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CREED OF ISRAEL AND OF CHRISTIANS.

Have They Any Mysteries!

Dr. Ford's Reply to Rabbi Tuska.

Editors Memphis Appeal:

I delire with as much brevity as possible, to notice a few things in Rabbi Tuska's "reply" to my "review," found in last Sunday morning's APPEAL.

But let me premise, that it is not for the sake of controversy, neither is it a question of etymology—the mere definition of a word in the Hebrew or any other language—that I appear before the public as a reviewer of the Rabbi's statements, but because a momentous question is involved, a principle underlying both Judaism and Christianity, and which, if ignored or denied, says the foundation of all revealed religion, strips it of whatever is venerable in wisdom, whatever is commanding in authority, whatever is inspiring in hope.

The two points which I wish to notice, are:

1st. *Are there any mysteries in Israel's creed?*

2d. Is there such a word as "*faith*" or "*belief*" in the Hebrew Scriptures, and is the exercise of mind represented by these terms demanded by Israel's creed?

1st. Rabbi Tuska repeats "*that Judaism teaches no mysteries.*" In the Rabbi's discourse, which I took the liberty to review, he announced, I might say, *ex cathera*, that "if there are any mysteries they are not found in Israel's creed." Here the "if" implies doubt as to the existence of any mysteries which the mind of man cannot comprehend; and even if there were, an Israelite was not called upon to believe them.

Now, I wish to show first, that occurrences have taken place supernatural, mysterious, miraculous—facts i. e., things done—wrought out by the mighty hand of Jehovah through the agency of Moses and the Prophets, and that these mysteries are believed, and must be believed by every true Israelite. And secondly, that to disbelieve them is to reject the Jewish religion and to become a skeptic.

I do not wish to play upon the word "mystery," yet it is proper to state that the term Israel, which, the Rabbi says is "not found in Israel's creed," would never have known existence, but for the language of the Jewish Scriptures. Those acquainted with that language know full well that "*mister*" in Hebrew, is the parent of *mystery*, in English. It is found in Daniel ii., 22: "He reveleth the deep and mysterious (*mistierata*) things." This word was translated by the seventy (Jewish scholars) musteria, i. e., wepteries. The mystery itself was a miraculous, or supernatural communication of what Nebuchadnezzar dreamed. This mystery, recorded in the book of Daniel, a divinely authenticated fact, is avouched by every true Israelite who, in every land and every age affirms—"ani maamin be emunah," that is, "I believe with a firm faith that all the writings of the Prophets are true."

Are there no mysteries in Israel's creed?

It seems an evasion, to define a mystery to be "any doctrine which cannot stand the test of reason—a dogma, the belief of which requires us to do violence to our intellect and common sense." Concerning *such a definition as that*, there would be no question raised with the Rabbi by any true Israelite or Christian. I believe no dogma that does violence to my reason or common sense. No sane man ought to believe such dogmas.

No such belief is demanded, either in the Old or New testament. If the Israelites of old had been told that a stone was bread, or that the sands of the desert were nutritious food, it would have been an insult to their reason and common sense. But if a stone were really changed to bread or water into wine, if manna was found, like hoar-frost on the wilderness, it was not doing violence or common sense to acknowledge the fact, however supernatural or mysterious the cause that produced these results. The change of stone into bread or the waters of Egypt into blood are no more wonderful in fact than the change of an egg into an eagle or an acorn into an oak. The "*modus operandi*" of the one is as mysterious as that of the other. The only difference is, that the change of the egg into the birdling is a common occurrence, whose *immediate* causes, or antecedents, we can trace. While turning water into blood, or the raining manna from heaven, are rare and singular, and their causes undiscoverable or mysterious, and hence the result of God's immediate act.

A miracle is therefore not *against* reason but *above* it. It does no violence to reason, but lies beyond its realm of investigation. The parting of the Red Sea no more shocks our common sense than would the swelling of the ocean under the influence of the moon, were the latter occurrence as rare as the former.

Now the criteria of the Mosaic miracles are the same as those of any authenticated historic facts. They appeal to the senses; they were witnessed by thousands; they were commemorated by institutions perpetuated by the Israelites to the present hour; they are corroborated by the traditional literature, however fragmentary and perverted, of surrounding nations.

The people of Memphis could not be brought to erect twelve stone pillars on the banks of the Mississippi, as commemorative of the fact that its inhabitants passed dry shod over the parted river, whose waters stood as a wall, while the procession passed. Such monuments would shock the common sense of all. They would be the embodiment and perpetuation of a lie. No institution or rite designed to perpetuate such an imposition would continue to be observed. The instigator of such a fraud would soon sink into merited infamy. But twelve such monuments were reared on the banks of the Jordan, to commemorate the passage through its refluent waters. The manna and the law were *kept* in the holy chest, as ocular demonstration of the miracles in the wilderness. The paschal feast, and the fasting of the first born, are continued to this day, to perpetuate the memory of that wonderful night when the Angel of Vengeance passed over the blood sprinkled houses of the Israelites, slaying the first born of the Egyptians, from the "King on his throne to the prisoner in the dungeon." And Moses, who instituted these commemorative rites, and who recapitulated these wonders on the eve of his death, instead of sinking to the level of an imposter, stands forth before all nations as the embodiment of wisdom, patriotism, and virtue, in their sublimest forms.

And let it be remembered that while the literature of Chaldea and Persia have sunk in oblivion, while the laws of Lycurgus and Solon are entombed in silence, the teachings and laws that fell from the lips of Moses, in the deserts of Arabia, are still fresh as the dews of Heaven, authoritative as the voice of the Eternal, and influencing the legislation and social compacts of every just civilized government. Did these laws and these teachings originate with a charlatan, an imposter? But if they were not engraven by the finger of the Almighty, if not inspired by Deity, if the miracles recorded did not occur, if there were no mysteries connected with them—if all were not from God—then our reason and common-sense must be shocked with the conclusion that a juggling impostor of a dark age has given to the world the most sublime conception of Deity and promulgated laws that still govern the earth.

But Rabbi Tuska talks of the "so-called miracles" of Dr. F. attempting to foist the miracles or mysteries on the Jewish creed." I answer that these miracles are veritable, historical, Divinely authenticated *facts*. They were performed by Moses, in the sight of the Israelite throngs. These people were commanded by him when their children asked them what the rites and ceremonies of Judaism meant, to tell them that "God brought them up out of Egypt with a mighty hand, by wonders great and painful." They are facts that meet every test of reason and common sense, and rise, invested with clearer light and more towering majesty, by every effort to involve them in doubt or undermine their sure foundations.

But again, these miracles or mysteries are believed by the true Israelite. If they are not veritable fools what is Judaism, with all its ceremonies? What is the Passover, the fasting of the first-born, the Feast of Purim, if these miracles whose memory they perpetuate did not occur?

The mere belief, in a pure spirit, in God, the creator of all, etc., is *Deism*, not *Judaism*. Such principles existed before Abraham, before Noah. Nor can I think that Dr. Wise, of Cincinnati, to whom Rabbi Tuska refers, can be considered the exponent of Israel's creed. He appears to me no more, *religiously*, a Jew than Voltaire was, *religiously*, a Christian. His essence of Judaism, as I understand it, is simply a re-robing in the vestments of Pantheism—the infidelity of Voltaire and Hume.

In fact, if the miracles or mysteries recorded by Moses and the Prophets are false, Judaism is a perpetuation of that falsehood, and a miserable farce.

But Israel does believe in the miracles of Moses and the prophets.

Here are the articles of his creed:

6. "*I believe, with a firm faith, that all the writings of the prophets are true.*

7. "*I believe, with a firm faith, that the prophecy of Moses, our teacher, is true, and that he was the chief of all the prophets that lived before him, or who will come after him.*"

Here, then, I have proved that the "misteratia" mysteries, miracles, recorded in the Jewish scriptures are true, and that they are found in Israel's creed.

2. I shall briefly notice the remarks of Rabbi Tuska on faith. He announced in his discourse that there was no word in the Jewish scriptures that conveyed the idea of faith, or belief, as used in the Christian's creed.

I call his attention to the root word, "*aman*," found in all the Semitic languages. The word found in Genesis, (15:, 9:) was translated by the seventy learned Jews at the command of Ptolemy, by the word used in the Christian scriptures for faith, (*pisteo*). Abraham "*episteusen pisti theo*,"—Abraham "believed God"—is not believed in God, but "BELIEVED GOD,"—that is, God's promise of a glorious Messianic seed.

I cited the words of the Lord to Moses, "*Ve aminu*," translated by the same seventy as in English, "they shall believe," together with other places where the *same word is used* and similarly translated. But the Rabbi replies that "*aman*" means "to confide," "to trust." To this I answer that there is another word in Hebrew, "*batoch*," which stands for trust, and which the seventy translated by the Greek word for trust. But where is the difference between confiding and having faith? "*Confide*" is simply the Latin composition of *con*; and *fido*, faith, and hence to confide in a statement or a truth is to have faith in it.

But the word "*aman*" found in the ancient book of Job, found five times in the 4th chapter of Exodus, cannot be translated into any language so as to make sense except by the word corresponding to faith, or belief as used in the Christian scriptures. I beg Rabbi Tuska and the Israelites of Memphis to reflect for a moment on these passages:

"And Moses answered and said behold they will not believe me," (*ichen ia ya aminu le.*) 4th ch., 5th v. *Ia aminu*, that they may believe. Again, 8th v., "and they will not believe thee," (*lo aminu*) and so five times in this chapter occurs this word which, I repeat, can only be translated into any language by a word signifying "*to believe.*"

Further, I find that the recent respective lexicons of J. Furst and J. Levy of Leipsic, the most eminent Jewish Hebrew scholars of the age, bear me out in this conclusion. They both testify that "*aman*" followed by "*both*" is generally translated "*to trust*" or by "*lamed*" "*to believe.*" The words in Habakuk, "the just shall live by his faith," so rendered by R. Kimchi in his commentary, so translated by the seventy (*pisto*) *cannot be rendered by any other word* into English, or into any other language than that used in the Christian creed for faith.

The fact is, there could not be a language without the term faith or belief. It is in the nature of the human mind to believe or disbelieve testimony. The Indian, with the narrowest vocabulary, must have a word to express his belief or rejection of the report of a scant. The Hebrew child had to believe or reject, his father's story of the miracles of Moses. Words necessarily follow ideas, and as belief is a necessary action of the mind, there can be no language without a word to express it. But the Jews were proverbial for their firm faith. Hence the by-word "credat Judeus Apella, non ego," "Apella, the Jew, may believe it, not I." And to close the argument the true Israelite, wherever found, affirms, "DSI MAAMIN BEE MUNAH SHLEMAH"—"I believe with perfect faith that all the writings of the prophets are true." "*Faith*" used in this creed is the same word as that cited in so many places in the Hebrew Scriptures. What can it mean but *believe?* By what word could it be translated into German but by *glauber*, French *croire*, Danish *gelooven*, Greek *pisto*, Latin *fido?*

Here, then, is the demonstration that the Israelite *believes* that there is a word in the Hebrew Scriptures to represent that mental exercise which Christians denominate faith. And as Abraham "believed God" in regard to the coming seed, the Messiah—and "it was counted unto him for righteousness," so the true Israelite now says (article 12 of his creed) "I believe with a firm faith in the coming of Messiah, and although he tarry, still will I daily wait for his coming."

I close with the expression of full confidence that however much Rabbi Tuska may differ from me on these two points, that the great body of Israel agree with me in these propositions and deductions, that Moses was the august legate of the skies; that his mission and message were stamped by the signet of the Almighty, with mystery and miracle, and that a Messiah or Christ is the only hope of a ruined world. And may God's blessing rest upon that heaven favored race.

THE UNITARIANS.

National Conference—Address of Welcome.

The National Conference of Unitarians met in New York, on October 7th. An address of welcome to the delegation was made by the Hon. J. D. Elliott, Rev. E. Hale, of Boston, read the report of the Council of the National Conference; fourteen local conferences were established. The following committee on business was appointed: D. B. Eaton, of New York; Rev. H. D. Hoodbury, of Providence; Messrs. Carter of Chicago, Frothingham of Buffalo, and Forbush of Cleveland. After some discussion on the questions of local conferences and the order of business, the subject of theological schools was taken up.

Rev. Mr. Collier read a paper on the subject and addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Garnett in favor of the absorption of the school at Boston into Harvard College, and by Rev. Dr. Barnard, of Boston, in favor of two schools—one at Cambridge and the other at Chicago. The American Bible Union commenced its nineteenth annual gathering to-day. The expenses of the year is $60,000 and receipts $57,000.

—The South American earthquake, by destroying a niter factory at Iquique, is said to have shortened the supply of that article.

—South America, since the earthquake, is called by the New York *Leader* the Shakers' Paradise.

BEAUFORT, S. C.

Interesting Historic Resume of the Settlement of Port Royal—Scenes and Incidents of its Capture by the Federal Troops—Descendants of First Settlers Make Place for their Former Slaves.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

Beaufort, S. C., one of the earliest settlements on the Southern coast, is situated on the large and fertile Island of Port Royal, on the harbor of the same name. In 1562 Jean Rebault, in command of a French fleet sent out by Coligni, Admiral of France, sailing North from the St. John's river, Florida, entered a harbor, which, far surpassing in size and depth of water any he had previously discovered, he fitly named Port Royal. So impressed was he with the advantages it offered as a haven for ships, that he speaks of it as "where all the argosies of Venice, yea, all the navies of the world, might ride at anchor." In token of the claim of the King of France to this newly discovered territory, he erected a small pillar. Soon after he left with his fleet. Another French fleet afterwards arriving here, they found the simple-minded Yemassees offering to this pillar presents of fruits and flowers, and worshipping it as a gift from their Good Spirit.

In 1670 a settlement was attempted here, but the hostility of the Indians compelled its removal to Oyster Point, (the present Charleston), at the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper rivers, where the means of defense against the savages were better.

In 1684 another settlement was made here by a few Scotch families, but about two years afterwards the Spaniards from St. Augustine, claiming the territory as belonging to the King of Spain, invaded and laid it waste. It regained its prosperity, and, during the revolution, we find the historian mentioning that the British Col. Tarleton was sent to the large and fertile island of Port Royal to procure horses for his famous cavalry.

The opening of the war found Beaufort a beautiful and flourishing town, situated on land sloping gradually to the water's brink, and looking seaward over the calm and placid waters of the great bay, dotted here and there with fertile islands, from which the royal Palmetto lifted its graceful shape, and giant oaks hung their long weedlike drapery of Spanish moss over the tide, which rippled softly and gently on the shell covered beach. The dwellings were substantial and elegant, with broad streets deeply shelled, and shaded by the pride of India, the ash and the live oak, of a century's growth. Property had changed hands but once, than in any portion of the State of South Carolina, and as riches were realized refinement followed and a community was formed to whom wealth was not an accident, but hereditary, who held their lands not by purchase, but by descent from men who, in the days of yore, had "fought the savage for the crown," and the crown for their liberties, and whose exploits had illustrated the land of Sumter and of Marion. A society so constituted, with proud historic recollections, and its members in many instances tracing their ancestry to the bloody field of Hastings, was essentially aristocratic, and very exclusive—indeed, too much so; and it is to be regretted that a people so highly educated, and in every way so eminently qualified to charm socially, should have drawn rigidly around themselves the barrier of family descent. Though it is but justice to say, that for this town, as for all Carolina, that while a just pride in a noble ancestry was thought highly commendable, yet nowhere were talent and integrity more appreciated and more liberally rewarded. To the man of honor and ability the doors of the proudest mansion in the land ever stood open, and this State ever delighted to honor with the highest trusts her gifted sons.

In proportion to its population this was one of the wealthiest towns in the State; it supported one of the finest classical schools, and had been the birth-place of men of national reputation, who had added to their State's glory in the Senate Hall and on the field of battle. Notwithstanding the great commercial advantages of the harbor, which had first attracted the attention of the early discoverers, and which should now make it the Atlantic terminus of the Southern Pacific road, no effort was made to profit by them until just before the war, when a careful survey of the whole coast being completed, an effort was made to have a navy yard established there. The prominence it then gained was unfortunate, for it brought to the attention of the authorities at Washington, immediately previous to the war, the great advantages this place afforded for the establishment of a naval station. They were not slow in profiting by their knowledge, and in 1861 a powerful fleet appeared off the bar, and after an unsuccessful defense of the fort, the troops withdrew immediately to the main land, and the town was left defenseless. Every confidence had been felt in the ability of the forts to resist the fleet till the last moment, and on the news reaching the town most of the inhabitants were panic stricken and left on twelve hours notice. The negroes soon realizing the state of affairs, rushed into the town in hordes, and commenced sacking the abandoned dwellings. Costly curtains were torn down, elegant carpets ripped up and pianos and furniture, which were heirlooms, and around which clustered Revolutionary recollections and the historic associations of more than a century were scattered in prodigal profusion through the streets; and negroes, men and women, having now broken into the stores of liquor, rioted in drunken frenzy on the choice wines of the wealthy fugitives, and ever and anon there came to the ear of the hurried passers by, from the palatial residences, strains of barbarous music and yells of bacchanalian triumph, as the valued books and vases were hurled with shouts against the beautiful mirrors, which fell crashing from their marble pedestals. For about two days this scene of riot and plunder continued. The few families who had remained, seeing their lives in danger, fled from what would have been a second St. Domingo. The Federals then took possession, and restored order somewhat—too late, alas! to get the rich "relics" so pleasing to saints. Much, too, of the newly gathered crop of cotton had been burned, but enough remained to cause joy to the hearts of "New England's noble sons." The news of the victory was soon carried North, and a flock of unclean birds trooped down to fatten on the spoils. Prominent among these were a lot of school marms, whose advent was heralded in flaming letters—they call them "ladies" in New England—and they were said to be as "wise as serpents and as harmless as doves." These "ladies" were sent down by the so-called religious societies of the North to instruct the "poor slave." They were thoroughly imbued with *philanthropic* ideas, and most of them soon put the principles they had been taught in practice, and though "Barcas" was dusky, yet he was "villing"—well, they suddenly returned home, and to her credit be it spoken, New England now has some of her population of undoubted descent. As soon as the victory was fully secured Secretary Chase and his friends at Washington determined to test on these islands the capacity of the negro for self-government, and with true philanthropic spirit, generously proposed to do it at others' expense:

"For saints themselves, will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free."

So a tax act was drawn and passed by Congress imposing a tax on those lands, for non-payment of which the lands were to be sold. The imposition of this tax was a mere pretext, the object was to confiscate the lands and divide them amongst the negroes, as we shall see. Secretary Chase found a willing tool and fit associate in a renegade Baptist preacher, a man of infamous character who had been years previous compelled to leave his State. Two others were associated with this man, and the trio were sent down to Beaufort to do the dirty work. The tax was imposed and a fraudulent rate took place, at which, in more than one instance, all town property and two or three plantations, belonging to one man, were all sold for non-payment of a tax which a moiety of either would have paid a hundred times over.

Most of the lands were bought in by the Government, of course, and most of those purchased by private parties soon reverted, by the terms of the sale, to the Tax Commissioners again. Now came the formal distribution to the negroes alone—"*alentes mariti*"—no *white* man being allowed to buy. For the paltry sum of a dollar and a half, in greenbacks, an acre, each negro was allowed to purchase a homestead on his former master's place, which formerly produced cotton that brought in market near a dollar a *pound* in gold.

This confiscation was not complete at the close of the war, a good deal of land being still owned by the Government. These lands the proprietors asked that they might be allowed to redeem; they were refused with insult, and told, moreover, that all the surplus over and above the taxes due had been appropriated by an act of Congress, as a penalty for their "treason." Additional legislation, however, being needed, after the close of the war, "prosecuted in no spirit of conquest, etc.," other acts were passed by Congress securing still more effectually "homes to the freedmen."

The experiment as regards the capacity of the negro for self-government was fully and fairly tried; with advantages, too, which have been nowhere else afforded this race, and it has failed, as all others have. They now grow a weed, producing a staple but little better than the common short cotton, on lands where the the silky Sea Island was once successfully cultivated. They have grown more brutal year by year, and now see prodigies, consult their witches, and will soon worship Obi.

So has been utterly destroyed a society, the fit representative of the Carolina of the olden time; a society which, whatever its faults, yet always cherished a high regard for talent, truth and honor; whose charities were liberal, and were ever extended to struggling merit; whose traditions were those of a noble ancestry, who in contest with the red-skinned Indian and the red-coated British, on many a battlefield, had shown their valor, and whose descendants, in the late war, were tried in the furnace of poverty, sill citon and battle, and not "found wanting."

Of this town, as indeed a gifted writer has said of the whole State, "the lament utterest thousands of years ago over Troy, may now be poured over her":

The spear, the spear, hath pierced thy pride,
The flames have seared thee deep and wide:
Thy crones of towers are tottering,
And most desolate art, and most forlorn.

PALMETTO.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Stirring Scene in a New York Court.

Four Men Saved from Death on the Scaffold.

From the New York Herald, 4th inst.]

About half-past three o'clock on the morning of the 24 day of August, 1866, a young lady, about twenty-four years of age, Miss Ellen Hicks, was shot while standing at the door of her residence at Throg's Neck, about two and a half miles from Fort Schuyler. She died in about three hours afterwards. The parties charged with the commission of the crime were Thomas C. Fitzgerald, Corporal of company H, First United States artillery; Orderly Sergeant John Doran, and privates Charles Burke, Michael J. Canty and Michael Martin. The salient points of the testimony offered at the trial proved that the prisoners Doran, Martin and John C. and Charles Burke, two newly arrived recruits, were in a tavern near Westchester, when one Alexander Elliott, the cousin, and Richard Hicks, the brother of Ellen Hicks, arrived at the door in a wagon. Elliott entered and invited the soldiers to drink. Elliott was under the influence of liquor, and upon the soldiers declining to drink a wrangle began, and Elliott was hustled around the place, but was saved from direct violence by Doran. Elliott and Hicks left, and some witnesses say that about twenty minutes afterwards the soldiers left also. The road taken by the two men to their homes lay in the direction afterwards taken by the soldiers, to Fort Schuyler, but Elliott and Hicks were overtaken by the soldiers, and another fracas ensued, in which it appears Elliott knocked John C. Burke down and Doran subsequently broke Elliott's arm. According to their own testimony, Elliott and Hicks walked very slowly down the road, their harness and carriage being broken by the horses running accidentally against a post, and Elliott, anticipating an attack, also led off in this second encounter. Elliott and Hicks went home and the soldiers scattered, taking the direction of the fort. Elliott's arm was attended to and he went to bed about one o'clock, and was aroused by a noise outside the house at about three o'clock in the morning. Looking out of the window he saw the soldiers who were, indicted endeavoring to enter the house, armed with muskets and bayonets, and they attempted to batter down the door. He ran down stairs and was seen through the window by some of the soldiers, but he shortly ran up stairs again and they burst in the door, leaving one man, Charles Burke, outside. Elliott had heard them say to his mother, in the yard, that they were going to shoot him, and he dropped from an upper window, near which, outside, Burke was standing, and fled. The house in which Miss Hicks' mother lived, together with Elliott's sister Alice, was situated diagonally across the yard from Elliott's residence, and Alice and Ellen, aroused by the noise, were standing at the open door in their night dresses. When Elliott escaped Burke ran around into Elliott's house and told the soldiers, who were all inside, that he had gone out of the window. Fitzgerald ran out to the yard, and as the witness, Alice Hicks, and a man named Volty testified, raised his rifle, aimed at one of the girls, fired, and Ellen fell mortally wounded through the body. She was at the time under engagement to be married in a few days. All the other soldiers were in the house at the time the shot was fired, except Fitzgerald. The soldiers then fled to the fort, throwing away their arms and were arrested in a few hours afterwards. It also appeared in evidence that during the affray on the road, about eleven o'clock, John C. Burke became separated from his companions and did not return to the fort. He was arrested about half past six o'clock in the morning, while passing Elliott's house on his way to the fort, but had not participated in the murder.

At ten minutes past ten the jury empanneled to try Doran retired to deliberate. The judges left the bench for rest, and the large crowd of elegantly attired ladies in the gallery, as well as the audience in the body of the court, opened a buzz of conversation and comment upon the proceedings and the probable result so anxiously awaited. When half an hour had elapsed, numbers of those present began to grow weary of "waiting for the verdict," and lounged in and out of the courtroom and vestibule. Lawyers sat huddled in groups on the tables, the officers of the court assumed an air of abandon and lounged back in the chairs, and the "knowing ones" predicted a disagreement of the jury. Doran sat at the end of the table, attired in a new suit of United States artillery uniform, the sleeves of his coat decorated with the *chevrons* of an orderly sergeant and his enlistment stripes. He is a tall, fine-looking and well formed young fellow, with a pleasing and decidedly soldier-like expression of countenance, though somewhat pallid from his long incarceration, and wore a long black moustache and imperial. He was evidently nervous, but maintained a gentlemanly demeanor, speaking calmly to those who addressed him and "hoping it would be all right." Near him sat Martin, who was brought into court during the trial for identification. Doran's wife and two pretty and neatly dressed children, who had been in attendance each day, were in an ante-room. At ten minutes past eleven the door of the jury room opened, the judges took seats on the bench and the jurors entered and took the seats assigned them. After their names were called, in response to the question by the clerk, "Gentlemen, how say you; do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" the foreman arose and replied, "Not guilty." Doran arose like a bolt, with an indescribable expression on his face, and instantly the whole audience cheered, clapped their hands and stamped their feet in approval. A number of his comrades who were present clasped their arms around his neck and kissed him, and the ladies in the gallery leaned over to look down upon the scene, clapping their hands and waving their handkerchiefs. At this interesting juncture Doran's wife entered hurriedly, and, crossing the room toward him, was clasped in his arms and repeatedly and affectionately kissed. A moment more and she appeared to be seized with hysterics and began to scream and swooned. Doran took her to a seat and sat down with her on his knee, her head resting on his shoulder. She seemed partially to recover, and in a shrill, screaming voice, as it were in terror, cried, "Oh, darling, what are they going to do with you?" She evidently did not seem to understand that he was free, and he, fearing from her actions that convulsions were seizing her, said tremulously, "My God! what shall I do for you, Julia?" The scene was intensely dramatic—it was more than dramatic, for it was a reality seldom witnessed anywhere and the general conception of which is only found on the stage. Tears started to the eyes of men who looked upon it.

SOUTH CAROLINA—MASSACHUSETTS.

John Quincy Adams to Wade Hampton and Others.

Interesting and Suggestive Correspondence.

From the Boston Post.]

OFFICE OF STATE'EN EXECUTIVE COM., September 22, 1868.

TO THE HON. JNO. Q. ADAMS, *Boston, Mass.*:

Dear Sir—We have the honor to make an appeal to you in behalf of our common country. We earnestly beg that you will consent to visit us at Columbia, and deliver an address to our people. We assure you that within three days we could have an assemblage of 10,000 people present to hear the words of peace addressed by Boston to Columbia. What stronger reply could there be to the misrepresentations of the Radicals, than to hear "John Quincy Adams" talk of Union and fraternal relations on the soil of South Carolina?

Would it not be as if the past were speaking to the present? Would it not seem as if the grave had given up her dead and they were holding counsel of the future?

It seems to us that your visit here, received, as it would be by our people, would send an electric thrill from one end of the country to the other. We ask no holiday performance for political or party effect. We invite you to a consultation upon living principles of our free institutions. With us it is no longer a question of party, but a question of social life.

When the South was beaten in the old, it became her high resolve to restore and strengthen the Union. Must not everyone see that this was her only policy? That the Union is now of the very last importance to the South? More important than to any part of the country.

Must not every sane man also see that in the very nature of things slavery is dead forever? Has not every Southern State put her name and seal to the deed? But beyond this, did not every Southern statesman see that with the result of the war slavery could not stand? That it must cease to be a domestic institution, because it had become an international (so to speak) cause of war.

Are there no statesmen left among those in power who can see this? Or do they see it and are they basely using the hopes, the peace, the very life of the country to advance personal or party interests?

Let us hope that God in His wisdom may turn the hearts of those who know the right, yet pursue the wrong, and strike the scales from the eyes of others, who are really in the darkness of ignorance, and therefore easily the dupes of their better informed leaders.

Pray answer us immediately and appoint an early day for your visit here. We shall require but short notice to make the necessary arrangements to welcome you in a becoming manner.

The policy of the South is peace—it is her only hope. You will see this with your eyes and hear it with your ears should you accept our invitation. If you would telegraph to us your acceptance, we could be ready to meet you by the 5th of October. Wednesday, the 7th, would probably be a better day.

Very respectfully,

Your fellow-citizens,

WADE HAMPTON,
JAS. DAN'L POPE,
F. W. McM'STER,
JOHN P. THOMAS,
W. B. STANLEY,

State Central Executive Committee, Columbia, S. C.

MR. ADAMS' REPLY.

QUINCY, September 26, 1868.

Messrs. Wade Hampton, Jas. Dan'l Pope, F. W. McMaster, John P. Thomas and W. B. Stanley:

Gentlemen: Your letter of September 22d reached me on the 26th, and I found it to require such careful consideration that I have withheld my answer until now. My first impulse was to accept your invitation at once, and hasten to respond to your appeal upon the instant; but a moment's reflection and a review of your letter restrained me. I am as anxious as you can be to see kindly relations and fraternal feelings replace the sore and angry suspicion which prevails upon both sides of our land, nor would any labor daunt me in such a cause; but I am more powerless than you are to promote such a result. You greatly exaggerate any influence of mine, misled doubtless by the accident of an historic name. I represent nothing in Massachusetts but a comparatively small and very unpopular minority, and am regarded as hardly less objectionable, though far more insignificant, than yourselves by the majority. Nothing that I could do or say, if I visited you, would be likely to receive a fair or candid construction. My action would be attributed to silly or unworthy motives, and yours to the inveterate animosity which is still believed to animate the South. In spite of any protests of ours, it will be insisted that we had some "disloyal" intent in our meeting. I do not urge these apprehensions as reasons for an absolute refusal, for I should try to face my share of the obloquy with such fortitude as I could muster, if I saw a fair chance of aiding, be it ever so little, a better understanding between the sections. But as you seem to anticipate an important effect on the North from the reception which you might offer to me, I think it right to disabuse you of the error. Nor do I think that I can say those things to your people which would be delightful to them to hear, or pleasant for me to speak. Your fate has been for the present involved by the inexorable logic of events in a most bitter political struggle. The interest, and I doubt not the convictions, of the dominant party will prevent any dispassionate consideration of your case until after the election. It is declared, and I fear it is widely believed, that the spirit of secession still fires the Southern heart, and works through the Democratic party. A mass of honest men are taught and believe that the success of that party means the political re-establishment of the genius of revolt, and the elevation to power of the Southern leaders in the late war. Now while I do not believe that if the wide-spread suspicion of this intent could be discharged from the minds of our people here, there would be a great difficulty in obtaining a fair hearing, it is too potent a weapon of party warfare to be relinquished during this contest for the Presidency. If the Democratic party is defeated in their canvass, it will be because the people fear its success would jeopardize the substantial results of the war. Now upon this point the Northern mind is absolutely determined, and no party could maintain itself which should repudiate the war or surrender its acquisitions. For my own part I think it would be very difficult to get rid of any of the logical and legitimate results of the war if we tried to ever so hard, but still our people are very sensitive on that point. I cannot see, for instance, of what value your pet dogma of the constitutional right to secede would be to you, even if we granted you a dispensation to proclaim it on the house-top. Constitutional or not, it will never again be practicable, except in the form of revolution, and that is an extra constitutional right which cannot be taken away from any people. Slavery I take to be stone dead for the reasons you very clearly and ably state in your letter to me. It would never again be of any value to you if you had it back, and the ghost of it, which is so much dreaded at the North, the phantom of involuntary servitude for poverty and color, as a punishment for vagrancy, which haunts so many well meaning men among us, would speedily become a burden so odious and so intolerably expensive that if for no better reason, you would be glad to drop it. But at the same time you must yourselves be well aware that the hasty and inconsiderate legislation upon this subject, in two or three of your "States lately in rebellion," did more to fasten universal suffrage upon you than any other one thing. The North is well aware that there is a wide distinction between civil rights and political privileges; nor were our wisest and most practical statesmen of the Republican party at first inclined to adopt the dangerous experiment of placing political power in the hands of your poor, ignorant field hands upon a mere fanciful theory of the natural equality of man. Doubtless a citizen of Massachusetts who is utterly illiterate may be my superior in all manly qualities, but unless he can read the Constitution in the English language he is not my equal politically. The principle is here admitted that we may and must temper theoretical equality with practical tests of fitness for public duty. Now this was ignored in your case, because it was urged and believed that thus alone could the blacks protect themselves, and it was said that any admitted qualification would be abused by you to their total exclusion from the franchise, and consequent helplessness. The Northern people, having freed the slaves and left them still mingled with their former masters, could not, with decency or humanity, abandon them naked to the savage enmity which they were taught to believe you felt to them; nor could they calmly look on to see those oppressed, for whose comfort and happiness they had become the guardians. The Northern States pardoned the palpable usurpation of a power never granted to Congress, upon the plea of necessity. Universal suffrage was no necessary corollary of the war; it was extorted by distrust, offspring of the long slavery agitation. That gave enormous power to the class of politicians who preach the perfect and complete wickedness of the Southern white. These same men urge and they persuade many that you still cherish a devotion to the "lost Cause," which does not content itself with the hopeless tenderness which we feel for the dead, but is ready to take arms again at the least encouragement. These fears mingle largely in the canvass, and will exert a strong influence in the result. I think that distrust and fear have dictated your terms, more than malice or revenge. It was not cheerfully that the North sacrificed the Constitution for which it fought so long. For my own part, I have never felt any apprehension of losing any of the proper results of the war. I have always believed that you must, from necessity, yield them as frankly as we claimed them. I have never doubted that it was possible to treat you, after your surrender, in such a way as to enlist your aid and engage your sympathies in a constitutional restoration of the Union, and yet secure freedom and fairness to the black, and tranquility and happiness to the whites. As you very forcibly say, there is no policy possible for you but peace. War now would be your utter destruction. The Union is of vastly more value to you than to us, and to the Constitution alone can you fly for protection. A general and cordial confidence in your attitude, feelings and protests is essential to your peace and prosperity. We must renew the old spirit within us, or the new Union will be an empty form. Even if by a party success in a very close vote at the North, aided by your own efforts at the South, you obtain a temporary relief from your abject state to-day, your condition will still be precarious, your path full of snares, and a true Union as distant as ever. So long as one-half the North is persuaded that you have the will and the power to jockey them out of what cost them so dear, we attempt to rebuild our Union on the sands. Time alone and a patient and enduring persistence on your part in well doing, in the face of all discouragement, can effectually remove the cause of your ills; a palliative will but induce a reaction again. A cheerful concurrence in the essential principles of democratic and constitutional government I regard as requisite for your peaceful progress in the future. Inclining to these opinions, I should have excused myself from accepting your kind invitation had you not expressly disclaimed any political intent. I do not wish to make any political speeches to your people in the interest of any party, nor add new bitterness to your already dangerous position. But as I have felt the evil very much of late that of our own knowledge we were so little informed of the real needs, and wishes, and purposes of each other; as I cannot feel sure that I may not be of some use, and as I deplore with all my heart the distracted and disevered condition of our once united people, I will meet you as you request as fellow-citizens should meet, in times of difficulty, to consult with you upon our duty at this time. I shall try to speak frankly rather than agreeably, and I shall hope for equal sincerity in return. I need not assure you that what I have written has been dictated by the kindest feelings. I am not insensible to your trials and sufferings; the loss of friends, prosperity and power, and exclusion from all part or lot in voting away your last pittance, is bitter indeed. But hollow as the ordinary platitudes sound in the sufferer's ear, may it not be in the good providence of God to prove to the uttermost the quality of your people and lead them through these dark ways to a higher and nobler career beyond.

I at least am determined to hope so, and I doubt not may live to see the day when we shall all be once more a happy and united people, dwelling in peace, under the protection of the Constitution and within the gentle clasp of our old Union. Then, indeed, may South Carolina and Massachusetts cordially embrace, and the fortunate spokesmen of my State, that day, will represent the whole instead of a fraction of her people.

I shall leave home on Monday next and proceed without delay to Columbia.

I am, gentlemen, your friend and servant,

JOHN Q. ADAMS.

—Wilton, Me., has a dwelling house inhabited by four families with forty-eight children. Things get mixed there sometimes.

THE SITUATION.

Another Letter from Hon. B. H. Hill.

NEW YORK, October 2, 1868.

To the Editor of the Herald:

In the *Herald* of this morning is an article headed "Southern Democratic Leaders in New York," and among the number my own name is mentioned.

Allow me, first of all, to say I am no party leader; never have been, never expect to be.

Allow me, in the next place, to say I did not come to New York to "drink wine or eat fine dinners," and have not been so engaged.

I came North to ascertain, if I could, the exact temper, views and purposes of the Northern people and the probable result of the political contest now being waged. To one who has studied and learned to admire the system of American government, Federal and State, limited and reserved with harmonious boundaries fixed for each by plainly written constitutions, the examination has not been encouraging.

Shaken to its foundations by a criminal war occasioned by a fanatical discussion about the rights and capacities of some savages imported as chattels for speculation from the jungles of Africa, the question now is, whether these savages, being now confessedly free and certainly greatly improved by Southern masters, this great system of government can again be made harmoniously stable and the freedom of the white race maintained and of all races perpetuated?

I find the Republicans meeting this great question by proposing to "maintain and perpetuate" measures which are "outside of the Constitution," which avowedly seek to disfranchise and degrade white people for no reason but that of a vindictive hatred of section against section, and which pretend, in the most unnatural way, to elevate the negro by leading him, ignorant and credulous, promising to equality, but really to ruin, as the butcher temps with his bundle of hay deluded sheep to the slaughter pen.

I find the Democrats meeting this most palpable insanity of the Republicans by exhausting all their powers upon a cent per cent argument about bonds, gold and greenbacks. I find the capitalists more insane than the political leaders, taking sides with the Republicans in this issue, and are lavishly spending their means to maintain and perpetuate measures which subvert the Government and destroy the industrial energies of the country, in order to make the Government stable and its resources ample to pay their bonds. Ministers of religion are executing their noble commissions as peacemakers by abandoning the gospel and urging their