

The Prairie Republican.

"Error may be safely tolerated, when Truth is left free to combat it."—JEFFERSON.

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NEW SERIES, VOL. 2 NO. 29.

From the Columbus (Georgia) Times. The State Fair.

We publish to-day the programme of arrangements for the great Fair to take place at Macon, on the last three days of October. This will, without doubt, be one of the grandest displays that has ever been made in Georgia. It is estimated that from 20 to 30 thousand people will be there; and it will be seen that ample arrangements have been made for their accommodation. It will be a sort of Southern World's Fair, and although there will be Crystal Palace, with in which to display the gorgeous works of taste and art, the fruits of the inventive genius of all people and tongues, yet the immense grounds and spacious buildings erected for the purpose will be amply capacious to exhibit whatever Georgia and other contiguous States may choose to send to mark their improvement and enterprise in the glorious arts of peace. In the mechanical department a Steam Engine (of Georgia make) will be erected to drive all the machinery that may be sent for exhibition. A spacious saloon is to be devoted to the exhibition of specimens of female industry. The Agricultural Department largely cared for by a large circle is reserved for the trial of horses and other animals; while spacious sheds and grounds are arranged for farm stock.

Three bands of music have been engaged in N. York, Charleston and Savannah. At the same time, will meet the Convention of Cotton Planters, whose presence and deliberations will add interest to the occasion. It will, indeed be a sort of Amphitryonic council of the South, where the skill, industry, genius, capital and patriotism of the South will meet, to consult together and compare notes as to the progress of their section in the grand march of civilization.

The city of Macon and its citizens have been magnificent in their expenditures to make the externals of this fair, worthy of the occasion. The central position of Macon, its happy location at the junction of grand iron roads penetrating to three important and distant geographical points, have indicated it as the gathering place for the vast concourse of people who will crowd to it next month. We trust that the city will reap the reward its spirit and enterprise justly merit.

The Executive Committee now in session, have adopted a resolution, ordering a superb Tent, to be pitched upon the Show Grounds expressly for Editors, and the Editors of every paper—from Maryland to Texas—are invited, and also the Editors of the Agricultural and Horticultural Journals in the Union. President of the United States, the Governor of all the Southern States, the Hon. H. Clay, Wm. O. Butler and many other distinguished men, are also invited.

From the correspondence of the Secretary, with distinguished men all over the country, and from the splendid preparations making here, and also from the indications throughout the entire South, there will be exhibited here on the 29th, 30th and 31st of October next, such an array of Art, Skill, Taste, Beauty and Chivalry, as has never been collected at one place in the Union.

The following article which we copy from the New York Evening Post, administers a withering rebuke to those scurvy, snarling curs who, in the presence of the great Lopez, would skulk tremblingly into their filthy kennels—but now, that he is dead, bark their impotent malice over his grave:

"It will probably be the fashion of the press now grown wise by the events which have passed, to denounce Lopez as worthy of the fate which has befallen him. The world is apt to make the distinction between a rebellion and a revolution to depend upon the success of the revolution, who, in the one case, are recorded in history as traitors, in the other as patriots. Lopez will probably be known, therefore, at least so long as the Spanish rule prevails in Cuba, as a rebel and a traitor. In such injustice toward this brave and high spirited man, we will not be implicated. Lopez was no traitor, no military adventurer in quest of employment and plunder, regardless of the rights of his fellows. He was engaged in the deliverance of his own country from the most tyrannical and oppressive government that now exists, so far as we know, on the face of the earth. Though a native of Spain, he was the husband of a Cuban lady, had resided on the island for many years and had made it his country. He had held high positions in the Spanish army, and at one time represented the island, we believe, in the Spanish Cortes. He was certainly a member of that body, either as a delegate from Cuba or from old Spain. He had ample opportunities of acquainting himself with the people and the tyrannical policy of that Government, especially towards the country of his adoption, and when he returned he resolved to devote himself to the cause of Cuban independence, as the only mode of securing any fair share of political freedom to the Cuban people.

"He then had the entire confidence of all classes of people on the island, and was very near effecting a revolution in 1848. His plans were discovered, he was obliged to flee, while many of his less fortunate associates were caught and garroted. He then came to the United States, where he was obliged to mature his future plans.

"Lopez was no common man; much less was he a man of sordid motives and mean ambition. He was over sanguine, like most of his countrymen. He did not anticipate and provide for all the contingencies which were indispensable to the success of such an enterprise in the nineteenth century, and he may be charged with a criminal indifference to the value of human life, in taking such risks. Every one but himself felt and saw that any one should risk his life for himself than any one should risk the lives of his countrymen. He did not know that the Spanish Government had set a higher price upon his head than they would pay for any other man's in their whole empire, and that he had no security for the future but in success. He died as he lived, like a hero and a gentleman. Whether the cause of liberty in his unhappy island died with him, remains to be seen. The blood of the patriotic is the seed of freedom, and we feel that we should discount our American ancestry and the country whose independence their heroism achieved, if we did not deeply sympathize with the progress of Cuba in the death of Lopez, their champion and martyr, and if we did not continue to hope

nothing strange in his person. It is only from the elbow that the malformation commences. The arm there divides into two limbs, each ending in a hand with a double supply of fingers. These additional arms are regularly made, and the only remarkable point observed by medical men is the immense development of the deltoid muscle at the summit of the shoulder. The clergyman who had brought up Roltz, at his death left him his small property, and the young man immediately purchased diamond rings, with which he loaded his twenty fingers. It was with these so adorned that he performed before the Emperor of Russia, who expressed his surprise at the musical powers of the young man. Roltz, it is said, is shortly to visit Paris.

Unrivaled Piano Forte Player.
We find the following extraordinary statement in the National:
Count Orloff has just presented to the Emperor of Russia an extraordinary musical phenomenon in the person of a young Wallachian called Frederick Roltz. This man has been born with four hands, each having ten fingers. He was brought up by a clergyman, who taught him to play on the organ, but the young man, in the course of time made a piano forte for himself, of considerably greater power than the ordinary instruments. He enjoys excellent health, and with the exception of his hands, presents that from his grave would rise, at no distant day, the Washington by whom the cause of freedom in Cuba may be conducted to a more auspicious issue."

From the International Magazine.
PRIVATE LIFE OF JOHN C. CALHOUN.
BY MISS M. BATES, (ADDRESSED TO HER BROTHERS).

The funeral rites of the lamented Calhoun have been performed. So deeply has the mournful rite impressed me, so vividly have memories of the past been recalled, that I am incapable of thinking or writing on any other theme. My heart prompts me to garner up my recollections of this illustrious statesman. I can better reserve these invaluable memories by committing them to paper, and as you enjoyed but one brief interview with Mr. Calhoun, these pages shall be addressed to you.

An eloquent member of the House of Representatives, from your State, has compared this Southern Juno to that remarkable constellation, the Southern Cross. A few years since, in sailing to West Indian island, I had a perilous voyage, but have ever felt that the sight of that Southern Cross, which had long haunted my imagination, almost repaid me for its excitement and suffering. And thus I regard an acquaintance with this intellectual star as one great compensation for a separation from my early home. It would have been a loss not to have seen that poetic group, which greets the traveler as he sails southward, but how much greater the loss never to have beheld that unique luminary which has set to rise no more upon our visible horizon.

Mr. Calhoun's public character is so well known to you that I shall speak of him principally in his private relations, and shall refer to his opinions only as expressed in conversation—for it was in the repose of his happy home, in the tranquility of domestic life, and in the freedom of social intercourse, that I knew him.

While the clarion notes of his fame resound among the distant hills and valleys of our land, while those who in political strife exulted in the champion of the South nobly acknowledge his valor and his honor, while Carolina chants a requiem for her departed dead, may not one who knows his moral elevation, and who has witnessed his domestic virtues, have the consolation of adding an unaffected tribute to his memory? While his devoted constituents, with impressive symbols and mournful pageants, perform funeral rites, erect for him the costly marble, weave for him the brilliant chaplet, be it mine to scatter over his honored tomb simple but ever green leaflets. While in glowing colors the orator portrays him on his peerless career in the political arena, be it mine to delineate the daily hours of his life.

In Mr. Calhoun we united the simple habits of the Spartan warrior, the inflexible principles of the Roman senator, the courteous bearing and indulgent kindness of the American host, husband, and father. This was indeed a rare union. Life with him was solemn and earnest, and yet all about him was cheerful. I never heard him utter a jest; there was an unvarying dignity and gravity in his manner, and yet the playful child regarded him fearlessly and lovingly. Few men indulge their families in as free, confidential, and familiar intercourse as did this great statesman. Indeed, to those who had an opportunity of observing him in his own house, it was evident that his cheerful and happy home had attractions for him superior to those which any other place could offer. Here was a retreat from the cares, the observation, and the homage of the world. In few homes could the transient visitor feel more at ease than did the guest at Fort Hill. Those who knew Mr. Calhoun only by his Senatorial speeches may suppose that his heart and mind were all engrossed in the nation's councils, but there were moments when his courtesy, his minute kindness, made you forget the statesman. The choicest fruits were selected for his guests; and I remember seeing him at his daughter's wedding, take the ornaments from a cake and send them to a child. Many such graceful attentions, offered in an unostentatious manner, to about him, illustrated the kindness and noble simplicity of his nature. His family could not but exist in his intellectual greatness, his rare endowments, and his lofty career; they seemed to live a sort of life in their love for him.

Between himself and his younger daughter there was a peculiar and most tender union. As by the state of her health she was deprived of many enjoyments, her indulgent parents endeavored to compensate for every loss by their affection and devotion. As reading was her favorite occupation she was allowed to go to the letter-box which came from the office, and select the papers she preferred. On one occasion, she had taken two papers, containing news of her father, which her father was anxious to see, and she would allow no one to disturb her until she had finished her perusal.

In his social as well as in his domestic relations he was irreproachable. No shadow rested on his pure fame, no blot on his scutcheon. In his business transactions he was punctual and scrupulously exact. He was honorable and as honest. Young men who were reared in his vicinity, and whose eyes ever on him, say that in all respects in small as well as in great things, his conduct was so exemplary that he might well be esteemed a model.

His profound love for his own family, his cordial interest in his friends, his kindness and justice in every transaction, were not small virtues in such a personage.

He was anti-Byronic. I never heard him ridicule or satirize a human being. Indeed, he might have been thought deficient in a sense of the ludicrous, had he not by the unvarying propriety of his own conduct proved his exquisite perception of its opposites. When he differed in opinion from those with whom he conversed, he sought to endeavor, by a respectful manner, to compensate for the disagreement. He employed reason rather than contradiction, and so earnestly would he urge an opinion and so fully present an argument, that his opponent could not avoid feeling complimented rather than mortified. He paid a tribute to the understandings of others by the force of his own reasoning, and by his readiness to admit every argument which he could, although advanced in opposition to one he himself had just expressed.

On one occasion I declined taking a glass of wine at his table. He kindly said, "I think you carry that a little too far. It is well to give up everything intoxicating, but not to give up light wine." I replied that I was renouncing it for the sake of consistency and for the benefit of those who could not afford wine. He acknowledged the correctness of the principle, adding, "I do not know how temperance societies can take any other ground," and then defined his views of temperance, entered on a course of interesting argument, and stated facts and statistics. Of course, were all men like Mr. Calhoun, temperance societies would be superfluous. Perhaps he could not be aware of the temptations which assail many men—he was so purely intellectual, so free from self-indulgence. Materiality with him was held subject to his higher nature. He did not even indulge himself in a cigar. Few spent as little time and exhausted as little energy in more amusements. Domestic and social enjoyments were his pleasures—kind and benevolent acts were his recreations.

He always seemed willing to converse on any subject which was interesting to those about him. Returning one evening from Fort Hill, I remarked to a friend, "I have never been more convinced of Mr. Calhoun's genius than to-day, while he talked to us of a flower." His versatile conversation evinced his universal knowledge, his quick perception, and his faculty of adaptation. A shower of words compelled him to take shelter in the shed of a blacksmith, who was did not wear the conservative party at the North that this monster was not to be tampered with. And did he not call on them to unite, and arise in their strength and destroy it?

And how could he, with his wise philosophy, his knowledge of human nature, and universal benevolence, view with indifference that unreflecting and wild (or should I not say savage) philanthropy, which, in order to sustain abstract principles, loses sight of the happiness and welfare of every class of human beings? How often did he exclaim, "I have no objection to those subjects, but the right of legislation should be preserved, that angry words and ungenerous recriminations should cease!" Did he not foresee that such discussions would serve to develop every element of evil in all sections of the country—a country with such capacities for good? Did he not wisely fear that the ancient fable of Cadmus was realized—that dragon-teeth, recklessly scattered, would spring up armed? And did he not know that the Southern heart could not remain insensible to reproach and aggression?

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Mr. Calhoun was a philanthropist in the most liberal sense of the word. He desired for man the utmost happiness, the greatest good, and the highest elevation. If he differed from lovers of the race in other parts of the world, with regard to the means of obtaining these results, it was not because he failed to study the subject, but because he lacked opportunities of observation, and of obtaining facts; nor because he indulged in selfish prejudice. From every quarter he gleaned accessible information, and with conscientious earnestness he brought his wonderful powers of generalization to bear on the subject of human happiness and advancement—his pure unselfish heart aiding his powerful mind.

The good of the least of God's creatures was not beneath his regard; but he did not believe that the least was equal to the great. He did not think the happiness or elevation of any class could be secured by a sentiment so unphilosophical. The attempt to reduce all to a level, to put all minds in uniform, to give all the same employment, he viewed as chimerical. He said that in every civilized society there must be divisions of labor, and he believed the slave at the South more happy, more free from suffering and crime, than any corresponding class in any country. He had no aristocratic pride, but he desired for himself and others the highest possible elevation. He respected the artisan, the mechanic, and agriculturist, and considered each of these occupations as affording scope for native talent. He believed the African to be most happy and useful under the guidance of an Anglo-Saxon; he was ever ready to hard labor and responsible efforts; he liked personal service, and identified himself with those whose services he employed.

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The good of the least of God's creatures was not beneath his regard; but he did not believe that the least was equal to the great. He did not think the happiness or elevation of any class could be secured by a sentiment so unphilosophical. The attempt to reduce all to a level, to put all minds in uniform, to give all the same employment, he viewed as chimerical. He said that in every civilized society there must be divisions of labor, and he believed the slave at the South more happy, more free from suffering and crime, than any corresponding class in any country. He had no aristocratic pride, but he desired for himself and others the highest possible elevation. He respected the artisan, the mechanic, and agriculturist, and considered each of these occupations as affording scope for native talent. He believed the African to be most happy and useful under the guidance of an Anglo-Saxon; he was ever ready to hard labor and responsible efforts; he liked personal service, and identified himself with those whose services he employed.

Mr. Calhoun spoke of the great inconsistency of English philanthropy, which, although it was a very good thing, was not to be tampered with in England, and he said that among politicians and statesmen

among the people, and you will know this when I am dead."

Though Mr. Calhoun acknowledged, in his own winning way, the involuntary tributes of friendship and admiration, he coolly, dispassionately, and never with a word of property, public testimonials of homage which were offered to him. His wife shared with him this unostentatious spirit, preferring the voice of friendship to the acclamations of the multitude. I have heard some of his family say that they coveted nothing, not even the Presidency, for him. They, with many of us who know him, felt that even the first gift of a great nation could not add one gem to his crown—that crown of genius and virtue, whose glorious beauty no mortal power could illumine with new effulgence.

His sincerity was perfect. What he thought he said. He was no diplomatist. Some of his theories might seem paradoxical, but a paradox is not necessarily a contradiction. He has been accused of inconsistency. Those who thus accuse him do him grievous wrong.

Nothing is more inconsistent than to persist in a uniform belief when changing circumstances demand its modification. How absurd to preserve a law which in the progress of society has become null and obsolete! For instance, granting to a criminal "the benefit of clergy." "Nothing," says a distinguished English writer, "is so revolutionary as to attempt to keep all things fixed, when, by the very laws of nature, all things are perpetually changing. Nothing is more arrogant than for a fallible being to refuse to open his mind to conviction." When Mr. Calhoun altered his opinion, consistency itself required that he should change.

However sound a political sentiment might have differed from those of many of the great and good of the age, he was sincere in them, and believed what he asserted with all the earnestness of an enthusiastic nature, with the faith of a close and independent thinker, and with all the confidence of one who draws his conclusions from general principles and not from individual facts. Time will test the truth of his convictions. It has been said that he was sectional in his feelings, but surely his heart was large enough to embrace the whole country. It has often been said that he wished to sever the Union, but he loved the Union, nor could he brook the thought of disunion if by any means unity could be preserved. Because he foresaw and frankly said that certain effects must result from certain causes, does this prove that he desired these effects? In his very last speech he speaks of disunion as a "great disaster." But he was not a man to cry "peace, peace, when there was no peace." Although like Cassandra he might not be believed, he would raise his warning voice; he was not a man to hide himself when a Hydra had sprung up which threatened to devastate our fair and fertile land from its northern borders to its southern shores.

And while he called on the South for unity, he did not wear the conservative party at the North that this monster was not to be tampered with. And did he not call on them to unite, and arise in their strength and destroy it?

And how could he, with his wise philosophy, his knowledge of human nature, and universal benevolence, view with indifference that unreflecting and wild (or should I not say savage) philanthropy, which, in order to sustain abstract principles, loses sight of the happiness and welfare of every class of human beings? How often did he exclaim, "I have no objection to those subjects, but the right of legislation should be preserved, that angry words and ungenerous recriminations should cease!" Did he not foresee that such discussions would serve to develop every element of evil in all sections of the country—a country with such capacities for good? Did he not wisely fear that the ancient fable of Cadmus was realized—that dragon-teeth, recklessly scattered, would spring up armed? And did he not know that the Southern heart could not remain insensible to reproach and aggression?

"Non obtusa ad gestum pectora ferunt.
Nec non adversus tyrannos Tyrō pugnat, ab urbe."
And, ah, how earnestly did he plead for freedom, truth, and justice! As far as I understood him, he wished to benefit by his policy in affairs both the South and the North. I remember, in speaking by me of free trade, he expressed the opinion that the course he recommended would benefit the North as well as the South. This he did not merely assert, but sustained with frequent argument. In his conversation there was a remarkable blending of fact and theory, of a knowledge of the past and an insight into the future.

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