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. EDGEFIELD, S. C., JANUARY 16, 1856. VOL. XXI.—NO. 1.

Choice Poetry.

GONE ASTRAY.

How coldly falls upon the heart
The words 'he's gone astray!'
From those who shared with him the joys
Of fortune's brighter day.
'Tis human for the soul to err,
Beguiled by visions fair;
Then crush it not with words of scorn,
Nor drive it to despair.

When some frail son of earth shall pass
Beneath misfortune's cloud,
Be thou a light to gild the gloom
Of error's sable shroud.
Perchance if you desert him now,
Because he's gone astray,
No other friend may fling a smile
Of sunshine o'er his way.

There's many a heart that strays afar
From virtue's beaten track,
Which, like the dove unto the ark,
Will ere long wander back.
One gentle word of kind rebuke,
May call the rover home;
No more in paths of vice and shame,
His wayward feet may roam.

But, oh, one harsh, ill-spoken word,
May chill the erring soul,
And drive the victim far beyond
The limits of control.
To see the friends of happier days
In coldness turn away,
Oft proves the bane that madly drives
The sin sick soul astray.

When you upbraid the faults of youth,
Let not your words be cold;
For chilling tones, like melted lead,
Soon harden in the mould.
But speak in accents soft and kind,
The wayward to reclaim:
And thus you'll dry the turbid stream,
From whence his errors came.

Wipe off the penitential tear
That glisten on his cheek;
And bid him turn to virtue's paths,
And there forgiveness seek.
Upon his conscience, sick with sin,
The balm of comfort pour;
And, like the Savior of mankind,
Bid him "go, sin no more!"

Miscellaneous Reading

LEARNING GRAMMAR.

Mr. Editor:—I have been sendin' my dater to school to a scholmaster in this naberhood. Last Friday I went over to the scool just to see how Nancy was getting along, and I sees things I didn't like by no means. The Scoolmaster was larnin her things entirely out of the line of eddycation, and as I think improper. I set a while in the schoolhouse and heered one class say their lesson. They was a spellen, and I thot spelled quite exceedingly. Then cum Nancy's turn to say her lesson. She said it very spry. I was shot! and determined she should leave that scool. I have heerd that grammer was an uncommon fine study, but I don't want eny more grammer about my house. The lesson that Nancy said was nothing but the foolishest kind uv talk, the ridicles luv talk you ever seed. She got up and the first word she sed was

"I love!"

I looked rite at her hard for doin so improper, but she went rite on and sed:

"Thou lovest,
He loves,"

and I reckon you never heerd such a riggermyrole in your life—love, love, love, and nothing but love. She sed one time,

"I did love."

Ses I, "who did yer love?" Then the schollers laffed, but I wasn't to be put off, and I sed "who did you love, Nancy? I want to know—who did you love?" The schoolmaster, Mr. McQuillister, put in and sed he would explain when Nancy finished the lesson. This sorter pacified me, and Nance went on with awful love talk. I got wus and wus every word. She sed

"I might, could or would love."

I stopped her again, and sed I reckon I would see about that, and told her to walk out of that house. The schoolmaster tried to interefere, but I wouldn't let him say a word. He sed I was a fool and I knocked him down and made him holler in short order. I taukt the strate thing to him. I told him I'de show him how heede larn my dater grammer.

I got the nabers together, and we sent Mr. McQuillister off in a hurry, and I reckon thar'l be no more grammer teechin in these parts soon. If you know of any rather oldish man in your region that doant teach grammer, we would be glad if you wood send him up. But in the footure we will be keerful how we employ men. Young schoolmasters wont do, especially if they teeches grammer. It is a bad thing for morils.

Yours till death,
THOMAS JEFFERSON SOLE.

When we are young, we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed. So said a learned author 100 years ago. And is the world any wiser yet? Not much, if any. It is still the grab game all over. "Get money if you can, honestly. At all events—get money!" Pretty lesson this, with all our would be moral principles blushing around our necks. But these we contrive to hide in our pockets, and only parade them at church on Sunday. The poet talks something about "Man's inhumanity to man." How pious we go it at church, too! But let us not depair—the world is on the mend, however slow.

"Embracing Christianity," is what the King of Siam said the first time he hugged an English girl. Not bad from paganland.

AN ITALIAN TRAGEDY.

A recent traveler relates, that a favorite dramatic piece in the towns of Genoese territory is founded on the following tragic story; A few years since there lived at Port Maurice, near Oneglia, two lovers named Anna and Guiseppa, the children of widows in good circumstances, the former eighteen, and the latter twenty years of age. The parents had given their consent to their union, and the wedding day was soon to be fixed; when during a short absence of Guiseppa, probably brought about by artful contrivance; an intriguing friend of the family prevailed on the mother of the bride to give her daughter to a more wealthy lover. Anna, overcome by maternal importunity, did what she had not firmness to refuse to do, and promised to bestow her hand on a man for whom she had no affection. Grief, however, soon undermined her health, and by way of amusement, she was sent to the mountains to the olive harvest. Her mother also went to see some relations in the country, and an elder sister was left home.

Anna, nevertheless, grew worse: nay, she was so ill, that her friends, alarmed for her life, sent her back to her mother's house. Meanwhile Guiseppa had returned and the report of Anna's intended compulsory marriage soon reached his ears. On the following Sunday he met her sister at mass, with the urgency, and with the resignation, of despair, he implored her to procure a last interview with his beloved. They agreed that he should find Anna in the garden in the evening by moonlight, while the only guardian domestic, an old sailor, was at the public house.

At the appointed time Guiseppa was in the garden, and there he found his Anna, weak, melancholy, and silent; she went up to him with faltering steps; but in vain he questioned her; in vain he endeavored to draw from her the acknowledgement that she still loved him, and acted by compulsion—not a word could he elict—mute, pale, and motionless she stood like a beauteous statute before him. At length he clasped the adored object in an ardent embrace, during which he buried a poignard in her heart. She fell without a groan. The murderer hastily fled over the wall of the garden. The sister, alarmed at Anna's protracted absence, went out into garden, where she found her lifeless in her blood, and with the assistance of the old sailor, who had returned too late, carried her into the house.

The wretched assasin, impelled by savage frenzy after strolling about all night, again scaled the wall of the garden, where he no longer found his Anna, but only her blood, which he was busily employed in wiping up with his handkerchief; when the mother, ignorant of what had happened, returned early in the morning from the *villegiatura*, accompanied by the friend who was the cause of the catastrophe, and, unlocking the gate, entered the garden. The frantic Guiseppa ran to meet her, and holding the bloody handkerchief close to her face, wildly cried, "Conosci tu quel sangue?". (Do you know the blood?) The mother rushed with a fearful presentiment into the house, where the corpse of her murdered child. The maniac again fled to the cavern of the neighboring mountains.

The corpse was decorated after the Italian fashion, crowned with a garland of myrtle, and deposited the night before the funeral in an open coffin in the church before the high-altar. Here a person was placed to watch it by the light of consecrated tapers. After midnight the assassin suddenly forced his way into church; the affrighted watchman ran off, but stopped at a distance to observe his motions, and beheld the unfortunate Guiseppa covering the remains of her whom he had murdered from affection, with a thousand kisses and burning tears; after which, with the rapidity of lightning, he dispatched himself by several pistol-shots, and fell lifeless on the corpse of his beloved victim. The unhappy mother went raving mad. During her insanity she frequently exclaimed,—"Conosci tu quel sangue?" and sunk into a premature grave.

The only substitute for money is politeness. With three bows and a smile, a friend of ours last week traveled from this city to Niagara, and lived like a fighting cock at that. Cheap trip that.

An Editor Gorged.—A late number of the Hopkinsville (Ky.) Press has the following excuse: We crave the indulgence of our readers for the scarcity of editorial in this issue. We have attended several weddings and parties within the past day or two, and consequently overcharged our appetite. In fact, we were let loose at a table of good things and foundered ourselves.

The "Down East Debating Society" having dismissed the question, "Where does fire go to when it goes out?" have got a new and more exciting one up: "When a house is on fire, does it burn up or burn down?"

A Western pedagogue, in "teaching the young idea how to shoot," found it very difficult to impress the letter 'G' upon the memory of an urchin of four years. He finally asked the young hopeful, by way of illustration: "What does your father say to the horses, when he wants them to turn to the right?" "Hep! git along 2.40!" exclaimed the youthful prodigy, his countenance lit up with animation. The teacher has since adopted a different manner of illustrating his *subjects*.

A wag on seeing a pet poodle which had been shorn of its fleecy coat, remarked that he deemed the act which had divested the animal of its covering *shear* cruelty.

Weak doses of wash-board are now recommended to young ladies who complain of dyspepsia. Young men who are troubled in the same way may be cured by a strong preparation of wood saw.

There is a gentleman in the legislature who can be trusted with any secret; for nothing he can say will be believed.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Cure Hams.—When you are smoking your hams occasionally throw upon the fire a handfull of China berries, and it will be found a preventive against skippers. So says a gentleman who has seen it sufficiently tested in South Alabama.

Pineapple Jelly.—Pare and great the pineapple, and put it into the preserving pan, with one pound of fine white sugar to every pound of the fruit; stir it and boil it until it is well mixed and thickens sufficiently; then strain it, pour it into the jars, and when it has become cool, cover the jellies with paper wet in brandy, cover the jars tightly, and treat them as apple jelly.

Scotch Cake.—Stir to a cream a pound of sugar and three-quarters of a pound of butter, put in the juice and grated rind of lemon, a wine glass of brandy Separate the whites and yolks of nine eggs, beat them to a froth, and stir them into the cake, then add a pound of sifted flour, and just before it is put in the cake-pans, a pound of seeded raisins.

For the Cure of Croup.—A piece of fresh lard, as large as a butternut, rubbed with sugar, in the same way that butter and sugar are prepared for the dressing of puddings, divided in three parts, and given at intervals of 20 minutes, will relieve any case of croup not already allowed to progress to the fatal point.

A Light Pie Crust.—A light pie crust may be made by rubbing into one pound of flour two ounces of butter worked into a cream, and one spoonful of carbonate soda dissolve with water, half a spoonful of tartaric acid, and pour it over the ingredients, quickly adding a sufficiency of water to make it the proper stiffness for pie-crust. This is still better when a well beaten egg is added to the flour, &c., before the water is put in.

Cholic in Horses.—Dissolve, in a quart of pure water, as much salt as will thoroughly saturate the liquid, and drench the animal thoroughly until you discover symptoms of relief. This is a simple and effectual remedy, and has been successfully applied in cases of botts.

To Clean Silver.—Dissolve two teaspoonsful of powdered alum in a quart of moderately strong ley, stir in a gill of soft soap, and remove the scum that may rise to the surface. After washing the silver in hot water, take a sponge, and cover every article with this mixture. When dry, wash the articles in warm soap-suds—wipe dry, and brighten with whiting and spirits.

To Remove Black Spots from Plate. Boil the articles in three pints of water, with an ounce of calcined hartshorn, drain by the fire, and polish with soft linen rags which have been boiled in the same liquid and afterwards dried, using purified whiting as the plate powder.

To Clean Gold Chains.—A correspondent says: "Some of your readers may be pleased to know that a gold chain washed in soap and water, with a few drops of hartshorn in it, and afterwards dried in sawdust, will look equal to a new one."

To Keep a Stove Bright.—If you wish to keep a stove as bright as a coach body by only two applications a year, make weak alum water, and mix your British Lustre with it; let the stove be cold, brush with the mixture, then take a dry brush and dry lustre, and rub the stove until perfectly dry. Should any part, before polishing, become so dry as to look grey, moisten it with a wet brush, and proceed as above.

To Cure Warts.—Bind a leaf of houseleek, from which you have removed the skin, upon a wart a few nights in succession, and then see where your wart is.

Raised Cake.—Six cups of raised dough, four eggs, two cups of sugar, two of butter, or sweet fried meat fat, spice as you please, and raisins.

Cure for Corns.—A correspondent writes that a pint of alcohol poured in his boots caused all his corn and calluses to peel off, leaving his skin smooth and soft.

Loafers Soliloquy.—I stay pretty late, sometimes I'm out all night, fact is I'm out pretty much all over—out of friends—out of pocket—out at the elbows and knees, and always outrageously dirty. When any body treats, and says come up fellows, I always think my name's fellows, and I've got too good manners to refuse. I guess I tore this winder shutter in my pants behind, the other night when I set down on the wax in Ben Snugg's shop. I'll have to get it mended up, or I'll catch cold. I ain't very stout as it is, though I am full in the face.

Young ladies who wish to look interesting, should commence by eating pleatifully of slate pencils and chalk—should this fail, let them resort to vinegar as a beverage, and let them chew green tea. Should this fail, let them give their corsets an extra turn, and wear the thinnest shoes they can buy, especially in cold, damp weather. To be sure, this may induce consumption; but that matters very little—the "interesting" are of so little use in the world, that the sooner they leave it, the better for themselves and every one around them. Harsh, but true. Lady loafers, we suppose, are here pointed at.

A substitute for butter at breakfast has just been discovered by some bright genius. What an age of diskivery! Well, it is. Now, read:—Marry the nicest girl you know. You will then have her to preside at your breakfast table; and, unless you are a sad dog, indeed, you will not have any but her! We are progressing.

"I'd just like to see you," as the blind man said to the policeman when he told him he would take him to the station-house if he did not move on.

"A lawyer," said Lord Brougham, in a facetious mood, "is a learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself."

From the Norfolk Herald.

We publish, to-day, the remarks of the Hon. F. W. Pickens, of South Carolina, made at a meeting held at the White Sulphur Springs, in behalf of the sufferers of our city.

The contribution of the visitors at the Springs was most generous and liberal. The remarks of Mr. Pickens express a feeling and sentiment which will find a response in the hearts of those of us who have escaped the devastating power of the pestilence he so eloquently depicted.

A long time has elapsed since the occasion upon which they were delivered, owing, as we are informed, to the fact that they were written out and sent to Judge Mason, of Maryland, in accordance with a request made of Mr. Pickens; but the Judge being absent from home, did not receive them until within the past week. He immediately forwarded them to us, and we acknowledge our obligation to him—and, on behalf of our people, express our gratitude to Mr. Pickens, whose heart so nobly sympathised with our suffering.

REMARKS OF THE HON. MR. PICKENS, OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

[*Made at a meeting of Visitors at the White Sulphur Springs, in aid of the sufferers of Norfolk and Portsmouth.*]

Gentlemen:—We have been assembled together, in order to take into consideration the mode and manner of raising some contribution to aid our fellow citizens of Norfolk and Portsmouth in their sufferings and deep affliction from the ravages of yellow fever; and if I am correctly informed, there could be no situation better calculated to enlist our aid, and call forth the tenderest sympathies of the human heart.

We all know that, under any circumstances the yellow fever is a terrible scourge. But there are many cities of our country accustomed to its visitations, and the large majority of their citizens are more or less acclimated and exempt from its ravages. Those who are thus exempt are able to aid and comfort those who are attacked, and there is no general panic to paralyze and prostrate all classes. But, so with Norfolk and Portsmouth—there are none who feel themselves to be exempt—they are not prepared for its visitation—and the consequence is, one wide spread and universal panic prostrate the stricken cities, and add tenfold to the horrors of the affliction. Besides, the present disease has the African type, which is considered far more malignant, and appears neither high nor low, rich or poor, to arrest its terrible progress.

The City of Norfolk, which ordinarily has about 18,000 inhabitants, has left only about 10,000, and Portsmouth which has about 11,000, now only some 3,500—and yet Death, in his triumphant progress, moves on in desolation, and fails not to add daily to the increasing numbers he claims for his victims. To add to the wretchedness of the scene, some 1,700—workmen in Portsmouth, have abandoned their Government employment; and some 500 in Norfolk, employed upon the docks and streets, &c., have also abandoned their labor, and have been without daily support for themselves and families. In fact, all work is stopped and daily wages for the poor suspended. So that gaunt Labor stalks in lean and hungry suffering through the cities of plague and pestilence. In addition to all this, they have heretofore been denied all communication with the surrounding cities and villages. When they have attempted to fly from the plague and death, they have been denied a refuge and home from their brethren and countrymen. It has been said that even the United States' bayonet has been presented to them at Old Point Comfort, and they denied a landing. I mention this to shew their painful situation, and not to blame those under strict military duty perhaps.

The Sisters of Charity, those fit emblems of Christian devotion and holy love, and other benevolent persons who have gone to the devoted cities to seek objects of distress, have entered the abodes of sickness and misery and found it impossible to obtain the actual necessaries and comforts of life—and after they have entered, the steps of the steamboats have been raised, and those fleeing from death have been refused a passage. The railroads have been stopped and all communication cut off. There they are—cities of woe and despair! There they stand, like great charnel houses, with the sighs and the moans of the dying, and the fixed gaze of the dead.

There is no police—all having fled or died. The Mayor is left alone, and has stood nobly to his post, discharging his duties bravely and faithfully. I am told, in one instance, he helped with his own hands to carry out eleven persons, with the disease, to a conveyance to be borne to some neighboring hospital—and when he, at another time, attempted to order some negroes to do some necessary work, they actually ill treated him and refused. Such a man furnishes a higher example of true heroism and fortitude, than can be brought from the battle field—for in battle he is cheered by those around him, amid stiring events and all the excitement of enthusiasm and love of glory: And if he is cut off from his friends and surrounded by those who refuse his escape, he can have the last resort of a brave man—to draw his sword and cut his way through, or perish in glory upon the field of fame. But here is more than that—a Mayor, in the midst of a city with plagues and pestilence—those to stand by him in authority, dead or dying,—with wo, and misery, and despair—yet stands up like a man to do his duty—meets death face to face, and struggles with him over midnight scenes of lonely horror, all well calculated to make the bravest of the brave tremble. Such an example is worthy our highest admiration and deepest love.

And in connection with this, another should be remembered. I allude to your Governor elect, Mr. Wise. I am told he has opened his mansion and spread out tents upon his lawn to receive the poor and the distressed, at a time too, when they were denied a refuge elsewhere, under an idea that they bore within themselves contagion and death. He stood forth and defied the prejudices of the surrounding country, and met the danger like a man as he is, and has given to his country an example of heroic philanthropy and noble charity. I am told it has produced its effects, and the villages and town are now doing likewise. The people who have recently chosen him as their chief magistrate, have every reason to be proud of such a man.

Who is it that can contemplate these things without feeling every emotion of philanthropy gush warm from his heart? Here, in these cities where all the evidences of active life have passed away—where want and despair hold their mingled sway—here where, in the darkness of night, nothing is to be seen save the midnight lamp flickering and flashing in its socket, in the lonely chamber amid the dead and the dying, with none to administer the last sad officers of humanity—here—there is something which calls for all our Christian feelings and sympathy. The appeal comes with great force to all, in every place—but it comes with double force to us, situated as we are here. Here we are, with a sky as bright, and under an air as buoyant as ever floated on the surface of this earth. Here we are, surrounded by all the appliances of lusty life—with hope and joy flushed on every cheek and beeming from every eye. Here we are, at this bright fountain of sparkling waters—in this sweet vale of Avoca—And shall *we* forget the suffering of our fellow beings? If we are indifferent to them—if we turn a deaf ear to the cries of misery, and wo, and despair, that come up to *us* from the city of the dead—remember, that the day may come when the destroying angel shall visit each and every one of us, and it may be he will no sign, no stain, upon the lintels and door posts, by which to avert his avenging power as he passes over the land in desolation and wrath.

Let no one suppose it is not worth while to give, because he can give so little. All cannot give a hundred dollars, nor can all give twenty dollars, nor even five. Let no one think that his mite is too small—even tho it be but a dollar, it may in the shape of *some comfort—some cooling comfort*, reach the parched tongue of some dying mortal whose last breath may bear upon it a prayer of thanks for the charity; and that prayer may reach the throne of God, and in some day of future affliction hereafter, may come back bearing fragrance and balmy consolation to the heart of the donor.

INDIAN ATROCITIES IN OREGON.

The Oregon papers received by the last mail bring narrtrendering accounts of the Indian atrocities committed in that territory. A letter from Capt. Hewett, published in the Pioneer and Democrat, gives the following account of a massacre by Indians on White River:

After two day's hard work, reached the house of Mr. Cox, which we found robbed; confirming our suspicious that greater mischief had been done to the settlement further up the river. We then proceeded to Mr. Jones' place, where we found our worst fears more than realized. The house was burned to ashes, and Mr. Jones (who was at the time sick) was burned in it. Mrs. Jones was found lying about thirty yards from the house, shot through the lower part of the lungs, face and jaws, horrible broken and mutilated, apparently with the head of an axe. The bones of Mr. Jones we found, the roasted flesh having been eaten off by the hogs. We found Mr. Cooper (who was living with Mr. Jones at the time) about one hundred and fifty yards from the house, shot through the lungs, the ball entering the left breast. We buried the bodies and proceeded to the house of W. H. Brown, a mile distant. Mrs. Brown and child we found in the well, her head downwards; the mother was stabbed to the heart, the knife entering the left breast, and also in the back and back part of the head.

She had apparently started to run with her child (an infant about ten months old) in her arms; was overtaken and pitched into the well. The child was below her and had no marks of violence on it. It was not dressed, showing that the mother had taken it from the bed and attempted to flee. Mr. Brown was found in the house, cut to pieces. The left hand had two cuts, as though he had grasped a knife, and had it pulled out, cutting the hand to the bone. There were also two stabs in the palm of the same hand, as though he had attempted to ward off the fatal weapon. His arms and legs were badly cut, and I should think there were as many as ten or fifteen stabs in his back, mostly a little below the left shoulder. Everything seemed to show that he had fought desperately, and I think he must have killed some of the devils, from the fact that the fence where they went out from the house had the appearance of having had something dragged over it; and the rails below all smeared with blood.

After burying them as well as circumstances would permit, we proceeded to the house of Mr. King, or rather where his house was, which we found burned to ashes, and where the most horrible spactacle of all awaited us. Mr. King and the two little children were burnt in the house, and the body of Mr. King, after being roasted, was eaten almost entirely up by the hogs. Mrs. King was lying about thirty yards from the ruins, almost in a state of nudity: She was shot apparently through the heart—the ball entering the left side; the left breast was entirely cut off—she was cut open from the pit of the stomach to about the centre of the abdomen, and the intestines pulled out on either side. We performed the last sad rites and proceeded back to our encampment, and the next morning started for Seatile.

Negro Ambassador at London.—One of the latest curiosities come to London is the apparition of the sable envoy and plenipotentiary of his sooty Majesty of all the Haytis, Baron Pompey. He has been officially received by Lord Clarendon, and it is slily reported that his Lordship kept a smelling bottle to his dainty nose during the whole of the interview. What will be the effect of this "dark cloud" at the first drawing room remains to be seen. In England they are quite used to the tawny color of the East India, but an ebony "nigger" will be a novelty, bedizened in gold lace, and imitating, with the accuracy of one of the monkey tribe, diplomatic airs and graces. One of the latest freaks of his dusky nobility is a visit he paid this week to Mr Buchanan, but that distinguished gentleman happened to be out.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTIN.

The Washington *Union*, commenting upon Col. Orr's recent letter in regard to the Cincinnati Convention, thus discourses upon the present aspect of the political game:

The House of Representatives is now in the hands of a fragmentary fusion, if that appellation may be applied to those who are vainly struggling to get possession of the organization. And, since Col. Orr's letter has appeared, this fusion has practically fulfilled *more* than his prophecies. We find it the daily theatre of criminations and recriminations, which we search political history in vain to parallel. At the present writing there is no telling at what point a Speaker will be selected, and, if selected, at what point the disorganizing purposes of the abolition majority will be arrested. It is an appalling reflection that to this House, should the democratic party fail to be united in 1856, may be committed the grave responsibility of deciding between rival candidates for the presidency in favor of one who shall serve for four years from the 4th of March, 1857. We may have a majority of the States; but, unless we shall be fully represented in the Cincinnati Convention, so that the candidate there nominated may be the candidate of all, a difference about persons may precipitate a contest into this very House of Representatives; and who can tell what the consequence will be? If the House cannot elect a Speaker, how long will it be in selecting a President? Surely it is no conception of an exaggerated imagination to say that a failure to elect the latter by such a body is a much more rational probability than the failure to elect the former, and in that fearful struggle who can assure us that the contest for the presidency may not be pushed to the House of Representatives beyond the period when a new administration is to commence, thus leaving the republic without a Chief Magistrate, in a state of things not contemplated by the fathers of the constitution! Who can say where faction will stay its riotous and revolutionary career? Who can protect the future against its mad and menacing projects? And shall we, the democratic party of the United States, imitate this fell confusion by refraining to come together at Cincinnati in the spirit of union and of harmony, in the spirit of the constitution and of all those holy and imperishable sentiments upon which the true construction of that immortal instrument depends? South Carolina should not, therefore, be missed in the noble circle of States which are to be represented in the National Democratic Convention. The very fact that she has been absent before is a reason why she should be present then. This is a progressive age. While we respect and venerate the past, we should be just to the exigencies of the present and to the demands of the future. Nay, it is not going too far to say that if the illustrious son of South Carolina (Mr. Calhoun) were now living he would see in the Democratic National Convention—certainly in the national democratic party—the only element to protect the South from its northern enemies, and also the invincible champion of the federal constitution. In proportion as fanaticism aspires to new wrongs, and more boldly lifts its hands against the covenants we are all bound to obey and to fulfil, so is it necessary for those who are placed in the trenches to defend the fortress of our liberties to protect themselves by every means within their power; and hence the importance of South Carolina emerging from the proud isolation which she has occupied for so many years, and of taking that position in the National Convention to which the intellect of her sons and the commanding weight of her character among the southern people eminently entitle her. It seems strange to us, we must confess, that this gallant State, which on every occasion throws her suffrages for the democratic candidate for President, and rouses in her behalf, by the disinterested magnanimity of her position, the ardent feelings of the democracy of other States, should refuse to aid her sisters of the South, and to encourage her sisters of the North, with her presence in those conventions upon the decisions of which so many grave interests depend. It is, indeed, to the credit and to the honor of the democratic party that, while South Carolina has not mingled in the councils which have selected our candidates, yet that in all cases the principles there avowed have generally met the approbation of her investigating and impartial judgment. And why, at the present moment, when the advice of the best friends of the constitution is needed to protect that instrument against the efforts of its worst foes—why should not South Carolina come forward and take part in the deliberations at Cincinnati when the democratic party meets in national convention? We confidently anticipate that the action of that convention will meet the approval of South Carolina. It is easy to see that, so far as regards the doctrines there to be laid down, they will be such as the entire South can approve, such as will bring the domocracy together as one unbroken brotherhood. It would be a cap-sheaf to the noble column if South Carolina could be present when our candidate is selected and our creed proclaimed, to add her voice to the ceremony which announces both to the democracy of the American Union.

☞ An Affecting Appeal.—An unfortunate editor in Kentucky, thus addresses his delinquent subscribers: "Friends, we are almost penniless—Job's turkey was a millionaire compared with our present depressed treasury. To-day, if the price of salt was two cents a barrel-ful, we couldn't buy enough to pickle a jaybird."

CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE SLAVES.

It was only the other day that we heard of an effort being made to divide a religious tract society into Northern and Southern sections, on the ground that the reverend members of the Northern half had ideas of their own on the subject of negro labor, which exercised them so severely that they could not reconcile it to their consciences to remain allied with Christian slaveholders. Perhaps the torrent of indignation and ridicule which the proposition met with has made the reverend agitators feel somewhat ashamed of themselves by this time. In case, however, they still persist in playing Pharisee to the Southern publicans, we beg to draw their attention to the report of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the South Carolina Methodist Conference, given in last month. From this document they may learn that under circumstances of peculiar difficulty and financial straits, the Methodist clergy have prosecuted their work of evangelizing the Gospel to the negroes of South Carolina with such success, that, besides about a thousand white members, they have now 10,[illegible] colored members of the church, and [illegible] colored children, receiving religious instruction from the catechists. All of these are slaves. They are scattered over a large extent of country, on the various plantations; and the labors of the Methodist missionaries are such, that they sometimes preach five times on a Sunday, besides riding many miles on horseback from place to place.

The Northern reverends will doubtless regret to find that the Methodist Conference of South Carolina does not concern itself about the institutions or the state of the poor in New York or Massachusetts. It is doubtless owing to the backward condition of the South that the preachers of the Gospel to the slaves fail to perceive that it falls legitimately within the province of their duty to revile the city where Poole and Baker massacre each other, and to admonish the people of the North that they must mend their ways and take example from their Southern brethren under pain of exclusion from the pale of the church.

It must, too, be a source of pity to those Northern clergymen who read the report of the South Carolinians, to perceive that it does not contain one word about politics. The omission will be a severe shock to the three thousand clergymen of New England who protested against the Nebraska bill. It will be time, however, for them to denounce such conduct in the language it deserves when any one of those three thousand can show that he habitually rides ten miles and preaches five times on the Sabbath to people who do not pay him.—New York Herald.

Insurance on Slave Goods.—A gentleman informed us that some few mornings since, while standing on one of the railroad depots in this city, he saw a [illegible] from the [illegible] being [illegible] down. Inquiring the cause of this same he learned from a [illegible] with whom he had [illegible] and [illegible] the free negro, left on [illegible] years. A transaction of this sort can be practised on the railroad companies by free negroes, owners of slaves have no earthly security for their property. We invite attention to the subject as one of great importance to the community.—*Rome Courtesy.*

American Jews.—The San Francisco Sun, in an article upon the present condition of the Jews, closes with the following paragraph:

"The American Jew is only a support of his country than his religion. The Jew is a mere dweller up a [illegible] it affords him the means of support is to find the most noble traits of his character. The graves of his ancestors are around him. His heaven is as near to him on the shores of the Pacific as upon the sacred mount of Olives or within the classic walls of Jerusalem. His God is omnipresent, omnipotent, and omniscient. He has felt before that awful presence alike on the deserts of Arabia and the frozen zones of Siberia; and why should he here, where the law recognizes his religion and his political privileges, withhold an affection of which he is impelled by every consideration of propriety to himself and future happiness to his children? His respect for our institutions [illegible] he seldom violates them. If [illegible] gone towards building up and [illegible] cities. He quarrels not with [illegible] never. Not will he shrink from the duties of justice, on the bench, at the bar, or in the jury box, but seldom ever arraigned or convicted of criminal offence. This is the American Jew. Let his good qualities be imitated, his bad ones should be forgotten."

Paying Subscription for a Newspaper, is regarded by some people as a very unimportant matter. They have an idea that the small amount they owe, the printer cannot be greatly in need of, and it will do to be paid whenever a surplus of money is on hand for which they have no use, or whenever it is particularly convenient to do so. Some day they expect to call and pay at the office, or they will wait until a collector calls and if they have the money, they will pay him. They argue, that if the printer wants his money very badly, he will send for it—he will send from five to twenty miles for two dollars, and if he has to wait until the end of the year and pay a big commission for collecting, that's his business.—This is the way many people who take newspapers talk, but fortunately not all, not half of the whole number, for if they did, there would be an end to newspaper publishing except on the cash principle. Yes, there are too many right-thinking people, who have a different and honester view of their duty under the circumstances, and it is them the printer has to rely on for cash to carry on his business. It is to be hoped, however, that subscribers generally will soon adopt this correct course; that they will pay promptly in advance for their papers, and never allow the printer to send after it and pay for getting it.—[Exchange Paper.