

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to the South and Southern Rights, Politics, Latest News, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, &c.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will perish amidst the Ruins."

W. F. DURISOE & SON, Proprietors.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., JUNE 20, 1855.

VOL. XX.—NO. 22.

Religious Department.

NEOS EPISCOPOS, Editor.

We take advantage of a few days absence and give up our entire space to our correspondent "PRESBYTER," whose article will be found below.

For the Advertiser.
TO NEOS EPISCOPOS.

DEAR SIR:—After the very courteous manner in which you have treated my first communication, I feel reluctant to disregard, even in appearance, your preferences in relation to the vastly important subject of the Apostolic Succession.

I do not wish to seem indecorous in obtruding the views of my own Church before unwilling hearers or readers, but as I conceive my meaning in a former communication to have been misapprehended by you, I beg you will give the privilege of an explanation. I think your friends are mistaken in their views of a religious discussion. Discussion, conducted as it should be by Christian gentlemen, can never be prejudicial to the cause of truth and godliness. If the law of charity is observed the weakest Christian need not be offended.

In my former communication I committed myself distinctly to bring your definition of an Apostle to the test of the scriptures; by that I mean I shall strictly abide. And now let us see what process of twisting I have applied to your definition. You asked, "What was an Apostle?" You answered, "He must have seen Christ, have heard his voice, and have been sent to work miracles." This was your definition. Now, what is a definition but a description by which a person or thing may be distinguished or known from other persons or things? That is, a definition contains the *differentia*, which mark the distinction between one individual or class and others. When, therefore, you gave the three marks above indicated, in answer to the question "What is an Apostle?" why of course the reader could only understand you to mean they were the marks by which an Apostle was known from other officers or members of the Church. I therefore replied, you must surely be misled in supposing these to be the *differentia* of an apostle, for on turning to the Bible, I find that many other Christians, both men and women, had the same marks. Hence, I said, "either the Elders and Deacons and Levites and Ministers were all Apostles, and thus there was a multitudinous succession, or else that to have seen the Lord, to have heard his voice, and to have possessed the power of working miracles, were an Apostle from a Deacon, or even from a layman and a woman. If a given quality or peculiarity is claimed as a *car mark*, it is sufficient to show that many or all other individuals of the same class possess the same quality or peculiarity to prove the one alleged is *no car mark*. This is just what I did in reference to your definition. I proved that the marks alleged by you were not the marks of an Apostle, but that they were distinguished by some other qualifications. This does not appear to you to be a process of twisting. You seem now to be finishing that which I took to be your definition of an Apostle. You now write: "What we said was simply, that to be an Apostle, one must have these qualifications. You may as well have said that to be an Apostle one must be a man. Neither would I answer your question, 'What is an Apostle?' Now then, examine the force of your illustrations. Were I to ask you what is a Deacon in a Baptist church, you surely would not answer me that he is one who had been immersed, for I would at once reply, that does not explain what his office is, for all your members are immersed. Were I to ask you for the definition of an Episcopal minister, you surely could not answer, he is one who has been confirmed, for I would remind you that all our members are confirmed. But you would not give me such an answer. You would say rather, an Episcopal minister is one who has been ordained by our Bishops, and all persons so ordained are Episcopal ministers. You would say a Baptist deacon is one solemnly set apart for certain purposes in a Baptist congregation, and all persons so set apart, for these purposes, are Baptist Deacons. Now, I understand you to say that the three qualifications mentioned by you defined the office of an Apostle, but it seems you only meant that Apostles must have those. Then you should have said that all Christians must have those, and if no one living can have them, then there can be neither Christians nor apostles.

But, my dear sir, there are distinctive marks by which an apostle may be known from a layman, and if you have not attempted to give them, I beg you will state what you deem to be the *differentia* of an Apostolic office.

But it seems to me, and to some of my contemporaries, that you still cling to your definition of an Apostle, for you say: "but does 'PRESBYTER,' or any of his fraternity seriously dispute that these things, i. e., having had personal acquaintance with Christ in some way; and the possession of these letters patent from heaven; and the power of performing supernatural works, were necessary to the recognition of a man as an apostle." And you proceed to show by quotations from the Acts, that it is specially mentioned that St. Paul had seen the Lord, heard his voice, and had the power of working miracles. You indeed vary it in terms, by using more definitive language in the first column, as for instance, "his having had personal acquaintance with Christ in some way," the possession of these "letters patent," but you limit it to the same three qualifications, by your reference to St. Paul. Now, I have never denied that the apostles did possess these powers; but distinctly stated that many others also possessed them, and therefore the Apostolic office must have been distinguished from lay membership by some other powers or qualifications, which no other class or officers of the church could possess.

It is true, I have denied the necessity of an extraordinary, that is, miraculous qualifications for one to hold the office of an Apostle. The original twelve, indeed, and two or their successors, Sts. Matthias and Paul, did possess extraordinary or miraculous powers, which were necessary in beginning the new dispensation, just as Moses and Aaron, and their immediate successors had miraculous influence in commencing the former; but after that necessity passed away, the successors of the twelve Apostles no more retained them than did the line of successors to Adam and his sons.

If you suppose the office of an apostle in the church is extinct, because their successors, the Bishops, do not possess miraculous powers, then you must also suppose there are no "believers" in the world, because members of the Church have not the miraculous powers of the first Christians—laymen and women.

In contending for your definitions, if you will still allow me to call it such, you have cited two instances from the bible, in which you allege some kind of personal acquaintance with Christ seems to be required to the recognition of an Apostle. I propose to call your attention to several important points connected with those instances. You have shown from scripture that the original twelve, to whom, in your first article you could allow no successors, had really two successors. I beg you to examine them again. Forty days had elapsed since the vacancy caused by the death of Judas occurred. During those forty days our Lord was "going in and out among them, speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God," and if we scrutinize the nature of those interviews, we find them mainly occupied with the powers of the ministry, the sacrament, and the church, or as St. Luke terms it, "the kingdom of God." Yet, all this while that "He went in and out among them," he did not appoint a successor to Judas; but as soon as He ascended his apostles entered into the election. No believer, then, can assume that the Lord taught them that their number was never to be increased, or that they proceeded on their own notion. It is true that Dr. Snodgrass attributed it to the "characteristic precipitation of Peter," as several infidels had done before him. Matthias then was chosen "that he may take part of this ministry and apostleship," and "was numbered with the eleven apostles." Acts I. Here then are thirteen apostles. But the number is increased again by your own showing to fourteen, and on different grounds. The first successor from among "those men which have companied with us, all the time the Lord went in and out among us," the head of the church Himself chooses the second successor, or fourteenth apostle, from among those who did not company with them one hour of that time. And may not this have been to teach the apostles that it was not necessary to confine themselves to their former companions. If you allege then, that St. Paul was miraculously called, we answer Matthias was not so. He was called, as was Aaron, through the agency of his fellow man.

You might have proceeded further and named other apostles, some of whom the bible nowhere records as having "companied with the apostles beginning with the Baptist of John," as Epaphroditus, Barnabas, Timothy, Titus, and others, so that, your definition, I submit, is in every respect defective. In my last I gave, to meet the particular view broached by you, a partial definition containing two of your powers, the third you have mentioned in your last quotations from the Acts, viz: the power to confirm, so then, the apostolic office as always held by the church consists, not in its extraordinary but ordinary powers, in ordinary confirming and ruling. Those powers, as they are and were necessary to the continued existence of the kingdom of Christ, must belong permanently to their office: the extraordinary or miraculous powers belong to them and to others, as founders of a new Dispensation, and they who succeeded them in their office succeeded to the powers properly belonging to the office, and not to the incidental miraculous powers. This is all we claim for our Bishops, and this is what the church in all ages claimed for the Bishops. You have certainly presented in a ridiculous light the illustration of the learned Blackstone. To your "Lawyer friend," who can but admit it to be as good an illustration of the accession of an incorporation, as can be well conceived. The successive individuals of no corporation are the same at all respects, nor is water in the same state at all times; still corporations do continue with the same powers and rights, and the river Thames has continued and its successive particles flow by "London town" without abatement. This is all Blackstone claimed for corporations, and this is all we claim for the uninterrupted succession of Bishops.

We held, then, as the doctrine of all ages that when Jesus Christ said to the eleven apostles: "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," he spoke to their nature and the interest you seemed as a corporate body, for he knew that they as individuals could not live "unto the end of the world." To them, therefore, who belong to that corporate body, i. e. to them who were appointed by the apostles and those whom they appointed again, on down to the present day, He spoke; hence these have the commission to baptize, or else, when the eleven apostles died, the authority to preach and baptize in Christ's name, died with them. The only way then in which one can show that he has the right to baptize, i. e. to affirm the seal of the Gospel Covenant to individuals, is the show that he has received his commission from one of the corporate body whom Christ appointed to act in that official capacity for him.

I have based the succession of Apostles, now called Bishops, (history discloses the reason of the change of name) upon the promise of Christ, and we receive it as an article of the Faith. We have taken the ground that it is morally impossible that the succession should be broken; for it has been, as a mere historical fact I now state it, a received

doctrine in every age of the church, that no ordination was valid but that of Bishops: this doctrine has been a constant guard upon the Episcopal succession. As it was universally believed that Bishops alone could ordain, it was morally impossible that any person could palm themselves off on the church, and be received as Bishops who had not been so consecrated by living Bishops. As well may you suppose that I and others could combine and assume and be allowed to enjoy the vested rights of any existing corporation. It is not morally impossible that any one should now be made a Bishop in the Episcopal church without Episcopal consecration? Is there any possibility of any one forging Holy Orders and stealing a Bishopric by any stratagem? It is morally impossible, because it is a well established doctrine among us, that a Bishop can be made only by Bishops. Now as this doctrine among us must necessarily prevent any one being a Bishop in our church without Episcopal consecration, so it must have the same effect in every age, past as well as ours; and consequently it is reasonable to believe that the succession of Bishops was not broken in any age since the apostles, as that it was not broken in the American church for these last seventy years. The same doctrine which preserves it seventy years will as well preserve it eighteen hundred years. If therefore, you still think the promise of Christ has failed, I beg you will show when, where, how the succession was broken. If you cannot do this, I claim to have established that it is as important for Christ's disciples, "to continue in the apostles' fellowship," as in their "doctrine." The latter they may do in some sense by having similar doctrines, the former they cannot do, but by being members of the actual organization established by them, and this actual connection can only be maintained by an unbroken succession of officers and members of the one organization.

PRESBYTER.

Miscellaneous Reading

THE COLPORTEUR AND THE MAN WITH A JUG.

A TRUE STORY.

About six years ago, a colporteur of the American Tract Society, was travelling upon horse back through one of the most mountainous portions of Cherokee, Georgia, laden with books for distribution and sale. When passing through a narrow gorge between two hills, he met a man with a jug. The jug had no handle but was held by an old greasy leathern string tied around the neck. The colporteur accosted him:

"Good morning, sir, can I sell you a book?"

"No, sir, I have no money," was the reply.

"Where are you going, my friend, with your jug?"

"To the still-house, sir."

"Suppose you take the money, which you propose to buy the whiskey, and buy a good book—and go home without the whiskey and read your book, and I promise you it will be far better for you."

"But, sir, I have no money, and I am to get the whiskey on a credit."

"Well, my friend I will make another proposition. I will buy your jug, and give you a book for it. What do you say to that?"

The man with the jug hesitated awhile, and then replied: "I will let you have the jug."

The colporteur took the jug, and gave him a copy of the *Temperance Manual*, and handed him his new purchase on his arm, journeyed on till night, when he gave the jug to the lady of the house at which he spent the night. He visited several families before night, however, carrying the jug, which was a great matter of astonishment and wonder to all who saw him, and the question was frequently asked "What are you going to do with that jug?"

The colporteur heard nothing more of the man from whom he bought the jug, until this year during the sitting of the Superior Court in the county of C—, six years having elapsed. Being at Court, still engaged in colportage for the Tract Society, he was accosted by a gentleman, with the inquiry, "Do you remember trading for a jug several years ago in the hills above here?"

"I do, sir," replied the colporteur. "You do," said the gentleman, pointing to a sober looking man, "is the man from whom you bought it. He was at the time you met him a drunkard—a pest to society. Now he is a sober man, and has been ever since the day you took his jug away from him. He is now an orderly and consistent member of the Methodist Church, and enjoys religion. He is industrious and supports his family well, whereas while he owned the jug, he did little else than make his visits to the still house, and fill and empty his jug."

The colporteur feeling some interest, inquired of the reformed man how the change was so suddenly wrought on him—"was it the tract?" "No," said he, "it was your determination and the interest you seemed to manifest in my welfare, and besides this you took my jug, and that set me thinking 'I do, sir,' replied the colporteur. "You do," said the gentleman, pointing to a sober looking man, "is the man from whom you bought it. He was at the time you met him a drunkard—a pest to society. Now he is a sober man, and has been ever since the day you took his jug away from him. He is now an orderly and consistent member of the Methodist Church, and enjoys religion. He is industrious and supports his family well, whereas while he owned the jug, he did little else than make his visits to the still house, and fill and empty his jug."

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DEATH FROM THE STING OF A LOCUST. We are informed, says the Athens Herald, (Ala.) by a gentleman, whose veracity and reliability we can vouch for, that a youth in the adjoining county of Lawrence while out fishing one day last week, was stung by a Locust from the effects of which he died almost instantly. He had caught several with the intention of using them as bait, and put them in his hat for safe keeping, when one of them stung him on the head, causing the effect above stated.

ROMANCE OF THE EAST.
A Parting—Wife Swap—A Boot Given—The Trade Closed, &c. &c.—It is now more than a month ago that two citizens of this region—old yet simple men—who had long lived on adjoining "squats," as lords of two several families, met together for the purpose of a final confab. They were "intended" movers. Tired of East Mississippi, and afflicted with that singular mania of which some men are possessed, to follow several hundred miles a two-wheeled oxcart and a solitary yoke of bullocks, in quest of Dream Land, they had determined upon migrating, one to Alabama, the other to Texas. Of course the meeting was an affecting one, invested with all the solemnity of an eternal severance. We shall call one Dick, and the other Obadiah, merely for the sake of distinction, and not desiring to make public their real names.

After some random conversation, Dick pulled out his pipe, opened it, and commenced industriously whittling, as preliminary to a suggestion of unusual gravity. It was a large, round, venerable log upon which they were seated—Dick at one end and Obadiah at the other, "in juxtaposition," as Gov. Foote would say. Obadiah noticed the gestulatory movement, and pricked his ears for the ingress of something pathetic. At last, Dick, after reducing the timber to a little hillock of chips, remarked to Obadiah that he had something of a very delicate nature to talk about. "Go ahead!" said Obadiah, with an encouraging earnestness.

And thus Dick commenced: "You know, Ob, that me and my wife hev got to gittin' doin' very badly. Sal, some how or other, kinder slants from me of late days. And I thought, as I was a-goin' to Texas and you to Yalabama, that I would offer to swap you my tige for yours—that see here, Ob, I won't give boot!"

After a pause, in which many a thought, passed rapidly through the mind of Obadiah he answered: "Well, Dick, I don't know but what I'll do it. But you see, now, my Pol is purtier than your Sal; and you know she is a younger critter by 12 long years. Now, Dick, old fellow, how would it like to trade a young and likely filly for an old brokenwinded and homely bane, and get no boot?"

The argument was a clincher; and Dick, tho' reluctant to acknowledge it, manifestly felt its force. After much further parleying, it was agreed between the faithless Benedict that Dick should take Obadiah's wife, that the former should give the latter, in the way of boot, a cow and calf, two goats, an old shot gun, and an ox bell.

The treaty of exchange was ratified accordingly, and Sal went to "Yalabama" and Pol to "Texas." The respective children of the two mothers remained with their respective fathers, and thus were favored with that peculiar relation, a step mother, by process of swapping.

We assure our readers that this statement is substantially true, the incidents having actually occurred as above related. It may be, however, that so far as the wives are concerned, the swap was more formal than actual; that in brief, the cow, calf, goats, shot gun, and ox bell were a "dead loss" on the part of Dick, and but fair tribute to mercenary Obadiah. The parties were both subscribers to the Eastern Clarion, and we are unfeignedly astonished that they did not imbibed from these columns, whatever may have been the defects of early education, a purer morality, and a more manly estimate of "Heaven's first best gift to man—a wife."—Paulding, Mississippi, Clarion.

A PLEASANT COUNTRY FOR A NERVOUS MAN.
A Texas correspondent of the New York Herald describes the domestic products of that favored land in glowing terms. If the half of his account is true, it must be a pleasant place for a nervous man, or a toad is the cause of a fit of "convulsions." The cattle, however, are not the sole occupants of the prairie by any means. Drovers of wild horses are not infrequent, and deer are in countless numbers. The small brown wolf or coyote is quite common, and you occasionally get a glimpse of his large black raptorial. But Texas is the paradise of reptiles and creeping things. Rattle and moccasin snakes are too numerous even to shake a sick at; the bite of the former is easily cured by drinking raw whiskey till it produces complete intoxication; but for the latter there is no cure. The tarantula is a pleasant-antagonist to get into a quarrel with. He is a spider with a body about the size of a hen's egg, and legs five or six inches long, and covered with long coarse black hair. He lies in the cattle tracks; and if you see him, move out of his path, as his bite is absolutely certain death, and he never gets out of any one's way, but can jump eight or ten feet to inflict his deadly bite. Then there is the centipede, furnished with an unlimited number of legs, each leg armed with a claw, and each claw inflicting a separate wound. If he walks over you at night, you will have caused to remember him for many months to come, as the wound is of a particularly poisonous nature, and is very difficult to heal. The stinging lizard is a lesser evil, the sensation of its wound being likened to the application of a red hot iron to the person; but one is too thankful to escape with life to consider these lesser evils any great annoyance. But the insects! Flying, creeping, jumping, running, digging, buzzing, humming, stinging, they are everywhere. Ask for a cup of water, and the rejoinder in our camp invariably is—"Will you have it with a bug or without?" The horned frog is one of the greatest curiosities there, and is perfectly harmless. It has none of the cold, slimy qualities of his northern brother, but is frequently made a pet of Chateaus and innumerable, darting over the prairie in every direction with inconceivable swiftness, and exercising their peculiar faculty of changing their color, to correspond with the color of the object under which they may be. The woods on the banks of the bayous are perfectly alive with mocking birds, singing most beautifully, and feathered game is abundant, and very tame, as it is scarcely ever sought

after. The only varieties that I have seen are the quail, partridge, snipe, mallard, plover, and parrie hen.

Choice Poetry.

The following lines are said by the Fredericksburg Arena, to have originally appeared in the Etonian, a periodical started about twenty years ago by the boys of Eton College. For truth, tenderness and melody, they are incomparable.

I often think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle thoughts as mine!
And each has had its dream of joy,
His own unequalled, pure romance;
Commencing when a blustering boy
First thrilled at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth;
Would think its scene of love evince
More passion, more unceasing truth,
Than any tale before or since.
Yet they could tell of tender lays
At midnight pined, in classic shades;
Of days more bright than modern days—
Of mads more fair than modern mads.

Of whispers in a willing ear,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek;
Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear,
For modern lips to give or speak.
Of prospects, too, untimely crossed,
Of passion slighted or betrayed—
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossomed but to fade.

Of beaming eyes, and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
And charms—that all have passed away,
And left them—what we see them now!
And it is thus—'tis human love
So very light and frail a thing!
And youth's brightest visions move
For ever on Time's restless wing!

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?
Then what are love's best visions worth,
If we at length must lose them thus?
If all we value most on earth,
Ere long must fade away from us?

From the Nebraska City News of May 19.
GREAT EXCITEMENT IN NEBRASKA CITY.
The question of slavery or no slavery has at last been raised in regard to the Southern portion of Nebraska. We have with us many Missourians and Virginians—some of them have their slaves already here, who are among our most enterprising and popular citizens, and we are well aware that though they say but little in regard to the matter, they are bent upon establishing the "peculiar institution" in Southern Nebraska, if it can be done by a majority vote. Emigrants from Southern States are moving here of the Platte, faster, perhaps, than any other style of settlers. Emigrants from Northern States are scarce at present, in proportion to those from the South, and as South of the Platte River is already the most populous portion of the Territory, and as it is acknowledged by all to be by far the best agricultural part of Nebraska, it is a matter of importance to all, whether it be a free or a slave State.

We do not affirm, as many unacquainted with our settlers do and will, that there is no possibility of Southern Nebraska ever becoming a slave State. On the contrary, we see no impossibility about it. We see no reason why, with a majority of slave State emigrants for her population, South Platte Nebraska should not eventually become a powerful supporter of slavery.

Northern men who take the ground that every man born south of Mason and Dixon's line is born indolent and without ambition, are silly-pated, foolish men, and they reckon without their host. We have seen as much enterprise in Nebraska which originated in Southern heads, and was being pushed and hurried along by Southern hands, as we have of Northern undertakings. It is no more a truth that all Southern men are indolent and imbecile, as some fanatics confidently assert, than it is that all Northern men are industrious and ingenious, which everybody knows isn't exactly the case.

The cry has gone up from Abolition throats, "slavery shall not enter Nebraska." It is the same yell of fanaticism that shrieked in Kansas, and called the Missourians there to make that territory a slave territory. It is the same voice that reverberated in the halls of our national Congress, that hissed in the negro-saving maws of Boston and Chicago, and that now calls slavery to this territory by a regular challenge. Kansas is a slave State. Who hastened to make it so? Come a slave state more than all other living men! The opposers of the Nebraska bill, in order that their predictions might prove true; that they might be written down prophets; excite a Northern war on Southern States; sever the Union, or allow each one of them to be a President of the United States as early as 1856.

If there is one thing more than any other that gives vitality to slavery—that propagates it—that spreads it like an infection; that one thing is the frothing, boiling, rampant abolitionism of the Northern States. Had it never existed slavery would have died years ago, and the inscription upon its tombstone would have recorded a natural death; but verging towards its dissolution, the galvanic action opposition was applied, and it revived to fight and increase in strength, as the battle lengthened, until now it has grown a formidable foe to those who first threw down the glove and the gauntlet.

And now slavery is here, in a small way, a few negroes, twenty or so, and its supporters are coming faster and faster. What sends them here? A beautiful country is not all that they seek, but a slavery victory over those who had challenged them. They seek to drown that hypocritical voice that cried "slavery shall not enter Nebraska," and prove it false; they seek to conquer those who have taunted them, by making south of the Platte river a slave State.

The men who started this excitement live in Boston and other cities, and send now and then a handful of deluded mortals to these territories to carry out the farce, and illustrate their devotion to freedom, by attempting to govern all men in and after the manner of doctrines taught by Seward, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, &c. *ad omne genus*. And so we have some excitement in Nebraska city in the way of street debates, door-step discussions; and the question is "shall Nebraska south of the Platte river be a slave State?"

[From the Columbus Sentinel, 6th inst.]
A FEW MORE OF THE SAME SORT.
WAVERLY HALL, Harris Co., Ga., June 2. Messrs. Editors:—As the Know Nothings in this immediate section of the country are accusing me of acting in bad faith to their principles, allow me to say through the columns of your widely circulated paper what caused my withdrawal.

When this new born party first came to light, it was claimed by Southern men to be a Southern party in toto; and before I attached myself to this new order I distinctly told those who belonged to the order that if their principles were not purely of a Southern character I would not remain with them one hour. This I have acted up to, and stand by it regardless as to consequences. As to their principles: I have never seen any, in fact they have got none. I regard them as destitute of sound Southern political principles, as is the sandy deserts of Arabia of producing cotton and corn. As to Americans ruling America I am not, and never have been, the least uneasy as to foreigners getting into the ascendancy, politically, in this government. They never have controlled us and never will. As to Roman Catholicism, I dread not its influence. The political history of this government proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that the South has nothing to lose from the Roman Catholics, but much to gain. And furthermore, Church affairs are beyond the province of civil government. These, sir, and many other reasons which I might assign, forbid me acting with this new order any longer. And in conclusion, while they are blaming me with acting in bad faith, I would have them not to forget the many good Whigs

and Democrats who have abandoned their anti-Republican, anti-Constitutional and anti-patriotic principles. Such as Dr. T. Park, Williams, Granbury, Clower, Dr. McGee, and about thirty others.

In much haste, &c.
A. H. McGEHEE.

ENGLAND'S DANGER.

The London Times is furious against the apathy, coupled with duplicity, which British Ministers are manifesting in the present crisis. In England's history. With great truth it says that neither Louis Napoleon nor British Ministers can afford to withdraw their forces from the Crimea short of victory.

"England cannot afford this downfall, nor can the Emperor of the French. His throne rests on opinion. He represents his people. He is of their election; he is their idol, their voice; and, so long as he prospers, their pride. Should his legions return with nothing to show for their campaigns but an enormous bill of costs and list of killed and wounded, he will have to fight a harder battle at home than his generals have been doing in the Crimea.

"But there is not even safety for a nation such as ours when she once begins to recede for when our tide no longer flows it will begin to ebb. The battle we are now fighting at Sebastopol we shall, before long, have to fight near home, and even at home, if we confess our incapacity for war. One place is much the same as another in these days, and to be beaten in the Crimea is the same thing as to be beaten all over the world. There is no such thing as a geographical reputation, and a man may as well expect to enjoy a character for probity in one place, which he does not in another, as to have a military reputation restricted to certain longitudes. We have to secure not only the fear of an enemy that is distant, but the respect of an ally that is very near, and of neighbors that are also within reach. Even now, when we press Austria to take the side of honor and advantage, she taunts us with the smallness of our contributions to the war, and tells us that we are not in a condition to ask the aid of others while we do so little ourselves. This, at least, shows the spirit we have to deal with, and it is a spirit that will be ready enough to assume the aggressive should the occasion ever occur. We have to teach not only Russia, but the whole of Europe, and the whole world to respect our power, and to respect our right to our own territory, but for our evident determination to fight out, at any hazard and cost, the cause, we have once embraced."

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Saturday last near Dr. Downey's, on Armuchee creek; Mr. Hodges was suddenly killed by the accidental discharge of a rock while engaged in loading it for a blast. The tamping iron passed through his head, going near one eye and coming out on the backside, tearing off one side of his head and mutilating it in a most shocking manner. He was engaged in sinking a shaft in search for copper and was then 54 feet below the surface. Another man with him in the shaft had his hand torn to pieces, and his arms broken above the elbow.—Rome Courier.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN FLORIDA.—We regret to learn from the Pensacola Democrat the entire destruction, by fire, of the "Arcadia Cotton Factory," in the vicinity of Milton, St. Rosa county, of Messrs. Forsyth, Symson & Hyer. The fire was discovered at half-past 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon last, and in less than one hour the building was totally burned to the ground. The loss is estimated at \$60,000—only partially insured.

SLAVE EXCITEMENT—FAILURE.—On the 25th of May, a Frenchman passed through Columbus, Ohio, en route for France—having obtained passports for himself and slaves, three in number. The virtuous abolitionists of Columbus immediately had the slaves seized and taken before Judge Swan, of the Supreme Court, to get their liberty. When there, they declined taking their liberty, and insisted upon going with their master, much to the discomfiture of their disinterested friends, who retired under the impression that those negroes could not appreciate freedom, if they had it.

TOM THUMB NOT MARRIED.—The New York Evening Post has been authorized to say that there is no truth in the story of Tom's marriage. The lady to whom it has been alleged he was married, is merely employed to attend to the wardrobe of the "General," who is now on a professional tour in New York State, with Howe's managerie and circus.

SAD ACCIDENT.—The Journal learns that a beautiful little girl, fourteen months old, daughter of Hos. Albert Alden of East Cambridge, [formerly of Barre, an Officer in the Customs,] came to her death on Friday of last week under distressing circumstances. She had been put to bed for her usual afternoon nap, and at the end of an hour, when her mother went into the room the little one was found suspended behind the bed, with the back of her head against the wall and her chin resting upon the mattress. She was immediately taken up, but life was extinct.—Boston Courier.

A FEELING REPLY.—Milton was asked by a friend, whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages, to which he replied: "No, sir; one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

"It is delicious to have a pretty girl open the front door and mistake you for her cousin; but still more delicious, to have her remain deceived till she has kissed you twice, and hugged the buttons of your coat."—Maw, here; Chawles.

HOTEL CHARGES IN NEW YORK.—Several of the first class hotels of this city having found the late advance in the price of board charged by them a losing speculation, have returned to the old rates of \$2.50.