extent, utility, and necessity of cotton clothing, that the increased demand is almost the measure of the natural increase and progressive civilization of the world, and neither is quite so rapid as the natural increase of slaves. As for cotton lands, they are yet sufficiently abundant to warrant a supply of cotton equal to the probable continuance of modern civilization.—Carrollian.

BERMUDA GRASS.—In the Natchez region Bermuda grass is abundant. There appears to be but little cause to doubt that it was first introduced, or at all events its value pointed out, and the plant disseminated by the late William Dumbear of the Forest, the excellent, useful, public spirited and far-seeing man. If affords abundant pasture through the heat of summer, when other grasses dry up. It lands the leaves and the blankets of railroads where formed, even of almost pure sand. It checks and gradually fills up those enormous gulches, which are so readily formed in our hilly country, and is so readily and so sub-soil. It can be made to cover lands too much worn for profitable cultivation; bringing them in a year or two into a condition by which they will yield a greater net return in fine wool from the cotton plant. It protects our roads from washing, and in dry ways, comparatively, travelled, it renders further working of them almost unnecessary, if properly worked before the grass is set. It forms meadows unequalled in yield and value by any others of which we have either seen, read or heard; a single cut yielding five tons, of dry hay, fully half that quantity; and that too under but indifferent management. It is our only available but so excellent means of covering an open lawn or yard with a pretty green sward, forms a pleasant walk, if kept closely mown; supports terraces, however steep if not actually perpendicular; and gives a fresh pleasant appearance to our villages, which we rarely see in the South, where this grass does not exist.—Thos. Affleck, esq. of Mississippi.

BARBERS LOOK OUT!—Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis comes out in the Hartford Times in favor of men's wearing their beards. He says the hairs of the beard are ultimations or continuations of nerves; those of the hard coating and membrane of the eye are connected with the beard on the upper lip, and when that is shaved off the nerves are exposed to injury; some diseases of the eye he attributes to shaving. In women, these nerves instead of terminating in the upper lip are buried in the cheeks, and have much to do in controlling the phenomenon of blushing. Bronchitis and maladies of the lungs are produced by shaving off the beard on the chin. Mr. Davis also argues that mustaches are no obstacle in the way of eating, or any other function in which the lips are employed. What Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis says, we presume, must be true; but if he wishes to consign to their graves the occupations of barber and hair-dresser, he must take some other course. Men will be shaved, and women will.—Boston Herald.

NEW SYSTEM OF SWIMMING.—We see it stated that an ingenious Frenchman, M. Dandurain, has invented what he calls a new system of swimming, or walking in the water, however deep. The first experiment was recently made on the Seine, in the presence of a vast concourse of people, including a number of scientific gentlemen. What the invention consists of, is not stated; but six persons, provided with the apparatus, jumped into the water from several boats, and having sunk up to the neck, remained there at rest, with the most calm self-possession. In this posture, a bottle of wine and a tumbler was passed to the nearest, who drank a glass and then handed it on. The six then lighted cigars, and took a walk across the river, with as much ease as if they had been on terra firma. It is said that propellers of some sort are fixed to both hands and feet, which allow a man provided with them to succeed a drowning man without the slightest risk to himself.

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FRANCE.—Mr. Walsh, long a resident of Paris, in a letter to the Journal of Commerce, written on the 26th September says:

"That great events are just before us certain. That crisis of which I have often spoken to you is drawing very near. Between the 15th day of September and the middle or end of next May the destinies of Europe for probably half a century—which in these days is a very long time—will be decided. A fierce struggle—it may be a most desperate and bloody struggle—between liberty, civil and religious, on the one hand, and hoary despotism in politics and religion on the other. What will be the issue, God alone knows!

"I find that there is a wonderful activity here in the political world. The foreign ambassadors, especially those of Austria, Prussia and Russia, have frequent conferences, and are constantly sending and receiving despatches. Nor are the Ministers resident of the smaller Powers, such as Sardinia, Naples, Spain, the States of the Church, Belgium and Holland, idle. Those of England and the United States are wide awake, and the former has not a little to do to look after these Continentals, and the movements of their rulers."

THE PLAGUE AT PALMAS.—DEATH OF THE AMERICAN CONSUL AND FAMILY.—The New York Journal of Commerce contains an extract of a letter from an officer on board the United States Ship Porpoise, dated Teneriffe, Sept. 4, giving an account of the terrible ravages of a plague, resembling the cholera, which has swept over Palmas, one of the Cape de Verde. One-fifth of the entire population, of 18,000, have fallen victims, and the disease is still raging though somewhat abated. The writer says:

"The family of our consul, (Mr. Torres), together with himself, are all dead, with the exception of one child. He was a very worthy man, and had several handsome and interesting daughters, who were great favorites with the officers of our ships that touched there. Mr. Torres sent them all into the interior upon the first appearance of the pestilence, but hearing afterwards that some of them were sick, he started off to join them, and on his arrival found them all dead, servants included, with the exception of the child here mentioned. In less than five hours after, he himself was a corpse. The panic and distress on the island is inconceivable."

MRS. DUNN'S DEED.—I witnessed one of the most formidable operations, that requires the knife of the surgeon, performed by Dr. J. H. Boatwright, assisted by Dr. T. Wells, Dr. C. Wells, Blanding, and DeSaussure. It was the removal of the entire jaw bone, after the diseased parts were all dissected out, the wound presented a terrific appearance.

But it has now been ten days since the operation, and the patient is walking about, leaving no doubt of its ultimate favorable result.

Thus has science, by the aid of the dissecting knife, accomplished one of the most wonderful cures, which, if left alone, in a few months would have proved fatal.

And to those who are afflicted, we would say that you will find in our townsurgens of as much skill as can be found in any city, as the result of past years' successful proofs.

South Carolinian.

I SEE A LIGHT.—I'M ALMOST HOME.—The following is related of a young girl, whose journey of life was near its end: "About her chamber glided the loved forms of her parents and only sister. She silently noted their movements with a mild expression of her dying eye, turning it from side to side. Arrested by her peculiar look, so expressive of affliction and patient suffering, they paused to look upon her, whom they so loved and so dearly they loved, and only saw now should see no more.

A feeble effort to speak, a quivering, voiceless movement of the lips, drew closely around her the loving hearts of that sorrowing circle. Mother, father, sister, all came closer to her side. A playful smile lit up her countenance. She laid her little pulseless hand within her mother's palm, the closed her eyelids to the light of earth, and sank away. The cold, damp air of death's shadowy valley seemed circling over her. Slowly sinking down, she glided towards the river's shore, which, like a narrow stream, divides the spirit-land from ours. But see! the quivering lips essay to speak! 'Mother! Mother!' the dying girl breathes forth—'I see a light—I'm almost home!'

Blessed thought! Light is sown for the righteous, even amid the gloom and darkness of the grave.

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 rail road trial. Stepping up to a spectator, he pointed out to that the prisoners might be 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 informant, 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!'

"I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you, it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," she said, "I choose to keep it, for it is likewise emblematical of my love for you, it has no beginning."

TOO LARGE LIMITS.—"Why don't you limit yourself?" said a physician to an interperate person: "set down a stake that you will go so far and no farther." "I do," replied the other, "but I set it so far off, that I always get drunk before I get to it."

Political.

Southern Rights Meeting in N. Carolina.

A Southern Rights meeting was lately held at Wilmington, N. C., and addressed by Duncan R. McRae, a noble champion of Southern liberties. The following account is taken from the correspondence of the Marion Star:

This meeting was a Southern Rights affair, entirely gotten up by the people of the county, who had invited Mr. McRae to address them during county week, we, in the subject of Southern Rights, which he did in a speech of two hours and forty-three minutes precisely. He commenced by alluding to the fiscal operations of the general government—contrasted the population of the two sections, with the amount of revenue paid by each; and asserted, and challenged denial, that the South had contributed at least four-fifths of the treasury to carry on the government since its organization; alluded to the compromise measures of the last Congress; provided that instead of their being compromise measures, they were nothing more nor less than concessions on the part of the South.

In alluding to the marine department of the country, he said that the harbor of New York alone had more light-houses than there were lamps on the whole Southern coast. He maintained the right of a State to secede from the Union, and proved by quoting from a number of sages and patriots that it was a constitutional, inherent right of each State, when she may feel herself aggrieved, to secede from the compact; that the confederation was formed by an act of secession. This may seem strange to some, that the Union was formed by acts of secession; but if those who may doubt it could have heard the speaker, their doubts would have vanished like the darkness of the night before the rising of the sun. He alluded to the contemptible sneers of certain editors at South Carolina—related an incident of the late Mexican war, which runs, as far as I can recollect it, in this wise: At the battle of Churubusco, when the enemy was pouring a deadly fire on the American line, Gen. Shields, in whose brigade was placed the New Yorks, Pennsylvania, and South Carolina regiments, stepped up to the commanding officer of the New York regiment and asked, 'who of your regiment can I depend on to follow me in an attack on our deadly foe?' when not one single voice was heard to say 'I.' He next went to the Pennsylvania regiment and asked the same question, but no voice was heard in the affirmative. At last he turned to the commander of the South Carolina regiment, Colonel Butler, and says—"Colonel, who of your regiment will follow me in assaulting your battery and arresting its deadly fire?" The Colonel stepped out and answered—"General, South Carolina is ready; we came from home for this very purpose; we will do our duty though we perish in its execution! And I don't know but that the noble-souled Carolinians did do their duty to the very death—for when the battle was ended, South Carolina could not count more than a third of the number that she had sent into that terrible conflict. Yet, for all this display of bravery, there are editors in North Carolina—here in Wilmington—who raise the pitiful finger of scorn at the position which your State now holds in the Union. Mr. McRae, in speaking on this subject, said in substance: "There are editors of newspapers who cannot see an inch beyond their nose, who endeavor to lead the minds of the people, when they have not sense enough to lead the minds of one—themself." He said to the enemies of South Carolina—"deride her—scorn her—scorn at her—sneer at her to your heart's content, if you will; but her fame will be preserved when the reptiles that crawl over her soil shall cease to waste their slime."

WEBSTER ON CO-OPERATION.—The Secretary of State has just made a speech at Boston, and from the following it would appear that he knows something about co-operation at the South. The Northern fanatics will find the construction of a conveyance easy enough, when they can get such builders as Clay, Foote and Cobb. There will be further aggression, and those practised hands will soon patch up another omnibus in the shape of a new compromise.—Carrollian.

"We live in such a time, when it seems as if there was an earnest desire to dissolve the constitutional and legal restraints under which we dwell as a people. But I think the crisis has passed over. I think the country is recovering itself North and South. There is less feeling at the South in favor of breaking up the Union.

"They have found an admirably convenient omnibus in co-operation, in which to ride out of their difficulty. How those at the North, who are arrayed against the peace and harmony of the country, were they find themselves in a minority—as they certainly will—how they will extricate themselves from their position, and in what kind of a conveyance they will escape, remains to be seen."

THE LADIES.—The Unionville Journal has a communication from a lady. In publishing an extract from it, the Journal says: "The very women of our country will blush for the degradation of their State; they feel that their country has been disgraced and humiliated, and had they the power, would readily burst asunder the chains which have been fastened upon our State by her own sons. We wish that those who call themselves men possessed half the spirit of our unknown friend. Listen to what a woman can say and hang your heads for shame: 'It is my glory that I am a secessionist. And who am I? A yankee, foreigner, or a Tory? My father was a nullifier, my grandfather a renowned revolutionary whig, and my grand-uncle was hung by the tories and British at Blackstocks.'"

Thus speaks a lady of the present day, who understands the real nature of the present political agitation better than the great majority of those who call themselves the lords of creation.

WHITE MAN VS. BLACK MAN.—A despatch dated Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 25, says: "Great excitement was produced here, to-day, in consequence of a new but very dark feature in the political arena. The Whig District Convention met, this afternoon for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the Assembly; and on the first ballot it was ascertained that J. P. Millner, white man, had forty-four votes; Fred. Douglass, black man, twenty-one; scattering, thirty-four. Mr. Millner was finally nominated, by one majority."

A FEMALE WRITERS-SAYS.—"Nothing looks worse on a lady than darned stockings." Allow us to observe that stockings which need darning look much worse than darned ones.

LET A MAN FORM A FRIENDSHIP WITH A WOMAN, even though she be no longer young, or handsome, there is a softness and tenderness attached to it, that no male friendship can know.

A YOUNG MAN stepped into a book store, and said he wanted to get a young man's Companion. "Well, sir," said the bookseller, "here's my daughter."

PROGRESS OF POLITICS.—There is to be a grand celebration in New York over the result of the election in Georgia. But on the heels of that election, during last week, an anti-slavery convention was in session in Pennsylvania, at which numerous resolutions were passed, one of which was, that they should inscribe on their banners, in larger characters, 'No Union with slaveholders.' Congress and the Legislature are again to be flooded with remonstrances and petitions. What a glorious 'final adjustment' of the question was that, compromise!

The Georgia platform put forth by the convention of that State, had the following paragraph: "That it is our deliberate opinion that upon the faithful execution of the fugitive slave law, by the proper authorities, depends the preservation of our much loved Union."

If so, the Union is not likely to be preserved. The census returns show that for one year previous no less than ten hundred and seventeen fugitives had found their way to the North; and since the passage of the fugitive slave law we should like to know how many of them have been remanded through the 'faithful execution' of this law. Would the Georgia convention call the Christians case—the two latest instances—its faithful execution?

When the people of the South can submit to an annual spoliation of half a million, and yet glorify the Union under which they are robbed—when, throughout the Southern States, such an apathy exists in relation to the protection of constitutional rights, their honor and interest—what hope is there of their being ever able to stay the progress of the aggressor, or of their being willing to undertake the task. There may be 'a better time coming,' but the past gives but little encouragement. Enough has been perpetrated already to call forth the sternest resistance; but, instead of that, thus far nothing has been heard but a kissing of the hand that smites—a fawning about the knees of their despoiler. God speed a different order of things.

THE NORTH.—Acts are daily transpiring at the North, which, instead of tending to relieve us of our apprehensions for the safety of Southern institutions, but serve to deepen the impression on our mind that they are doomed, unless we take more energetic and determined measures for their protection, than we have hitherto done. Although there are many good, upright, constitution loving citizens at the North, yet they are utterly unable to stem the current of daily increasing in volume and velocity, and rolling on against our most cherished institutions. Scarcely any attempt is now made to recover a fugitive slave, without either the owner, or some one else being either killed or wounded. Look at the horrible tragedy at Christiansa, where several were killed and many wounded. At the recent outrage at Syracuse, where the Marshal, in the discharge of his duty had his arm broken—and say whether the prospect is not dark indeed, and whether there is any hope of it ever growing brighter. Must the South still bear on, when she sees the very law on which she anchored her hopes daily infringed, and her citizens killed when they attempt to recover their property. Is there no point in which she will resist.—N. C. Hornet's Nest.

DIVIDING CALIFORNIA.—The late news from California informs us that a most important step has been taken by the inhabitants of the Southern country, desirous of dividing the State and forming a territorial government for that portion. Two addresses have been issued to secure concert of action, and a convention of delegates has been called to assemble in Santa Barbara on the third Monday in October. Delegates have already been appointed to attend from Santa Clara, San Diego, and other counties. All the members of the Legislature recently elected from that section of the State are pledged to urge a division at the ensuing session.—South Carolinian.

DIRECT TRADE.—Speaking of movements now on foot in the South, the New York Times says: The regulation of prices is a chimera; but the project of a direct intercourse between the South and Europe, which is a principal object of the Macon gathering, is not at all chimerical. The trade of the Southern States is large, and susceptible of any amount of extension. The progress of manufactures in their midst naturally suggests a corresponding development of commerce. The commodities are ample, the shipping procurable, and the economy of saving the cost of coastwise transportation to a Northern port obvious. The only wonder is the movement was not made long ago.

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