

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."

W. F. DURISOE, Proprietor.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., NOVEMBER 17, 1852.

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Select Poetry.

THE GREAT ARE FALLING FROM US.
The great are falling from us,—to the dust
Our flag droops midway, full of many sighs;
A nation's glory and a people's trust
Lie in the ample poll where Webster lies.

The great are falling from us,—one by one
As fall the patriarchs of the forest trees;
The winds shall seek them vainly, and the sun
Gaze on each vacant space for centuries.

Lo, Carolina mourns her staid old pine,
Which, like a mainmast, towered above her
realm;
And Ashland laments no more the robed divine
From out the branches of her stately elm.

And Mar-til-ly's giant oak, whose stormy brow
Oft turned the ocean tempest from the West,
Lies on the shore he guarded long—and now
Our staid old Eagle knows not where to rest!

REMEMBER ME WHILE FAR AWAY.
Remember me while far away
I wander from thy side;
Remember me at early day
Or when starry evenings glide;
When the pale and lambent moon
Looks forth upon the sea,
When all are bright and happy hours,
Wilt thou remember me?

Remember me when 'er you rove
In dells and valleys fair,
Remember me my best beloved,
And wish that I was there.

Or when the evening bells do chime
And all looks gay but true,
You will not at this request decline—
But still remember me.

Remember me when 'er you sigh
Beneath the moon's soft light,
Remember me and think that I
Return that sigh and feel its might.
And when you think on those afar
Who little care or think of thee,
Or when all things your pleasure mar
Ah then, my love, remember me.

FILL UP THE CUP.
Fill up the cup and let it flow
With the purest drink that can be had,
To beauty's cheek it gives a glow,
And checks the flicks of the old.

In its pure wave no poison sleep,
To steal the reason, fire the brain;
It never makes the orphan weep,
Nor soils the hero's wreath of fame.

From bubbling brook and mountain free,
It brightly flows, 'tis freely given;
Fill high the cup, I'll drink to thee,
A precious gift to man from heaven.

The ruby wine may rightly flow
From lucious grape to tempt the eye;
It has a false, a deceitful glow,
Then touch it not, from danger fly.

Then once again that nectar bring
Which heaven's goodness gives to man;
The bright drops of the sparkling spring,
That I may drink to thee again.

Miscellaneous.

MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE.

BY MARY RITCHIE.
"O! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love
From woman's bright eye glancing;
'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
Every heart entrancing."

"Thus breathed our 'village poet'—Elsie
Whitney, as languidly she leant against the
trunk of a majestic tree, whose waving
boughs refreshed their verdant sprays by
constantly intubing a portion of the ever-
varying current beneath them. She was
alone, or thought she was, and therefore
continued chanting the remaining stanzas of
the favorite ballad she had commenced.—
But, as she was about finishing the follow-
ing lines:

What meets the hazy beauty,
And conquers by a de-lia-lie?
O! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
Every heart entrancing."

she heard low to footsteps directly behind her,
and, in a second, the clear, ringing voice of
a female thus burst upon the tranquil air:—
"Ha, ha, ha! Miss Sentimental-ist, so you
think that love will melt the haughty beauty
and conquer her disdain, eh?"

"Yes, Clara, for though you scorn my
assertion, I will repeat as heretofore, that
there is such a thing as pure, undying—"

"Love, you was about to say," interrupted
the impatient Clara, "but come," she
added, "let's haste, to the spot assigned us
for sketching, else to-morrow will find us
with tasks uncompleted, and a lesson upon
"Indolence" will consequently ensue. By
the way, don't you almost detest our Gov-
ernment? I do, and am going to prevail
upon mamma to procure a better one; she is
so ill natured if we don't do everything just
as she says. O, I shall be so glad to get
the old "vixen" out of my sight.

"But perhaps your mamma will not think
best to—"

"Yes, she will, she always lets me have
everything as I wish. But we must go."
And thus saying, the half spoiled Clara
Thurston, drew the arm of the gentle cousin
—Elsie Whitney—within her own, and
then they hastily sought, through the shady
avenue, the romantic spot for the pursuance
of their tastes.

As the evening advanced, the maidens—
having finished their irksome labor—slowly
they bent their footsteps towards their home.
They had been laughing and chattering
gaily upon their first leave of the spot where
they had been laboring so diligently; but as
they drew near a little thicket, through which
the sheer waters of the Merriam shone
like a half concealed mass of silver, their
thoughts took a different turn, and they con-
versed in a more serious tone. Each had, in
turn, pointed out the beauty by which they
were surrounded; for both were passionate
admirers of the works of nature. And now,
Elsie had commenced conversing upon love,
(her darling topic) which I shall here pro-
duce in her own language, together with

the replies of her friend—or cousin—Clara.
"I wish, Clara, that you believed as I do
about love; then we should think alike in
everything—then—"

"Pshaw! nonsense, there's no such thing
as love. When I get married (if ever I do)
it will be merely to better my condition in
life. Let's see what I'll have when I'm
Mrs. (somebody)—plumage, steeds, pos-
sibilities, footmen, servants and—"

"Why, coz, you put jest!!
"Never was more earnest in my choice
so you perceive that I shall stand a good
chance to have everything as I desire. Age
and appearance are nothing to me, so long
as wealth is in the coffer."

"If that is your real opinion, Clara, I
sincerely commiserate the person destined
for your future husband. He will be most
shockingly duped," continued the speaker,
at the same time raising her eyes to the face
of her lovely companion, "for one to gaze
on that lovely face of yours, would never
once dream that the heart of its possessor
was utterly devoid of affection! O, what
deception lurks beneath the human breast!
But I cannot bring my mind to believe that
you think as you assert. You will at some
future day love!"

"Never! no, never!" for
My heart is a free and a fetterless thing!
A wave on the ocean; a bird on the wing!
A riderless steed o'er the desert plain bounding;
A pal of the storm o'er the valley resounding;
It sports at all bonds, and it needs the decree
Of the world and its proud one, and seems to be
free,

and it always shall remain free! continued
the enthusiastic Clara.

Elsie Whitney and Clara Thurston were
cousins. Elsie was an orphan and had re-
cently taken up her abode at her uncle
Thurston's, who possessed a "goodly por-
tion of this world's goods." Both girls
were beautiful; but their minds as the
reader has perceived, were not the least
alike. At the time of my sketch their ages
were thirteen and fourteen, Clara being the
senior of the two.

Deeming that it would be but a source of
amusement to the reader to follow these females
through a series of school day scenes, the
writer will glance over a space of ten
years; at the expiration of which time, she
will bring the subjects of her sketch—to-
gether with an incident or so, which occur-
ed in the intervening time—before the
reader.

In a parlor of a superb mansion are two
females, which the reader will, as I proceed,
recognize as Clara and Elsie. They are,
at present, in deep conversation, and as the
"one clad in deep mourning" is weeping,
the writer will at once inform the reader of
the cause.

After five years of the most unhappy
wedlock that ever existed, the unfortunate
Clara had again met with her gentle cousin,
from whom she had during that space been
estranged. She was releasing to Elsie—
now the happy Mrs. Griffin—the manifold
sorrows that she had experienced since their
separation. "The death of her tyrannical
husband she said, was to her a source of
joy. She concluded by saying that there
was no happiness to be had in marriage
without love.

"LUCK."
Rev. H. W. Beecher, in one of his lec-
tures to young men, uses the following lan-
guage, which should be read and remem-
bered.

"I may here as well as elsewhere, im-
part the secret of good and bad luck. There
are men, who, supposing Providence to
have an implacable spite against them,
hemoan in poverty of a wretched old
man, who, in the face of laws, that would
make the bloody Solon blush. This warrants
me to suspect, that our Yankee friends would
also brave the Federal and international law
which makes the Slave trade piracy, to supply
the South with Africans, provided our people
would buy them. It was in proof before a
Committee of the British House of Commons,
that vessels from Maine and other Northern
States, furnished Brazil with Africans as long
as that growing kingdom allowed her subjects
to buy them. So much for Yankee sincerity
in Abolition as well as Temperance.

Your correspondent's second interrogatory is
"Shall Edgefield village govern herself?" To
this I reply, assuredly she shall. But I deny
that in refusing license, she is governing herself,
or if she is, she is also governing or attempt-
ing to govern the District. Christianity and human-
ity, as well as civilization and the good of so-
ciety, require that all persons who live upon
the highway, shall entertain travellers. It is a
condition and implied obligation, annexed to
residence on the road, that we shall not refuse
our fellow-men food and shelter from hunger,
rain and cold, as I have seen done, in the
weathier portions of South Carolina and else-
where. The very existence, foundation and con-
stitution of society forbid it. Yet if a traveller
has the right to demand hospitality at the hands
of any resident upon the way-side, how much
greater is his right to have food, board, and
other accommodations for himself and horse,
at the capital of his District. This village is
not, as I have before said, a manufacturing,
commercial, or educational town of private
property. It is a political county seat, estab-
lished for the purpose of administering justice
to every citizen in the District and for fur-
nishing accommodations to those who come
here on business. The inhabitants who live
in this village are but the voluntary agents
and dependants of the District, and when-
ever they get tired of their residence, let
them change it, by allowing those to come
here who will behave themselves and respect
the rights of the country people. But as long
as they remain in this village, our lawyers
should settle the disputes of the farmers,
our merchants conduct their exchanges, and
above all our Hotel or Bar-Room keepers
should furnish liquor by the drink, as well
as other refreshments, to suit the variety
of tastes and palates that demand enter-
tainment at their hands. Who dare
tell a farmer of Edgefield that he shall not
drink upon his own Public Square? This vil-
lage is

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE ADVERTISER.

LICENSE IN EDGEFIELD VILLAGE.

Messrs. Editors: One more communication
on temperance and I dismiss the subject.
Your correspondent, signing "TEMPERANCE
NOT LICENSE" has in his obscure and ill-
tempered sophistry, totally mistaken and mis-
represented the grounds and argument that I
hold with regard to license. He devotes half
a column of metaphysical reasoning to prove
that there is something unnatural and inconsis-
tent in the "incongruous" signature of "TEMPERANCE
NOT LICENSE." Well, this signature embodies
a maxim, which has for its sanction no less au-
thority than that of Lord Bacon, and maxims
are said by Sir James McTear, to be the con-
densed good sense of nations. The phrase
"TEMPERANCE NOT LICENSE" simply means the
temperate use and not the intemperate abuse
of liquor, and so I think your readers have un-
derstood it. Hence your correspondent must
study the Special Pleading of Chitty a little better,
and the fallacies of Logic a little longer, to con-
vict my signature of "inconsistency."

He next propounds certain interrogatories,
which I shall proceed briefly to answer. He
first inquires if "We shall call it one of the
institutions of the South, for wet councils to
rule in the village, having grog-shops open,
drunkards reeling, blasphemies echoing, sober
people interrupted, good men and women bowed
down?" I answer certainly not. We will call
grog-shops, or something like them, an institu-
tion of every nation. Still I am ready to call
them a Southernism, even when attended with
the evils of which your correspondent complains,
rather than adopt the Mainism. I have never
claimed the privilege of using stimuli, as an in-
stitution, or characteristic peculiar to the South.
My whole argument on the contrary, has been
to prove that man, wherever you find him, will
use stimuli whether necessary, praiseworthy, de-
graded or habit be the cause. That this prin-
ciple of his nature, like all other principles, is
eternal, so much so, that any law contravening
it, is unnatural, unconstitutional, and never has,
nor ever can be enforced. In support of this,
I appealed to the History of social opposition,
or forcible legislation against spirits, tea, coffee,
tobacco, &c., and established, as I conceive, that
such opposition was in vain—that England and
other enlightened governments, becoming aware
of this, now tolerate the use of stimuli, however
unpleasant or injurious in many respects. To
make the application, I then said that Maine or
Massachusetts might retry the Mainism or ex-
periment at which England failed, but that the
South would be content to accept these frequent
failures of the strongest Government in the
world, as conclusive against the ability of legis-
lation to stop the use of stimuli, and would ac-
cordingly resist any attempt of the "Sons of
Temperance" or others to force the liquor law
upon a State or District. Your readers then,
Messrs. Editors will quickly perceive, the unfair-
ness, misconception, or want of perception in
your correspondent's first question. But I will
tell him what is another Mainism, or Northernism.
The South has little or no shipping, while
Maine has nearly twice as much as any State in
the Union. Well, these same ship-masters of
Maine, who will not use wine at the sacrament,
because as they allege Christ never used it, and
who are so uncompromising in their hostility to
liquor, are now engaged in supplying China with
Turkish Opium, in a sort of smuggling specula-
tion, to the amount of millions of dollars worth,
and that too against the wishes of the Chinese
government and in the face of laws, that would
make the bloody Solon blush. This warrants
me to suspect, that our Yankee friends would
also brave the Federal and international law
which makes the Slave trade piracy, to supply
the South with Africans, provided our people
would buy them. It was in proof before a
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drink upon his own Public Square? This vil-
lage is

in many respects, other than as regards license,
as much the capital and as much under the con-
trol of Edgefield District, as Washington is the
capital and under the control of the whole United
States. It is simply ridiculous and absurd
then, to say that Edgefield only controls herself
in refusing license. She controls the District
or attempts to control it, and by so doing does
nothing to conciliate the justly offended feelings
of the country which has twice marked this
corporation, to show the village bell cows, that
the Court House belongs to the District and not
the District to it. Even if 1500 of the 3000 men,
who assemble here, were to side with the village
in refusing license at this place, Mr. CALHOUN'S
beloved concurrent majority would not then be
obtained, and it would still be unconstitutional
in morals to refuse license. A just law governs
the whole and not a part of the people. Of all
who assemble here, perhaps only 500 may drink
liquor, but sound ethics would say, let them
drink it, and drink it independently of the re-
maining 2500 who have different tastes. This
village could with as much propriety tell the
country people that they should not buy a dozen
cigars here, but must get a box, as to say to them
that they shall not have a dram, but must get
a bottle and carry it in their pockets.

Because I expressed a suspicion, which is well
founded, that "most enthusiasts for total abstin-
ence are slaves to gambling, tobacco, tea, coffee,
opium, &c.," your correspondent thinks that
said suspicion "smacks a little of the charged
censor," or in other words, he intimates that
I have suffered somewhat in interest or honor,
which prompts me to write these articles. This
attack upon my motives excites a smile. I can
assure "TEMPERANCE NOT LICENSE" that I am not,
have never been, and never expect to be inter-
ested either directly or indirectly, in any Grog
Shop here or elsewhere, and as to honor if I
have any ambition at all, it is not content to
reign petty king, as Intendant or Magistrate of
a Corporation, whose area is enclosed within a
circle of one mile radius, from the Court House
as a centre. I beseech him to have more charity
than again to suspect, that because he must al-
ways be little in great things, or great in little
things, that others have no higher and nobler
ambition than his own practical motto.—
"That he has stung me I admit, but the injustice
not the truth of his suspicion wounds." My
soul can travel beyond this Corporation if his
cannot, and I have endeavored to discuss the
world-wide principle involved in this license
question, not motives, or personalities. But
this is enough of the eternal, &c., and myself
for alluding to which, I hope your readers will
pardon me.

Your correspondent next doubts the sincerity
with which I declared myself "the unalterable
advocate of temperance and sobriety." I again
protest that I am not the champion of intem-
perance or immorality, but I am a supporter of the
freedom and right to drink, because necessity
or something else forces man to do it, and all
efforts to prevent it are unavailable—because
whether necessary or "the decree eternal" of which
your correspondent speaks be the cause, we
leave the stubborn and insurmountable fact,
that man will drink or brave death to do it. As
I claim to be a man of honor, I abhor drunkenness
and if the monster vice could be killed at
one blow, I would say God speed the arm that
could deal that blow. But this is all poetry, and
hence I say let men drink in peace, as they will
do it in war—will it do anything. Our race
has imbibed wine since the days of Lot and Noah
and there must be some constitutional cause or
necessity for it.

I remember once to have heard one of the
ablest divines in the United States, say that wine
was a Mohammedan invention of the sixth cen-
tury to make war upon Christianity. I have
also seen the same assertion in Temperance
Tracts, but how ridiculous and devoid of truth
is this unfounded slander. Mahomet was in re-
ality and in good faith the father and founder
of Temperance Societies. He was the first spiri-
tual or temporal ruler that essayed to stop the use
of liquor, and the Koran bears internal, as well
as record evidence of his sincerity. Moreover,
besides Sacred History, I can cite passages from
Pliny, Tacitus and Herodotus or Juvenal, Ovid
and Horace, to show that men got beastly drunk
not only before the birth of Mahomet, but sev-
eral centuries before the birth of Christ. It
matters not whether distilled or fermented liquor
was used, either will produce the same effect,
the same intoxication, lethargy and relaxation.
The antiquity then, to say nothing of the uncer-
tainty of the use of liquor, is one argument
which should make us pause before we prohibit
its use by law. I own, that it is desirable to get
rid of all drunkenness. But it is equally desir-
able that no lies should be told, or slanders at-
tered, yet who would be deprived of the freedom
of speech because of its abuses? No libels
should be printed, or studied falsehoods pub-
lished, yet who would be deprived of the freedom
of the Press because of its abuses? It is also de-
sirable that there should be no sin, and that
everybody should be in the Church, but who is
for using force, or interfering in any way,
with freedom of Religious belief or worship? We
must legislate for human nature then as it is,
with all its faults and defects, and not as it
ought to be. Persuade and argue with men
not to use stimuli, but never attempt to drive them,
lest we be driven ourselves. Promote temperance
by precept and example, but never by au-
thority.

I should like to write an article upon the adul-
teration and smuggling of stimuli generally, an-
other upon Opium, a third upon gambling, a fourth
upon other stimuli, which I have omitted to
name, but which are in national use in South
America and elsewhere, a fifth upon the license
laws of South Carolina, a sixth upon the nat-
ural law that requires the use of stimuli and
a seventh upon the unconstitutionality of the
civil law that prohibits the use of liquor, but in
merely to your readers, Messrs. Editors, I restrain
my wish to indulge this *farur scribendi* for the
present, and will for all time to come, unless

the Maine storm soon begins to rage in the State
and Legislature, of which the "Temperance Ad-
vocate," in Charleston, gives frequent signs.
TEMPERANCE BUT LICENSE.

Correspondence of the Sumter Banner.
OUR TAXES.

Mr. Editor: As experience has proven that
all governments whatever may be by their
peculiar features or under what names so-
ever they may be called, require money to
keep their political machinery in motion, or
in other words that pecuniary resources are
indispensable to their very existence, the
question naturally arises, who should contrib-
ute to the support of government?

The following proposition, which I think
few will deny, appears to me, to be the prop-
er answer, viz: That all who enjoy the bless-
ings and advantages of good government,
should contribute to its support.

The revenue for the General Government is
raised upon this principle, but it is not so in
the States; and as it is now evident that we
must remain part and parcel of the Union,
in spite of all our clamor and bragado-
cia, it certainly becomes the good citizen
and prudent legislator to turn his attention
to the reformation of many of our old laws
and customs, not blindly following in the
tracks of our ancestors, but wisely profiting
by their experience and endeavor to render
our own State laws, a model of perfection, not
losing sight, however, at the same time, of
our rights under the Federal Constitution;
nor be blind to abuses from what quarter
soever they may come.

Our State taxes are levied almost exclu-
sively upon property, and if the proposition
I have laid down be true, certainly those
who have no taxable property, or profession
should likewise contribute a portion towards
the support of that Government that throws
around them its protecting power, guarding
life and health, and punishing injuries done
them.

My own opinion, which I have formed,
after mature consideration, is, that a poll
tax should be paid by "every free white
man" who is entitled to that inestimable
privilege of freemen, the right of suffrage.
There is injustice in the principle which is
at present acted upon in this State, that a
man, because he owns no property, or "learn-
ed profession," should be exempted from
contributing one cent to the support of that
Government under which he lives, and which
Government would "avenge him upon his
adversary" who should dare to molest him
in any way; though said adversary should
cast his thousands into the treasury of the
State, and be none; and yet I rejoice that
such is the case, that the poorest citizen is
under the special care and protection of
State sovereignty, and I hope the time may
never come, when it will be otherwise. The
proceedings of our Courts prove to the most
careless observer that our code of justice is
no respecter of persons, but that the rich
and the poor alike resort hither for protec-
tion or redress, and that the rich cannot
oppress the poor with impunity, that the
man of property and the penniless are
equals under our well-organized institutions;
and yet the man of property or "profession"
supports the ponderous burden of govern-
ment, while he who has health and strength
and perhaps learning and capacity to real-
ize handsomely from his undivided exertion
is exempt from any taxation at all.

A few familiar examples may serve to il-
lustrate my views and position more clearly.
Here is my neighbor, a man with a small
tract of land and one or more negroes, some
aged or decrepit perhaps, and he contributes
annually so much ad valorem for his land
and so much per head for his negroes, who-
ever they benefit him or not. Of course that
is all right. On the other hand there is an
overseer, a schoolmaster, a clerk in a store,
public officers and employers in general,
whose income may be hundreds or thousands
as the case may be and live in comfort,
perhaps affluence, and enjoy all the blessings of
a well-regulated government, and yet they
never pay one cent into the state treasury—
never called upon to offer one dime of
their incomes upon the altars of their State,
which secures protection to all and the rights
of suffrage to all; but the man who owns
an acre or acres of land or a negro or ne-
groes, no matter whether his property sup-
ports itself or not, or whether he is in debt
for the same property, he must pay his taxes,
or his property is sold for him, and yet he
enjoys no higher privileges than those who
pay nothing with perhaps the simple one of
being eligible to a seat in the legislature.

My proposition is that the legisla-
ture, in passing the bill "to raise supplies,"
insert a clause of the following purport: viz:
"That every free white man, between the
ages of twenty-one and fifty, who is entitled
to vote for representatives in the legislature,
and every free white man not a citizen of
this State who shall have resided in the State
six months previous to the time of collecting
taxes, shall pay a poll-tax of all." (not less
I would say than the tax levied upon a slave)
—with this proviso, that any man who shall
refuse to pay his poll-tax and who shall be
returned "nulla bona," into the Sheriff's Of-
fice upon an execution to collect said tax,
shall be ineligible to vote for any District
officer, or for members of either Branch of
the Legislature or of Congress, or for Presi-
dential Electors, (provided the election of
Electors be given to the people), and provid-
ed further, that the poor man who shall
upon oath before a magistrate or the Tax-
Collector, say that he feels himself too poor
to pay his tax, he shall be exempt from pay-
ing the same, but he shall also be ineligible
to vote as above mentioned, on the same
principle that papers are denied the right of
suffrage.

And I close this communication by repeat-
ing the proposition I set out with, viz: that
all who enjoy the blessings and advantages
of good government should contribute to its
support.

BEAVER DAM.
DANIEL MERRILL, Revolutionary soldier,
91 years of age, died at Hollis, N. Hampshire,
on the 29th ult. He was one of the life
guard of Benedict Arnold, just before the
treason of that arch-traitor.

THE RESULT.
It will be seen that our latest despatches
give the information that General Winfield
Scott, as the Whig candidate for the Presi-
dency, has received only the votes of two
States for that office. A friend asked us a
day or two ago to what we attributed this
overwhelming defeat. We answered to the
good sense of the American people. Beneath
the frivolous party excitement there is,
we are fully convinced, an under current of
sound sense, which, on extraordinary occa-
sions like the present, makes itself felt
throughout the land.

Between the qualifications of the two in-
dividuals for the office sought there was no
comparison. Winfield Scott had not the
first qualification that we know of—and the
people have rejected him. The American
people are beginning to distrust the policy
of electing military chieftains to the highest
civil office, and they have emphatically pro-
nounced against it. The political alliances
which General Scott had formed were repug-
nant to sound political conservatism, and
the people of the United States have given
the most overwhelming demonstration ever
made by them against the higher law doc-
trines of Sewardism and Greeleyism. The
South could not trust the renowned chieftain,
who, in politics, was beyond all doubt the
standard bearer of the abolition wing of the
northern whigs. For these reasons, rather
than the comparative strength of the two
political parties of the Union, the great Gen-
eral, never before defeated, has met with the
most complete discomfiture ever suffered by
any political aspirant. Let others profit by
the lesson taught with so much emphasis.

In Franklin Pierce, we simply recognize
the honest, straight-forward citizen, gifted
with fair talents and abilities, and in every
way competent to administer the govern-
ment. He sought not the office, and his
past history shows that he never was ambi-
tious for office. Comparatively retired from
political turmoil and strife, and free from the
trammels of party chicaneer, having been
selected by one of the great parties of the
Union as a proper man to be chosen Presi-
dent, he has received the largest electoral
vote ever given to an aspirant for that office
since the foundation of the government. A
man assuming the reins of government over
thirty-one confederated, though independent,
sovereignties, by the emphatically expressed
will of twenty-nine of these sovereignties,
and thus placed at the head of the affairs of
a nation of 25,000,000 of people, is a spec-
tacle which the civilized world has rarely
seen. Such an election brings to the posses-
sor of the office a most tremendous respon-
sibility, and while it may gratify the
individual, must impose upon a conscientious
chief magistrate an unusual weight of care,
anxiety, and toil. Franklin Pierce is not
merely the successful party aspirant—he is
the almost unanimously chosen President of
the American people. Every right-minded
man, whatever may have been his political
 creed, in the faithful discharge of his duty as
a citizen, must give such a President, in the
legitimate administration of the government,
a most cordial support.

Another fact, we think, is established by
the result of this election, and that is the
verification of Daniel Webster's prophecy,
that the Whig party is defunct as a national
party. The cardinal and leading doctrines
of that party have been repudiated by the
people; whilst on the other hand, those of
the Democratic party have become engraf-
ted on the national polity. New issues, there-
fore must be sprung whereon to rally the
scattered forces of the old Whig party.

Another deduction to be drawn from the
remarkable result of this election, is the al-
most universal ratification of the so-called
compromise on slavery issues. South Caro-
lina, in casting her vote for Pierce, did not
thereby endorse the measures alluded to;
but it is an undeniable fact that Franklin
Pierce, with great consistency, from the be-
ginning, not only expressed his acquiescence
in these measures, but gave them his hearty
approval. It cannot be far erroneous, there-
fore, to conclude that the compromise meas-
ures are most emphatically ratified, in the
unprecedented vote which he has received
from all sections of the Union.

It is a different question, however, and one
which the future alone can solve, whether
the administration of the President elect will
be able to execute the only measure of the
series worth anything to the South—the
Fugitive Slave Law. We doubt it. And,
moreover, we believe, that a widespread and
almost universal cohesion of the antislavery
hosts of the North will now be attempted.
Failed and defeated now, they will unques-
tionably rally all their strength at the next
favorable opportunity. If Mr. Pierce's ad-
ministration be conservative, and the South-
ern people true to themselves, a blow may
yet be given to Southern fanaticism from
which it may never recover. It will be well
for us of the South, while giving our con-
fidence and support to a conservative and
republican administration, to watch with
scrutiny the progress of events. In this
course rests our only security and safety.

[South Carolina.]
MR. WEBSTER'S DENIAL.—The Boston
Transcript states that at a meeting of the
citizens of Manchester, N. H., on Sunday
evening last, the Rev. Mr. Davis, who has just
returned from Marshfield, remarked:
"A word about his debts. I have heard
again and again that he did not pay. I in-
quired of Mr. Abbott. Said he, 'Mr. Davis,
from my personal knowledge, derived from
keeping the private accounts of Mr. Webster,
I have some opportunity of knowing. Not
a bill which has been presented for two or
more years, during which I have been with
him, but it has been promptly paid, and a few
days before he died, he called the overseer
of his farm, and gave him five hundred dol-
lars to pay every man, sent for the minister
and paid all that was due him, so it shall not
be said that Daniel Webster died in debt to
any man.'" These were the words of his
private secretary, and I began to think that
those who knew Webster best loved him
most; and, sir, I was convinced of it more
and more as I approached Boston to-day."

GREAT MEN NEVER DIE.

In the oration delivered by Webster in
Faneuil Hall, in 1826, on the death of Ad-
ams and Jefferson, he thus tells us, and his
words have now full application to himself,
that great and good men never die:

Adams and Jefferson I have said, are no
more. As human beings indeed they are no
more. They are no more as in 1776, bold
and fearless advocates of independence; no
more, as on subsequent periods, the heads
of the government; no more, as we have al-
ready seen them, aged and venerable ob-
jects of admiration and regard. They are
no more. They are dead. But how little
is there of the great and good, which can
die? To their country they yet live, and