

The Edgefield Advertiser.

M. LABORDE, Editor.

"We will cling to the pillars of the temple of our liberties, and if it must fall we will perish amidst the ruins."

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

VOLUME 3.

EDGEFIELD C. H. (S. C.) March 15, 1838.

NO. 6.

The Edgefield Advertiser.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

TERMS.—Three Dollars per annum if paid in advance, or Three Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid before the expiration of Six Months from the date of Subscription, and Four Dollars if not paid within Six Months. Subscribers out of the State are required to pay in advance.

No subscription received for less than one year, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

All advertisements will be continued unless otherwise ordered, at the end of the year.

Any person procuring five Subscribers and becoming responsible for the same, shall receive the sixth copy gratis.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at 62 1/2 cents per square, for the first insertion, and 43 1/2 cents for each continuance. Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on them, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

All Advertisements intended for publication in this paper, must be deposited in the Office by Tuesday evening.

All communications addressed to the Editor, (POST-PAY) will be promptly and strictly attended to.

Cokesbury Female Academy.

MRS. WILSON respectfully announces to the public that she has resumed the duties of her School. Thankful for the patronage she has heretofore received, she pledges herself to devote her unremitting attention to the intellectual improvement of the young ladies committed to her care. She has associated with her, in the duties of her School, a Gentleman, a graduate of the South Carolina College, Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Good boarding can be furnished at \$9 to \$10 per month.

The Scholastic year will be divided into two Sessions, comprising five and a half months per Session.

Terms Per Session: Orthography, reading, writing, grammar and arithmetic, \$10 00

The above with introductory geography, modern history, derivatives, use of the globes, &c., 15 00

The above with geography, ancient and modern, history ancient and modern, introductory astronomy and botany, 20 00

The same with natural, moral and intellectual philosophy, chemistry, logic, composition, botany, algebra, &c., 24 00

Music, 20 00

French, 20 00

Latin and Greek, 20 00

Drawing and Painting, 20 00

TERMS PAID IN ADVANCE. Cokesbury, Adm.

Ridgeville Academy.

The exercises of this institution will commence on Monday the 5th of the present Inst. under the direction of Francis Moody, a native of Virginia, who has had considerable experience in his profession. We invite the attention of Parents and Guardians to the locality of the Ridgeville Academy, which, in our opinion, is a place not surpassed for health, in any in the Up-Country and respectively solicit a share of their patronage, which can be procured in respectable families and convenient to the Academy from 7 to 28 per month.

RATES OF TUITION: Spelling, Reading, and Writing per Quarter \$3 00

The above with Arithmetic and English Grammar, 5 00

The above with Geography, History, Natural and Moral Philosophy, Chemistry, Rhetoric, &c., 7 00

COL. M. WATSON, A. WATSON, B. F. BOATRIGHT, MAJ. T. WATSON, E. W. PERRY, LEWIS HOMES, Esq. Trustees.

Feb. 6, 1838. if 1

THE THOROUGH BRED HORSE GUY RIVERS

WILL stand the ensuing Spring Season at my stable at the Ridge, and other places in the District. [For particulars see Hand Bill.] Will attend at each place every ninth day afterwards during the Season, & will be let to Mares at the following prices: \$8 the single visit, \$12 the Season and \$15 to insure a mare with foal. In every instance the insurance money will become due as soon as the mare is known to be with foal or exchanged. A company of seven mares shall be entitled to a deduction of \$1 on each mare by one man's becoming responsible for the whole. All possible care taken to prevent accidents, but I will not be responsible for any.

PEDIGREE: GUY RIVERS was sired by Randolph's Janus, his dam by Carolinam, grand dam by Bedford g. g. dam by Dioneed, g. g. g. dam by Quicksilver, out of a Shark Mare. Randolph's Janus, and Carolinam were both sired by Sir Archy, and the g. g. g. dams of both were sired by imported Janus.

In purity of blood Guy Rivers is unsurpassed, in beauty of color and symmetry of form, will compare with the best horses of the day. ISAAC JONES, Ridge, Feb. 27. if 4

Look at This!

MY imported Jack DUBLIN, five years old, will stand at my stable, only three miles and a half west of Edgefield Court House, the ensuing Spring Season, and be let to mares at the following prices viz: \$5 the season and \$8 to insure a mare to be with foal. In all cases where a mare is put by the insurance, the money will be considered due when it is ascertained that she is in foal or transferred. All possible care will be taken to prevent accidents but I will not be responsible for any. The Season to commence the tenth of March and end the last of June.

W. H. MOSS, Feb. 28, 1838. if 1

State of South Carolina. EDGEFIELD DISTRICT.

Henry Moore and Eleanor Moore, vs. Jno. Bunssett, Adm'r. of Jno. Moore, dec'd. Bill for Account and Settlement.

Wm. J. Wightman and wife, and another.

THE Complainants having filed their bill in the Court of Equity for Edgefield District, in the State aforesaid, claiming that they, and the Defendants Ann Wightman, and her sister—Harkness, if living, are entitled to the estate of the intestate John Moore, deceased, in equal Shares, on a motion of Griffin, Complainant's Solicitor, it is Ordered, that all persons interested in the settlement of said estate, do appear and interpose any objections, which they can or right make to the distribution of the said estate, as prayed for in the bill, before the Commissioner of the said Court, at Edgefield Court House, on or before the fourth Monday in May next.

WILLIAM HARPER, Feb. 23, 1838. ne 5

It is further ordered that the above be published for three months in one or more public Gazettes in this State. WM. HARPER.

State of South Carolina. ABBEVILLE DISTRICT. IN EQUITY.

Patrick Duncan, vs. Augustine Arnold, Reubin Robertson, Rachel Bigham, and the heirs and Administrator of Robert P. Delph. Bill to foreclose Mortgage.

IT appearing to my satisfaction that William Lyon and Virginia S. his wife, Judge B. Delph, Wm. P. Delph, Robert J. Delph, Mary F. Delph, Martin G. Delph, & Louisa E. Delph, heirs of Robert P. Delph, some of the defendants in this case, reside beyond the limits of this State: Ordered that they do severally appear and plead, answer or demur to the Bill aforesaid within three months from the date of the publication hereof, or the said bill will be taken pro confesso.

WM. C. BLACK, C. E. A. D. Comr's Office, Feb. 26, 1838. ne 5

State of South Carolina. ABBEVILLE DISTRICT. IN EQUITY.

Patrick Duncan, vs. Joseph Travis. Bill to foreclose Mortgage.

IT appearing to my satisfaction that Joseph Travis, the defendant in this case, resides beyond the limits of this State: Ordered that he do appear and plead, answer or demur to the bill aforesaid, within three months from the date of the publication hereof, or the said bill will be taken pro confesso.

WM. C. BLACK, C. E. A. D. Comr's Office, Feb. 26, 1838. ne 5

State of South Carolina. ABBEVILLE DISTRICT. IN EQUITY.

Patrick Duncan, vs. Margaret Henderson, John Richey, & the heirs and Administrator of William Hodges, jun. and of William Hodges, sen. Bill to foreclose Mortgage.

IT appearing to my satisfaction that the defendants in this case John W. Hodges, Walter or Wat. Hodges, James Stone and Elizabeth his wife, Jesse Williams and Lucy his wife, James Tomson or James Tomson and Polly his wife, Wiley Cummins and Franky his wife, and Sarah Hodges, heirs of William Hodges, jr. and of William Hodges, sen. reside beyond the limits of this State: Ordered that they do severally appear and plead, answer or demur to the above mentioned bill, within three months from the date of the publication hereof, or the said bill will be taken pro confesso.

WM. C. BLACK, C. E. A. D. Comr's Office, Feb. 26, 1838. ne 5

State of South Carolina. ABBEVILLE DISTRICT. IN EQUITY.

Patrick Duncan, vs. Richard Hodges & Valentine Young. Bill to foreclose Mortgage.

IT appearing to my satisfaction that Richard Hodges, one of the defendants in this case, resides beyond the limits of this State: Ordered that he do appear and plead, answer or demur to the bill aforesaid, within three months from the date of the publication hereof, or the said bill will be taken pro confesso.

WM. C. BLACK, C. E. A. D. Comr's Office, Feb. 26, 1838. ne 5

State of South Carolina. ABBEVILLE DISTRICT. IN EQUITY.

Patrick Duncan, vs. John Wilson & Margaret Wilson. Bill to foreclose Mortgage.

IT appearing to my satisfaction that John Wilson, (son of Charles) one of the defendants in this case, resides beyond the limits of this State: Ordered that he do appear and plead, answer or demur to the above named bill, within three months from the date of the publication hereof, or the said bill will be taken pro confesso.

WM. C. BLACK, C. E. A. D. Comr's Office, Feb. 26, 1838. ne 5

South Carolina. EDGEFIELD DISTRICT.

MACK LAMAR of said District tells before me one dark cream Horse, with white main and tail with a streak in his face and a wart on his left thigh, and some appearance of being hipped in the right hips five feet five inches high. Supposed to be 6 or 7 years old. Appraised by Thomas Rowell and Abram S. Lamar at Seventy-five dollars.

D. ATKINSON, J. Q. Jan. 31st 1838. c 3

SOUTH CAROLINA. EDGEFIELD DISTRICT.

TOLLED before me on the tenth inst. by Jeremiah Cook living on the Block or Road, ten miles above Edgefield C. H. two horse mules a dark bay and a brown bay, both judged to be three years old next spring, and appraised to be worth seventy dollars each, no brands perceivable.

AARON HILL, J. P. Feb. 13th 1838. c 6



Poetic Access.

From the Greenville Mountaineer. ODE.

To the memory of Napoleon Patterson, a young man of fine promise, who departed this life in February, 1838, near White Hall, Abbeville District, S. C.

O! is that form we lov'd so well, Placed in a lonely narrow cell, To gnawing worms a prey!

His death, so cruel and so cold, Hidden within his icy fold, That spotless youth—O say?

He has descended to the tomb, But in our hearts his virtues bloom, Fresh as the morning dew.

While we continue here on earth, We never can forget his worth, His friendship, ever true.

We saw disease, with loathsome smile, Hovering o'er him while, 'Till pale and stern decay, With poison'd arrows sent by death, Assail'd him, and his vital breath On wings fled fast away.

And then each feeling heart did ache, In agony did almost break, For that respected one, Who own'd affliction's chast'ning rod, And in his pain exclaimed, "My God, Thy sovereign will be done."

His numerous friends dropp'd o'er his bier, The farewell tribute of a tear, Before they turn'd away, And now his weeping widow wails: To moulder in the clay.

His aged father felt the stroke— No tear he shed, no word he spoke— But ah! he deeply grieved; He bade affection's voice be still, And bowing to his Maker's will, The awful pang received.

But while his form within the tomb, Shrouded in solitary gloom, In death unconscious lies, His spotless spirit lives in bliss, Thron'd with its God and happiness, Beyond the starry skies. J. M. C.

From the Register & Observer. THE CHILD IN SEARCH OF HER FATHER.

They say I was but four years old, When Father went away, Yet I have never seen his face, Since that sad, parting day.

He went, where brighter flowrets grow, Beneath Virginia skies, Dear Teacher show me on your map, Where that far country lies.

I begg'd him "Father do not go! For since my mother died I love no one so well as you; And clinging to his side, The tears came gushing down my cheeks, Until my eyes were dim; Some were in sorrow for the dead, And some in love for him.

He knelt, and pray'd to God above, "My little daughter spare, And till we both shall meet again, Oh keep her in thy care."

He does not come—I watch for him, At evening twilight grey, 'Till every shadow wears his shape, Along the grassy way.

I muse, and listen all alone, When stormy winds are high, And think I hear his tender tone, And call, but no reply;

And so I've done these four long years, Within a lonely home, Yet every dream of hope is vain— Why don't my father come!

Father,—dear father, are you sick Upon a stranger shore? Grand mother says it must be so,— O write to us once more, And let your little daughter come, To smooth your restless bed, And hold the cordial to your lips, And press your aching head.

Alas!—I fear me he is dead.— Who will my trouble share? Or tell me where his form is laid, And let me travel there? By Mother's tomb I love to sit Where the green branches wave, Good people!—help an orphan child To find her Father's grave.

Miscellaneous. DESPAIR.

When man had sinned, and the very elements seemed to sympathize in a lament for his lost innocence, in that hour of dismay, when seraphs forsook, and God himself turned away the light of his countenance, a bright spirit lingered, nor would desert man in this his extremity. With tender assiduity and many a winning token of kindness, did she strive to wend him from his sorrows: She prevailed; and as, by degrees his mind seemed to lighten of the weight which oppressed it, and confidence resumed her seat, the spirit joyed, and "Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair." Since then her home has been with the children of men; and ever, with the same winning care, has she striven to beguile their hearts of sorrow, and to buoy up the sinking spirit. But there are times when she comes not to the distressed. There are hearts pierced, which her gentle hand binds not up. There is a gloom which her light sentenars not, and an anguish which her voice does not soothe. We are in loneliness and none is near; we grope in the darkness yet no friendly hand stretches out to save. We feel for something to which we may cling; all is empty. We shout in agony, yet no guiding voice replies; all is still. It is the feeling of despair—its loneliness—its utter solitude. Give to man but the semblance of hope, and phanton as it may be, he will follow its guidance as eagerly as does the child pursue the painted insect. Give him but a twig to cling by, and he will climb, ay, though frail the tenure, and the grave beneath. But quench the last spark of hope, and in despair, he will fall without a struggle. Let the storm beat ever so fiercely upon the soul, yet if a single gleam find its way to cheer and warm it will revive, but let darkness gather around, and it sinks to the dust.

The feeling of which we speak is an indefinable sensation. We see its effects, and we know that it exists. We have all, at times, felt its wretchedness, its misery. It is not disappointment; our hopes may have been baffled, but we trust still. One stay may have been withdrawn, yet other means of support may be found. It is not sorrow; for even if it were, it would be a sorrow which guides us along, or the hand of time may guide us on, and sorrow, and it will cease to grieve. But there is a blow which does not stun, but deadens—a weight which does not oppress, but crushes—a pang which does not grieve, but kills. It is the blow, the weight, the pang of despair. Its touch weakens the strongest arm, and unnerves the stoutest heart.

The wealth, which the labor of years has heaped together, may be swept away in an instant; we know that gold is but dress, and that riches are unstable. Pleasures which once delighted, may forsake us; we know that they are brittle, and that a touch may shatter. Fortune may turn her smile to mockery, or Fortune delude with unreal visions; we know that the former is a fickle goddess, and the latter a fanciful vagary—a sound which dies in the breathing. Amid all the losses and woes which through thick upon us, we may hear up against them— But another blow follows. The friend in whom we have garnered up our heart—to whom we have unbosomed every sorrow, and with whom shared every joy—whom we had warmed and cherished, turns his viper-fang upon us. Or when some loved form has entwined itself around us, till it has become linked with our being, death wrenches its way, and we feel that we have taken the flower to our bosom only to perish; it is the last drop, and the waters of bitter despair overflow. She comes to the heart of the prisoner as he enters his solitary cell, and the last bolt is drawn. The sound of the receding footsteps dies upon his ear, and, in sickness of soul, he sinks down in utter hopelessness. She is with the wrecked mariner when the last, low speak, which promised a friend to save, has vanished, & his heart dies within him. Already the sound of waters was in his ear, and he "feels what pain it is to drown." Her wail and haggard form lovers around the couch of the dying, when the last remedy has failed, and death's grasp is firm. It speaks in the dim eye—the lip, pale and tremulous—and the faint and more faintly throbbing heart. Nor does its spell work upon the weak and timid alone. The mighty have bowed to it. At its touch, the cheek of courage pales; the arm of strength falls powerless; resolution fails, and "Hope withering flies, & Mersey sighs farewell!"

A notable Express.—The Eaton Register states that Mr. John Mann, who brings the Express Mail into that village from the West, "a few days since, when a severe frost had rendered the road hard as adamant as rough and sharp as the keen blast could make it, plying the noble steed designed to bear him or to the next five mile post, returned the shivering animal to his stall—shouldered his mail bag and put off on foot, and actually accomplished his ten miles in one hour and fifteen minutes! This is more than one horse could have reasonably performed in that time, owing to the bad state of the roads." Mr. Mann is a native of Pennsylvania, 23 years of age, and weighs 130 lbs. It is a well put up chap, for nerve and brawn. He says he is going for a ten mile chase at any time, over any kind of a track." Mann is a man, every inch of him; and we commend him to the gracious notice of the sovereign head of the Post Office Department.—Columbus (O.) State Gazette.

From Blackwoods Edinburgh Magazine. EGYPT.

The present condition of Egypt perhaps amongst the most remarkable of any existing territory of the world. The Jewish prophecies marked it from the earliest periods of history as lying under anathema second only in sternness and extent to that of Judea itself. Its religious corruptions, which have been suffered, as if for the purpose of showing to what depths the human mind, in its natural state, can descend, brought down upon it the extraordinary mal ediction that the Egyptians should never be an independent people. No prophetic declaration has been ever more distinctly fulfilled. For nearly three thousand years the Egyptians have been the prey of adventurers, successfully ravaged by the Persians, tyrannized over by the Greek successors of Alexander, turned into a province by the Romans, ravaged by its Saracene Government, enslaved by its Mameluke robbers, conquered by the French, again in the hands of the Turks and at this hour mastered by a Turkish slave.

Whether its long depression is now about to cease, or whether, as much more probable, it is destined, on the death of Mahomet Ali and his son, to fall again into the hands of the Turks, and feel the pillage of a Turkish Government, is only for the future to decide. But the not less extraordinary circumstance characterizes Egypt, that it of all the regions of the earth, is perhaps the most singular instance of a continuance of fertility, and of a perpetual provision for the narrow land of Lower Egypt presents to the eye a territory whose exuberance scarcely requires the aid of human labor, and has scarcely ever failed during a course of centuries; this is the well-known work of the well-known Nile. But it is not to be overlooked, that the moral and physical conditions of Egypt, exhibiting the most direct contrast to each other since the days of Pharo, give decisive proof of the fact, that the power and prosperity of a nation are dependent on higher than soil and situation. The position of Egypt is made for power. Inaccessible by land, with the desert for its rampart; inaccessible by sea, from the shallows of the Nile, if the people had the spirit to defend either frontier or their shore; standing on the central point between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, the exampled productivity of a soil utterly inexhaustible—why has Egypt been a prey or a province for nearly 3000 years? All probability is against it; nature is against it; but fact is for it, and prophecy had prepared us to expect it. Great designs of providence may be in activity at this moment for the restoration of the East to its moral understanding, & for the extinction of these horrid, fierce, ignorant, and godless governments which tear it to pieces. The thoughts of men, totally free from extravagance, are turning upon Palestine. The days of the Crusader will never come again; but it is impossible to doubt that a new influence is turned towards regions on which neither Jew nor Christian can look without a mingling of awe of joy and pain, of the loftiest hope and the deepest humiliation.

NOBILITY OF LABOR.

The following elegant extract, containing sentiments that all must approve & admire is taken from the address of the Rev. Orville Dewey, recently delivered in the city of N. York before the members of the American Institute:

Industry is the great school of human virtue. It is not enough to say, that this is necessary to keep men out of evil and mischief. It is not enough to say, that the industrious are always the most virtuous classes. But it is to be observed that human industry is placed in peculiar circumstances, especially fitted and designed to elicit and try the virtues of human beings.—The animal, following his instincts, finds a certain felicity in his path. Human industry on the contrary is always a conflict with difficulties. The animal organs are precisely fitted to their respective tasks, and are already sufficient to all the purposes of animal industry. But man has to adjust his powers to an infinite variety of exertions ten thousand delicate manipulations and feats of dexterity are required of him; his eye is to be trained to precision, and his mind to taste, new instruments, too, are constantly to be invented to overcome the difficulties in his way. This, then, is the theatre of energy, and patience; yes and I add, of moral wisdom and self-restraint. The animal may gorge himself, and can then lie down and sleep off his surfeit; and he takes no harm from midnight dew, or the open and chilling canopy that is spread over him. But man cannot endure such indulgence or exposure. If he gives himself up to sensual excess, his powers at once begin to fail him. His eye loses its clearness, his hand its dexterity, his finger its nicety of touch, and he becomes a lame, deficient and dishonored workman.

Nor is this all. How many natural ties are there between even the humblest scenes of labor and the noblest affections of humanity! In this view the employment of mere muscular strength is ennobled. There is a central point in every man's life around which all his toils and cares revolve. It is that spot which is consecrated by the names of wife, children, and home. A secret, an almost imperceptible influence from that spot, which is like no other on earth, steals into the breast of the virtuous laboring man and strengthens every weary step of his toil. Every blow that is struck in the workshop and the field, finds an echo in that holy shrine of his affections. If he who fights to protect his home rises to the point of heroic virtue, no less may he who labors his long

life to provide for that home. Peace be within those domestic walls, and prosperity beneath those humble roofs! But should it ever be otherwise; should the time ever come when the invader's step approaches to touch those sacred thresholds, I see in the labors that are taken for them, that wounds will be taken for them too, I see in every honest workman around me a hero.

So material do I deem this point, the true nobility of labor, I mean—that I would dwell upon it a moment longer, and in a larger view. Why, then, in the great scale of things, is labor ordained for us? Easily had it pleased the great ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself might have been a mighty machinery for the production of all that man wants—the motion of the globe upon its axis might have been the power to move that world of machinery. Ten thousand wheels within wheels might have been at work; ten thousand processes, more curious and complicated than man can devise, might have been going forward without man's aid; houses might have risen like an exhalation, "With the sound Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet, Built like a temple!"

Georgious furniture might have been placed in them, and soft couches and luxurious banquets spread, by hands unseen, a man, clothed with fabrics of natures weaving, richer than imperial purple, might have been sent to disport himself in these Elysian palaces. "Fair scene!" I imagine you are saying; "fortunate for us, had it been the scene ordained for human life!" But where, then, tell me, had been human energy, perseverance, patience, virtue, heroism? Cank off with one blow from the world; and mankind had sunk to a crowd, nay, far beneath the crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries.—No, it had not been fortunate. Better that the earth be given to man as a dark mass, whereon to labor. Better that rude and unsightly materials be provided in the ore and the forest, for him to fashion into splendor and beauty. Better I say, not because of the splendor and beauty, but because the act creating them is better than the things themselves, because exertion is nobler than enjoyment; because the laborer is greater and more worthy of honor than the idler. I call upon those whom I address: It is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement; let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it then, be built up again; here, if any where, on these shores of a new world—of a new civilization. But how I may be asked is it broken down? Do not men toil it may be said? They do indeed toil, but they toil generally do it because they must. Many submit to it, in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as escape from it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in spirit; fulfil it with the muscle, but break it with the mind. To some field of labor, mental or manual every idler should fasten, as a chosen and converted theatre of amusement. But so is he not impelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spend their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this apparatus of toil were done away. Ashu used of the dingy work-shop and dusty field labor; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather stained garments, on which mother Nature has embroidered amidst sun and rain, midst fire and steam, her own heralbic honors! Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity! It is treason to nature; it is impiety to heaven; it is breaking heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat— toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility!

From the Penitentiary Messenger. A vote was recently taken in the House of Representatives which goes to show how far the South may safely regard the Northern Whig Party as her friends. The resolution of Mr. Patton by which all petitions on the subject of Abolition were agreed to be laid on the table, was concluded on by the Southern members as the course most advisable to be pursued by them for the present. Whether it was the wisest that could have been adopted by them, we do not undertake to say. Sundry petitions have since been presented from the north, praying that the resolution may be rescinded. The reception of these petitions was opposed, as infringing the resolution itself. A member from Virginia moved to settle the matter by laying the question of rescission, and with it the whole subject on the table. Thus getting rid of the memorials, quieting agitation, and leaving the House to proceed with its business. On that motion 67 Whig members from the non-slaveholding States voted; and every one voted in the negative! Of the 62 administration men from the same section, who voted, 53 voted in the affirmative, and 9 in the negative. Every Representative from the Slaveholding States voted in the affirmative, with two exceptions Messrs. Underwood of Ky. and Williams of Tennessee.

We are not the friend or apologist of the administration, as our readers well know. But justice demands that these facts should be stated. They go far to prove that with the South the Northern Whig party has no affinity.