

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 ourerties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

EDGEFIELD, S. C. NOVEMBER 26, 1856.

SIMKINS, DURISOE & CO., Proprietors.

VOL. XXI.—NO. 46.

Choice Poetry.

SWEET THOUGHTS OF THEE.

I have a sweet thought of thee, dear one,
That I would fain reveal;
When in the crowd and when alone,
Upon my breast they steal.
They charm like music heard at even,
Upon the calm blue sea,
And sweeter than a dream of heaven,
Are these dear thoughts to me.
I have sweet dreams of thee, dear one;
When my heart is "sore oppressed,"
They bid those blighting cares begone,
That rob me of my rest.
Like some bright dream of years gone past,
Ere aught of pain I knew;
They on my path a brightness cast,
That was dazzling to my view.
I have a hope of thee, dear one,
A gentle hope of thee,
And thou henceforth, yet thou alone,
My guiding star shall be.
Thou art the star whose cheering ray
Can make my pathway bright;
Can cheer me on life's rugged way,
And make its burthen light.
I have an off-pring, dear one,
A humble gift I know—
Not gems that glitter in the sun,
Can I on thee bestow.
But I offer thee a treasure,
More rich and fair than they—
'Tis affection, without measure,
That never can decay.

Miscellaneous Reading.

WINE, BEER AND TEMPERANCE.

There are hundreds, if not thousands of persons, who profess to love temperance and hate fanaticism, who have embraced the silly idea that native wine and lager beer will do much to diminish the use of distilled spirits, and promote society. Multitudes of young men in this city, unblushingly enter lager beer saloons, and would have us believe they are in no danger of becoming intoxicated. Not only does it stupefy themselves with the filthy Dutch swill, until they pass the dividing line between the human and the beast, and do not know it. Some intelligent men have said, that the true way to promote temperance, is to encourage the use of fermented liquors. To such we would say, that the use of wine and beer has never favored the temperance reform. It says: "It would not be much to say, that if all the drinking of fermented liquor could be done away, crime of every kind would fall to a fourth of its present amount, and the whole tone of moral feeling in the lower orders might be infinitely raised. Not only does it stupefy all kinds of wanton mischief, but it also has a negative effect of great importance. It is the mightiest of all the forces that clog the progress of good. It is in vain that every engine is set to work that philanthropy can devise, when those whom we seek to benefit are habitually tampering with their faculties and reason by making their bodies with beer or wine flaming them with ardent spirits. The struggle of the school, the library, and the church, all united against the beer-house and gin palace, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell. It is, in short, intoxication that fills our courts, and it is intoxication that fills our asylums, and it is intoxication that fills our work-houses with poor. For this one cause, pauperism would be nearly extinguished in England. We are convinced, that if a statesman who heartily wished to do the utmost possible good to his country, were thoughtfully to enquire which of the topics of the day deserved the most intense force of his attention—the sure reply which would be exacted by full deliberation would be, that he should study the means by which this worst of plagues can be stayed. Surely, such a question as this, enclosing within its limits consequences so momentous, ought to be weighed with earnest thought by all patriots."

A TERRIFIC CHARGE.—Balaklava. No where.—The *Koetzerbecker* is responsible for the following "charge" given by a Justice of the Peace in Ohio in a certain replevin case. The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, or that of Charley May at the Resaca, was quite a circumstance in comparison. Read and judge for yourselves:

Advertisement of the Jury—This is an action of replevin brought by—against—, for the purpose of obtaining the canal boat Ocean Wave No. 2, levied on by said—, as the property of said—I shall first charge you as to the rule of construing evidence, namely: If you have reason to believe that any one witness in this case has wilfully, maliciously, dishonestly, and contrary to the peace and dignity of the State of Ohio, sworn to that which is false in a single instance, you are bound to believe that he has lied through out."

Mr. B.—, for plaintiff, inquired, "What if he be corroborated?"
The Court, with much dignity, replied: "Wait until I am done."
And if you should find that the aforementioned witness is corroborated or sustained in any particular, by any other witness, you are bound to believe that said last-named witness lied also, in every particular of his statement! I am also requested to charge you that you find in your verdict the value of the property at issue.

"After some deliberation, I have concluded not to do that, but will simply say: if you find, in your finding, that you have found—you will have found, in your finding, whatever at that time you may find: on the other hand, gentlemen, you will not have found—in your finding—what you ought to have found! Now, gentlemen, you have heard the testimony of the witnesses, the arguments of counsel, and my charge. Take the case!"
"Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young fellow to a brisk brunette. "Just give me your hand if you please."
"La! Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go ask Pa."

BEAUTY OF FORGIVENESS.

BY MADGE MARY.

Of the many amiable traits that decorate the human character, there is none more desirable or lovely in its effects than a forgiving spirit. The heart that relents not at the suffering inflicted by stoical indifference, or refuses to forgive the careless errors of the penitent, who sees but the wrong, instead of all those noble qualities that God intended should elevate the souls of men. There is a magical sweetness in the word *forgive* that implies all that is noble and generous! And what high-souled generosity it bespeaks as it falls from the lips of an injured, se, broken-hearted one, who scorning the more ignoble spirit of revenge, seeks not to return wrong, but calmly, nobly declares forgiveness to the aggressor, though he may be his fiercest enemy on earth.
But to present a picture not uncommon 'mid the gay and fashionable circles of life, let us look, for a moment, upon your erring youth, who has scorned the kindly admonitions of a devoted parent, and has wandered far from the path of duty. Amid his career of folly and dissipation, he is awakened to a sense of his deviation from the paths of honor and rectitude, and in his better moments of reflection he resolves to throw off the fetters that bind him to sin and dependency, and exhibit that nobleness of soul which his past wantonness has hitherto excluded from view. Now he is retracing his steps homeward, while his heart knots but a desire—to throw himself at the feet of his sire, and there, in trembling accents, plead, till the smile of forgiveness rests upon his father's face.
The true weight hangs heavier upon his heart as he approaches his childhood's home, and anxious fears intrude; yet his prayer ascends to Heaven that "all will be well," and, impelled by motives the strongest, the purest, he hurries onward.
Soon a tottering form rises to view, which he recognizes to be his father, occupying a favorite retreat in the old familiar domain, and apparently engaged with his own thoughts; but see! he has already caught the sound of the footstep, and (as if intuitively) he looks up; his eye falls upon the wayward youth, and he recognizes his long lost son—the wild boy still dear to his heart!
"Think you, kind reader, that father's heart remains untouched—implacable? No, no—it cannot be so; for see he rises to meet his son, who falls into his arms, while his heart is too full for utterance, save, "Porgive! forgive!"
The tears course freely down that old man's furrowed cheek, while, in the fullness of his heart he exclaims,
"Welcome, my boy—thy father's forgiveness rests with thee! Welcome, thrice welcome to the home of thy youth and to thy father's heart!"
Imagine the unutterable joy that pervades that parent's heart, as he is once more restored to his parent's love and confidence.
But how truly is the *beauty of forgiveness* exemplified in the character of our immaculate Saviour. Even amid the agony of the cross, his heart was teeming with kindness. He rebuked not his persecutors; warm and tender emotions glowed in the smiles that lighted his celestial face; while, with eyes raised in pity to his Father in heaven, he exclaims,
"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."
Are not all the Christian graces emanating from a forgiving spirit exhibited in this striking example? And are we not, too, invoked to forgiveness throughout the pages of the sacred volume? Surely the decrees has been uttered, "Unless ye forgive, ye cannot be forgiven."
"O! if there is aught in the human heart that fits the soul for the pure regions of heaven—a spirit that generates in the heart of man sentiments of affection for his brotherman, 'tis a spirit of forgiveness—a spirit of magnanimity that values the happiness of its fellow-mortals, nor scorns to bestow upon the erring penitent the only boon he craves—*forgiveness!*" *Waterbury Magazine*.

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BOB CRANDELL'S SWIMMING.

Bob Crandell visited England last summer. While stopping in the metropolis he happened to drop into a coffee house, where a lot of cockney boys were speaking about the swimming powers of different individuals. One gentleman said his friend William could swim five miles in forty minutes. Another allowed that Tibbetts could do it in some thirty-three minutes and seven eighths—Just here Bob asked if he could offer a remark.
"Yes, certainly," said they.
"Your friend Tibbetts is some swimmer, gentlemen, but his performance would be considered nothing in America. On the Mississippi, men swim so fast that they go a head any pilot steamboats."
"Nonsense."
"No nonsense at all. To show that I am not joking in this matter, I am willing to make a bet with any person."
"What is it?"
"That I can out-swim any man in England, and give him an hour's start."
"For what sum, sir?"
"Anything—from fifty pounds to a California gold mine."
"We'll take that bet, sir, and stake a hundred pounds that you can't beat Mr. Mullins and give him that start."
"Very good; I will take the bet, gents, and here's twenty sovereigns to bind the bargain."
"When will the swim come off?"
"Immediately."
"That's preposterous—the day is too far spent."
"Day? Why my dear sir, I intend to swim a whole week. In the United States it is considered nothing to swim that length of time."
"Possible?"
"Yes, sir. Henry Solomon, of New Orleans once swam from Charleston to Cuba. But this is wasting time. Let us at once proceed to business."
"How do you wish to start from?"
"Land's End."
"Why there?"
"I intend to swim round the Island, and want lots of sea room."
"Such a pull would kill such a 'orse," said Mullins, but Bob was used to such things. Mullins persisted, however, in his refusal to undertake anything so absurd, in consequence of which Mullins' friends had to come out with a forfeit in the shape of a basket of champagne. During the remainder of Bob's stay in England he was looked upon as the "Merican prodigy"—the man who talked of swimming from London to Nova Scotia.

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"IS DANCING SINFUL?"

MR. EDITOR—Will you have the kindness to publish the annexed comments of the Editor of the *Star in the West*, in reply to the oft-repeated question "Is Dancing Sinful?" I would especial commend it to the particular attention of some of your readers.

OLD NED.

There is no sin in the simple act of dancing, more than in running, jumping, riding, or playing blind man's buff. David was a good man. He was appointed by God to govern Israel, and he danced. From all accounts, he excelled in the amusement. On one occasion, at least, he made it a time of devotion to God; 2 Samuel vi: 13, 14—And it was so, that the Lord had done for him, that he had no more to say. He had done six paces, he (David) sacrificed oxen and fatlings. And David danced before the Lord with all his might, and David was girded with a linen ephod. Solomon, the wise man, says there is a time and a season for every purpose under the heaven: "A time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance;" which is, in least prospective proof that Solomon did not regard dancing a sin. And then, God himself says, by the mouth of the prophet Jeremiah, (Jer. xxxi: 12, 13), in describing the prosperity, the happy and joyful times which should succeed the universal diffusion of the Gospel among men: "Therefore, they shall come and sing in the height of Zion, and shall bow together, to the goodness of the Lord; and for wheat, and for wine, and for oil, and for the young of the flock and the herd; and their soul shall be as a watered garden; and they shall not sorrow any more at all. Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance; both young men and old together; for I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoice for their sorrow." This idea that dancing is so dreadfully wicked—that the devil is in music which exhilarates the soul—is all a modern affair. It was but a little while ago, that the Puritan Fathers in New England regarded a smile on the Sabbath as exceedingly wicked. Mothers were forbidden to caress their children on that day, and the sin of kissing on the part of husband and wife, "before the setting of the sun," was punished with the pillory. It is said that those stern, old men were sometimes angry with the gamboling of the lambs, the singing of the birds, and the bright shining of the sun on the Sabbath. Of the truth of this declaration, we are not prepared to vouch. That with all their goodness and virtue, they were foolishly stern and rigid, and without fanatical and superstitious ideas of moral and religious duty, is no doubt. To avoid one evil, they overleaped the bounds of reason, and plunged into another, nearly as deleterious. The young must and will have amusement of some description.

It is a thrilling moment, during which that devoted band had passed rapidly over the marsh. As yet the enemy had not discovered them. The general, who had been enabled to elude with the cunningness of the fox, the moment of suspense—Already had the foremost of the pioneers reached the abatis, and the quick, rapid blows of their axes rang upon the logs, with a sudden shout of alarm from the fort, the gunners discharged their batteries, and the astonished fortification. Not a moment was then to be lost.

"Advance! advance!" shouted Wayne, as he passed rapidly towards the abatis, followed in death like silence by the indomitable troops. "To arms!" came borne on the night breeze from the fort—"to arms!" and in the shout followed the quick rattle of the drum. In the arms, with their bayonets fixed, and as the gallant contingents still maintained their silent but steady march, a fire such as every deputation could produce, burst from every embrasure of the fort. The incessant rattle of the musketry, the roar of artillery, the crashing of the grape shot, and the lurid light flung over the scene by the explosion of the shells, and the stream of fire pouring from the fort, formed a picture which no pen can describe. Yet, amid it all, the daring assailants steadily advanced, though not a trigger had been pulled in their ranks. Faithful to the command of their general, though trembling in every limb with eagerness, they kept up their silent march, amid the fieriest temper, as if impelled by some god-sent power. On, on, on, they pressed, until they dashed along, charged at the point of the bayonet, over abatis and barbed wire, until the enemy, borne back by their impetuous onset, quailed before them. The works were forced, then, and not till then, was the death-like silence broken. A sound rang out from the victorious troops over the head of the column behind, it was heard by the head of the column behind, and a wild shout, making the very welkin tremble, rang out as they dashed on to the attack.

The contest was short, but terrific. Over bulwark, battery, and protruded fort the gallant contingents, headed by Wayne, pressed, followed all before them, and sentries fled to the rear, and the commanding position of the British fleet in the river that STON POINT was won.

A MILLIONAIRE "DONE."—A well-known millionaire, a speculator in stocks, formerly a vaudeville, (writes do sometimes become millionaires). Mr. Lefranc, was lighting a cigar in a cigar store when a woman about thirty years of age, poorly dressed, and said timidly to the woman in attendance, in a tone of deep emotion: "Madam, is it possible for you to change me a piece of forty francs?"
And at the same time he unrolled a piece of gold, preciously enveloped in paper.
"Change is scarce my good man," replied the woman dryly, "and I have not too much for my own wants."
"I beg pardon, Madam," murmured the poor artisan, quite confused and folding up with a trembling hand the piece of gold in its envelope. "Stop, my good fellow," said Lefranc, drawing out his pocket-book; "here are eight pieces of five francs—give me your piece of gold."
"Much obliged, Sir."
Scarcely had Lefranc arrived in the street, when he perceived the workman on his tracks, and with his wet wet eyes, as if hesitating to address him.
"Approach, my friend," said Lefranc, "have you anything to say to me?"
"Alas! yes Sir; this piece of gold for which you have just given me change—"
"Well?"
"It is my marriage-piece, sir. At that time people had work, people were rich, for it did not cost so much to live. Nine years I have preserved that piece of gold, as the apple of my eye; and if I part with it now, it is because I am out of work—and there is no more bread at home for my wife and children. But misery is not always at the door of poor people, if Monsieur will be good enough to give me the time to reclaim my treasure."
"Certainly," replied Lefranc, moved at the story of the poor man; (Lefranc is not like all stock brokers.) "I give you three months,

A VULGAR ERROR.—English travelers represent the Americans as a debilitated, degenerated and sickly race, and the nonsense is reiterated in this country by those who ought to know better. It is a little singular that such an unfounded error should have accomplished more physical labor in subduing a continent in less than two centuries,—more than all the nations of Europe have effected for their own countries in the same time. Physically, morally, and mentally there is no more vigorous race than the Americans on the face of the globe. They are enduring great amount of fatigue, and accomplish as much labor, morally, and physically, as any other people. They have possessed a continent and cultivated it till it produces an abundance, have traversed it with railroads and telegraph, built up a commercial marine equal to the largest, and established the best constitutional government, that was ever devised by man. We want no better evidence than the vigor of their physical, or of the activity and strength of their mental constitution.

Sensible Doctor.—A handsome young widow applied to a physician to relieve her of three distressing complaints, with which she was much afflicted.
"In the first place," said she, "I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that?"
"That, madam, you should take air and exercise."
"And, Doctor, I am quite fatigued at night, and afraid to sleep alone. What shall I take for that?"
"For that, madam, I can only recommend that you take—a husband!"
"Fie! Doctor. But I have the blues terribly. What shall I take for that?"
"For that, madam, you have, besides taking air exercise, and a husband, to take a new-passer."
Sensible Doctor, that.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.—The Presidential Electors chosen on Tuesday, the 4th instant, will be called by the Governors of States to meet in each State capital, on the first Wednesday of December, and cast their vote, and choose a messenger to carry it to Washington. On the 23rd Wednesday of February the returns will be counted by Congress and declared.

THE STORMING ONNY POINT.

The night had already dawned down gloomy and foreboding, on the 15th of July, 1779, when the being column of a little army, whose uniformed ranks it to be American, emerged frontless wood on the shore of the Hudson; in an instant the whole dim and shadowy space between them along the bank of the river, disclosed to the sight. Far away lay Stony Point, now buried in a mass of ash while on the other side of the river dark, and frowning, rose up the craggy height of Stony Point. Washed on three sides by Hudson, and protected on the other, excepting a narrow road, by a morass, the fort seemed one of the most impregnable on the river; and its capture regarded as most impious. Yet to achieve that gallant purpose, this little army was now upon its march.

A turn in the road se hid them from the river, and after a silent march of some minutes duration, they arrived within a mile and a half of the enemy's lines, halting at the command of their officer, and to columns for the attack. Beginning in their march, they soon reached the marshy ground at the base of the hill.
"Halt!" said the voice of the General, front; "We are sighted now—Halt!"
The order was passed a whisper down the line, and the column paid on the edge of a morass. As a moment of suspense and peril. Every man felt in a few minutes the fate of their hazardous enterprise would be determined, and that they would be either dead, or the America flag waving in triumph over the dark promontory ahead, now scarcely discernible through the thick gloom of midnight. Yet not a lip quivering nor a cheek blanched in that crisis, about twenty paces from the column, indicated the forlorn hope of one hundred and fifty men, with unloaded pieces and bayonets fixed, while farther on a smaller group of shadowy forms could be seen through the obscurity, scattered with axes to cut through the abatis. Each man had a piece of white paper in his hat to distinguish him from the foe in the approaching melee. The pause, however, which afforded this prospect to the eyes of the soldiers, had already been overruled, and they approached to the still silent promontory, and waved his sword on high, he gave the order. In another instant, the dark, massive column was moving steadily to the attack.

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"It is my marriage-piece, sir. At that time people had work, people were rich, for it did not cost so much to live. Nine years I have preserved that piece of gold, as the apple of my eye; and if I part with it now, it is because I am out of work—and there is no more bread at home for my wife and children. But misery is not always at the door of poor people, if Monsieur will be good enough to give me the time to reclaim my treasure."
"Certainly," replied Lefranc, moved at the story of the poor man; (Lefranc is not like all stock brokers.) "I give you three months,

A VULGAR ERROR.—English travelers represent the Americans as a debilitated, degenerated and sickly race, and the nonsense is reiterated in this country by those who ought to know better. It is a little singular that such an unfounded error should have accomplished more physical labor in subduing a continent in less than two centuries,—more than all the nations of Europe have effected for their own countries in the same time. Physically, morally, and mentally there is no more vigorous race than the Americans on the face of the globe. They are enduring great amount of fatigue, and accomplish as much labor, morally, and physically, as any other people. They have possessed a continent and cultivated it till it produces an abundance, have traversed it with railroads and telegraph, built up a commercial marine equal to the largest, and established the best constitutional government, that was ever devised by man. We want no better evidence than the vigor of their physical, or of the activity and strength of their mental constitution.

Sensible Doctor.—A handsome young widow applied to a physician to relieve her of three distressing complaints, with which she was much afflicted.
"In the first place," said she, "I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that?"
"That, madam, you should take air and exercise."
"And, Doctor, I am quite fatigued at night, and afraid to sleep alone. What shall I take for that?"
"For that, madam, I can only recommend that you take—a husband!"
"Fie! Doctor. But I have the blues terribly. What shall I take for that?"
"For that, madam, you have, besides taking air exercise, and a husband, to take a new-passer."
Sensible Doctor, that.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.—The Presidential Electors chosen on Tuesday, the 4th instant, will be called by the Governors of States to meet in each State capital, on the first Wednesday of December, and cast their vote, and choose a messenger to carry it to Washington. On the 23rd Wednesday of February the returns will be counted by Congress and declared.

THE CONVENTION PARTY IN THE LEGISLATURE.

When in the month of May last a number of the citizens of South Carolina assembled in Convention at Columbia to secure a representation of our State in the approaching national Convention, many persons, including some Editors we remember very well, made themselves merry over what they called a ridiculous farce, and exhausted the vocabulary of epithets in denunciation of the "wild hunt after office" which they charged was being inaugurated. Time passed on. The delegates appointed to attend the Cincinnati Convention did attend and participated in its proceedings. The canvass for our general elections began. The friends of co-operation with the Democratic party in many Districts were returned as members. They were elected quietly without desiring to make any issue with those of a different opinion.

The elections being over, we had supposed that the question of our representation at Cincinnati was precluded by our people as one on which there was to be no wrangling. This supposition, however, was removed on our receiving the proceedings of the first day of the recent extra session of the Legislature. Hardly was the House organized before a set of Resolutions which may be found in another head, were introduced, and a general censure upon those of the citizens of South Carolina who were in favor of our State being represented at Cincinnati. These Resolutions were promptly laid on the table by a vote of sixty-one yeas, to forty-four nays. Being thus forewarned, by these Resolutions of the disposition of some of the other party to agitate the question, the Convention party to accept the issue that was to be tendered and brought forward the names of two of their men who had been most prominent in the Convention movement and run them for the Electors on the part of the State and the two thus brought forward were John L. Manning, who was President of the State Democratic Convention at the Cincinnati Convention, and E. G. Manning, also one of the Delegates who attended the Cincinnati Convention and one of the Committee, who waited upon Mr. Buchanan at Wheatland, by appointment of the Cincinnati Convention and informed him of his nomination. These gentlemen were elected over their competitors Col. A. E. Calhoun and Gen. D. F. Jamison by a handsome majority, the vote being:

John L. Manning.....105
D. F. Jamison.....86
A. E. Calhoun.....52
The majority of the lowest Convention Candidate over the highest Anti-Convention Candidate being twenty-five, and the majority of the highest Convention candidate over the highest Anti-Convention candidate being forty-four! That this vote may not exactly reflect the opinion of the Legislature on the Convention question we are free to admit. But the vote does show that the people of the State speaking through their regularly constituted channels have not sympathized with those who so fiercely denounce the Convention movement; the vote does show at least, that the gentlemen who were willing to meet the responsibility devolved upon them in the Cincinnati Convention have not lost the confidence of the great body of the people with the well arranged plans of a few Federal matters. We do not doubt that some voted for Messrs. Manning and Picketts because they were the nominees of the Legislative Caucus. But every sensible man will see that they would not have been the nominees of that Caucus, unless they first obtained a majority of that body, which was not the case. We are not, therefore, mentioned, must acknowledge that the Caucus contained a fair representation of the Legislature, else why would they consider themselves as bound by the action of that Caucus? That Messrs. Calhoun and Jamison, were voted for, as opposition candidates to Messrs. Manning and Picketts is apparent from the fact that quite a number of those most violently opposed to the Convention movement, were told with drew from the Caucus as soon as it was ascertained that Messrs. Manning and Picketts had a majority; and also from the fact that those who voted for Messrs. Calhoun and Jamison put themselves to the trouble to have tickets printed as we are informed. That there was something at stake more than the mere selection of Electors, and Picketts and thereby vindicate their own claim to respect, as well as to pay a handsome and deserved tribute to two of their most distinguished and patriotic fellow citizens.

A GOOD ONE.—There is a distinguished politician in Mississippi, remarkable for the recklessness of his assertions on the stump, who is not un frequently called "The Well Digger." The other day (so it is reported) an old man, a Tennesseean, was introduced to him directly after one of his speeches in this State, who remarked to him—
"Well, Governor, I think you are the man who is sometimes called 'The Well Digger?'"
"Yes," said the Governor, "I believe they do sometimes call me that; but the truth is I never dug a well in my life."
"I thought so," said the old countryman.
"They say," "Truth lies at the bottom of a well," and from your speech to-day, I should judge you had never been there."

FAST THEATRICALS.—A wagon of \$1000 has been made in New York, by Brougham, that he and his company will perform in both New York and Philadelphia in the same night, the distance being nearly one hundred miles apart. The arrangement is to perform on Thursday evening next, a little comedy in New York, finishing by 8 o'clock, then to take a special express train and run to Philadelphia by ten, and perform the Circus of the extravaganza of Pochobachos. The arrangement will require the locomotive to travel about fifty miles an hour; and to prevent any accident, it is designed to have a man with a flambeau stationed at every mile along the route, and bonfires every three miles. The performance is to conclude with a banquet at the Grand Hotel to the New York guests.—This is certainly one of the most extraordinary wagers ever made, and will require very nice calculation and exact time to enable the task to be accomplished successfully.

COMPULSORY PERSONS.—Persons desirous to lessen their circumference should apply to some newspaper establishment for the office of collector.

From the Charleston Standard.
THE CRISIS OF 1856.
NO. VI.
"To do that," (that is, to resist the anti-slavery aggression of a fixed majority of non-slavery States), concerted action must be necessary—not to save the Union, for it would be then too late—but to save ourselves. Thus, in my view, comes the one thing needful."
C. Calhoun.
The design of the present numbers has been nearly completed. My object has been to show that intolerance, proscription, violence and denunciation are, among ourselves at the South, peculiarly inappropriate, at this time; that such a course is unequalled for by the past history of parties and productivity of unmitigated mischief. If it were, in so many melancholy instances taught, that passion and disappointed purpose, in intense pursuit of a cherished object, are sufficient to account for any blindness, I would be led to doubt the earnestness and sincerity of those who attempt to drive when they should conciliate, who perpetuate and aggravate discord, and spread broadcast the seeds of new dissension, when "concert is the one thing needful." "Hope" is a device of the shield of our State. And, even as to these *mal-a-propos* hotspurs, I am not without hope.

I have reviewed the position of Secessionists, Co-operationists, and Unionists. None, as I contend, are unworthy the effort at conciliation. As to the Whig party—not only that in South Carolina which, for want of numbers, was never formidable, but the great Whig party of the Union is scattered to the winds. Choate, Clayton, Pratt, Pearce, Jones, and Toombs, and Stephens long ago, Jenkins and very many others were introduced, and the Whig party, wherever party prejudice and animosity was predominant, has been absorbed into the more recent organization known as the "American Party" or Order of Know Nothings. Some of the professions of this party, constructed by the uninitiated, would seem to present an obstacle to their concurrence in the Disunion, under any circumstances. The principle that "the Union is the paramount political good," and the "path of the 33rd Degree," is true, but those in the South whom they were intended to bind, consider them not incompatible with the highest devotion to their section, or with perfect allegiance to their State. And that party, too, are told, is disbanded, and their principles and pledges no longer operate in South Carolina.

The classes I have designated, comprise all our citizens. Why need we then despair? May we not hope that the prediction of Col. Orr, in his speech before the Convention of Southern Rights Associations, in May, 1851, will be realized?
"When the proper time arrives for us to throw off successfully the thralldom of a Free South, we will not be the first to do so."
The motto of the lowest Convention Candidate over the highest Anti-Convention Candidate being twenty-five, and the majority of the highest Convention candidate over the highest Anti-Convention candidate being forty-four!

NEGROES NOT CITIZENS.—The Department of State has refused passports to a company of eleven negroes who desire travelling in Europe as a troupe of minstrels. In