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."

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Choice Poetry.

IT IS THE SONG MY MOTHER SINGS.

BY ELIZA COOK.

It is the song my mother sings,
And gladly do I list the strain,
I never hear it but it brings
The wish to hear it sung again;
She breathed it to me long ago,
To lull me to my baby rest,
And as she murmured, soft and low,
I slept in peace upon her breast.
Oh, gentle Song! thou has a throng
Of angel tones within thy spell,
I feel that I shall love thee long,
And fear I love thee far too well,

For though I turn to hear thee now,
With doting glance of warm delight;
In after years I know not how
Thy plantive notes may dim my sight.
That mother's voice will then be still,
I hear it falter day by day,
It soundeth like a fountain rill
That trembles ere it cease to play,
And then this heart, thou gentle Song,
Will find an anguish in thy spell;
'Twill wish it could not love so long,
Or had not loved thee half so well.

JOSEY'S BABY.

Sister Josey's got a baby,
(She is but a child herself,)
And the baby is a bright eyed,
Laughing, crying little elf.

Well I mind the April morning—
II was scarcely five years old—
Addie came with smile of gladness,
And a wondrous tale she told:

How a tiny, pretty creature,
To our mother's arms was given,
How a white-winged angel brought it
From its happy home in Heaven.

Mother called our baby Josey,
And she was our pet and pride;
No one thought of scolding Josey,
When she pouted, frowned or cried.

Only think how years crowd round us,
Bringing trouble, bringing change—
Now that baby's got a baby!—
Bless me! ain't it very strange?

Such a precious, winning darling,
Eyes of softest, dark grey,
Cheeks where blessed cunning dimples
Play honeem the livelong day.

You should hear him laughing gaily,
Cooing like a little dove,
If you were the crossest fellow,
Josey's baby you would love.

THAT'S SO!

The world gets wiser every day,
That's so, that's so;
A woman's bound to have her way,
That's so, too;
To contradict will raise a spree,
That's so, that's so;
But man with her should still agree,
And that's so, too,

She carries hoops beneath her skirts,
That's so, that's so;
They show her off when'er she flirts,
That's so, too;
She wears her bonnet very small,
That's so, that's so;
And flounces if she's very tall,
And that's so, too.

Miscellaneous Reading

SPICED VINEGAR.

In the winter of '47 while residing in New Orleans, a youth who stood about five feet eleven and three quarters in his stockings, who hailed from somewhere up the Wabash, was invited by a friend to dine at the same house where I was boarding. This was the Hoosier's first trip away from home, as he told his friend, who was in the produce business, and had purchased his cargo of corn. As they took their seat at the table the youth told his friend that he would show him all the sights of the town and as he wanted to let the folks at home know all about it.

The servant brought him a plate of soup, and observing a gentleman opposite put considerable catsup in his dish, our Hoosier pointed to a bottle of peppersauce and asked what it was.

"Spiced vinegar," was the reply.

"Wal, s'pose you 'blige a feller by handing it along."

"Certainly," was the answer.

The Hoosier took the bottle and commenced dousing it into his soup, but as the sauce did not flow very freely, he took out the cork at the same time observing to his friend—

"Kinder close folks yer stoppin with, to put such a plaguy little hole in that cork, to prevent a feller takin' much of that stuff. I spose it comes high, don't it?"

During the time he had poured nearly a wine glass full into his soup, and taking his spoon he dipped it full, together with several peppers, and put it into his mouth. The next instant he spurted the contents of his spoon across into a French gentleman's bosom, and bawled—

"Water! water! snakes and wild cats, give me some water! I'm all afire!"

"By, gar, suir," exclaimed the Frenchman in a rage, jumping up from the table, "you have spoiled my shirt, sair. Spoiled everything, sair. By gar, I shall see about this' sair."

In the meantime the Hoosier had seized a pitcher containing water and had taken a tremendous draught. Setting the pitcher down, he eyed the Frenchman for a moment, and then yelled—

"Dod blast your old shirt! Spose I was goin to burn my inards out for you or your old shirt? You cuss! Come down to the boat and I'll give you one of mine!"

It was with difficulty that the Hoosier's friend could allay the Frenchman's rage, and set matters straight again. But ever after "spiced vinegar" was a by-word and sufficient to set the whole table in a roar.

[Right here we would take occassion to say, that that Grocery man LEGG, at the Corner, has some of the best "Spiced Vinegar," that ever was brought in these parts.—ED. ADV.

A censorship of the press is about being established in Spain. Indeed, in no European country, except England, is the press unshackled.

SOME SHAKING.

The type of chills and fevers in Anne Arundel county, Md., is of rather a violent nature. An editor of that section speaks of a visit he had the other day from rather a queer genius, named Tom, when the following dialogue ensued:

"How do you do, old fellow?"

"Hello, Tom," said we, "where have you been so long?"

"Why, sir, I have been down on Seven River, in Anne Arundel county, taking Shanghai notes on the chills and fever."

"Ah, indeed," said we, "are they very bad down there?"

"Rather bad," said Tom, drily. "There is one place where they have been trying to build a brick house for eight weeks—well, the other day, as the hands were getting up the bricks, preparatory to finishing it, they were taken with a chill, and shook the whole building completely down, and kept on shaking, till the bricks were dust of the finest quality! Just at this juncture, the chills came on with renewed force, and they commenced shaking up the dust with such a gusto that they were entirely obscured for two hours, and the people of the neighborhood thought the sun was in an eclipse."

"Can't believe nothing like that, Tom."

"It's a fact!" said Tom, and resumed:

"There's a farmer down there, who, in apple-picking season, hauls his negroes out to the orchard, and sets one against each tree. In a short time the chill comes on, and every apple in the orchard is shaken off the tree on to the ground."

"Incredible!" said we, holding our sides with both hands.

"Fact," said Tom, "they keep a man alongside of each negro to take him away as soon as the fruit is off, for fear he will shake the tree down."

Tom continued: "Mr. S——, a friend of mine, and a house carpenter, were engaged a few days ago in covering the roof of a house with shingles. Just as he was "finishing," the chill came on and he shook every shingle off the roof. Some of them are supposed to be flying about yet.

"Another gentleman near the same place was taken with a chill the other day at dinner, and shook his knife and fork down his throat, beside breaking all the crockery on the table. His little son, who was sitting at the table at the same time, was taken with a chill and shook all the buttons off his inexpressibles, and then shook himself clear of them!"

We then prevailed upon Tom to desist, who did so, with the understanding that he was to give us the balance at some future time.

Persons who think of emigrating to Anne Arundel county, will please take notice.

☞ "I always thought so!" is the very wise remark which every body makes when the most unlikely thing in the world has just happened. It argues great penetration and foresight, and as no one has a right to dispute the remark, we may fancy it is believed.

The Rev. Mr. Jones was chaplain to the State Prison in ——, and a very judicious appointment it was. The old gentleman had retired from active pastoral labor, and his venerable appearance and gentle manner were fitted to inspire respect even among thieves. When the fact of his appointment was made known, a member of the Methodist Church, residing within one of the circuits where Father Jones had preached for many years and was well known, having some business to transact with one of his neighbors, thought he would have a joke at the expense of old Mr. Jones, and astonish his neighbor, into the bargain. Now this neighbor Brown, had been a great admirer of Father Jones, had shouted the loudest under his preaching, and cheered him with the heartiest Amen! So to him came the humorous friend, Mr. Smith, and cried out to him over the fence, as he found him at his work:

"Brother Brown, have you heard the news?"

"Why, no. What news, Brother Smith?"

"Well, they say old Father Jones has been sent to the State Prison?"

"You don't say so, Brother Smith! Is it really a fact?"

"I guess it's so," says Smith; "I heard it from Brother Cook, and he saw it in the paper, and I guess there's no mistake about it."

"Well, well! Now, Brother Smith, I'll tell you a thing or two that I never did tell any body before, not even my wife. The fact is, between you and me and that stone wall, I always thought that old Jones wasn't just exactly the right kind of a man; and when he was here I used to think he'd get into the State Prison one of these days. I think the old sinner is better in it than out amongst honest folks."

Mr. Smith left him without explaining the misapprehension, preferring that the scandal-loving Brown should find out his error by degrees. All the world does love to kick a man going down hill.

INOPPORTUNE QUOTING OF BRITISH AUTHORITIES.—British authorities in our courts are considered standard authorities for reference on doubtful points of law. The late Judge Daniels, of Virginia, used to tell us how, with great glee, when a young man, on the circuit, he saved a client's life, solely because the opposite counsel quoted from British authorities. It occurred during the last war, when the English squadron, under Admiral Cockbarn, were ascending the Potomac river, burning and plundering the villages along its banks; a negro man was arraigned for the murder of one of his own color; the offence was clearly proved and the only chance for his escape was a slight informality in the indictment. The prosecuting attorney, in reply to Mr. Daniel's defence of his client, quoted from British authorities, showing clearly that the ground taken by the latter was untenable. While he was quoting and speaking, at intervals, bang! bang! went the cannon from the British squadron. Daniels rose to answer, and with great tact seized hold of the strong point of his opponent's cause turning it completely over against him.

"Gentlemen," said he to the bench, "the prosecuting attorney quotes on this occasion from British authorities! British authorities, gentlemen! Can there be any one in this court room except himself so dead to feelings of patriotism as at such a moment to listen to British authorities, when British cannon are shaking the very walls of this court-house to their foundation? I pause for a reply."

Up jumped one of the justices, highly excited at this appeal, and thus addressed the prosecuting attorney: "Look here, Mr. A——, you had better strike a bee line from this court-house with your British authorities, or I'll commit you! Prisoner, you can go! Crier adjourn the court! British authorities be d——d."

The prosecuting attorney was struck all in a heap at these extra judicial proceedings, and resigned his office the very next day.

WHEN you see a girl so weak that she can't sweep out her own seven by nine chamber, and can go to a ball and dance all night with the power of a locomotive, make up your mind that she is "got up on bad principles." The sooner you take your hat and absquatulate the better. Such a sort of calico has been the everlasting ruin of many a man.

A BOY OF THE TIMES.—We like an active boy—one who has the impulse of the age—of the steamboat in him.

A lazy, plodding, snail-paced chap, might have got along in the world fifty years ago, but he don't do for these times. We live in an age of quick ideas. Men think quick, eat, sleep, court and die quick—and slow coaches are not tolerated. "Go ahead if you burst your boiler!" is the motto of every one—and he succeeds the best who has most or "do or die" in him.

Strive, boys, to catch the spirit of the times, be up and dressed always, not gapeing and rubbing your eyes as if you were half asleep—but be wide awake for whatever may turn up, and you will be somebody before you die.

Think, plan, recollect as much as you please before you act, but think quickly, closely, and when you have fixed your eye upon an object spring for the mark at once.

But above all things be honest. If you intend to be an artist, carve in the wood, chisel it in the marble—if a merchant, write it in your ledger. Let honesty be your guiding star.

A POINT OF ORDER.—One of the members of the Lower House of New York rejoiced in the name of Bloss. He had the honor of representing the county of Monroe, and if his sagacity as a legislator did not win for him the respect of his associates, his eccentricities often ministered to their entertainment. One day, in the midst of a windy harrangue that had became intolerable for its length and emptiness, a "gassy" member from the metropolis stopped to take a drink of water. Bloss sprang to his feet and cried,

"Mr. Speaker, I call the gentleman from New York to order!"

The whole Assembly were startled and stilled; the "member from New York" stood aghast, with the glass in his hand, while the speaker said:

"The gentleman from Monroe will please state his point of order."

To which Mr. Bloss, with great gravity, replied:

"I submit, sir, that it is not in order for a wind-mill to go by water."

It was a shot between wind and water: the verbose orator was confounded, and put himself and his glass down together.

BEARDLESS BARLEY.—We have received from Mr. J. N. Briggs, of West Macedon, Wayne county, N. Y., a few heads of barley without beards, and which an accompanying note informs us was originally discovered in the valleys of the Himalayan mountains. Wherever it originated it is certain that the specimens before us are entirely wanting in "those annoying and poisonous beards attached to all our common varieties." Mr. Briggs informs us that he obtained seven grains of the new variety a few years ago, and being much pleased with its general appearance—being, we suppose, an anti-moustache and "pro-slavery" man—spared no pains to multiply it as fast as the Shanghais and other birds would allow. That his experience would appear from the fact that any persons who will send him their address with one postage stamp, will receive from him one head of barley, containing from thirty to sixty grains. Mr. Briggs is very desirous of having this remarkable grain thoroughly tested, and hopes that every grower of barley in the country will at least give it a trial.

DENTAL ENTERPRISE.—Dead Englishmen's teeth, collected on the battle fields in the Crimea, are now in great demand by the London and Paris dentists. The price current of human ivory has greatly fluctuated recently, owing to the quantities of deceased soldiers' masticators put into the market. It is stated that the idea first entered the heads of some Londoners to send voyaging clerks to the seat of war in search of teeth. The harvest was a good one apparently, and promises to yield a remarkable price, as connoisseurs vaunt the superiority of Englishmen's and Highlander's teeth over all others—the Coldstreams chaps particularly had famous garnished jaws, and it may be a comfort to their departed spirits to see at least one portion of their mortal selves take the journey back to London to be polished and *soigne* in the kindest manner.

HARD TO FIND.—A man who never declines office on account of "circumstances over which he has no control."

A merchant who has never said that his business was "only tolerably good, and money hard to get these times."

A man who never took the beam out of his own eyes.

A creditor who is never "very much in need of money."

A politician who never invited "particular attention to his public acts, or challenged a strict investigation without party prejudice to his career while representing a constituent on a former occasion."

A statesman who is governed solely by a desire to benefit the public.

A thinking man who is not disliked by fools.

A preacher of small intellect, depending more on the power of a sanctimonious long face, for a passport through life, than for any important good he could accomplish, rebuked a brother, for his social fire-side and perhaps some frivolous conversation:

"Brother," he was answered, "I keep my nonsense for the fire-side, while you give yours from the pulpit."

A SINGLE POINT OF VIEW.—A prodigious deal has been said and written for and against marriage—for and against celibacy—and the question has not yet been solved. Punch is too careful to lay hands on so thorny a subject; but this much he does not mind saying: that it is always open to the bachelor to try marriage as soon as he has discovered the error of his ways, but it is not quite so easy for the married man to turn bachelor.

GENTLE SATIRES.—How much more difficult it is to get a woman out on a wet Sunday than on a wet week day. Can the shut shops have anything to do with this?

The oddest mnemonic curiosity is, that woman, who never knows her own age, knows to half an hour that of all her female friends.

If you ask a lady to walk out with you, she first looks at your dress and then thinks of her own.

Notice, when you have accompanied your wife to buy a lot of things at her favorite shop, what ostentatious care she takes of your interest in seeing that you get "the right change."

A *gipsy* woman promised to show two young women their husbands' faces in a pail of water. They looked and exclaimed: "Why, we only see *our* faces." "Well," said the gipsy, those faces *will be* your husbands' when you are married."

A gentleman having done someting wrong in a public garden of Paris, and being called to an account for it by one of the guardians, said to him: "If I were to put a dollar upon each of your eyes, could you see?" The answer was: "No, and if I had another upon my mouth I could not speak."

To the Editors of the Louisville Journal:

SAVANNAH, GA., Aug. 8, 1856.

GENTLEMEN: Yesterday, I sent you a list of over one hundred subscribers, with a check for one hundred and seventy-five dollars. That list might have been almost twice as large but for one error you have committed recently, and I trust you will permit me to reason dispassionately with you about that error, because, while I utterly reprobate the course of those members of our party who refuse to sustain you because you have offended them in the premises, nevertheless I cannot endorse your course, and, with your permission, will succinctly state the reasons that impel my judgment to repudiate both your conduct and theirs. It is to your severe strictures against Col. Brooks, of S. C., I allude, and you shall soon see my objections to them rest on a higher ground than sectional prejudice or sympathy. In the first place, what did Col. Brooks do? He committed an assault and battery on Senator Sumner. Where? In the Senate Chamber, after the Senate had adjourned. Why did he do it? Because Sumner had outraged decency, sunk the dignity of the Senate, and degraded the American character by the application of epithets opprobrious and insulting to the State of South Carolina; and to one of her venerable Senators who was the *kinsman* of Col. Brooks, and moreover *absent at the time.* Where occurred the first blunder in the record? It occurred when the President of the Senate allowed Sumner to use the language he did without calling him to order. Surely this was not the fault of Col. Brooks. Now let us review the position of Col. B. He is a native son of the Palmetto State. He was at his post in the Lower House at the time. It is not mountains, valleys, plains, rushing rivers, or silver lakes that make a State—but her laws and her people—their mental, moral, and physical attributes, principles, and idiosyncracies.

When you denounce a State, you denounce every man and woman in it. Col. Brooks had heard the wife of his bosom, the mother that bore him, his consanguinity and affinity, his old school mates, and his companions on "the tented fields and embattled plains" of the tropics, where he followed the "stars and stripes" (when Sumner was at home studying billingsgate rhetoric, it may be, with which to traduce and villify South Carolina), his "old friends and true friends," and, though "last not least," his confiding constituency, all at one fell swoop denounced and held up to the execration of mankind, under the dancing spangles of ridicule's attractive phesphorescence. Now what is he to do? He is young. He is brave. He is noble. Like all other young, brave, and noble men, he has sensibilities. The Parthian arrows of Sumner are rankling in his bosom. What his impulses are all may imagine, but what are his *duties* and his *rights*, moral and legal? This requires us to look for a moment into the organization of society. Society has its appropriate tribunals to take cognizance of all issues of ethics or law, of either a public or a private character. They are four. The first three are the Equity, Common Law, and Criminal Courts. Of boasted justice, no man can be tried twice for the same offence, in any form or forum, and no two tribunals can obtain jurisdiction of the same case. When Equity gets jurisdiction it keeps it, and ousts the jurisdiction of the Common Law. If a man commits murder with a club, the offence of assault and battery is merged in the homicide, and when he is acquitted or convicted of the latter, he cannot be afterwards indicted and tried for the former offence. In all cases the major merges the minor offence. This is wise and well; were it otherwise, malice, abetted by capital, might wear out the existence and consume the resources of innocence and poverty—make life a curse and justice a mockery. Of what cases has public opinion jurisdiction? Only such as no other court can take cognizance of. This is the proper interpretation by a parity of reasoning of the organization of our Government. What cases are they? All instances of moral turpitude which do not violate a penal statute. Any others? Nay, not one. Why? Because the office of a tribunal's judgment is punishment, and when that judgment is rendered by a competent tribunal it must shock evry exealted sense of right and justice an honorable heart can feel or soul can conceive of to allow, contrary to the letter and spirit of our theory of government, another tribunal to usurp jurisdiction of the same case, and try him over again. It would lead to a sacrilegious desecration of the ermine by the demoniac spirits of fanaticism, who would try their victim in his absence, refuse him the right to cross-examine their perjured witnesses, refuse to hear his witnesses, though they were corroborated in their truth by winged angels and divine revelations, and condemn and execute him, it matters not what may have been the verdict of that impartial tribunal where in the presence of God and under the injunction of oaths justice may have been already amply administered.

Now, what is the charge against Col. Brooks? Assault and battery. This, then, is a misdemeanor provided for in the penal code. In it all immorality is merged like assault and battery is in homicide, when death ensues therefrom. The criminal court has jurisdiction of it, and in assuming that jurisdiction which it did, it ousted the jurisdiction of public opinion, and contracted to do justice between the brother in law and the law-breaker. Let us return for a moment to the rights and duties of Col. B. in his unpleasantly delicate position. Had he been insulted? If he was a gentleman, and worthy of that soil on which the light of Heaven first broke upon his infant vision, he had. Sensitiveness of honor and State pride are the heaven-born instincts of the lofty soul. Is it criminal to love your mother? If it is, let us "all curse and quit!" Who planted that love in our heart? Nature's God. What for? Wiser purposes than you or I wot of; but in it there is religion. It is peculiar to no race, class, or sect. If it is an infirmity, it is a bright one, and has outshone the best virtues that have struggled in the darkest ages to redeem the most depraved and adorn the most exalted nations. It burns in my heart at this moment. I never hear the crack of a rifle that it does not remind me of the glory of our sires. Kentucky, "my own, my native land," there are but tree things on this earth I love as well—the wife of my bosom, the offspring she has born me, and that honor of my soul and character that is necessary to their happiness and that of my own. The man that sneers in my presence at the "Dark and Bloody Grounds" becomes at that moment the outlaw of my contempt. This proves to me the perfection of God's work, and his design that the love of spots and the emulation of races should redound to the erection of governments, and the perpetuity of salutary distinctions in the human family.

The love of Col. Brooks for South Carolina that made him return the blow given to her is a virtue too noble and too fresh from the hallowing breath of Heaven to endure the contact of a groveling sentiment of any imaginable description, and in his bosom, on my soul, I do not believe a dishonorable purpose ever folded its ravien wing. But by whom had the indignity been offered? A *young* man, his superior in *athletic power*, and, if he had had the spirit to have fought him like a man instead of playing the woman, in an attempt to disarm him he *might* have overcome him. Would the aggressor respond to a challenge? No. He will cry now if you hint fight to him. He is an overgrown, blustering calf; valiant in vapor, and vaporing in valor. His own friends admit that his physical constitution was so literally shattered, with fright, that it is by no means certain yet that the sight of canes he is daily exposed to, in a fashionable world, will not end his days in a mad-house. Say cane to him and he will faint quicker than ever Pierce did at the snort of a foaming charger. Is resentment not both natural and legitimate, when insult exasperates feeling? It is more than all that it becomes a *duty*, if not a *necessity*, when impunity may invite its repetition. In this State, on page 841 of the Digest of the Laws of Georgia, is the following statute: "Sec. 841. On the trial of any indictment for assault or an assault and battery, the defendant may give in evidence to the jury any opprobrious words or abusive language used by the prosecutor or person assaulted or beaten; and such works and language may or may not amount to a justification, according to the nature and extent of the battery; all which shall be determined by the jury."

This places the beggar on a level with the millionaire, and allows the medicant to hold up his head and feel that he is a man. He does not have to pocket an insult because his pocket is empty, but, without endangering the crumb that feeds his needy offspring, he may maul the haughty scoundrel who taunts his freeborn and independent spirit with unbearable affronts. Then it would seem that in the region Col. B. was reared resentment is not only regarded as a right, but, by *implication*, made a *duty*, and, being esteemed too precious for the monopoly of opulence, is placed by a special statute within the reach of the lowest humility and most abject penury that when forced to blush may burn to strike. Had not the Senate in this case refused to interfere, and, by its guilty silence, said to Sumner, rail on—vomit your filthy blackguardisms upon South Carolina and her white-haired and *absent* Senator, aye, let the exquisite virulence of your venom draw over her limbs and his the fabled shirt of Nessus until, all seething and festering in moral putrefaction, they stink in the nostrils of all Christendem. *Free speech* is your birth-right, and we will hear you and so shall the nation, and, what is alas! still more mortifying, so shall *all* nations. Now what is Col. B. to do? Obey the high and holy impulses of nature. Prove neither false to himself, his household, constituency, nor State. Meet this dirty onslaught with a manly resentment, and teach the world that, albeit raving fanaticism *may hate*, better men *shall respect* South Carolina and her proud race of brave-born sons. He opens the statutes, reads the penalty for assault and battery, decides to meet it, hunts, cane in hand, for two days through highways and by-ways for the skulking libeller, and when exhausted in patience and disgusted with delay he finds him at last, and, quietly approaching him in front, looking him in the eye and warning him of his intention, feathers in on him with a small cane and gives him a moderate thrashing. Where passion is inflamed indicted? Of course the highest offence he committed was charged in the indictment. He is arraigned and tried by the only tribunal entitled to take cognizance of the case, is found guilty, fined and paid the fine. New was he not fined enough? That is not Col. B.'s fault. He "faced the music." He stood up in court expressly to be fined enough.

Curse Judge Crawford then if he was permitted to escape too lightly. Would the law not admit of an adequate fine being imposed in the case? Blame the law-makers then for that again can be no fault of Col. B.'s. But a word about the place. What sort of superstitious horror is this, you editors of the country, who are the judges who preside in the court of public opinion, and deliver its decisions, are essaying to inspire sane minds with about the holiness of place? I take it that the U. S. Senate chamber is, when that body is not in session, a ten thousand times less sacred place than the lowest hut on the sea beach, where the prattle of a fisherman's babe proclaims the hearth of a home. In heaven's high and holy name, don't insult common sense and provoke the laugh of scorn by making appeals in the meridian of the 19th century to such passions as peopled the dark ages with hideous and frantic phantoms. The horns of oracle altars have been found out to be hollow, and had to be bored and sawed off long ago. We have no sacred political places in this enlightened age and country, and, if the U. S. Senate ever was sacred, the presence and conduct of dirty-mouthed abolitionists have long since profaned and degraded it, and if it is a fit place for them to vomit their slime, it is the best of all places to make them, dog-like, return to their vomit and gulp it down, or submit to have their noses rubbed in it. But you have committed another error. When the country was crazy about Matt. Ward's case, your flaming sword gleamed amid the gloaming darkness of popular madness and folly with a light celestial, as you fought the battle of eternal justice against the infernal demons of prejudice that sought to pollute the pure fountains of public justice by heaving into them the dirt and rubbish of prejudice *before* the proper tribunal had heard and past upon the merits of the case. *Then* you were right, and you won the applause of every legal mind in the Union by the brilliant triumphs of your genius over the blind, wicked, and abominable moral heresies of your silly mad-cap and hell-bound adversaries. But in your hot haste to pre-judge Col. Brooks you soil the laurels you won in that memorable conflict, by anticipating public justice and inditing inflammatory phillippies against Col. B. before he has had *his* trial.

Well may Col. Brooks say to you and others, "Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?" if he were one of the meek and lowly type of men. You tried him before he was legally tried, and condemned him. You saw him legally tried and condemned and then you tried him over again, and again condemn him, and what I want to know is, "in the name of all the gods at once," when and where are you going to stop trying and condemning him. Allow me to tell you, he is no coward, no villain, no blackguard. All these epithets *may* belong to Sumner, but *do not* belong to Brooks, and witty as you are, brave as you are, fierce as you are, and mentally powerful as you are, you may hurl the anathemas of your invective against him, until the earth quakes, and the heavens tremble and Col. Brooks *still* will have millions of irreproachable witnesses to bear the highest testimony to his valor, discretion, and integrity. If *calling* bold men cowards could only make them *such*, then would Col. B. be one indeed, and I dare say it would not be long until the flippancy of dastards would commit the destinies of a chicken-hearted world to the reign of a despotism of poltroonery. The Journal has more influence with me than all other papers in the Union, but in this matter, while I regret the necessity that forced Brooks to cane Sumner, I am ready to exclaim, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," under like circumstances "hit him again!" make him hold his tongue or hold his own, be *decent* or be silent, one or the other. Now let me put our American friends, who refuse to support you in consequence of your course in this matter, through a brief "course of sprouts," and conclude. In the first place, what great issues is before the public now? "To be or not to be." Union or dissolution. What is the Union worth? Everything. How is it to be saved? Only by the election of a national President. How many national men are before the people for that office? But one. Who is he? Millard Fillmore. Fremont's wife says he is a sectional fanatic, and Buchanan himself says he is *nobody any more*. It would seem the Democracy have persisted with such inflexible pertinacity so long in nominating men who were before their nomination *nobody*, that their aspirants have been educated, by the force of habitual reflection, to feel that if they *were anybody* before they were nominated, by virtue of their nomination they *en instante* must become nobody. With them success seems to depend upon it. Is this not a crisis in which we ought to have *somebody* for a President? I always knew the Democracy were easily led, and still more easily misled, but never dreamed they would openly consent, before heaven and earth, to follow the lead of a man who vanishes into a nonentity under the touches of his own pencil. Democracy was once a conglomeration of heterogenous principles. But those principles have died out with the dry rot, and Democracy has become a spirit, and an evil one at that. It is now the god of a party, and its worshippers might well cut the motto of Mahomet in two, "There is but one god" (to-wit, Democracy), and inscribe it on their banners; but truth would require them to add, "Our candidate is his prophet." Unlike the Mecca Pilgrims, they have no respect for the illustrious dead. Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, and Polk are all *nobody* now. They were hailed as prophets of the god a *living candidate* to wear the livery of a political prophet, and lead a multitude, famishing for treasury pap. The almost unanimous concentration of the Northern vote in the Cincinnati convention, *every time*, on Buchanan, and the dogged obstinacy of the South in openly voting against him for sixteen consecutive ballots, until you can almost hear their teeth grit in fancy as they say no the sixteenth time, is either without meaning or *full* of meaning; and, if it is *full* of meaning, it redeems that body from the imputation of silliness, by branding them with sectional purposes. In the dissolution of this Union such purposes must inevitably terminate. Now what paper in the Union is worth more than all others to stay this catastrophy? The Louisville Journal. How? By its fearless, eloquent, and powerful defense of the Constitution and the Union; and its intrepid efficient and enthusiastic advocacy of the preeminent claims of Millard Fillmore to the unanimous suffrages of the conservative men of this distressed land. What are the elements necessary to make an editor efficient, able, and useful? Courage, wit, learning, research, industry, common sense, and *independence*. Is he to follow in the trail of public opinion, like a dog, tied to a ricketty, creaking wagon, trotting in the rear? No, he must play the pioneer, blaze the way for public opinion, and blaze away at public opinion when it wanders from the way he does blaze.

[illegible] sense of [illegible] all the common vulsion and disgust, that the Louisville Journal, in a crisis like the present, when it carries upon its bright wings the last hope of a sinking country, is to be rejected by the very men, toiling in the same vineyard, for the same devout and hallowed purposes, only because upon an *immaterial* issue that journal has the independence to express opinions incompatible with their pre-existing prejudices. Men's passions are the same in all ages, climates, and races, but the felicity of Providential wisdom is nowhere better asserted than in the countless hues and shades of difference that divide men's opinions. When we *feel* we may agree, but when we *reason* we are liable to differ, and if I cannot endure and respect *your views*, what is to become of *mine*, that I want you to hear and consider. But the discussion of such a proposition is beneath the dignity of argument and without the pale of that tempor which self respect and good breeding impose upon the lash of criticism, when it is to fall upon the preposterous vagaries of a friend. The Brooks and Sumner rencounter was a personal matter until it got into court; there it should have stopped forever. An incidental allusion to it is all that propriety can sanction any press in making. Its discussion must be fraught with agitation's interminable trains of evils, and for that reason, *at this time*, is POLITICALLY, RADICALLY, AND ESSENTIALLY WRONG.

A. H. H. D.

AN ATROCIOUS MURDER.—We regret to learn that Mr. Edward Brown, formerly of Chester District, S. C., but residing at Portersville, (Tenn.) was murdered on the 7th instant, by a man named Thos. D. Hoffler.

The circumstances are briefly these: Mr. Brown and Hoffler had a difficulty which had been partially adjusted, but on the morning of the 7th, as Mr. Brown was passing upon the street to procure passage to Memphis, on business, he was met by Hoffler who presented a double-barrelled shot gun loaded with buck-shot, and without notice, discharged at Mr. Brown both barrels, lodging fifty-seven of the shot in his breast. He died instantly. Hoffler immediately fled from justice, but a reward has been offered for his apprehension.

Mr. Brown was one of the brave Palmettoes who went out from Chester under the command of Capt. Dunnovant, and during the Campaign won for himself, by his conduct and devotion to duty, the admiration and esteem of all with whom he became associated.—*Carolina Times.*

J. W. Barker, a prominent Know-Nothing politician of New York, and former candidate for Mayor, has commenced a libel suit for $20,000 against the New York *Tribune* for personal reflections on his character.

THE JEWS.—The New York Post, of Friday, says:—"Some important auction sales of dry goods were postponed from yesterday to to-day, in consequence of yesterday being a holy day, kept so by our Jewish brethren. Auctioneers value greatly the attendance of Jewish buyers at their sales, they giving considerable tone to the market, forming not only a considerable class but an influential one."

THE ALABAMA COTTON CROP.—The Selma *Reporter*, of Wednesday 7th inst., says:

It is now reduced to a certainty that the present cotton crop will be exceedingly short. Notwithstanding the disastrous spring and summer which we had, yet hopes had been entertained from later indications that the crop would be an average one; but the early frost has now completely dispelled every hope, and accounts from every quarter have now satisfied every sensible man that we are to have the shortest crop which we have had for many years past. Many of our planters will finish picking this week, and in the course of a few weeks the whole crop of Alabama will be gathered.

IT is said there are over 20,000 lepers in British India. They form themselves in large bands and go about levying black mail upon the inhabitants, threatening if money and food is not furnished them, to bathe in the wells and thus infect them. The attention of Government has been called to this horrid subject.

RETURNING FROM KANSAS.

The St. Louis Republican, of the 12th inst. says:—"The misguided emigrants, who crowded to Kansas early in the spring, continue to leave that Territory in all directions. They are to be met in scattering companies, looking half starved, sickly and miserable. Many of them having spent all their money, have gathered up their little effects, had crossed the river to Iowa, on their way to their homes, or to locate in some secluded corner of the wilderness, or patch of prairie, where they will be at peace.

"Every boat which comes from the Missouri has among her passengers some of these people. We saw them once before; in the early spring, when they went up the river, with money in their pockets, hope in their hearts, health in their blood, and the world before them."

"They were then in companies of hundreds; they had family circles, and looked happy; they took quarters in the cabins of steamboats, and partook of the luxury of repose and a plentiful table. They were thrifty looking emigrants, who would do honor to any new country.

"We now see them in squads of tens and twenties; crippled, sickly, and apparently poverty-stricken—crowded upon the decks of steamboats, almost begging their way back to the homes they left but a few months before. And civil war in Kansas has wrought all this mischief—doomed many a hopeful heart to despair and death, and embittered the lives of hundreds more whose piteous stories the world will never know. * * * * *

"The time will come when the public mind will be in a temper to ask, how and by whose instrumentality was this distress and misery brought about? What agency had the Congressional Aid Society, and the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Society, and the Beechers, the Sillimans, the Greeleys, the Quinceys, the Sumners, and the Gerrit Smiths, in reducing these people, and thousands of others, to beggary and squalid wretchedness—in introducing murder and rapine, and desolation throughout the Territory of Kansas? It will be a fearful reckoning, but one which will as surely overtake them as that there is a God in Heaven, who sees the wickedness of men on earth, and punishes them for their iniquities.

BEHOLD!—A CONSISTENT FREEMONT MAN.—*The Daughter of a Fremont Elector Married to a Nigger!—What are we Coming To?*—The following is from a Crawfordsville (Indiana) paper. Read it, and be astonished:

"The doctrine that has been so boldly advocated by the leaders of the Abolition party, during the last year, "that a negro was as good as a white man," has become, with a majority of the members of that party, a fixed fact. No longer than last week, a man residing in the vicinity of Oberlin College, in the State of Ohio, gave his only daughter in marriage to a sooty African, who had been educated at this Abolition Institute. This man, we understand, is a State Elector on the Fremont ticket, and regards the negro as his equal. The young lady is described as being extremely beautiful, and but sixteen years of age, while her dusky lord is blacker than the darkest midnight."

leon has positively and peremptorily ordered the prefects of France to allow to all the Protestants in their districts the free and undisturbed exercise of their religion, desiring that he may hear of no more persecution of the Protestants, and that they may never again be disturbed in their worship.

HOGS.—We hear of no improvement whatever in hogs, says the Louisville Courier, for the approaching packing season. The farmers generally are pretty firm, having a good store of old corn on hand, and asking five cents gross for their hogs for early delivery. This is equal to about six and one-half cents net at the packing houses, while buyers are offering six cents net with no sales reported.

GEN. LEWIS CASS.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, writing from Detroit, thus speaks of this veteran Senator:

Gen. Cass is juvenizing. He positively looks better than I have seen him for years past, though he is canvassing the length and breadth of the State, and speaking once or twice every day. He has just passed his 74th year, but appears as active and youthful as ever. All who hear him avow that he has never, on any previous occasions, been as eloquent as now. I was myself present when he drew a picture of the consequences of disunion, which would have made angels weep. The people shouted, while the old man eloquent was himself moved to tears by the picture his imagination had bodied forth.

THE SOUND OF THE CHURCH-GOING BELL.—A letter from Widden, Turkey, of August 27th says, "we have this morning heard a sound which the people of Bulgaria have not heard for ages, the sound of a bell calling the Christians to church to thank God that the Sultan has been pleased to restore to us our liberty of worship. Widden is the first Bulgarian town that has received a bell.

A WEDDING.—A wedding came off at the court house one day last week, in which the bride was *fourteen* and the bridegroom *seventy odd*, years of age. They were both children, the one in her first, the other in his second childhood. There was present at the nuptial ceremony a daughter of the "old gentleman" as old as the bride's mother.—Havana (Ill.) Herald.

A wedding took place last week, at the Court House in one of the districts of this State, in which the bride was one hundred and twenty (120), and the bridegroom (12) years old. Both were in the prime of life. There was present at the nuptial ceremony a son of the bride older than the bridegroom's father.—Exchange.

WE clip the following from the Providence Post: "A noted Abolition orator, whose stock in trade is of the flimsy, highfaluten order, asked very solemnly of his audience, "and who is *John C. Fremont?*" A Democrat who was listening to the harangue, and observed the silence which followed, rose and replied, "An *eminent cattle-dealer!*" which "brought down the house," and *the speaker too.*"

A German prince in a dream, seeing three rats—one fat, the other lean, and the third blind—sent for a celebrated Bohemian gypsy, and demanded an explanation. "The fat rat," said the soceress, is your prime minister, the lean rat your people, and the blind rat yourself."

DANCING NOT IRRELIGIOUS.—The New York Times says: The Churchman, a religious newspaper of this city, of much good sense and some learning, calls dancing "an innocent recreation, and as healthful as it is graceful.

"God is not dishonored by it; on the contrary, the Psalmist says, "Let them praise His name in the dance." And so they may—all the puritanism in the world to the contrary notwithstanding.

THERE is a woman out in Indiana, who does the house-work for a family of nine, goes to market, argues with the clergyman, and talks politics—she converted an old line husband to Fremont