

one sectiment, which shall tend to kind (h ! then, let our object be to show le again, feelings of bitterness, between not 'only that our heroes "Fought I .e the sections, of our Country. Rather, brase men, long and well," but also, far, be it our province, to hell up those that n a righte us cause they fell. This alone can rob the word Rebel of its oduim, when applied to us, and place the people of the South, in the ranks, of those who have been foun I ready and willing to lay the full, unstinted offering of their all, at the shrine of their devo tion to principle. And to do this, let us inscribe in characters of living light, and lift upon our towers and our mountoins, the only safeguard which the South has ever been willing to throw about her liberties-the only demand she has ever been arrogant enough to make-the only crime of which she has ever been guilty-and all these are embraced, in devotion to the Constitution of our Fathers' If that be treason. then were the people of the South. traitor if that be rebellion, then, were people of the South, rebels. But, if hat be treason, then patriotism is no

ghastly wounds which h we been tora by

tl e stars beyond.

viocel that that opinion was wrong Impires and Kingdoms may cramile before the power of the sword, but gentler means aloae, can sweep away conviction. True Statesmen saw with apprehension, the cloud that rose, upon the political horizon, when centralizing doctrines were proclaimed, in the very convention, by which the constitution itself was framed. And to dispel that cloud while yet only a speck in the sky, the doctrine of State sovereignty was engratted in the constitution by u ani mous vote of all the sovereign States. each of which proclaimed to the world dead. that in accordance with the constitution "Each State retains its soy roighty, freedom and independence, and every power invisdiction, &c , not expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assem bled."

we ador d it not.

Is this the hand, where the engle soars Its plories on the one hand, will ever "r proud majestie wing remain the common heritage of the To welcome wand rers to her shores North and of the South, its shame on With all the hopes they bring ?

on the otler belongs not to the South. Is this the wandering pilgrim's land The history of the former has already he land our fathers trod

divide our Country, as with hand extended accross the chasm, she should in tones which shall shake the world. traitors and rebels no more !

Americans, freemen I all! away, away, ye powers of darkness, which have lesecrated the temple of our freedom aud stained it with fraternal blood ! away, away ! the spirits of our Fathers, command you away! Oh there is life in the "Old Land," yet. Our mountains. and our valleys, our forests, our plains and our streams, are teening with wealth and power, and they are waiting only for those strong arms, and ready hands, which shall some day come, to build up the waste places of our sunny land, and make them once again to bloom as the rose. Oh ! then let us hope on, hoping ever, with our eyes upon the prize.

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utes.

longer, eloquent-than virtue, itself, is no longer, eloquent. If it be not treason, then do we protest, with all the power of outraged innocence, against that verdict, which binds the names of our Jackson and our Johnson and our Lee, in the same cata logue with the blackened names of these who have lifted m rderous hand to

smite their country's heart. Traitors ! such as these, the names of traitors-deeds like theirs, the deeds, of traitors-virtues like theirs, the virtues of traitors-sacrifices like theirs, the offerings of traitors-the noblest, purest, grandest Romans, of them all. traitors Shame! shame! almost enough. methinks, to reader the bones of Wash ington, uneasy in the grave.

Oh! that the true manho d of the North, could but rise, in its majesty. high above its passions and its prejuidi ces, and in a spirit of true mag manimi ty and greatness, join in swelling the voice of the South, as, even in her desolation, she hur's back the charge of treason from her sons, and bows her head in grisf, above her martyred dead. to lift a preyer, to Heaven-

"My children, Father, thy forgiveness need Alas ! their hearts have only place for tears! Forgive them, Father, every wrongful deed And ev'ry sin of these four bloody years, And give them strength to bear their boundless lors.

unscrupulous hands, into the very heart of our Union.

But, this stricken land, of ours, has many grievances, and it were folly, in deed, for us to remain silent, and expect their causes to vanish, like a cloul from the face of the sun, and leave us again. a brighter land

They must be removed by our own exertion, and it is only by cilm, deliber ate and generous discussion, that this an be accomplished. If those enuses of complaint, are just

is simply a duty, that we owe to our selves, to discuss them, until the people of the North, shall recognize their justice-comprehend our wrongs, and then shatter into atoms, the sword which has so long been wielled against us, and extend in honor the olive branch, which has been so long in shame, withheld If they are unjust, it is still our duty to

discuss them antil the light of reason. shall drive from our own hearts, these enemies of our common prosperity and happiness and peace.

Yes, right or wrong, as long as they are honestly entertained, let our complaints be held up to the light of reason and of justice, so that may be purged of their poison, by the one and applied, as a healing balm, by the other.

It is a solemn duty, that we owe to those, who shall rise to fill our places that we trasumit no incumbrance or the heritage we leave them, and to secure this, we must not conceal, but eradicate the very roots of th se cause. which have heaped calamities upon us. The festering sores of this age, must

not be healed, on the surface only, while he poison, on which they loed; is left to canker and rankle, in the hearts of our children's children, as they rise up, in their woe, to curse us, for our folly.

And now, upon what are the griev inces of the South, founded? In the first place, I shall venture the assertion. and allow it, without debate, to rest, on its own merits, that the South was not responsible for the existence of slavery

on this Continent.

Such was the New England, such the Pennsylvatia, such the Virginia, such the Carolina of 1787. And such in theory at least, has been every administration and every party from that time until 1860.

All recognized that doctrine as the grand keystone of the arch, upon which the whole fabrie of American constitu tional freedom rested. All felt that if that stone were knocked away, then should nothing but the ruins of the Great Republic be left, upon which to rear the despotism of an empire.

And yet in defiance of this, the South was called upon to contemplate such things as the tariff of 1832, the Mis souri question, the Kansas troubles, the nullification acts of the Northern States, the raid on Harper's Ferry in 1859, the discussion of measures in Congress for maintaining the Union outside of the constitution, and worse even than all these, the applause with which these and other outrages against the peace and dignity of the South was hailed by the press and pulpit and people of the North. Each and all of these were deadly blows aimed at the interest of the South, because they were subversive of the great principles of the constitution by which those interests were protected and because they were not only sectional but vindictive in their character. These were but the handwriting, on

Even, then, if the war was waged, on the wall of our temple foretelling its the one hand, to abolish, and on the desolution, in terms which the States. and glory, these of ours, stand before veine of martyrs and herves to fill it. Welster's style of spelling."

been written, that of the latter must be And dreamed they that destroying hand left to the coming historian, who shall Should break its trust in God ?!

be able, with unbiased mind, to tell the Is this the land of the poet's song, story of the mighty struggle of the The patriots proudest theme, South, for constitutional freedom, and And dream they, that a people's wrong, of the North for political supremacy. Is but a ghastly dream?

With him the vindication of the Is this the land where the Christian chants South may safely rest. But there is The anthems of his praise And where no inquisition haunts something which we cannot leave with The winding of his ways? him alone, and that the memory of our Is this the land where all are kings

This at least is the peculiar heritage Where virtue, mistress reigns, Where god-like reason, rescue brings of the South: Here at least no dastard To break the captive's chains ? hand can rise and reb us of our own. Sad and painful, and yet sweet and holy Is this the land we are wont to love. thought, that although all else, we are Whose towering mountains grand But point us to a realm above, wont to love and cherish, may be swept

The only brighter land ? by ruthless hands away, yet all the But in the midst of our gloom it is well powers of earth cannot "ob us of the when we endeavor to contemplate our memories of our dead. And within the condition as a people, that we should precincts of this hallowed ground, I would enter not with bold and circless not forget that all natious have their periods of tribulation, and calamity tread, but softly and gently, bearing and woe. flowers, affection's offering to our dead

Yes we'd bring flowers, choirest flowers Look at England during the wars of from each garden bed, and strew them her Roses. At Rome in the days of her on those silent mounds that rise above Marius and Sylla. At France during our dead; we'd bring flowers, purest her reign of terror. At Spain during flowers from the gardens of our hearts the existence of her terrible Inquisition, and twine them tenderly about the and at poor, unhappy Mexico, with her memories of our dead. Ave we'd bring record of anarchy and blood for the last flowers, brighest, richest flowers, from half a century -----. And yet after the gardens of our min ly, with which her Rose, England has her Victoria. to garland, the deeds of valor of our After her Marius and Sylla, Rone had dead, and send them bright and brighther Caesar. After her reign of Terror, ening, adown the course of ages, with France had the splendors of her Napo the record of a people, who although leons. overwhelmed in defeat, and forced to From these things we learn, that it is bow beneath the rod, were not ashamed indeed a rugged road which leads to the to tell the story of their herores, nor to glory of nations.

render, brightest houors, to their dead. It is not carpetted with rose leaves, Let the nations of the earth, proudly and bordered with flowers and canopied point us, to the grandest architects of with suns, moons and stars, and swept their splendors-England to her Wellby sounds of melody from magic harps, ington-France, to her Napoleon-Prus so that nothing shall be found to mar sia, to her Moltke-bat, the Survivors, the progress of heroes, and rulers and even of a "Lost Cause," shall blush not, while they can turn to a Jackson and a realization of golden dreams. Lee. Others, perhaps, in the magnitude

and splendor, of their military achievements alone, may acknowledge no broken hearts that are scattered in the superior. But in all those noble ele-

The road's exceeding long, that never turns, And Vesta's fire still on the altar burns Hope on-forever those sacred fires shall

As things should be, so shall they be again.

Aye, even now, there is a rift in the clouds-the master spirits, of the North have at last turned their breasts to the storm, which has so long beater upon the South, and ere long, the two sections of our land, shall see each other so more, "through a glass darkly," but in the broad sunlight of the open day, animated by one grand impulse, staud shoulder, to shoulder, to work out together the glories of a common destiny Then shall we feel indeed thet.

This is the land of the post's song, he patriot's proudest theme

Then indeed shall we make a new song of glory, and send it sounding down the ages, to make glad the hearts of our children's children, as they rise up, with rejoicing, to bless us for onr wisdom-and ah! methinks the very stars themselves will take up the swell. ing notes of our refrain and bear them still onward and upward, to the spirits of our heroes in the only brighter land.

A GGOD SPELLER .- A Michigan schoolmaster says, "I will spell env man, womun or child in the hull Stare for a dickshunary, or kash pricz of one kings in their onward march to the hundred dollars aside, the money to be awarded by a kommitte of elergymen or No, ragged rocks loom up by the way skool directors. There has been a dary. to frown upon the bleaching bones and ed sight blown about my spellin ; now I want them to put me up or to shet up. route, ghastly chasms yawa to receive I wont be put down by a parael of ignaments of human greatness and grandeur the crimson tide that is poured from the rammuses because I differ with nong