

Let him go to New York, the great empire State, and behold her political destinies under the absolute dominion of one who desecrated the Forum, and shocked the moral sense of the nation, by proclaiming for himself and his followers "a higher law" as the rule of civil conduct. The withering scorn and contempt which this declaration drew down upon him from an indignant and outraged Senate, have fallen harmless at his feet, and he now stands before us, towering in the pride of victory, the master spirit in the most powerful State of this Confederacy. Look at Ohio, the great State of the West, under the lead of Giddings and Co., passing laws seeming to your stolen slaves the writ of habeas corpus, and making it felony to aid in their restitution. Go to Massachusetts and ask yourself how and by whom was Sumner, the Abolitionist, elected to the Senate. Visit Boston, and ponder over the ominous fact that the constituted authorities of this mis-named modern Athens, have actually closed the doors of old Faneuil Hall upon their own Democracy. Turn to the public press and see these great arteries steadily infusing the deadly poison into the public mind. Approach the chair, and hear the terrors of hell preached against all who will not join in a crusade against us and ours. Is the miserable mockery of the trial and surrender of Sims, the delivery of a runaway in New York, and another in Philadelphia—are these forced, costly and hazardous vindications of the Fugitive Act to be held up to us as evidence of a returning sense of justice on the part of the North, in opposition to the startling fact that three of the most powerful States of this Union are, politically, governed by men who publicly declare the law to be unconstitutional, and boldly avow their purpose to procure its repeal? Are those flimsy cobwebs to blind our eyes to the fact that both the great political parties of the North court the influence and obey the mandates of the Abolitionists? Six months ago it was proclaimed in the Senate and by high authority, that the Compromise Act had killed Abolition. Killed, Mr. President! It has had imparted to it renewed vitality. It has been steadily marching from conquest, to conquest, exulting in its strength, and gloating over its ultimate triumph. In less than five years, if not crushed, it will give law to the Republic. We only cheat ourselves. We show ourselves deaf alike to the voice of reason and experience, if we hope to save ourselves by relying on compromises with men who have once surrendered themselves to the wild spirit of fanaticism. Recognizing no law, acknowledging no obligation, its war is one of extermination. Those who cross its path must become its victim or its victor. I will not dwell on this point. The whole history of Abolition, its rise, progress, present power, and ultimate aim, unmistakably point us to our destiny. When to this you add the history of the imposition of taxation and its disbursement by the Federal Government for the last twenty years, well may our Senator declare to you that the Southern States occupy the degraded condition of proscribed political communities. Mr. President, I have come deliberately to the conclusion, that this Union cannot, and ought no longer to exist. To us of the South it is a hard bargain. It has failed to accomplish the ends for which it was instituted. The compact creating it has ceased to be of binding effect on those who, by mere force of numbers, control its action. We have suffered until we should suffer no longer. It is time we should seek new safeguards for our future security.

This brings me to the consideration of the real question before us, and on which some difference of opinion seems to exist. Shall we send forth to the country the declaration that South Carolina will secede from a Union, faithless to its own obligation, regardless of our rights and no longer compatible with our interests and safety. The objection to this course, so far as I can comprehend it, is that it will deprive us of the co-operation of the other Southern States and defeat the formation of a Southern Confederacy, an object we all have so much at heart. Co-operation and a Southern Confederacy! There was a time when there was some magic in the words. I once listened with hope to the sound, and lingered with delight over the glowing picture which eloquence has so often drawn of that magnificent Confederacy, which co-operation was so sure and so soon to usher into existence. But the humiliating realities that surround us, have broken the charm and dispelled the illusion. With whom will you co-operate? With Virginia? A little more than a year ago her legislature solemnly resolved to resist legislation on the slave trade in the District of Columbia, at all hazards and to the last extremity; and but yesterday she resolved to submit to such legislation, and coolly intimates her displeasure at the course she thinks South Carolina will pursue. Mr. President, what a melancholy spectacle is here presented. The land that gave to the genius that penned and the immortal spirit that triumphantly vindicated the great chart of American Liberty, has become the nursery of a new school of statesmen, who draw their lessons of patriotism from that comfortable philosophy which teaches submission to "present ills rather than fly to those we know not of." Will you wait on North Carolina? The honorable Senator has paid a merited compliment to North Carolina, in the early days of the Republic, but let him point me, if he can to a single oasis in this wide waste of Federalism. There is not here a single hook on which to hang a hope. It remains to be seen whether the gallant Clingman will not be sacrificed, because of the excess of his zeal in defence of Southern Rights. Turn to Georgia and gather hope if you can by listening to praises to a glorious Union from the lips of Cobb, Stephens and Toombs. Her Convention marched up the hill and marched down again. With a majority of her people, the test of patriotism and the passport to honor, is abuse of South Carolina, and those of her sons who have manfully stood up for Southern Rights, unseduced by the patronage and intertified by the powers at Washington. How stands matters in Alabama? Victims of Federal honors, I fear, have absorbed the soul of her amiable King and the fiery Clemens who so eager "to face the music," has lowered his colors before the first roll of the drum has been sounded. In Mississippi the prospect, though not altogether cheerless, is by no means encouraging. I

know, sir, that in all these States, and throughout the South, we have many gallant friends who think as we think, and who feel as we feel, and who upon the top of the drum, will rally to our standard, ready to sink or swim with us in upholding our cause and theirs. But these friends are in a minority in their respective States, and without some new issue must continue. If then it is idle to wait for co-operation, what effect will our declaration have upon the cause of our friends in these States? Will it weaken or strengthen them? Surely Mr. President, it cannot injure them for us to say to them, that we are in earnest, that we intend to do what they expect us to do, and what they themselves are laboring to bring public opinion up to in their respective States. On the contrary, dispirited by desertion at home, it will give them courage to learn that the cause has not been abandoned everywhere, that one blow at least will be struck in defence of the proscribed and doomed South. Sir, it may, it will infuse fresh zeal and renewed activity to their ranks. A righteous cause never loses by an open and fearless course. In such a cause we all feel that we are embarked. Let us then defend it like men and leave the consequences to God.

But, Mr. President, independent of all considerations as to what effect such a declaration will exert on the cause elsewhere, we owe to our own people a distinct and unequivocal avowal of our intentions and purposes. If we are in earnest, let us say so in so many words, and let the public mind be fully prepared for the gravest issue. Let the people fully contemplate it in all its hazards and all its consequences. On the other hand, if we only propose to gratify our vanity by the lavish expenditure of fervid but pointless eloquence, if we only intend to maintain our equality and defend our rights by the formidable battery of rounded periods and sounding resolutions, let us at once, without advancing another step, proclaim the humiliating fact. In my opinion, one single act in such a cause is quite enough. It is too costly an entertainment for a change of scenes, or the introduction of interludes. Let the drop-curtain close at once over us and our proceedings. Increased taxation, to be justified by a remote contingency, we are afraid to face, is, I assure you, music to which the people will not long willingly dance. The truth is, turn and twist it as we may, we have reached that point in this controversy when we must choose one of two alternatives: we must either advance a step forward, or take a step backward. There is no possible middle ground on which to stand. To doubt, to hesitate, to waver, at this stage of the game, will inevitably lead to disgrace and disaster. For one, I infinitely prefer, that we give in our adhesion now, than at some future period. Mortifying as it will be, it will be far less ridiculous and disgraceful than to keep up a game of gaseousness and bluff, under the desperate idea that we shall be finally rescued by the interposition of some political legendman, which may shield our bodies, but which will leave us degraded in our own eyes, and contemptible in the eyes of the world.

Will a declaration that, in our opinion, past aggression not only justifies, but demands, our secession, defeat or postpone the formation of a Southern Confederacy, which we all desire, and which our friends, ill-advisedly, as I think, make a condition precedent to any action whatever on the part of South Carolina? The idea that we are to obtain a Southern Confederacy by the deliberate, pre-concerted, pre-arranged co-operation of any number of States, is, to my mind, a most fatal delusion. Under existing circumstances, it is folly to expect it—madness to hope it. I care not what the nature of the grievance, what the outrage perpetrated, what the danger impending, it is contrary to the nature of things, contrary to reason and all experience, to calculate that the Southern people, separated by State lines, and distracted by internal party divisions, will ever, voluntarily, meet together, gravely discuss the question, quietly arrange the terms, and make on any such scheme. No Government ever was or will be called into existence by any such co-operation. Sir, if we are to have a Southern Confederacy, and I have no doubt of it, it must, it can only be brought about by separate State action. If secession is revolution, then the revolution must begin somewhere. Some one must strike the first blow. Some one State must throw the ten overboard. This done, and the rest most probably follow. I care not to look beyond a field of Lexington. Common wrongs and common dangers must unite common sufferers, and lead to common sacrifices and common efforts. And why shall not South Carolina strike the blow? Is there anything in her past history to render her unworthy to lead the forlorn hope in this or any other cause in which her honor and her rights are at stake? Does any one of her sisters doubt but that her sons will prove themselves worthy descendants of men who have enriched her soil with their blood, and have illustrated every page of her history with undying examples of courage and patriotism? Sir, it will not do to talk any longer about prevailing prejudices, deep seated jealousy against South Carolina; and that any attempt on her part to move, will drive others off. Men who can be driven from duty, who will desert their own cause, from any such paltry considerations, have not the spirit, and never intend, to defend their rights. If our cause is to rest on co-operation with such materials, then the day of our deliverance will never dawn. To hope for such co-operation is submission, to lean on it is degradation. This hue and cry about South Carolina, raised by lought up political demagogues, can only be silenced by a direct appeal to a practical issue. My life on it, when this issue is fairly made, the great mass of the Southern people will be found true to us and true to themselves.

Mr. President, I do not feel called upon to discuss the question whether secession be a measure of peace or of blood. It is a matter about which it is idle to speculate. Time alone can solve the problem. As a measure of peace, our Senator regards as its most alarming aspect. This to me is passing strange. He has said with great confidence that he believes no man will be found bold enough to advocate separate secession, if it leads only to our separate national existence. For one, I unhesitatingly declare, that I infinitely prefer, a separate State existence to a continuation in

a Union governed by heartless fanatics and political scoundrels. What, sir, is to hinder our separate national existence? Has not South Carolina within herself ample resources to maintain such an existence? Have we not intelligence enough to devise our own form of government, and virtue enough to sustain and preserve it? South Carolina, peacefully out of the Union, left free to establish her own commercial relations, and it is clear to my mind, that she possesses within herself the means, and can provide for herself the cheapest, the mildest and the purest government that ever encourage the hopes or blessed the labor of man. With me government is not a matter of geography. Its value does not depend on extent of space or amount of population. To command my respect and challenge my obedience, it must inspire confidence instead of distrust, it must stimulate hope not fear; above all it must afford security, that security which enables me to feel that what I have is my own, and that what I may quietly sit beneath my own vine and fig tree, with none to molest or disturb me.

Next it is conjectured that the Government will probably resort to a quasi blockade, and that under its operation the commerce of Charleston is to be destroyed. Well the answer to this is that blockade of any kind is coercion, a forcible denial of the right of a State to withdraw from the Union, and as such we must meet it. Now, I admit that secession may and will probably involve serious sacrifices, and that these will fall most heavily on our cherished city. But shall this deter us? Our fathers took counsel neither of their fears nor their weakness. If we shrink from the sacrifice now, will the future find us willing to incur it. I regret that my friend has reduced this great question of liberty and right to the standard of dollars and cents. No people who measure their principle by the money standard can long preserve their liberties. If commerce can only flourish at the expense of those stern and manly virtues which alone qualify a people for self-government, then let it "perish." In the day of Moultrie and Rutledge, appeals to the commercial fears of the city found no response, although the issue then, as compared with the present, was a more abstraction. The Honorable Senator says that he has too much respect for us, to suppose that secession commends itself to us, because of the facilities it may afford for successful smuggling. In this he is right. But if, as he intimates, the Federal Government shall resort to petty commercial restrictions for the purpose of annoying and breaking the spirit of our people, then, sir, I would meet it with smuggling. There is as much dignity in the defence as in the attack.

I know, Mr. President, that those in power deny the right of a State to secede, and the employment of force has been held forth to deter us. If this be so, if it be true that secession is merely the right of revolution, then I ask what becomes of the great fundamental truth of our revolution, that government derives its authority from the consent of the governed, and that the people have the right to amend, alter and abolish it at will. The General Government is a creature, not a master. Force, as a means of perpetuating its existence over its own members, is not an element in the Constitution, and the heaviest trial to which it will ever be exposed, will be its employment. Webster, Clay and Fillmore, may preach it, but they will find no followers to enforce on the map of North America the government of the sword. The people of this country who are to do the fighting, cannot unlearn themselves if they would. The sword will fall powerless, the musket will never be levelled, when told that it is against a people who only ask the right of self-government. If we acquiesce in the denial of this right, if the doctrines of Webster are to be silently cognized on the Constitution, then, sir, ours is not a Confederacy of independent sovereignties, but a vast consolidated Empire—a huge democracy, and we shall soon find ourselves the miserable victims of a rapacious, heartless, soulless despotism, compared with which the rule of the Autocrat of Russia will be address and decency indeed.

I am aware, Mr. President, that at all times and under the most favorable circumstances, it is extremely difficult to effect a fundamental change of Government. Independent of various causes that operate more or less powerfully against all change and experiment, there are to be found in all communities, two classes, the one from instinct and the other by position, who always side with the existing Government and resist its overthrow. These are Capitalists and Office Holders, and they wield a powerful influence in every country. It is easy for these men to cry revolution, and paint in its train, to frighten the timid and ignorant, terrible scenes of suffering, cruelty and bloodshed.

How far these influences have already been exerted in sowing the seeds of disunion in our ranks, or to what extent they may hereafter be exerted in swerving the State from her true course, I will not undertake to say, but it is clear to my mind that these men for once decide themselves. Now, I deny the right of the Federal Government to employ force against a State.—But, suppose I am wrong, and that these capitalists are right, and secession brings revolution.—What, let me ask, will they gain by averting it now? In escaping the terrors and blood of a civilized revolution, they are only reserving themselves for the more refined cruelties and the more terrible horrors of that servile revolution, which abolition is sure to bring, and which will sweep over the land like a desolation sear, consuming them and their substance. Viewed, then, in its worst possible aspect, it seems to me, we have no alternative left us. Submission is present degradation, to be followed by future ruin. Let us, then, manfully grapple with our own troubles, and not basely shuffle them off on posterity.

I have thus, sir, in as short a compass as possible, submitted my views on the great issue before us. I know they will be received for what they are worth and no more. They have, however, been honestly conceived and as frankly avowed. I shall vote for the Resolutions, and the Address, because they meet fairly the question before us; because, in a word, they look directly to a dissolution of this Union, "a consummation," in my opinion, "most devoutly to be wished." In fact, sir, I regard this Union at this moment as virtually dissolved. It

may drag out a few years of stormy, convulsive existence, but its vitality is gone. The cement that held it together melted away. The cords that banded it about have burst asunder. It has lost its hold on the affections, on the hearts of our people, and I trust has lost it forever. Be the issue, then, one of peace or of force, I have made up my mind to meet it. I have come to my conclusions coolly and deliberately, and sir, I sleep on them soundly. I would strike the blow with the certainty of being whipped into submission, rather than shrink from a position to which we are impelled alike by the dictates of duty, of honor, and of patriotism. In the language of our dead McDuffie, I would rather see South Carolina the cemetery of freemen than the abode of slaves.

## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

THO. J. WARREN, Editor.

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 21, 1851.

### Brigade Court Martial,

The Court Martial for the trial of defaulters at the Brigade Encampment, convened here to-day.

### Gen. Adams' Speech.

To-day, we publish the admirable speech of General Adams, delivered at the Convention of the Southern Rights Associations in Charleston. We do so at the instance of a friend, and here take occasion to say, that we would have been pleased and highly gratified in being able to publish all the speeches delivered on that occasion, as well as many others of our friends since that time, whose speeches like those of the Convention, have been marked by unusual ability and force. The size of our paper, and being so seldom published, precludes our doing so, only at serious inconvenience. When, however, we are particularly requested, we are willing to publish for the accommodation of our friends and patrons.

### Rail Road Dividend.

We are authorized to say (says the Evening News,) that the South Carolina Railroad Company have declared a dividend for the last six months of three and a half per cent.

### Night Blooming Cereus.

We are indebted to H. Levy Esq., for a bloom of this magnificent flower, which is one of the choicest species of Cactus, opens but once in a year and remains in full bloom but a few hours, when its leaves fold again, and we lose sight of its beauty and fragrance. Thus—

"All that's bright must fade!  
The brightest still the fleetest;  
All that's sweet was made  
But to be lost when sweetest!"

We attempt no description of its rare beauty, and will satisfy our imagination by pronouncing it the most splendid specimen of Floral loveliness that we have ever seen.

"I have been often dazzled by the blaze  
Of sunlight beauty; but till now, ne'er knew  
Perfect loveliness."

### The Greenville Movement.

It is evident from the signs of the times that the whole aim and design of the Union movement in Greenville, which is to be made on the 11th proximo, is intended to enlist the sympathies and support of the resistance party in the State who are opposed to immediate separate secession. Let our co-operation friends eschew any connection whatever, with this miserable and wretched humbug, and not suffer themselves to be betrayed into any action which may savour in the slightest degree of submissionism. These political federal backsters ought to receive no countenance or support in any manner, shape or form from any one of the resistance party. It is one of the vile schemes of the enemy to endeavor to divide the States rights party, the true friends of the South, into two classes. They want, if possible, to enlist the influence, either directly or indirectly, of Cheves, Butler, Barwell, Chesnut and others, on their side. But we don't believe that they will, for these gentlemen are too high and honorable to merge their opinions into that of foul submissionism. Let us avoid all who cry out the glorious Union, as we would our dearest life. It is time now, that we should talk plain and to the point. The question is narrowed down to submission or resistance.

The Lynchburg Virginian states that Col. Garratt, Chief Engineer of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, received quite a severe injury a few days since, by being struck on the head by a rock thrown out by a blast.

### "True Blue."

We clip the following from the Lowndes County Chronicle, a sterling paper published at Haynesville, Alabama. Read it:

"Should South Carolina deem it best for her interests to break her connection with the Union, by seceding therefrom, and a conflict should arise between her and the Federal Government, it would not be a mere struggle between that State and the Government of the United States. It would be a contest between the institution of slavery and the power of abolition—freedom and equality against tyranny and oppression—Is not Alabama as much interested in the preservation of the slave institution as Carolina? Undoubtedly she is. The cause of the gallant little State is equally the cause of Alabama; and a blow aimed at one, by the present Abolition Government, would fall with equal force upon the other. These things must be clear to every reflecting mind, and if the question is correctly presented to the people, we do not fear the result.

A Great Invention.—The projector of the "Baby Jumper" may be properly considered a benefactor to the human race. The amount of comfort that he has afforded by means of his elastic suspenders to the "infant in arm" will be told in his praise years to come, when they shall have put off the grab of childhood, to enter upon the pathway of a more mature age. The number of tears—those touching monitors, from the pent up fountains of the heart—that this human individual has spread to his infantile friends, cannot be enumerated, or even esti-

mated. The relief which the community at large have experienced, since their introduction into society, has been sung by the poet and recorded by the scholar—still but half its praise has been sounded.

And now another great invention has been produced, which in simple terms, is nothing more nor less than a "Baby Walker." Aye, reader a "baby walker," an arrangement for directing the erring steps of the little one, whose limbs fail to afford the requisite support for such a purpose. Its form resembles somewhat a common parlor ottoman, though in the top is cut a hole, into which the baby is placed, and secured from falling. A small saddle is suspended beneath the hole, upon which the infant rests, its feet touching the floor. The saddle is supported on springs which give the up and down movement at every motion of the little occupant. The contrivance is placed upon castors, and can therefore be pushed around the room by the youngster, with the utmost ease.

We do not know the name of the ingenious inventor; however, it will become prominent in time. He certainly is entitled to the thanks of the mothers of the land.

Beautiful Extracts.—There is an event-tide in human life, a season when the eye becomes dim, and strength decays, when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the autumn is most analogous, and which it becomes; and much it would profit you, my elder brethren, to mark in the instruction which the season brings. The spring and summer of your days are gone, and with them, not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm temperature of your summer, there is a season of stillness or solitude, which the beneficence of heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and future, and prepare yourself for the mighty change which you may soon undergo. It is now that you may understand the magnificent language of heaven—it mingles its voice with that of revelation—it summons you to those hours when the leaves fall, and the winter gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of heaven has provided in the book of salvation. And while the shadowy valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that love which comfort and save, and which conducts to those green pastures, and those still waters, where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Grave are the prints of the footsteps of the angel of eternal life.

There is no grief without some beneficent provision to soften its intensity.

There is but a breath of air and a heat of the heart betwixt this world and the next.

Never court the favor of the rich by flattery either their vanity or their vices.

Frequently review your conduct and note your feelings.

When you think how good your parents are, just think how much better must that being be who made them.

Speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions, especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

Some connoisseurs would give a hundred pounds for the painted head of a beggar, who would threaten the living medicant with the stocks.

There is only one objection to the people who mean well, and that is that they can never spare time to carry out their meaning.

Never resent a supposed injury, till you know the views and motives of the author of it; nor any occasion retaliate.

The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners.

Always take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Usefulness is confined to no station, and it is astonishing how much good may be done, and what may be effected by limited means, united with benevolence of heart and activity of mind.

The happiness of our lives depends much on the active performance of the duties of our station; nor have we any right to infer that if they are not properly discharged, they would be better if we moved in a more exalted sphere.

Music serves to make a home pleasant by engaging many of its inmates in a delightful recreation, and thus dispelling the sores and gloom which frequently arise from petty disputes, from mortified vanity, from discontent and envy.

The apparent motion of the earth is from the rising to the setting sun, when her real motion is from the setting sun towards the rising. So it is with man, he fancies himself journeying from life to death, while in fact he is journeying from death unto life.

Avarice, the accumulation of wealth for its own sake, brings with its own punishment in the drying up of every fount of human affection within us, in the disruption of every tie with which the charities of life are bound, and in the conversion of the heart into a substance harder than the nether millstone.

God and love are every where; in light in colors, in flowers, in the beauty of man, in the happiness of animals, in the human mind, in the endless spheres, as the sun shines on all alike, yet differently, and is majestic on the ocean, sparkling in a dew drop, ruddy on the ripe fruit, silver on the stream, many colored in the rainbow, and pale and tremulous in the moon.

If there be a situation wherein woman may be deemed to appropriate angelic attributes, it is when she ministers as only woman can, to the wants and weakness of the invalid. Whose hand like hers can smooth his pillow? whose voice so effectually can silence the querulousness of his temper, or soothe the anguish of his disease? Proffered by her, the vained hath an added zest, and even the nauseous medication is divested of its loathsomeness.

MARRIED.—At Sandy Hill, on Wednesday Evening 18th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hay, Edward Haile Esq., to Miss Mary W., daughter of the late Col. John Chesnut.