

but the unenviable fraction of nothing. When next he wanders from the awful shades of the university—the member represents Cambridge—to give us the glorious maxims of old times, let him not mutilate them. Let him give them to us in their full and solemn import; let him tell us—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum atque verum*—nothing of the dead is moved to speak upon this floor, let him speak to us of both goodness and truth. God knows, Mr. Speaker, that it is not my province to point out to the member what he should do; but I hope that, in asking him to speak in both goodness and truth, I am not asking too much; that I am not imposing upon him a luxury, which his scanty means will not afford.

Mr. Speaker, it is recorded in a treatise on physiology, as an evidence of the power of the imagination, that a poor water-carrier once dreamed that the king had conferred upon him a patent of nobility, and that he arose in the morning a lancet, weeping over the stern necessity of divorcing from the instincts of his nature and the habits of his life. Now, Mr. Speaker, if the words of the holy scriptures have come to pass; if he has fallen upon the days when the women of Massachusetts prophesy, when the men of Massachusetts “see visions and dream dreams” if the member from the Suffolk district has dreamed that he can speak what is both good and true of the living or of the dead, I trust, sir, that in his waking hours he finds the reality no violence offered to his nature, or no burden too heavy to be borne.

Now, sir, I have to perform the last act in this legislative ceremony. A majority in this House has passed a resolution of censure upon me. For what? Because I did not turn public informer. Informer against whom? Against my then colleague, [Mr. Brooks]—against my friend, my bosom friend, and, as the black republicans have charged with complicity on my part and a conspiracy, I will say, informer against my State. What, sir! turn public informer against my colleague, against my friend, against my State? Sir, those who wish to be galvanised into walking satires upon honor and decency and fidelity may turn informers; I never shall. And turn informer in favor of whom? A man who has slandered my State and one of her most distinguished and trusted sons [Judge Butler].

Sir, I know that my colleague intended to punish the Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. Sumner] unless he apologised. I knew he would punish him, for he told me so, and he always performs what he tells me, and I did not know, however, when or where the punishment would be inflicted; and I did not know that he intended in the Senate chamber. Had I anticipated that act of justice there, I should have been still nearer the scene of action than I was. Sir, the Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. Sumner] had slandered South Carolina and one of her distinguished Senators, [Judge Butler]. Sir, he had slandered a man dear to my State, [Judge Butler] a man whose name is interwoven with our history; a man in whose veins flow only patriotic blood, and whose family escutcheon is bound with laurels won on many a field. Sir, when this man was slandered—this man, distinguished by dignity and usefulness, by his service and reputation—this man crowned with all the honors of a well-spent life—when he was slandered in his absence, it is strange that the blood of a kinsman should run swiftly, and boil up with indignation against the slanderer? Sir, had my colleague acted otherwise than he did, he would have deserved contempt.

There are wrongs, sir, for the redress of which no appeal can be made to a human tribunal. Wounded honor can never be redressed by an attorney; nor can a manly pride be weighed in legal scales. My colleague redressed a wrong to his blood and his State, and he did it in a fair and manly way.

Sir, in the feudal code of chivalry—the only code of chivalry the wit of man has ever constructed—the churl was never touched with the knightly sword; his person was mulcted by the charterist.

Sir, what a spectacle has this House presented to the world! The adherents of Mr. Sumner say, “We hold a man’s person sacred, but his reputation out of the pale of protection. We, on the other hand, say that character is sacred, and without it a man’s person is not worth protecting. Sir, let us go to the country on this issue: Sanctity of character on the one side, and impunity to slander on the other.

I ask, again, sir, did this House expect me to turn informer? Informer, sir, against my colleague and intimate friend? And that, too, in favor of a slanderer. Sir, of all characters, save that of the informer, the slanderer is most despicable. Even after he shall have breathed the supreme breath of his hideous life—for cold-blooded and measured slander is moral homicide—when from the worms, filly bawling on his disgraced remains, even the flies that wrap him shall have dissolved away, and mingled with the tainted earth—when then will history select his name from among the dishonored names of earth and condemn it, in stereotyped infamy, to live among her most withering records. Sir, whoever wishes to be pilloried in dishonor may turn informer—never will I. If the constitution only protects the slanderer, it is worthless. If its eye is only thrown around a man’s body of flesh, while his character, which is immortal, is left to be blurred, and stained, and sullied by obscenity and slander, then the lightning of an indignant people should blast and consume it. Sir, never will I submit to slander, or will I betray confidence.

For the individual opinion of those who have passed the resolution of censure upon me, I care nothing. For their official position, formally recorded, I have no personal sensitiveness. From this recorded act of a majority here, almost entirely black republican and abolition, I shall appeal to my constituents. I shall appeal to the people who hold character sacred, and among whom honor is maintained. I shall appeal to a constituency black republican and abolition, and among whom honor is maintained. I shall appeal to a constituency black republican and abolition, and among whom honor is maintained.

I have only now to add that I have placed my resignation in the hands of my colleague, (Gov. Aiken) to take effect when that he has announced upon this floor, and that he has announced to the committee of the Governor of the State of South Carolina. I wish only to say, in justice to the chairman (Mr. Campbell) of the special committee, that I have no complaint to make against his conduct in this matter.

I now declare, sir, that I am no longer a member of the Thirty-fourth Congress of the United States.

EXECUTION OF M. M. CHANEY.

This unfortunate man convicted at the last spring term of our Court of negro stealing, escaped from the State prison, and was taken into custody on the 15th of July. It had long been the impression of persons in this community, that the prisoner was of a regularly organized clan, who were engaged in enticing and abducting slaves from their masters—Various circumstances led to this impression, and many efforts were made to induce the prisoner to confess his own guilt, and to reveal the names and whereabouts of his confederates; and his belief in inducements were held out that his doing so might lead to a pardon in his own case; but he persisted in asserting his innocence—maintained that he bought and paid for the negro that he was convicted of stealing, and that he was ignorant of any lawless clan of which he was supposed to be a member. It was believed, however, that when brought to the gallows and convinced that there was no hope of pardon, and that only a few moments separated him from eternity, he would make a clean breast, and an open exposure of his guilt.

He addressed the people for about one hour and a half, and during that time, he was repeatedly urged by persons present to make a confession; but all to no purpose, and if we understood the substance of his remarks, he maintained his innocence to the last; though, we believe, his main reasons were, that he would not confess to the crime, and that he would not be hanged, and that he would not be hanged, and that he would not be hanged.

The pardoning words of the unfortunate man to his friends and acquaintances, as he shook them severally by the hand, were truly affecting. About half past 1 o’clock, the fatal instrument of death was drawn across his neck; the horrid cap adjusted, and soon the wretched criminal was launched into eternity.—*Lancaster Ledger, 16th inst.*

From the Washington Union.

TO THE PUBLIC.

It is with extreme reluctance that I am constrained to transfer a private quarrel from its legitimate field into the public press. The fault, however, does not properly rest with me, as an impartial public will decide after reading the following card from Anson Burlingame, member of Congress from Massachusetts:

A Card.

I am informed that the memorandum of a recent conversation of myself and friends with the friends of Mr. Brooks has received, in some quarters, from its position, as appeared in Mr. Brooks’ speech, an interpretation which does injustice to its meaning and to my intentions. This is what I say, and have said, in relation to my speech: That I observed in it the rules of personal and parliamentary decorum; that I could not qualify or retract any portion of it, and held myself responsible to any gentleman aggrieved by it.

This is the only construction which I supposed would be placed on the memorandum, which my friends refused to writing, that there might be no misunderstanding. But, inasmuch as attempts, not altogether unsuccessful, have been made to pervert its true meaning, I now withdraw it. And, that there may be no misapprehension in the future, I say, explicitly, that I leave my speech to interpret itself, and hold myself responsible for it, without qualification or amendment.

A BURLINGAME.

WASHINGTON, July 19 1855.

This card was first published in the “Intelligencer” on Monday, the 21st inst., though it is dated July 19.

As soon as I could procure a friend (which was in less than two hours after I first saw the card) the following message was sent to Mr. Burlingame:

WASHINGTON, July 21.

Sir: Will you do me the kindness to indicate some place outside of this District where it is convenient to you to negotiate in reference to the difference between us.

Very respectfully, &c.

P. S. BROOKS.

Hon. A. BURLINGAME.

Apprehending an arrest from the officious interference of some of the friends of Mr. Brooks, I knew that no friend of mine would lodge information, at night-fall I left my own rooms and went to the house of a friend for greater security.

At about twelve o’clock Gen. Lane called and delivered Mr. Burlingame’s reply to my note, which reads as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 21, 1855.

Sir: Your note of this date was placed in my hands by Gen. Lane this afternoon.

In reply, I have to say that I will at the Clinton House, on the Canada side of Niagara Falls, on Saturday next, at 12 o’clock, m., to “negotiate” in reference to any “difference between us” which in your judgment may require settlement “outside of this District.”

I have the honor to be your obedient servant.

A. BURLINGAME.

Hon. P. S. Brooks.

In order that the public may fully understand the whole matter in relation to Mr. Burlingame and myself, it is necessary to revert to events antecedent to the last correspondence between us. Some time during the last month he made a speech in the House of Representatives, and when referring to the assault upon Senator Sumner, he applied this language to myself: “Stand in the Senate chamber, and struck his brother, as Cain did Abel.” When the sentence was uttered, my friend, Mr. Keitt, who knew that I was absent, pronounced it false; under which imputation Mr. Burlingame quietly retired. I did not at that time feel it my duty to hold Mr. Burlingame responsible for his language, and might perhaps have permitted him and his words to pass.

It was not long, however, before intimations from disaffected friends of Mr. Burlingame, that his friends of Mr. Burlingame were boasting of his valorous assault upon me—of his expertness with the rifle, which they more than insinuated had come to me, in explanation of my forbearance—and that he himself was making capital at home in consequence of his courageous conduct. In regard to the insult given him by Mr. Keitt, it was said that he (Mr. Burlingame) “would not send, but that he would accept a challenge.”

Under these circumstances I felt that forbearance was no longer a virtue, and requested my friend, Mr. Boeck, on the 1st day of July, to go to Mr. Burlingame with the simple question, “Would he receive a call from me?” The reply to this short question is to be found in the following extract from a written statement made to me by Mr. Boeck:

[Extract.]

“Mr. Burlingame then commenced an explanation, which led to a long conversation between us, in the course of which he made many statements, which he said were confidential.

“Omitting these, the answer which he desired me to bear you was substantially this: that he had no unfriendly feelings whatsoever for you, but, on the contrary, regarded you as a man of courage and a man of honor; that while he disapproved of the assault on Mr. Sumner, and felt bound as a Massachusetts man, to condemn it, he had designed to discriminate between the man and the act, [let it be remembered that this language was used on the 1st of July] and had said no more on the subject than his sense of representative duty required. Under these circumstances, he was surprised to find that he had taken exception to anything which he had said. “In relation to the boasts that had been thrown out in his name, he stated that they had been authorized by him, but, on the contrary, he very strongly condemned both them and their authors.”

“And if, after all this, you were not satisfied, and wanted his blood, he stated that he could do nothing else than accept, and would do so.

“Before leaving Mr. Burlingame, I recapitulated what I understood to be his answer. He agreed that he was right, and added that he desired to him as you would do justice to his own feelings to him, and do justice also to my manhood.”

I did do justice to Mr. Burlingame in thought, bearing, and speech. I was pleased with the report of his bearing, and impressed with the belief that he was an elevated gentleman; and when next I met him I respectfully offered him my hand, which he as respectfully received.

On the day that the resolution for my expulsion was taken up in the House, I had prepared to be severe in my remarks upon certain of its members, as also upon the Star of Massachusetts. I requested Mr. Boeck to submit his written statement to Mr. Burlingame for his approval or rejection. In relation to this point, Mr. Boeck says in his last statement: “On the morning on which you made your speech and resigned your seat in the House, I handed Mr. Burlingame the statement which I had prepared, and he has never returned it to me.” I informed Mr. Boeck that I must and should have an acquittance from Mr. Burlingame; and on that evening of the day on which my speech was made) my friend Mr. Boeck brought me the memorandum which was appended to my speech, and which is in the handwriting of Speaker Banks.

The memorandum was in all essential points the same as Mr. Boeck’s statement, the original of which Mr. Burlingame had retained, but a copy of which I had fortunately kept. This memorandum I accepted under the advice of friends, in lieu of Mr. Boeck’s statement, and was told that it was generous to do so. I did so to save Mr. Burlingame’s feelings, whose associates I was informed were pressing him. And yet, after all this—after five days of delay—Mr. Burlingame had the officious duty of sending his counselling friends, and to repudiate, on the 19th of July, because of an assumed false construction, “in some quarters,” an instrument which contained apologies which he had made on the first of the same month, and which apologetic construction had been repeatedly admitted to be true, and also in the presence of his friend, Mr. Banks.

He now expects me to the chivalry, and defiantly says, “I leave my speech to interpret itself, and hold myself responsible for it, without qualification or amendment.”

He requires me to meet him in Canada, a distance of near hundred miles by mail-road—a route running through the enemy’s country, and through which no man knows better than Mr. Burlingame that he would be without running the peril of mob and assassin, and being launched into eternity.—*Lancaster Ledger, 16th inst.*

He knew that I could never get to Canada, and that were I to do so and he were to fall, that I would never get back. He might as well have designated Boston Common.

His proposition is of a so preposterous character that the public will appreciate it without comment from me. When he repudiated the memorandum which was prepared by his friend, and delivered in his own presence, I felt some sympathy for the agony of a proud man driven to doing wrong that he might retrieve the honor of a State which had been tarnished by unworthy representatives. But his last condition is worse than the former, and I deliver him to that condemnation which is inevitable to every community will sternly inflict. I have no further demands upon him; but should he be served up to the point of making demands upon me, I will yet treat him as a gentleman, and meet him at any convenient and accessible point upon equal terms.

I respectfully ask that the subjoined letter from General Lane to the editor, and submit my conduct to the intelligent and spirited people of every State in the Union.

P. S. BROOKS.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 22, 1855.

DEAR SIR: I have deemed it proper and just to make the following statement.

At your request, I called yesterday at near three o’clock, as your friend, upon Hon. Mr. Burlingame—that being the first opportunity I had of meeting him and delivering your note, as requested by you to urge that a meeting should take place at the earliest practicable moment, suggesting that afternoon or this morning at nine o’clock, and hoped that it would suit his convenience.

I further stated that you had supposed that all differences between you and himself had been adjusted; that he (Mr. Burlingame) had re-opened the matter, and that you were anxious to have it ended without delay. He replied, “That is the feeling of a gallant man, and Brooks is a brave man.” That he would have to look out for a friend, and had none in his mind at that time, and perhaps he could not be ready for a meeting at an early hour, as he was requested. I also expressed upon him the necessity of entire acquittance with his friend; and further requested that he or his friend would communicate with me at my seat while the House was in session, or at my room after its adjournment; and, as he had the right of selecting the place for the meeting, and such other arrangements as he used upon such occasions, that he would be the kindness to let me know at as early an hour as was convenient, when and where and what it would be. Last evening, about eleven o’clock, the enclosed note from Mr. Burlingame was placed in my hand by the Hon. L. D. Campbell. The place of meeting designated in said note is so far distant, and would subject you to so many hazards or arrest, and also to a jurisdiction without the limits of the United States, that, as your friend, I advise you, without hesitation, to take no further notice of the matter.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOSEPH LANE.

Hon. P. S. Brooks.

The Advertiser.

ARTHUR SIMKINS, EDITOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1856.

The high-toned article of our friend JOSEPH GRIFITH, Esq., in reply to “RICHARD,” has been laid on our table for publication, but in consequence of the crowded state of our columns and the late hour at which it was handed in, we are reluctantly compelled to defer presenting it to our readers until next week.

AMERICAN HOTEL.

Hamburg has two good hotels. But the one in our mind just now is the “American,” kept by OLIVER H. P. SCOTT & CO. From gentlemen who have stopped there recently, we ascertain that it is all right in every department. Its proprietors know what a good Hotel is and mean to prove this knowledge by giving the highest satisfaction to all who may lend them custom. See advertisement on another column.

MR. CARWILE’S ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is our fault that MR. CARWILE’S name was not brought out two weeks ago. It was handed in to the printer three weeks ago; and we were requested to withhold it until we had been able to publish it, for which we tender to his friends our best apologies.

NOTE.

We are requested to state that the Mechanics of this place will hold an adjourned meeting, this (Wednesday) evening, at 8 o’clock, in Mr. JOHN COLMAN’S work shop.

A FRIENDLESS CHILD.

MR. W. C. HALL, residing near this place, took to his home, the other day, a poor little boy, who says his name is JEREMIAH MITCHELL. He was wandering alone upon the high road, with a little wallet of clothes containing two or three suits. Upon being questioned he did not know where he was going, nor whence he came. He says his mother and father are both dead. His clothes are blue twilled cotton. He wore a roundabout and straw hat.

Any one knowing the unfortunate child and desirous of relieving him, can apply to Mr. HALL, four miles West of this place, on the Edgefield & Cheatham Plank Road.

If application is not made soon, the child will be turned over to the Commissioner of the Poor.

PROFESSOR J. F. G. MITTAG.

This gentleman has been residing in our village and vicinity for some weeks, and will probably remain with us a good while yet. Interesting as a philosopher, successful as an artist and pleasing as a companion, the Doctor is sure to win friends and admirers wherever he goes. We have not enjoyed a fortnight in a twelve-month so much as we did one here lately spent with us. Between the Doctor’s scientific speculations on the one side, and the pleasant, fatherly, and unassuming manner of his conversation, we were really one of the dream spots of life.

It is almost unnecessary to add, by way of a hint to our Edgefield readers, that now is the auspicious moment to secure beautiful portraits of themselves and, especially, of their little dears.

MECHANICS’ MEETING.

It will be seen that a meeting of the Mechanics of our town was held last week, to pay a proper tribute of respect to the memory of Mr. J. H. Christian. We learn that it was a large and a feeling one. The funds for the tombstone to be placed over his grave are already raised. Also, some three or four hundred dollars have been subscribed for the relief of his destitute family, and the list is still passing around.

OUR DARK CORNER LIST.

It is vexatious indeed to be treated, as newspaper publishers are occasionally by the officials of the mail department. We have a complaint to lay at the door of the Augusta post office, and it is this: Our subscribers in the Dark Corner of Edgefield receive their papers by the way of Augusta. The river mail, as we are informed, goes up from Augusta into that neighborhood every Thursday morning. We are now, and have been for some time, mailing our papers for the Dark Corner on Tuesday evening, it reaches Augusta Tuesday night, giving the whole of Wednesday and Wednesday night to ensure its being carried on by the river mail. And yet our subscribers on the Savannah side are frequently, nay, almost always, more than a week behind in receiving their papers. Can the post-master at Augusta explain this to us. Can the post-master at Augusta explain this to us. Can the post-master at Augusta explain this to us. Can the post-master at Augusta explain this to us. Can the post-master at Augusta explain this to us.

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