

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to the South and Southern Rights, Politics, Latest News, 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 & SON, Proprietors.

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THE EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER, IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING BY W. F. DURISOE & SON.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per year, paid in advance. Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid within six months. Three Dollars if not paid before the expiration of the year. All subscriptions not discontinued at the time of subscribing, will be considered as made for an indefinite period, and will be continued until arrangements are made, or until the option of the Publisher. Subscriptions from other States must invariably be accompanied with the cash. Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at 75 cents per square (12 lines or less) for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. When only published Monthly or Quarterly \$1 per square will be charged. All advertisements not having the desired number of insertions marked on the margin, will be continued until ordered and charged accordingly. Those desiring to advertise by the year can do so on liberal terms—it being distinctly understood that contracts for yearly advertising are confined to the immediate, legitimate business of the firm or individual contracting. Transient Advertisements must be paid for in advance. For announcing a Candidate, Three Dollars, in advance. For Advertising Extraordinary, Two Dollars, to be paid by the Magazine advertising.

THE EDGEFIELD INFORMER!

"Here shall the Press the people's rights maintain, Unswayed by power, and untroubled by gain." The Subscriber proposes, on the first Thursday in February next, if sufficiently encouraged, to commence the publication, at Edgefield Court House, of an independent, non-partisan, Weekly Newspaper, to be called "THE EDGEFIELD INFORMER." The "Informer" will be the "medium" of the writer's views on all subjects that may in any way interest the people or affect their rights. Reform and Progress will be the distinguishing features of the "Informer"; and while its columns shall furnish the usual amount of general information relative to Commerce, Agriculture and Politics; Science, Literature and the Arts; most prominent among the subjects, contemplated for discussion, are the questions of dividing Edgefield and having no vote to establish two new Districts; a thorough reform in our State polity; and the people's side of the Electoral question. And also reform in the judicial system of this State. In his department, the Editor will be assisted by able and popular writers. The Editor, labor or expense shall be spared to make the "Informer" what a Newspaper ought to be. Subscription price \$2 a year, in advance—payable on the receipt of the first number. Address the Subscriber at Edgefield, C. H., S. C. C. W. SYLLES.

Edgefield, December 20, 1855.

N. B.—Post Masters and others, who will act as Agents for the "Informer" upon sending in ten names shall receive one copy free.

C. W. SYLLES.

CLARK & ROYAL

Are receiving the full stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, VALISES,

CARPET BAGS, &c.

Our Stock will comprise all the most fashionable articles, and these that can be recommended for durability. Also, a large and superior lot of

Negro Brogans,

Men's Tip Brogans, and Women's Leather Boots.

We feel confident that we can show one of the BEST ASSORTED Stock of Goods that has ever been in our City, and request our customers and friends to give us a call before purchasing.

August, 29 33

WM. O. PRICE & CO.,

DRAPERS & TAILORS,

Augusta, Ga.

HAVE received their FALL AND WINTER

SUPPLIES of the Latest Fashionable articles,

and would invite the attention of those who want the best Goods to call and make selections.

Clothing!

OVER GARMENTS of all the newest styles,

Three Coats, Pantalons and Vest; Office and Business Coats, Pants and Vests; and a General assortment of Fashionable Clothing.

Hosiery, &c.

UNDER GARMENTS of all kinds, Dressing for the Neck, Scarfs, Stocks, Ties, Gloves, and all other articles useful for dress and convenience.

WM. O. PRICE & CO.

August, 29 33

HARVEY & MAYS,

HAMBURG, S. C.

NEW FAMILY GROCERY!

NEARLY OPPOSITE THE AMERICAN HOTEL.

THE Subscribers having entered

into a Co-Partnership for the transaction of a

GENERAL GROCERY BUSINESS,

Solicit the patronage of their friends and the public generally. Having carefully selected a CHOICE

STOCK OF GOODS, and at low prices, we are prepared and determined to sell as low as Goods of the same quality can be bought in this or the Augusta Market.

Our Stock comprises nearly every article usually kept in similar establishments. We purchased our Goods for Cash, and can afford to sell at VERY LOW FIGURES.

Our Stock consists in part of

SUGARS, COFFEE, N. B. AND W. I. MOLASSES,

MACEREL, CHEESE,

Bacon, Lard, Flour,

Candies, Raisins and all of our descriptions,

TOBACCO & SEGARS,

Pickles, Pepper, Allspice, Blue Stone, Copraes, &c.

A good assortment of Liquors,

Also, a fine lot of Crockery and Glass Ware, Tin and Wooden Ware, &c.

JOHN A. HARVEY,

Hamburg, Nov 20, 6m 45

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE Subscribers having located permanently in the Store next door to Mr. R. H. SULLIVAN, is prepared to make to order fine

BOOTS AND SHOES.

At the shortest notice, and of the very BEST MATERIAL. He hopes by faithful work and close attention to business to be able to please all who may favor him with their patronage.

I will refer to Mr. S. F. GOODE, who is my guardian, in all matters of business.

BERTMAN KEMP,

July 18

Cupping Cases and Scarificators,

ALL kinds. Also, Lancets and a great variety of Surgical Instruments, for sale by

A. G. & T. J. TRAGUE, Druggists,

Hidies!

THE Subscriber wishes to buy 2,000 good Dry Hides. R. H. SULLIVAN,

December 5 17

Choice Story.

Three Scenes IN THE LIFE OF A WORLDING.

CONTENTMENT IS BETTER THAN WEALTH.

SCENE FIRST.

"It is vain to urge me, brother Robert. Out into the world I must go.—The impulse is on me. I should die of inaction here." "You need not be inactive. There is much to do. I shall never be idle." "And such work! Diving in and groping close to the very ground.—And for what? Oh no, Robert. My ambition soars beyond your 'quiet cottage in a sheltered vale.' My appetite craves something more than simple herbs and water from the brook. I have set my heart on obtaining wealth; and, where there is a will, there is always a way."

"Contentment is better than wealth."

"A proverb for dopes."

"No, William; it is a proverb for the wise."

"Be it for the wise or simple, as commonly understood, it is no proverb for me. As a poor plodder along the way of life, it were impossible for me to know content. So urge me no further, Robert. I am going out into the world a wealth-seeker, and not until wealth is gained do I propose to return." "What of Ellen, William?" The young man turned quickly towards his brother, visibly disturbed, and fixed his eyes upon him with an earnest expression. "I love her as my life," he said, with a strong emphasis on his words. "Do you love wealth more than life, William?" "Robert!" "If you love Ellen as your life, and leave her for the sake of getting riches, then you must love money more than life."

"Don't talk to me after this fashion. I cannot bear it. I love Ellen tenderly and truly. I am going forth as well for her sake as my own. In all the good fortune that comes as the need of effort, she will be a sharer."

"You will see her before you leave us?"

"No. I will neither pain her nor myself by a parting interview. Send her this letter and this ring."

A few hours later, and the brothers stood with tightly grasped hands, gazing into each other's eyes.

"Farewell, Robert!"

"Farewell, William. Think of the old homestead as still your home.—Though it is mine, in the division of our patrimony, let your heart come back to it as yours. Think of it as home; and, should fortune cheat you with the apples of Sodom, return to it again. Its doors will ever be open and its hearth fire bright for you as of old. Farewell!"

And they turned from each other, one going out into the restless world, an eager seeker for its wealth and honors; the other lingering among the pleasant places, dear to him by every association of childhood, there to fill up the measure of his days—not idly, for he was no drone in the social hive.

On the evening of that day two maidens sat alone, each in the sanctuary of her own chamber. There was a warm glow on the cheeks of one, and a glad light in her eyes. Pale was the other's face, and wet her drooping lashes. And she that sorrowed held an open letter in her hand. It was full of tender words; but the writer loved wealth more than the maiden, and had gone forth to seek the mistress of his soul. He would "come back;" but when? Ah, what a veil of uncertainty was upon the future! Poor stricken heart! The other maiden—she of the glowing cheeks and dancing eyes—held also a letter in her hand. It was from the brother of the wealth-seeker; and it was also full of loving words; and it said that, on the morrow, he would come to bear her as a bride to his pleasant home. "Happy maiden!"

SCENE SECOND.

Ten years have passed. And what of the wealth-seeker? Has he won the glittering prize? What of the pale-faced maiden he left in tears?—Has he returned to her? Does she share now his wealth and honor? No!—since the day he went forth from the home of his childhood has a word of intelligence from the wanderer been received; and, to those he left behind him, he is now as one who has passed the final bourne. Yet he still dwells among the living. In a far clime, stands a stately mansion. We will not linger to describe the elegant exterior, to hold up before the reader's imagination a picture of rural beauty, exquisitely heightened by art; but enter its spacious hall, and pass up to one of its most luxurious chambers. How hushed and solemn the prevailing atmosphere! The inmates few in number, are grouped around one on whose white, furrowed brow Time's trembling finger has written the word "Death." Over her beads a manly form! There—his face is towards you. Ah! you recognize the wanderer—the wealth-seeker. What does he here? What is he doing one? His wife! And has he, then, forgotten the maiden whose dark lashes lay wet on her pale cheeks for many hours after she read his parting words? He has not forgotten, but he has been false to her. Eagerly sought he the prize, to contend for which he went forth. Years came and departed; yet still hope mocked him with ever attractive and ever failing illusions. To-day he stood with his hands just ready to seize the object of his wishes, to-morrow a shadow mocked him.—At last, in an evil hour, he bowed down his manhood prostrate even to the dust in mad worship, and took to himself a bride, rich in golden attractions, but poorer, as a woman, than even the beggar at her father's gate. What a thorn in his side she proved! A thorn ever sharper, ever piercing. The closer he attempted to draw her to his bosom, the deeper went the points into his own, until, in the anguish of his soul, again he flung her passionately from him.

Five years of such a life! Oh, what is there of earthly good to compensate these

years! But in this last desperate throw, did the worldly gain the wealth, station, and honor he coveted? He had wedded the only child of a man whose treasure might be counted by hundreds of thousands; but, in doing so, he had failed to secure the father's approval or confidence. The stern old man regarded him as a mercenary interloper and ever treated him as such. For five years, therefore, he fretted and chafed in the narrow prison whose gilded bars his own hands had forged. How often, during that time, had his heart wended back to the dear old home; and the beloved ones with whom he had passed his early years? And ah! how many, many times came between him and the almost hated countenance of his wife, the gentle, loving face of that one to whom he had been false! How often her soft blue eyes rested on his own! How often he started and looked up suddenly, as if her sweet voice came floating on the air.

And so the years moved on, the chain galling more deeply, and a bitter sense of humiliation as well as bondage robbing him of all pleasure in life.

Thus it is with him, after ten years, we find him waiting in the chamber of death for the stroke that is to break the fetters that so long bound him. It has fallen. He is free again. In dying, the sufferer made no sign. Sullenly she plunged into the dark profound, so impenetrable to mortal eyes, and as the turbid waves closed, sighing over her, he who had called her wife turned from the couch on which her frail body remained, with an inward "thank God! I am a man again!"

One more bitter drug yet remained for his cup. Not a week had gone before the father of his wife spoke to him these cutting words—

"You were nothing to me while my daughter lived—you are less than nothing now. It was my wealth, not my child, that you loved. She has passed away. What affection would have given to her, dislike, will never bestow on you. Henceforth we are strangers."

When next the sun went down on that stately mansion, which the wealth-seeker had coveted, he was a wanderer again; poor, humiliated, broken in spirit.

How bitter had been the mockery of all his earthly hopes! How terrible the punishment he had suffered!

SCENE THIRD.

Three scenes struggle with alluring fortune, in which the worldly came near stepping his soul in crime, and the fruitless ambition died in his bosom.

"My brother said well," he murmured as a ray of light fell suddenly on the darkness of his spirit; "Contentment is better than wealth."

Sweet Ellen! Ah, why did I leave you? Too late! too late! A cup, full of the wine of life, has been at my lips; but I turned my head away, asking for a more fiery draught. How vividly comes before me now that parting scene! I am looking into my brother's face. I feel the tight grasp of his hand.—His voice is in my ears. Dear brother! And his parting words, I hear them now; and even more earnestly than when they were first spoken—"Should fortune cheat you with the apples of Sodom, return to your home again. Its doors will ever be open, and its hearth fire bright for you as of old." Ah, do the fires still burn? How many years have passed since I went forth! And Ellen! But I dare not think of her. It is too late! Too late! Even it she be living and unchanged in her affections, I can never lay this false heart at her feet. Her look of love would smite me as with a whip of scorpions."

The step of time had fallen so lightly on the flowery path of those to whom contentment was a higher boon than wealth, that few footmarks were visible. Yet there had been changes in the old homestead. As the smiling years went by, each, as it looked in at the cottage window, saw the home circle widening, or new beauty crowning the angel brows of happy children. No thorn in his side had Robert's gentle wife proved. As time passed on closer and closer was she drawn to his bosom; yet never a point had pierced him. Their home was a type of paradise.

It is near the close of a summer day.—The evening meal is spread, and they are about gathering around the table, when a stranger enters. His words are vague and brief, his manner singular, his air slightly mysterious. Furtive, yet eager glances go from face to face.

"Are these all your children?" he asks, with mingled surprise and admiration.

"All ours, and thank God! the little flock is yet unbroken."

The stranger averts his face. He is disturbed by emotions that it is impossible to conceal.

"Contentment is better than wealth," he murmurs. "Oh! that I had earlier comprehended this truth!"

The words were not meant for others; but the utterance has been too distinct.—They have reached the ears of Robert, who instantly recognizes in the stranger his long wandering brother.

"William!"

The stranger is on his feet. A moment or two the brothers stand gazing at each other, then tenderly embrace.

"William!"

How the stranger starts and trembles! He had not seen, in the quiet maiden, moving among and ministering to the children so unobtrusively, the one he had parted from years before—the one to whom he had been so false. But her voice has startled his ears with the familiar tones of yesterday.

"Ellen!" Here is an instant oblivion of all the intervening years. He has leaped back over the gloomy gulf; and stands now, as he stood ever ambition and lust of gold lured him away from the side of his first and only love. It is well both for him and the faithful maiden that he can so forget the past as to take her in his arms and clasp her almost wildly to his heart. But for this, conscious shame would have betrayed his deeply repented perfidy.

And here we leave the reader. "Contentment is better than wealth." So the worldly proved, after a bitter experience, which may you be spared! It is far better to realize a truth peremptively, and thence make it a rule of action, than to prove the variety in a life of sharp anguish. But how few are able to rise into such a realization—Godey's Lady's Book.

PHYSIOLOGY.

We select the following notice of Dr. LABORDE's new book from the correspondence of the *Yorkville Enquirer*:

The press has just issued Dr. Laborde's admirable little book of Physiology. It would be a point well gained, if every Professor would supply his department with text-books of his own—written with a full knowledge of the requirements of their classes, and published at home. The South needs such efforts, which, well performed, would be the beginning of the end—a noble endeavor by Southern men in behalf of Southern Literature. The feeling in favor of home-education is now thoroughly aroused, and let us not be slow to render our home-institutions and home advantages equal to the emergency.

Of course, I went straight to the Book-store and purchased a copy of Dr. Laborde's new "Introduction to Physiology," to which the reader will remember, alluded during my summer travels. Upon a cursory examination I am gratified to find it all I had anticipated. It is published in good style, and contains about 400 didactic pages, replete with sound practical lessons and a fund of useful hints upon this important branch of learning. While it is not too popular in its style and contents, it is yet entirely free from the severely scientific tone which has heretofore rendered this study irksome to the College student and a "sealed book" to the general reader. It supplies a want, and must serve both in the College and Academy, and in the library, a most valuable purpose. If Dr. Laborde succeeds in arousing the public attention to the vital importance of a thorough acquaintance with the laws of health, he will have done our little world an essential service.

It is not the time, and I am not prepared, to do ample justice to this work. A friend, who bears the reputation of one of the best physicians in Columbia, and who speaks well of the merits of Dr. Laborde's book, such a criticism will be on his account of it will proceed from a source more fully competent to the task, and beyond the influence, which play said have with the impartiality of my own judgment. I must quit the subject now, after having expressed the hope that our friend Mr. Anderson, who gives the task a thorough examination, and see if he be not in every respect the best that can be procured for the use of his classes.

We also present the following excellent extract from the Doctor's book alluded to above. The author thus speaks of climate:

Besides those general influences which bear upon the salubrity of a country, there are local causes, affecting particular situations, which deserve special attention. It is a fact familiar to all, that in the same country, and in the same neighborhood, some places are very sickly, while others enjoy a remarkable exemption. The cause in this case, is not to be found in the general character of the country, but in the particular circumstances of the locality. The following enumeration is designed to embrace the leading particulars under this head; the nature of the soil, and its particular state in respect to cultivation; the character of the vegetation, with its amount and condition; contiguity to low ground or other marshes; or stagnant water; the surface and elevation; the rapidity of the water-courses; adjacent hills and valleys; and the particular exposure to the prevailing winds. Here is presented matter for much discussion, but I will call attention briefly to a few of the particulars only, and in no determinate order; but rather in special reference to our Southern country. As we advance, the reader will perceive that the subject, in some respects, is not relieved of doubt and perplexity, yet we conceive upon the whole we will be able to arrive at conclusions of great practical value.

There are few persons, if any, in our Southern country, who have not heard of the great agent of disease known as *malaria*, *bad air*, or *miasma*. The particulars enumerated above are to be received in connection with it, as they are all more or less concerned in its generation, or diffusion. It is believed to abound in the neighborhood of marshes, and is therefore generally known as *marsh miasma*. The common doctrine is, that it is an emanation from vegetable masses, when in the process of decomposition by the agency of heat and moisture. I am aware of the many difficulties with which the subject is surrounded, and the perplexing discussions to which they have given rise. What is this mighty destructive agent—this terrific power which so completely transforms an atmosphere of health and life, into one of disease and death? The various speculations as to its nature are scarcely worthy of mention, as, after all, we are compelled to confess that we know nothing of it, though we are acquainted with some of its laws and modes of operation. It is simply absurd to suppose that all malaria springs from marshes, or decaying vegetable matter. The facts are abundant, I conceive, to prove that disease is generated also in various as disease itself, and each is distinguished by its own specific individual character. Eudemias are found in every country and locality, and pestilences take up their march over the broad face of the world, and slay millions in their course. Who says epidemic prevails this year, and another of a totally different nature the next, we know not. If it be said that there is a special "epidemic constitution of the atmosphere," it explains nothing. In what consists this epidemic constitution, and in what particulars does the epidemic constitution of the

one year differ from that of the other? These are puzzling questions which have never been answered. It can not be that it is the same agent, and that different diseases are produced because of the different condition of the system. The truth is, that it is the particular atmospheric or epidemic cause which produces a similarity of condition, and generates the specific disease in all who are brought within the sphere of its influence. It is probable that the secret agents which produce cholera, influenza, yellow fever, break-bone fever, etc., for example, are different in their natures and character. Chemistry has failed thus far to detect the slightest difference in the atmosphere, or the presence of any noxious agent, during the prevalence of the most fatal and widespread epidemic. The speculations as to its real nature may be regarded as fanciful. Whether we regard epidemics, or endemics, our ignorance is equally great. These invisible atmospheric agents appear with fearful power, not only on marshy lands where vegetation abounds, but on the driest scorpions, where little or no vegetation exists.

The British army writers give us examples of epidemics under circumstances which preclude all possible connection with vegetable decomposition. What then are we to conclude? Not, I conceive, that there is no such thing as a malarial influence; there must be something, for such striking effects can not take place without a cause; and on every ground we are carried to the belief that the medium is the air. Though we know not the nature of malaria, nor the number of forms or varieties under which it may exist, yet we do know certain localities in which it abounds, and the particular conditions in these cases which are favorable to its elimination. Heat and cold, dryness and moisture, different electrical conditions of the atmosphere, these and many others have all been used to account for it. There is one source of malaria in which the inhabitants of the South are more deeply interested than all others; I mean stagnant water, marshes, or low alluvial grounds. No one who has had any observation among us can doubt the fact of the greater liability to disease in persons whose residence is in the vicinity of such places, and especially in our warm season. It is a fact not to be questioned. Here is such a thing then as *marsh miasma*, and it is the prolific source of a great deal of our summer and autumnal disease. In the selection of a building site, as far as possible from marshy or swampy lands, or stagnant water. If one, however, feels himself obliged to fix his residence in the neighborhood of such sources of disease, it is safer to get upon the south side, as the prevailing winds during our summer and autumn are generally from the south. There seems to be no doubt that malaria may be carried a considerable distance by the wind. I have in my own observation had proof of the value of this suggestion. There is more danger of attack at night than during the day, and more danger late in the afternoon, or at sunset and little after, than at any other period of the day. This is accounted for by the notion that the malaria is dissipated by the heat, and diffused in the higher regions of the atmosphere, and descends with the more humid air at the decline of the sun. Whatever may be the value of the explanation, of the fact itself there can be no doubt. Not to insist upon the testimony of Johnson, in his work on Tropical Climates, and the equally striking testimony of many other writers of highest authority, the most melancholy proofs of its truth are exhibited every season in the malarial regions of the South. It is well known that the swamps of the low country of the Carolinas and Georgia, where the malaria exists in the highest degree of concentration, can be visited with perfect impunity in the day during the summer and fall seasons, when a single night spent upon them at such a time is almost certainly followed by a malignant fever, and in too many instances by speedy death. Before the connection of Charleston and the up-country by railroad, fever was frequently contracted by the traveler to that city, as several days were necessary to accomplish the journey, and some nights had consequently to be spent in the swamps. Now it is completed in a day, and is as safe as a journey to the mountains. When one is compelled to pass a night in a malarial region; he should scrupulously avoid the night air, exclude it from his chamber, and kindle a fire for the purpose of drying it. A distinguished author remarks that with the advantage of a sufficient fire a person might safely spend the night in the midst of the Pontine marshes. It is a common practice on the plantations of the low country to make a fire every night throughout the season. In passing through a malarial region at night it is a common injunction to *keep awake*. The affinity of malaria and moisture is well established, and the fact that it is transported on fogs seems unquestionable. It is not to be supposed, however, that fogs are necessarily productive of disease. This is disproved by the fact of their daily appearance in many of the healthiest localities of our mountain regions, and it is easy to guard against any injurious influence which they might produce, by proper attention to clothing, and by making a fire in the house. On the French Broad in North Carolina, the fogs are as common and as dense as possible, and it is the habit of the settlers on that river to adopt the precaution which I have suggested. During my last visit to that region, Colonel A., who keeps a well-known house below Asheville immediately on the banks of the river, informed me that his large family enjoyed the most perfect health, but that every night and morning throughout the year he made a large fire.

A body of moods intervening between the dwelling and the source of malaria, affords great protection; and it is well known that many healthy residences have been made uninhabitable by cutting down the trees. How the woods give protection, though a question of subordinate importance, is yet one of comparatively deep interest. It is well known that they frequently protect entirely against malarial disease, and that they always afford

more or less security, has been too often proved to admit of doubt. Whether it be by the mechanical impediment which they offer to the passage of malaria, or the absorption of the atmospheric moisture and the malaria which clings to it, to a neutralization of the poison by the exhalations from the trees—whether by one or all of these modes safety is secured, I will not discuss, as no certain conclusion could be reached by it. A wall frequently gives perfect protection. Epidemics have been known to prevail with great severity on one side of a street, attacking every household, while the inhabitants on the other side escaped entirely. A residence in the vicinity of a swamp, or low ground, may not suffer in the least, as long as the grounds are covered by a heavy growth, and are thus protected against the influence of a hot sun. The felling of the trees may convert it into a hot-bed for the generation of the most poisonous miasma, which will carry disease and death to a considerable distance. It is never a safe experiment to cut down a body of heavy growth near a residence in our warm season, or at its commencement. Such labors should always be performed at the beginning of winter.

DR. THORNWELL'S ADDRESS.

At the commencement exercises of the South Carolina College, just closed, Dr. Thornwell, in a feeling manner, in his address to the graduating class, after alluding to his separation from the institution to devote himself to theological teachings, pronounced the following mature and paternal counsel to the young men about to enter upon the business of life. The exhortations are simple and dignified, and fill a space in our journal that no subject could be worthier of. It is his last and precious legacy to those (and their number is legion) who during so many years have profited by his teachings, and will be affectionately received and cherished:

The world is open before you, and you are panting with eager hearts to enter upon its conflicts and its cares. It is to you arrayed in colors of gold, and although a thousand tongues should at once proclaim that its realities are the reverse of the pictures of the fancy, you could not in your delusive enchantment listen to the voice of experience. You have to learn for you-

recount the story of your life, it would strike you as absolutely incredible that the dreams of youth should be so different from the facts of maturity; that the world gilded with hope should be in such contrast with the world reflected in the light of experience. You see now the splendid decorations of the puppet show, but then you would find, having been behind the scenes, you had seen the filthy interior. As it is hopeless, however, to think of imparting to youth the experience of age, and to impress upon youth the wisdom which is dear bought fruit of experience, the next to be done is to inculcate those principles of morality and religion, which will enable a man to act his part in the unexpected contingencies and the most trying circumstances of life.

There must be to every man some prominent rule of life—some law to which he refers all his interior actions and which constitutes his standard of duty and of action. The character will be formed upon this rule, and it is a matter of vast consequence to every young man, about to step into the world, to ask himself seriously what is the principle which in his heart has practical supremacy. It is possible, gentleman, to have one law speculative, and another practical, and therefore let him not ask what is the false and imaginary principle of his life, but ask himself what, on a trial in which his character is at stake, would be the real actual rule by which he would be guided—that is the rule which is sub-dominant everything to itself—his purposes, his resolutions and his conduct.

I know the people of this commonwealth with great intimacy. If you were asked the question, what is the sentiment which is almost without instinct the ruling sentiment with the young men of South Carolina, you would answer that that honor is the pervading principle of your hearts. The very word is associated in your minds with what is noble, generous, manly and dignified. You are ready to exclaim "Honor is the sacred law or law of kings. It is the nobleman's distinguishing characteristic. It strengthens virtue wherever it finds it, and extends her influence where she is not. Honor ought not to be disputed."

This principle, gentlemen, may be good or bad according to the notion which you have of honor. With many it is nothing but a blind impulse prepared to resent an insult. This is rashness. With some honor is restricted for the most part to a single point, of being quick and implacable under resentments. To be a man of honor is to stand always with drawn sword, ready to fight upon the least provocation. True courage is made to take the place of charity, not only in covering a multitude of sins, but in being the substitute for every other virtue. This is the honor which underlies this feeling in many in our State. By what principle have you, gentlemen, adopted your notions of honor? We are all men of honor. With some a man may defy another's wife, get drunk, sell his vote, refuse to pay his business debts, without tainting his honor; but gentlemen are obliged to pay "debts of honor"—all such as are contracted in play. Is he not a man of honor who is ready to resent affronts and ready to demand and to give a gentleman satisfaction upon all proper occasions? Assuming this as the rule, a man can ruin a tradesman, break up with one's own wife, cheat the public, cut a man's throat, if he in all points sustain this character of honor and gallantry. Honor among infidels is like honesty among pirates—something confined to themselves, to their own fraternity, while they may fight other men. The young man must be constantly on his guard against this fictitious principle, against these mistaken notions of honor. It

is too much the case that a man considers it more honorable to resent than to forgive an injury, to make a virtue of being injured, but would be ready to put a man to death for accusing him of doing so. Such men are more careful to guard their reputation than to control their conduct by honorable principles. True fortitude is not becomingly human nature that he who wants if severely does deserve the name of man. But few men have so much about them as to be ready to place the whole of their honor in a kind of martial courage, by which means, we have many who have called themselves men of honor—who would be ready to kill a man who disrespects them in opinion. By gentlemen, there is a widely different sense in which honor might be taken, in which it is, indeed, in noble minds, a distinguishing perfection. In this sense it is not merely the hand-maid of virtue, but it is to a great extent the measure of delicacy, the bond of moral sensibility; and when analyzed the operations of conscience. We discover, too, properties which are inseparably blended with the properties of honor. We feel it at once to be a duty to honor virtue, and virtue considered in this light becomes in a sense of duty. It is considered as a principle worthy, in the desire of possessing it, as a ground of approbation. Honor in this view is simply that sentiment of our nature which prompts us to render ourselves worthy of the praise and esteem of